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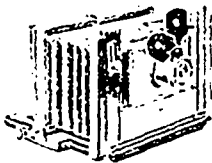
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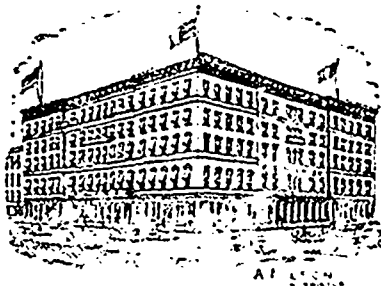
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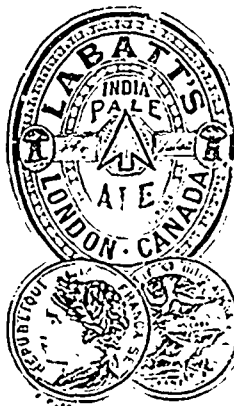
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An important act has just been passed by the Dominion Parliament which is of considerable interest to visiting sportsmen as well as to those Canadians who desire to encourage the tide of sportsmen tourists to Canada. Hitherto the Customs law prohibited the export of the heads or any portions of the carcasses of deer, caribou, or moose, and many visitors had felt aggrieved that the results of their hunting skill had either to be given away in Canada or left to rot in the woods, the latter a result distasteful to everybody. This is all changed, and henceforth, under suitable restrictions, the visiting sportsmen from other countries who have been duly licensed by the Provincial Governments may, upon the production of their licenses and within specified seasons, export a limited number of deer, caribou and moose which they have killed. In order that the pothunter may have no chance to ply his nefarious trade, the law expressly limits the export to foreigners and it is understood that the regulations which will be issued by the Minister of Customs will be so worded as to cover every possible loop-hole by which illegal export could, under any circumstances, occur. Our legislators and those who urged and

worked for the passage of the law are to be congratulated on the result.



Referring to the proposed League of Canadian Sportsmen, which was commented upon in the July number of ROD AND GUN, we print on another page a portion of an article from the Meriden, Conn., "Morning Record," which is being distributed by the League of American Sportsmen, as campaign literature. The slaughter of game birds which the writer affirms has gone on throughout the United States is appalling. A decrease of over 46 per cent. in game birds in thirty States and Territories within fifteen years, is a statement sufficient so make us in Canada gasp. Game laws in the United States appear useless if the following is true: "Pot shooting and shooting during the prohibited season is winked at and condoned by the local authorities and the wholesale destruction of innocent and useful life goes on practically unchecked from one year's end to another."

While this is possibly a little exaggerated, it is bad enough. Canadians are generally a law-abiding people, and while instances of infractions of our game regulations are not as infrequent as could be wished, our game resources are still very large and, under the increasing stringency of the laws, are likely to remain so, and the formation of an organization such as the League of Canadian Sportsmen is intended to be, will contribute largely to that end.



Our contemporary, "Fishing and Shooting," does not relish non-resident license fees. We are surprised at this, having been accustomed to them in Canada so long as to cause no remark; moreover, we believe them a wise imposition coincident with game protection service. It is true the non-resident dislikes to put up \$25 to the province in addition to other necessary expenses, but as we claim to have, and do possess, the

finest game regions and the best shooting and fishing in North America, it is worth much more than \$25 additional to hunt in this country. There is no discrimination against foreigners, and the Ontario man going to New Brunswick "when the moose is ripe" has to show up to the New Brunswick authorities the same amount of hard cash as if he came from the States. Newfoundland lays it on rather thick, with a \$100 tax to shoot caribou, but will soon reduce the license to \$50. It remains for Missouri to cap the climax by making it a misdemeanor for the non-resident to kill any game. Shades of Jesse James!!!



We heard recently of a convention of game commissioners in the West, whereat several adjoining States participated in a full discussion of the entire subject of their fish and game interests in their various bearings and unquestionably resulting beneficially. Why should not the heads of the fish and game interests in each Canadian province and their chief game wardens and superintendents meet once each year and discuss matters, and, possibly, immediately afterwards have a meeting with the game authorities of contiguous States. Quebec and New Brunswick and Maine, for example, are undoubtedly much concerned with what each other does, for deer, caribou, moose, etc., don't bother themselves about provincial or international boundaries. We believe great good would follow such meetings and earnestly hope the gentlemen concerned will give the suggestion careful consideration.



It is understood that a Fish and Game Protection club for the district of Bedford is among the possibilities of the near future.



An exchange states that Hon. L. T. Carleton, Fish and Game Commissioner of Maine, is compiling a work on the fish and game resorts of the State of

Maine, and it is understood that this book is for gratuitous distribution. Considering the tremendous exploiting that Maine's fish and game resources have received for years at the hands of the Maine railways, it is notable that the State Commissioners are preparing further advertising. A close study of Maine methods for some time past has convinced us that they are business-like clear through, and while Canada has not been altogether backward in this respect, both New Brunswick and Quebec having issued books expatiating on their game and fish, our provinces must not rest on their oars. We hope to hear of at least one other issuing a book in the near future.



Small bore shot guns are coming into more general use, especially by those who shoot for the full pleasures of the field, are content with a few birds shot under conditions calling for considerable skill, and dislike to carry any weight of metal not absolutely necessary.



South Dakota's recently adopted game law went into effect July 1st. Among other provisions non-residents are required to pay \$10 for a hunting license, an additional evidence of the trend of feeling on this subject.



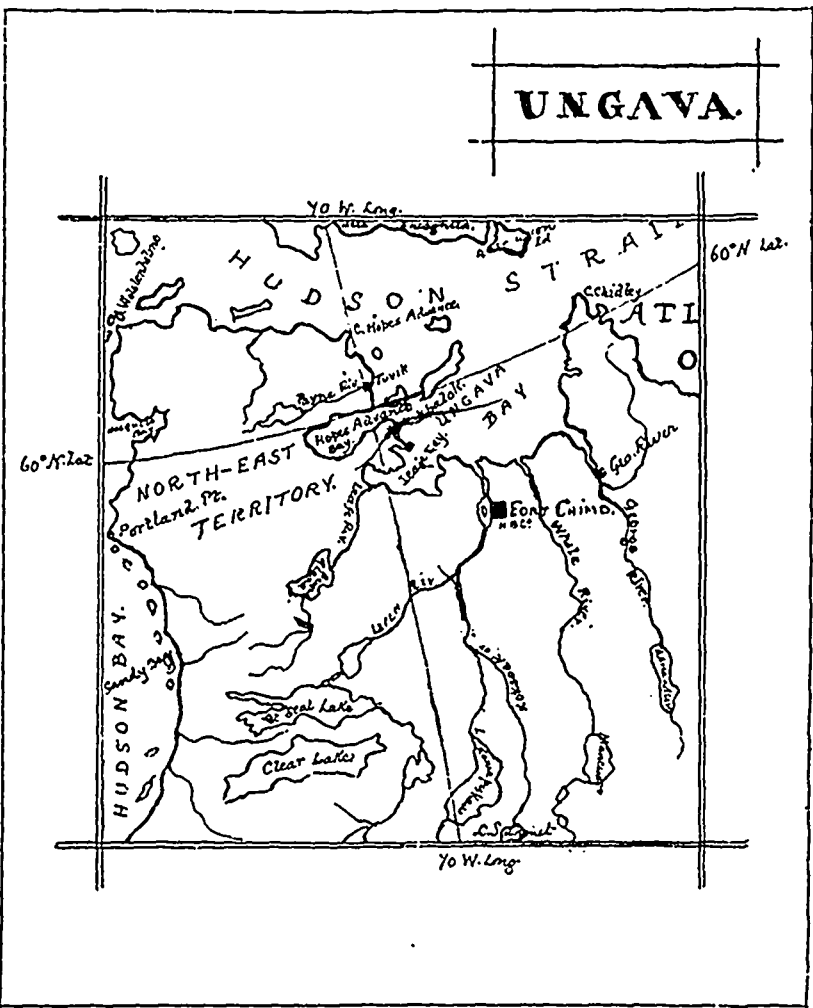
At the recent international rifle match in Holland it was a matter of great surprise that England's team was defeated by France, Denmark, Italy, Holland, Norway and Belgium, which the English press attribute to Englishmen not being accustomed or trained to shoot white standing.

In Far Northern Wilds.
—
Ungava and Fort Chimo.

THE bay of Ungava, at the northern end of the Labrador Peninsula, has not been much explored, and yet, in August and September, it is one of the most picturesque waters for a yachting cruise in the Dominion. It is about 170 miles across from Cape Hope's Advance to Cape Chidley, and has four rivers ... to its waters of no mean importance. These are the Leafe, Koksoak, Whale and George Rivers. These rivers are plentifully stocked with fish of various kinds, especially salmon, as will be seen from the fact that about 150 tierces of split and salted salmon are exported annually by the Hudson's Bay Company. White por-

polse frequent the Leafe River in considerable numbers, for nearly 5,000 gallons of oil and over 1,000 skins are exported annually. The rivers are also extremely beautiful, affording every variety of scenery. Waterfalls, rapids and cascades are common to them all. Well defined traces at a very high level afford evidence of the immense volume of these waters in by-gone days. The upper part of the river banks are crowned and fringed with trees such as the balsam, poplar, black and white

Kanlapiaskan). This lake has two outlets, one flowing northeast into the Bay of Ungava, and the other southeast into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Hudson's Bay Company's station is called Fort Chimo. It is twenty miles from the mouth of the river on the south side. The Koksoak at this point is about a mile wide. This is a very flourishing trading station, but many trading families were lost to it through famine in 1892-93. The fort possesses a good house and office for the factor; houses also for the company's servants, warehouses, shops for all kinds of mechanical work; also



spruce and larch. Forests of these abound in the uplands to the westward where the head waters of these rivers are found). In the watershed which parts the rivers of Hudson's Bay from those of Ungava. Game of various kinds is abundant in the Ungava district. The different varieties of fox (white, red, cross, black and blue) are the most important on account of the value of their fur. Martens, wolverines and the white bear are next in order. Black and brown bear are only obtainable at intervals. Caribou are still plentiful at certain seasons. The Koksoak River rises in Lake Summit (about 100 miles south of Lake

house accommodation for visiting traders. The fort receives its stores and provisions annually by the company's steamer Eric, which arrives about the second week in September, and remains about two weeks loading and unloading. When she sails, all communication with civilization is lost till the following year. Fort Chimo has passed through many troubles, especially in 1876 and 1871. The ship Labrador, then the carrier of the Hudson's Bay Company, was wrecked in 1870, and the men at the station were left to their resources for food. The energy, pluck and skill of the chief factor alone saved them from death and starvation.
ASWEE WA-PE-TAN.

THE PROFESSOR'S PERILOUS BEAR TRAPPING.

By C. C. Farr.

THE Professor was seized with the ambition to catch a bear, so he persuaded Harry to secure him a bear trap, one with strong springs, and with jaws bristling with teeth. In fact, it became a joint stock company, or rather, a partnership of two, for Harry insisted that, if he secured the trap, he should be admitted into partnership in the bear that they were going to catch. The professor acquiesced to this proposal, and mighty preparations were made; moreover, the whole atmosphere became charged with mystery, and one secret consultation followed another in rapid succession, in which the bear trap figured conspicuously, so that Mrs. Sportsman finally protested against this monstrous engine of jaws, teeth, springs and chains, being dragged about over her polished floor.

"We shall have to get some kind of bait," said Harry. "Bear traps always have to be baited. The beasts won't walk into a trap unless there is something to attract them. They are mighty cussed in their habits. I wonder what is the best thing for bear."

"I think," answered the professor, reflectively, "that a bleating kid or a lamb tied with a string is the acknowledged method of baiting for wild beasts. I fear that we cannot get a kid, but perhaps Mrs. Sportsman would lend us a lamb."

"Mrs. Sportsman is a little too fond of her lambs," answered Harry, "and she has not one that she could spare; but she might lend us a cat; she has lots of them, and goodness knows they make noise enough, if that's what you want."

"I am afraid," said the professor, "that a cat, being carnivorous, and not herbivorous, a bear, which is also carnivorous, might fraternize with the cat, and possibly the two might combine to defeat our object. Perhaps Mr. Sportsman might give us some information on this matter. We will ask him."

So to Mr. Sportsman they went.

"You want to set a trap for a bear, where do you intend to set it? The bush is rather large, and the mathematical chances against a bear walking into your trap are also large."

"There is a well-beaten path on the edge of the clearance," said the professor. "We thought that if we set it

somewhere on that we might have a chance of catching one."

"That well-beaten track is made by my cattle, professor, and though I encourage sport, I do not wish to go to the expense of a cow or a calf on it, for that is what you would catch there."

"Dear me," said the professor, "where can we set it, then? We cannot set it in the lake, for you know that the bear is not aquatic, nor even amphibious."

"I can show you a good place," replied Mr. Sportsman. "There is a creek about three miles from here, a creek running through a succession of beaver meadows, that is the very place in which to set a bear trap. You will find on it, as on most creeks of the kind, a path, worn by generations of bears. As a rule, they have their bathing places on such a creek—nice little pools, cool and shady, and not too muddy; just enough mud at the bottom to enable them to sit comfortably."

"But what bait is the best for them?" asked the professor.

"Ah! there you ask a question of considerable magnitude. There are so many ways of baiting a bear trap. Anything does, and the more it smells the better the bear likes it. Indians use dried and tainted moose meat. Anything that, as Kipling says, 'will raise a blue sensation.' Some use rotten fish, and the bear himself, whose tastes certainly should be considered, has leanings that way—in fact, in the spring he glories in such diet."

"How does he get rotten fish?" asked the professor; "he surely does not sit on the edge of a lake or stream and wait for his breakfast until the fish go bad."

"Certainly not. In the spring the suckers crowd up to the little rapids on the creeks running into the different lakes. Then the bear goes fishing. He walks about the rapid and throws out the unfortunate suckers with his paw on to the banks, where he leaves them until they smell, which in the spring does not take long. The Indian knows of these spots where suckers abound, and when he finds that the bear has been fishing he also waits until the fish begin to smell; then he sits during the night patiently watching for the bear to come and eat his highly-flavored gamy suckers,

and thus in the uncertain light of darkness is able to get a shot at the bear."

"Well," said the professor, "I would not care to sit long inhaling such an unsavory aroma as that raised by dead and decomposing suckers; commend me to the trap."

"Oh, yes; I forgot the trap. The fact is, Indians will often prepare the places for their traps in the winter. I know an Indian on White River, a river running into the head of Lake Temikaming, who shoots about half a dozen or more moose in the winter and leaves them there where they fall for bait for bears. He goes in the spring and sets his traps at these carcasses. The sooner the traps are set the better, for one of the hardest things to do is to obliterate all signs and scent of man. The Indian tries to get his traps set before rain, and never expects much success until rain has fallen, for rain is, of course, the great effacer of all abnormal signs and scents. It is far easier, however, to trap a bear in the spring than in the fall, for in the spring a bear comes out of its den, hungry from its long winter fast, whereas in the fall it is fat and satiated with berries and nuts, upon which it principally feeds previous to its hibernation."

"Suppose," asked the professor, "that we were fortunate enough to catch a bear in our trap, how would we secure him when so caught? Would the trap have a taming effect upon him, and could we then take him out and despatch him?"

"Never monkey with a bear in a trap," answered Mr. Sportsman. "It is one of the worst things you can do. He would despatch you quick enough. A bear in a trap is a dangerous animal, and one that Indians most carefully avoid—far worse than when wounded by a bullet, for in the latter case, it might try to get away, whereas when held fast it has no alternative left but to fight. In any case that I have heard of where an Indian has been killed or maimed by a bear it was by one in a trap or wounded. The Indian always shoots it as soon as he can, for when the bear becomes aware of his proximity it redoubles its efforts to get away, and often the foot will have been so cut into by the jaws of the trap that this final exertion will release the bear by leaving its foot in the trap. By the by, it is generally the custom not to attach the chain to a solid, immovable object. The Indians usually prefer a young birch sapling, or even a small balsam tree—something that the bear can drag for some distance, but which finally gets caught against some log or tree, and this exercise tires the bear, so that by the time that it does become fast, his



full strength is exhausted, but the "drag" must be large enough, so that an unmistakable trail is made to enable the hunter to track the bear, and, as I have said before, the approach must be quietly and carefully made, both for the sake of not frightening the bear and to avoid stumbling upon it unawares, when lying behind a log or a tree. I have known men to be badly torn for the want of such care, though, of course, it is only in the event of the bear being in a trap, otherwise it would run far faster than the man would."

"Then," said the professor, "it appears that these stories one hears of and reads of bears attacking men are not true?"

"All rot and rubbish, made out of whole cloth; written to interest readers who love such things. Excepting grizzlies, a bear when unwounded and free never attacks a man. During the pairing season, which is in June, they are slightly aggressive, and if an Indian meets a company of them (they often travel at that time in companies of five or six) he gives them the road, for they will not turn out for him, so intent are they on their courtship; otherwise, and at other times, they run

for all they are worth when they see or even smell a man."

"I am sorry," said the professor, "to hear you speak thus, for I have often read of desperate encounters in the Maine woods, and even in the Adirondacks, between the man and the bear, and they were very interesting."

"Oh, all that kind of thing is done for the sake of guides' and hunters' hotels. That is all in the way of business, and advertises a place tremendously."

"Ah!" sighed the professor, "these tales of the backwoods are like the fairy tales of our childhood. They vanish like an empty dream. What a great pity!"

"I don't know that it is a pity. We all enjoy them when we read them. We fairly ask for such kind of yarns and they are given to us. They are about as reliable as fish tales, and yet our sporting papers would be considered dull without them. The bulk of our writers on such matters speak more of things as they should be than as they are, and by so doing turn out readable copy."

After this interview the professor began diligently to hunt for bait, so

diligently that no one cared to go very near him, and there was a sense of relief when he took his bedroom candle and disappeared for the night. He had made a collection of all the old salmon tins and every abomination that he could find, which would promise a smell, and Mrs. Sportsman seriously took her husband to task for advising the man to collect such a combination of odoriferous matter—at least when there was any chance of his coming in contact with civilized and delicate organizations. Mr. Sportsman laughed and begged her to let the poor man collect his smells, as it was likely that that was all the fun he would get out of it.

[To be continued.]

Some years ago the Marquis of Lorne introduced into Argyleshire, Scotland, a breed of Canadian wild turkeys that have bred with remarkable rapidity, and have spread over almost a fourth of the county already. A new game herd of great value has thus been naturalized in a few years, and the stranger who never heard of wild turkeys in the Highland woods is naturally astonished to hear the gobble of the cocks and see great coveys of the big birds in places far removed from houses.

FACTS ABOUT THE MOOSE.

By Frank H. Risteen

FULLY one-half of all the far-stretching wilderness of New Brunswick is now well stocked with moose.

The animals are especially numerous on the upper waters of the Tobique, Nepisiguit, Restigouche, Green, Nashwaak, Little and Caman Rivers, and all the many branches of the Miramichi.

Opinions vary as to the best time and mode of capturing the forest king. While the weather remains warm his favorite haunt is the shores of woodland lakes and streams, where he feeds upon aquatic plants and secures incidental repose from the flies and heat. It is easy for the sportsman, as he threads these peaceful waters in his bark canoe, to steal upon the giant game. Where sound, scent and motion fall the moose will seldom believe his eyes. Let the hunter keep perfectly still and the monster will calmly proceed with his mid-day meal among the grasses and lily-pads till the canoe is fairly brushing his shaggy flanks. Practically the only foe the bull moose has to fear is man, and where the animal is seldom molested he is easily caught napping.

Perhaps the method most approved by sportsmen is that of "calling" the moose with the birchen horn in the mating season by simulating the call of the cow moose. While no precise limits can be placed upon the duration of this period, experience has shown that it extends from about Sept. 20th to Oct. 15th. In reality there are two calling seasons, the first before the bull has found a mate, the second a week or two later, when the honeymoon has waned and the fickle fair has strayed away. Even when the bull is accompanied by a cow, he may respond to the horn, but he is not likely to appear at the calling point. Cases have occurred, however, where a whole moose family, composed of a bull, with one or two cows and their attendant train of calves, have advanced to the source of the spurious call. Many stories are related of two, or three, or even four infatuated bulls responding to a skillful caller at the same time, their hoarse grunts proceeding from widely separated points of the compass as they journeyed to the imaginary trysting place. The advance of a bull may be made in utter stealth and silence or it may be accompanied

by a tremendous obligato of basso profundo grunts and smiting of horns against the trunks and branches of the trees. Fortunate is the hunter who has seen that appalling spectacle--the combat of two monster bulls for the mastery. The onset is furious beyond description, the frenzied roars of the rivals may be heard for miles around, horns are splintered and wounds administered that may result in death to one or both of them. As you survey, it may be, next morning the scene of battle, uprooted saplings, trodden and twisted grass, wisps of hair and pools of gory mire attest the rage and power of the opposing cham-

wander at large through the woods. It often happens that the gladiators meet and settle, in the arena of the snows, the momentous problem of "Who is who."

It is easy enough to shatter the solitudes with a horn, but not so easy to fairly call a moose within range of the rifle. It is true that early in the season a young or inexperienced bull is likely to respond to any horn-like noise; but when he gets close to the calling point he usually shows great caution, availing himself of all possible cover and circling to leeward to catch the scent. It is then that the low call, or "coaxer," is required, and this must be given with the utmost skill. The ears of the hidden monster as he stands in the thicket are thrown forward like two great hairy telephones. His big white nostrils seek the scent in all directions. A single false note, or a whiff of human flavor, and he steals away as silently as a ghost.

Like most wild animals, the moose



A Typical New Brunswick Camping Scene.

Courtesy N. B. Tourist Association.

plions, one can readily imagine how desperate the pangs of the vanquished must have been. A few weeks later (if they have both survived the battle) these self-same bulls, with others of their ilk, may be found yarded up on some ridge in the December snows living on terms of the utmost amity, while the cows, the cause of all the late unpleasantness, are out of sight and out of mind.

It is not alone in the rutting time, however, that the bulls engage in these terrible fights. In the early winter, and when they are still free to

is largely nocturnal in his habits. A moonlight night is therefore the best time for calling. This shooting after nightfall, however, is a very dubious business, and sitting cramped up in a canoe or laying out in the cold, moist barren under a single blanket is paying a high price for sport; hence many of the New Brunswick guides have abandoned calling by night and wield the birchen horn only in the daytime. The moose is not so sure to come, but when he does come he is yours. Sunrise and sundown afford the best conditions for success.

Whether by night or by day, if the wind is up, it is of little use to call, as the sound is so choked and muffled that its effective range is very limited. On a perfectly calm evening the horn will often bring a moose a distance of two miles.

Still-hunting on the snow, while not to be recommended for dudes or invalids, is a far more certain way of bagging the moose than any other. The royal game, though wary, is not as difficult to approach as the red deer, and starts more deliberately; but when once under way, with his famous pacing gait, is most determined in his flight. In Maine, where the hunters are many and the moose are few, a method is pursued called "walking down" the moose. This is a sport for guides rather than tenderfeet. It consists in following the moose that has been started until the animal rounds up. The man, though left far behind at the beginning of the race, sticks doggedly to the trail, and finally tires out the strongest moose. On the first day the chances are that he will not see the moose at all, though he may have started him frequently. When darkness sets in he camps on or near the trail. Resuming the chase early in the morning, he comes, in the course of an hour or so, to where the moose laid down for the night as soon as he found the man was not following. On the second day the moose, which has not stopped to feed in all this time, pauses now and then to rest and listen, and perhaps before sundown the hunter gets a glimpse of him. On the third day the moose is routed every mile or so and sighted as he

drags himself along. At last the animal, footsore and weary, angry at his relentless foe, turns at bay. Then are needed a cool nerve and a steady aim, for if the moose is only wounded by

pose it to be a small tract of ground in which one or more moose have located, and where they have trampled the snow down flat. In reality a yard often covers an area of one or two



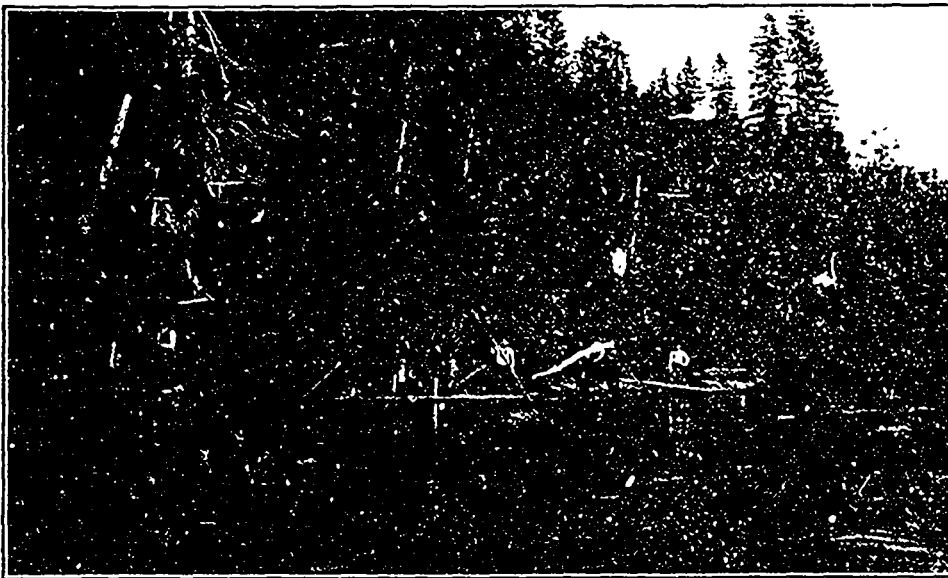
Falls and "Dam" Pool—Northwest Miramichi.

Courtesy N. B. Tourist Association.

the shot he will charge his enemy. The charge, though, is a blind and clumsy one, and the hunter may easily avoid it by jumping behind a tree.

Moose "yard up" as soon as the snow gets so deep as to render travel difficult. Usually the cows and calves yard by themselves, while the bulls will be found elsewhere. Persons who have never seen a yard commonly sup-

square miles. It is commonly found on a hardwood ridge or the side of a mountain, and consists of a number of intersecting paths trodden deeply in the snow, to which the moose confine themselves while browsing on the young growth and branches from place to place. A few sunny spots may be found where the animals are in the habit of resting or consorting sociably together. These are trampled down hard and exhibit much of the scenic quality of an ordinary domestic cow-yard in winter. A large area of ground is needed to supply a sufficient amount of food for even a single moose. For this reason when moose are plentiful they are seldom found in force in any one locality, but rather as their numbers grow, they spread out and occupy new ground. If food becomes scarce in the yard, the moose locate another one, plowing single fyle through the cloying drifts. If the animals are alarmed by man and started from the yard, they will not return to it that winter. Nevertheless they will often remain in a yard all winter, though lumbermen are chopping and yarding trees not a hundred rods away. The moose discriminates readily sounds that are harmless from those that are dangerous. On a stormy day, for instance, when the forest is groaning and crackling with the winter gale, the moose in his lair on the ridge chews the cud of contentment, but let the



A Horse Express on a New Brunswick River.

Courtesy N. B. Tourist Association.

smallest twig snap beneath the hunter's tread, and he is up and away on his swift and tireless flight.

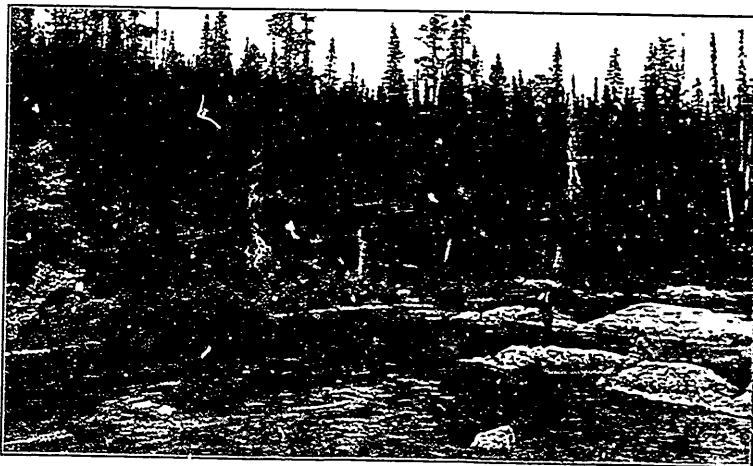
The favorite browsing trees of moose are whitewood, moosewood, willow and cherry. They will, however, consume the bark and twigs of any kind of hardwood and most of the evergreens, especially fir. Spruce or cedar they will refuse unless hard pressed by hunger. A great many theories formerly held have been found to be erroneous. For instance, it was believed that the moose never peeled the tree clear around on which he fed. Maples, mountain ash and sapling birch, however, are often found from which the bark has been stripped completely by the moose. In summer time the moose is fond of a thin, flat grass, light green in color, that grows chiefly in the beds

a kind of furry skin called the velvet. By the 1st of September the antlers are complete and the velvet commences to peel off. By Christmas time, or during the month of January, the massive beams rot off at their junction with the skull and fall to the ground. The horns of old moose mature earlier than those of young males, and are also shed earlier. While antlers are frequently found on the female caribou, and occasionally on the does of red deer, there is no case on record of such ornaments being found on the cow moose.

The color of a moose varies from almost jet black to greyish brown. The size of the bull has very little relation to the weight or width of the antlers. Moose of 1,200 or even 1,500 pounds may be found with a compara-

of Albany, New York. The horns of this moose were not so wide by four inches as those of Mr. Cook's nominee, but the points numbered 34, and the palms measured 19 inches across. The Alaskan moose, however, outclass those of Eastern America in regard to size as much as the latter do the elk of Northern Europe. There was recently mounted in New York a set of Alaskan antlers measuring over 6 feet 6 inches from tip to tip.

In regard to the best rifle to use for moose, there is a vast diversity of opinion. There is no doubt that any rifle from the old 44-40 upward will do the trick, but many a moose has escaped, or wandered off to die of peritonitis or tuberculosis, through the use by sportsmen of rifles not equal to the occasion. There can be no doubt



A Salmon Pool.

Courtesy N. B. Tourist Association.

of streams or shallow ponds or in marshy ground. He also regards with special favor the roots of the water lily and will dive under water for it, and there remain a surprising length of time. When in water beyond his depth he can sink beneath the surface and rise at will. A popular error is that the moose, by reason of his giraffe-like legs and comparatively short neck, is unable to graze without kneeling. The moose has an inordinately long head to atone for his brevity of neck. He has no difficulty in eating or drinking on the level.

There are still many people who find it hard to believe that the massive antlers found on the adult bull moose are the growth of a single season, yet there is no fact of nature more thoroughly authenticated. The horns commence to sprout in April, and are covered during their period of growth by

tively inferior set of antlers, while a 800-pound moose may be adorned with a five feet spread. Neither is there any positive relation between the age of a moose and the number of points on his horns. The rule is for the horns to increase in size and beauty until the moose is eight or ten years old. After that they deteriorate quite rapidly, the palms dwindling and the points losing much of their sharpness and symmetry.

At least a dozen moose have been killed in New Brunswick during the past two seasons with antlers spreading over five feet. The widest spread was that which fell to the rifle of Mr. F. H. Cook, of Leominster, Mass., the cross section of this trophy measuring 5 feet 7 inches. The best all-round head ever taken in this province was the original property of a moose killed last autumn by Captain C. P. Williams,

that the English express rifle, with their heavy charge of powder and liberal calibre, excel any of the popular American makes of rifles for large or dangerous game. The 30-cal. Winchester, however, is a reliable moose gun, and the same may be said of the 20-40 or Winchester .303 fitted for the English cartridge.

The habitat of the moose is becoming more contracted year by year. The animal is fast disappearing from all parts of the United States except the State of Maine, and there the annual slaughter is so great that large moose are rarely met. There is reason to believe, however, that with the intelligent methods of protection now practised by our provincial governments, the animal will long be found in force in the grand old forests of Canada—the world's greatest hunting ground.

Fredericton, N.B.

Wanton Destruction.

(From The Meriden (Conn.) Morning Record.)

A careful inquiry recently made by the New York Zoological Society reveals the startling fact that throughout thirty states and territories of this country, says the Meridian, Connecticut Record, the decrease in bird life during the last fifteen years has reached an average of forty-six per cent. The decrease in the number of edible birds, game birds, water fowl, shore birds and pigeons has been even greater than this; a number of our finest species are approaching practical extinction. To add to this serious state of affairs many of our song birds are now being killed for food.

This is not alone true of the birds, but it is also true of almost every living thing that builds or swims or burrows in our woods or streams or fields. The spirit of wanton destruction that has exterminated the buffalo is at work in every state and county in America. Fish are caught out of season, nets are used when rod and line alone should be permitted, trapping goes on regardless of the times for mating and the rearing of young birds and animals. In every town there are a score or more of well intentioned boys who, because the matter has never been brought to their serious attention, continually molest the nests of birds, robbing them of their eggs and young. Pot shooting and shooting during the prohibited season is winked at and condoned by the local authorities, and the wholesale destruction of innocent and useful life goes on practically unchecked from one year's end to another.

For a time the idea that nature's abundant supply would ever become exhausted was laughed at on all sides, and any steps to check the needless destruction were met with indifference and contempt. But that time is past.

The virtually complete extinction of the buffalo and scarcely less alarming decrease of one-half our bird life serve as examples which bring home to the most skeptical and indifferent something of the gravity of the situation.

It is singular that it should be left to sportsmen, men who love the gun and rod and trap, to organize for the protection of the wild free life of the woods and fields and rivers that should be very dear to us all.

The League of American Sportsmen has been recently organized for the purpose of enforcing with the utmost rigor such laws as have been enacted in the various states for the preservation of game birds, song birds, fish, deer, antelope, and, indeed, all wild things who earn their own living in their own way and carry sin and fur and feather without harm or hurt to any man. Not only is the league pledged to enforce these laws, but it is also pledged to work for the enactment of new laws which shall still more protect its especial proteges. It is opposed to the excessive slaughter of game and fish under the name of sport. It is opposed to the killing of any harm-

less bird or animal which is not game under the name of sport, or in wantonness or for commercial purposes.

It is especially opposed to the sale of game at all times and under all circumstances. To carry this one point would be to disband the great army of pot shooters who hunt for the market regardless of every local law and sportsmanlike consideration.

The league believes that the killing of game and taking of fish during the hunting and fishing season should be limited by the law; that the bag for one man for a day or for a season should be defined by law. The league advocates the adoption in every state of a gun-license law, with severe penalties for its violation. There can be no doubt of the general benefit to be derived from the enforcement of a gun license law.

The object is not only to preserve such game as now remains in the different states, but to encourage its propagation by every means practical. The league receives into its membership boys above fifteen. Its purpose is to bring under its influence at the earliest practical moment the youth of the country that it may instill into their minds not alone a proper respect for the game laws, but such a love of nature in her various aspects as may prove the best safeguard against the violation of any of her laws. Above all, it seeks to inculcate a proper abhorrence of the custom so prevalent among men and boys of wantonly destroying every living thing found in the woods for the mere sake of killing.

Ken! His Rifle From Being Nervous.

Two of my brother sharpshooters who attended the Central Schuetzenbund tournament at Dubuque, Iowa, last month, says a writer in Fishing and Shooting, met on the train while both were en route from St. Louis. Brothers Mathies and Kacer are warm friends, and they may be found together on all such occasions. Brother Kacer, who is of a somewhat nervous temperament, had his druggist prepare for him a bottle of nerve tonic. Kacer and Mathies shared the same locker in the shooting park at Dubuque, and in it the former placed his nerve tonic bottle. Mathies left home minus his gun oil, and seeing the bottle of tonic in the locker, pulled the cork out, and finding that it smelled fishy, he oiled his rifle with it.

On the second day Kacer felt somewhat nervous, and sought relief in his tonic; but he found the bottle half empty, whereupon he approached Mathies.

"What did you do with my nerve tonic?" he asked.

"Your nerve tonic," replied the astonished Mathies; "why, I've never seen it."

"That brown bottle that stands in the locker?" insisted Kacer.

"Why, I thought that was a bottle of gun oil."

"Och, gun oil," replied Kacer; "that is my nerve tonic—to steady myself when I get nervous."

Brother Mathies says that was the best oil he ever used; that it kept the nervous disposition out of his gun all the time he was shooting, and advises all brother sharpshooters to write Brother Kacer for the prescription, or for information, as to where it may be obtained, regardless of price.

ON THE NIPIGON.

New Fishery Regulations for Nipigon River and Lake.

The following regulations for lake and river Nipigon, came into effect on June 10th, 1899:—

1. That no person shall fish by angling in the said waters without first having obtained an angling license or permit from the Commissioner of Fisheries through the Local Overseer at Nipigon.

2. That one angler's license or permit only may be issued to each applicant, and shall not be for a longer period than two weeks from the date of issue.

3. That the fee for such license or permit shall be \$10, where the applicant is not a permanent resident of Canada; \$2, where he is a permanent resident of the Algoma, Itany River or Thunder Bay Districts, and \$5 to all other residents of Canada.

4. That the holder of such license or permit shall not catch or kill in one day, or carry away, a greater number of speckled or brook trout than in the aggregate shall weigh more than fifteen pounds, or a greater number than ten speckled or brook trout in any one day though said number weighs less than fifteen pounds.

5. That the said license or permit shall not be transferable, and that the holder thereof shall produce and exhibit the same whenever called upon so to do by a Fishery Overseer.


6. That all fishing camps and fishing parties visiting the said waters shall be subject to the supervision and direction of the Fishery Overseer or Overseers.

7. That such sanitary arrangements as the Overseer may direct shall be made, and such directions as he may give as to the disposal of refuse and the extinction of fires shall be complied with.

8. That the cutting of live timber by persons holding a license or permit to angle in said waters, their servants or agents is prohibited, except where absolutely necessary for the purpose of camping and shelter, such as tent poles, tent pins, etc.

9. That these regulations shall apply to Indians who may act as guides, boatmen, canoe men, camp assistants or helpers of any kind of any fishing party or person or persons who may hold a fishing license or permit during the time they are engaged with such party, person or persons, but not otherwise to Indians; but no Indian shall fish with net or trap or night line or otherwise than by angling in the said River Nipigon or any other of the creeks or streams tributary thereto.

10. That any person violating any of the above regulations shall be liable to the fines and penalties provided by the Fisheries Act, R.S.O., cap. 258, 1897, and amending Acts.



A DAY IN THE LAURENTIANS

By J. W. Dufor.

IN THESE days the country has been discovered anew. No fact of contemporary life is more significant or more hopeful than this return to nature, for a breathing space, of those whose daily walk is in the tumultuous city streets; it bespeaks saner views of life and presages a healthier type of manhood for the future. The city offers to its votaries prizes for strenuous competition—wealth, honor, position, distinction; but health, with her cornucopia of blessings, is not to be caught so easily. She is at best a visitor, shy and elusive, and becomes gracious and friendly only in her chosen haunts—by the shores of lakes, in the hills, on the banks of mountain brooks; on country roadsides fringed with the gold of buttercups and the companionable daisy; on hillsides lying green in the sunshine, and in the great woods which have perpetuated their shadows, their silences, their odors, and their charm from immemorial days. Here then she is sought by wearied and tired men; and being sought, is found to be a nymph not too distant and coy.

The inhabitant of the Canadian city, whatever may be its name, is fortunate in the ease with which a translation from city to country—the real country, not the poor hybrid suburban district, which is neither one thing nor the other—can be made. The great forests are almost within hailing distance of the market places. The man who at midday swelters in the grip of the remorseless heat may rest at night high up in the hills amidst a solitude, saving for the pleasant sounds of nature—the splashing of water in some near-by rivulet and the soft whispering of the night breeze in the tree tops. The contrast is too striking; the advantages, mental and physical, too apparent to permit the city business man to stick to his desk through the long summer months; and so the custom of the short and frequent holiday in the woods is getting firmly established as a factor of city life.

How best can such a holiday be spent? For the great majority of men, to whom cost fixes the boundary of desire, there is nothing to equal the good old sport of fishing. "God," says good old Isaac Walton, "never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." Doubtless it was one of the few pleasures, and per-

haps the only innocent one, of the caveman; and, as long as rivers run to the sea, mankind will find, from generation to generation, no falling off in the pleasure of wetting a line in water. Again in this respect are Canadian cities fortunate, for contiguous to them all are streams which still repay the patient and skillful angler. In this respect Montreal is perhaps favored to an exceptional degree, for immediately to the north are the great and almost unbroken forests which clothe the Laurentian hills. These hills follow the course of the St. Lawrence almost to the Ottawa, and then strike west along the latter river, approaching it in some places almost to the water's edge, but generally keeping distant from it a few leagues. These hills are great natural game preserves; if depleted they are refilled from that inexhaustible reservoir contained in the great inaccessible wilderness which stretches away to Hudson Bay. The St. Agathe and La-belle districts are dotted with lakes, affording plenty of sport to the fisherman; while the streams that run into them are fed from cool mountain springs and offer to the game and de-springs and offer to the game and delicious brook trout a thousand retreats from which they can be lured by the industrious and skillful angler.

Nor are these the only easily accessible fishing grounds. The railway from Montreal to Ottawa running along the north shore of the Ottawa River skirts the base of the hills. Disembark at almost any station on the line and drive northward for an hour and one finds himself in a new world. The narrow hillside roadways wind upward, leading past comfortable farm-houses and smiling farms. From every hillside there trickle down rivulets which rise in ice-cold springs high up in the rocks; and the air is filled with the gossiping chatter of running brooks. Down the valleys, fed by these streams of silver, garrulous little rivers hasten along. And of little rivers we know that Robert Louis Stevenson truly said: "There's no music like a little river's." It plays the same tune (and that's the favorite) over and over again, and yet does not weary it like men-fiddlers. It takes the mind out of doors, and though we should be grateful for good houses, there is, after all, no house like God's out-of-doors. And

lastly, sir, it quiets a man like saying his prayers." And besides these charms these little streams hold in their limpid and sparkling waters, game trout, the descendants of wary generations, that challenge the angler to a trial of skill.

One such brook, the type of a thousand others, the writer knows well, by virtue of many a happy and care-free day by its banks. It is, with all its graceful forest windings, scarcely ten miles long. A small lake deep in the hills, fringed with balsam and fir, with one wooded islet riding on its tranquil breast, gives it birth; and it flows with glad strong current down a narrow wooded valley. An old and forgotten shanty road, now grown up with rank grass, follows the windings of its course. The stream is not fifteen feet across, widening here and there to little shallows. Balsam, fir and cedar are mirrored in its waters, and the air is instinct with the medicinal odor of their foliage. All around is the healing calm of the wilderness. Somewhere over the horizon lies the world; but

Little thought we pay
To that sweet better world
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye can
mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through
the gray.

The sound of splashing waters and the rustle of the trees drive from us and memory the clang of the trolley car, the roar of the railway train, the tramp of the countless feet on the hot pavements, and all the strident noises which speak of the strain and stress of modern life.

The ground begins to fall away rapidly, and the stream hurries its speed. It brawls over rapids; stills its waters in deep pools; flows with even current around a point, and then plunges down a gorge, paying toll on the way to a forest saw-mill. Now it winds through groves of maple trees, and then flashes out into the grassy fields. For three or four miles it winds through the open farms; cattle, quiet-eyed, gather from the pastures to bury their faces in its cool waters; it is spanned by rudely built but quaint looking bridges, over which the sandy trail of the roadway passes, and its secrets lie open to the prying glare of the sun. Then another curve into the woods; a plunge down precipitous cliffs, which turn it into creamy foam; then away through a deep ravine until it is swallowed up in a great river hastening to the sea.

Along such a stream there is sport for the patient fisherman. True, it has been fished for half a century, and heavy catches are no longer common. Yet a goodly-sized string is often the reward for a day's devotion. Let us then away to its banks!

It is the early morning—that magic moment when the illusion that this old grey battered world is transient, when the mist is perfect. The morning sun just up over the hills is mirrored in countless dew-drops; and the earth smells moist and young. The birds are up filling the air with their twittering as they seek their food; a saucy jay flies up the stream challenging the fisherman with sharp cries. The pool at the foot of the rapids is cool and dark; just a speck of sunlight breaks through the trees and touches its surface lightly. The lone fisherman adjusts his bait—to-day the old reliable angleworm is being rolled upon—and throws his line down where the swift current begins to lose itself in the largest pool. A sharp tug, an answering turn of the wrist, and there on the bank lies a brook trout glorious in its colors. Drop it in the creel and try again. By the time the pool is well fished out the bag is heavier by a few more beauties; and the ascent of the falls is begun. Here is a huge rock so placed that between it and a smaller one in the middle of the stream there is a dark pool, five or six feet deep, in which the water lies calm. This is a famous trout hole known to all the countryside, but though constantly fished out, it is being ever refilled, like the widow's cruse of oil. The hook is hardly below the surface before it is in the mouth of a trout, yearning for its breakfast. Half a dozen others follow the first, and then no answering pull comes as a reward for patience, and it is time to move again. The fisherman picks up an occasional trout from the crevices and holes in the rock, and soon emerges from the woods into the green fields. The country roadway, climbing the hills by easy gradients, here crosses the stream on a bridge of logs, and in its shadow, where the water swirls by, there lurk members of the finny family.

And so, step by step, the brook is traced to its source; now through meadows of luscious green grass; again through gorges where the stream is one continuous white ribbon of foam; through open grades of hardwood forest; up valleys clothed with fir, until at last, in the heart of the hills, the parent lake, blue and calm, stretches away in its solitude. Perhaps during the day not a human being has been seen; yet the wanderer has not been alone. The chipmunk has flitted by him whisking his tail saucily; the red squirrel from some safe branch has chattered at him; the birds have sung to him; for a day he has been his better self; he has drunk deep of nature's balm; has caught a glimpse of that elusive land of our dreams, where happiness and peace abide; has wrapped himself in

"That blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary
weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened."

Quail in Essex County, Ontario.

By Forest H. Conover.

One of the chief attractions to Essex County among sportsmen is its quail shooting in the autumn months. Take your map and trace along its border at the head of Lake Erie and you will find the latter on the north, and bounded on the west and north by the Detroit River and northeast by a portion of Lake St. Clair. This portion of the province is the most southerly point in all the Canadian domain. A veritable paradise for quail in the days of the pioneer history, when the old Kentucky rifle graced the mantel over a blazing old fireplace, and the walls of the log cabins hung with the trophies of the chase, foretold the extent of big game also, when the muzzle-loading shot-gun was ample to satisfy the cravings of the few wing shots of this country. Game was plentiful, and recreation was hardly sought after by tramping the forest's border, or the settler's limited clearings after the brown beauties.

The axe has cleared away many haunts of big game, and civilization has driven to other sections of the country the greatest of our game animals and game birds. Only in sections that are remote are to be found small quantities of grouse, squirrels, and in Kent, adjoining Essex, one flock of wild turkeys. Quail shooting of to-day affords grand sport over our fine trained pointers and setters that are the acme of the day's outing. The months of June and July are the nesting season. Perched on a broken stub, a fence, or a prominent dead limb is the cock bird whistling his cheerful "Bob White," a tell tale note of the female nearby occupied in hatching out a brood of young birds. The choice of location is generally along grassy bordered fences and bordering meadows. The period of bringing out a brood is generally twenty-one days, so active are the young that the last hatched are known to have left the nest with portions of the shell adhering to them. The food consists of crickets, grasshoppers, flies and small insects until the native weeds mature, when the birds switch off to a heavier food. A great many broods appear late in the season—as late as Nov. 30th—scarcely able to fly, an easy mark for the great game exterminators, mis-called "sportsmen." The present open season, from 15th Oct. to 15th Dec., is too lengthy a period. A large percentage of the

quail are not over half grown, and are slaughtered by boys, and those who have not the game interests at heart. From 10th Nov. to 15th Dec. would give a good season, the birds would be strong of wing, the foliage and vegetation would be cut by the frosts, the dews would work much better, the weather cooler, and the day's sport generally would be much more satisfying than the early season. Essex, a name known to all Canadians, is truly a paradise for Bob White. Its fields of grain afford a bountiful supply of fall and winter feed, the dense coverts and admirable surroundings and locally give many advantages. Some seven years ago the extreme freezing and unusual heavy fall of snow and sleet proved most disastrous to the birds, leaving only a limited number. The untiring efforts of the members of the Leamington Gun Club, with some local friends, imported 300 quail from Wichita, Kansas. The birds came in good condition, and were housed and cared for by the writer, and were liberated and located during the season by that genial sportsman, Hes Milken. From those came a good supply, and with only a limited number to each gun for a day's outing, a good number were left over each year for another season. So at present it can be estimated that Essex County, Ont., has a good share of quail, and from present indications there will be a most favorable shooting season this year. There are several locations nearby admirably adapted for game preserves that are connected with drained marsh lands, affording a choice of cover to the birds and the most natural surroundings adjacent to cultivated lands, with a bountiful supply of grain. These grounds can be leased for a term of years very reasonably, amounting to about three cents per acre. One block contains about four thousand acres, and is adapted also for prairie chickens and English pheasants.

10,000

Sportsmen

Receive a copy of ROD AND GUN this month. It is unquestionably the best medium in existence for reaching this array of buyers. Correspondence from dealers in Sporting and Outfitting goods is invited.

ROD AND GUN PUBLISHING CO.,
603 Craig St., Montreal.

TEMAGAMING.

By Another Wet Bob.

It was one night—it was on Red Cedar Lake, I think, and we had not pitched the tent. The other chaps had all stretched out in their blankets, with their heads under the canoes, and Joe and I were cooking beans for to-morrow over the last remains of the camp fire. The island was small, and all round were numbers of others, some, high clumps of rock rising abruptly out of the water, the rest green and forest clad. The lake was cold and clear as crystal, like silver where the moonbeams rested on it. Everything was still, except when far off in the forest on the mainland the hoo-hoo of a lonely owl was heard. Joe's shadow was thrown in black on the rocks as he moved round the fire, and I smoked my pipe in comfort, and then we followed the rest and turned in for the sleep that only men who have paddled all day can enjoy.

That was one night, and there had been many like it. We had come up the Montreal, through miles of unbroken pine forest, where the axe has never been and where you get the pure, fresh, resin-laden air; across Lady Evelyn Lake, matchless in all the north for its purity and the beauty of its shores and islands; down through Lake Temagaming, clear and deep, stretching her pellucid arms in all directions, and now we were following that chain of lakes south of Temagaming to the Sturgeon River. For two weeks we had been away in the wilds of Nature, paddling, portaging, fishing and camping. We had been away from men, away from the pavement and the jostling crowds, away from the jarring trolley and the jangling telephone. We were in Nature's playground, where the lordly moose comes down to lake and stream to drink, the home of the nimble red deer and the gamey bass, uneducated as yet to the wiles of the artificial fly, and where the approach of your canoe is greeted by the hurried splashing flight of frightened duck.

But how can these virgin wilds be reached? First, take your ticket via Mattawa to Temiskaming station, a magnificent rail journey along the cascades of the Ottawa, and up Lake Temiskaming by steamer to Halleybury. Here you can engage canoes, or you can make your arrangements at Mattawa before coming up the lake. You had better take a guide, though parties have gone through without, but in the endless chain of waterways it is easy to lose your way. After reaching Bear Island, the centre of Lake Temagaming, you can go south

to the Temagaming River and the Sturgeon, or you can turn your canoes eastward and come out by the Metabetchouan route to Lake Temiskaming.

Take your two weeks or your three weeks—better still, a month—make up your party (take friends you know, good fellows—you will see a good deal of them); be content to give up the daily papers and all the ceaseless strife of modern city life; take a camera, some old clothes and your fishing line. Spend your vacation there, and be willing to forget everything else but the lake and the stream, the virgin forest, the paddling and the fishing; catch the bass in Lady Evelyn and the trout in Temagaming, make your bed of brush under the waving pines and be lulled by the music of the frogs or the rushing murmur of the waterfall; and you will come back energised and built up, stronger in body and mind, and as enthusiastic over Temagaming as a party of young men the writer knows who spent their holidays there last summer.

*An interesting feature of the Algonquin tongue is shown by the name of this lake—the guides while canoeing through it invariably say "Temagami," literally deep water, and as invariably "Temagaming," literally deep water the place where, when away from, or speaking of the lake.—Ed.]

Guns and Ammunition.

Editor Rod and Gun:—

What I have to say about the English sportsman, who has no more use for the 20.30 for bear-hunting, is that I think he is quite right in dropping the 30 for a large calibre if he is looking specially for that kind of game. I have used the 303 Lee-Metford on all kinds of game found out here, also the .776 Mauser, and have seen the effect of the .30 U. S. or 30.40 so-called, and I have come to the conclusion that, although they are very deadly weapons and most handy for bigger game than deer, such as bear or perhaps moose, I would rather trust to a larger calibre. When one of these compound bullets of light weight strikes a rib, for instance, it opens out just enough to make a fearful wound inside an animal, but if instead it strikes a large bone like the shoulder at its lower part, or hip, they often break up without penetrating far into an animal. For deer shooting these 30's are splendid, and in soft-skinned animals like the coyotes, wild cats, etc., they tear them all to pieces, yet they have been praised altogether too much in my opinion. One of the best guides in British Columbia was telling me recently of two bears that got away from an American sportsman about twenty miles from my ranch. The rifle was the 30.40, and the bears were both hit. The 30.40 is no doubt a most killing rifle, but for the special purpose of hunting bear a 45.90, with heavy bullets, would be preferable. Yours, etc.,

J. T. DAVIES.

Okanagan Mission, B.C., July, 1897.

The Magnaisippi Fish and Game Club.

The Magnaisippi Fish and Game Club, with some friends, had an "old-fashioned fishing" in June that would have done the poet's heart good. They spent ten days on the club's preserve in the county of Pontiac, and report having had rare sport and a magnificent outing. Leaving by train, the first night was spent at Sam Richardson's hospitable hostelry in Levee Rivieres, and early next morning the members of the party were piloted across the turbulent waters of the Ottawa in capacious shanty bonnes, the excitement and the exhilaration of the somewhat dangerous trip proving an excellent brace for the twelve-mile walk that followed ere headquarters—the M. F. and G. Club camp—was reached. The scenery between the Ottawa River and the camp is probably nothing of its kind to surpass it on the continent. A number of lakes of wondrous beauty, completely encircled by tree-clad mountains, with many shades of green foliage, are passed on the sinuous road; and at one point the view from the Quebec shore across to Algonquin Park, in Ontario—a scene of rugged grandeur—simply baffles description. In the one hundred square miles leased by the club as a fish and game preserve there are between fifty and a hundred lakes, each a gem of beauty, with its distinctive attractiveness, though as a whole there is a sameness in the scenery; and nearly all these lakes are teeming with fish. For a good part of the way to camp the road follows the winding of the Magnaisippi River, down which the hardy river men were running sawlogs. It took four hours to do the trip from Deux Rivieres to the camp, and the crowd had all the pedestrian exercise they wanted, as the road is about as rough as can be found. On reaching Camp Lake, the new quarters of the club were inspected, and the buildings were found to be roomy, very comfortable, and fully equipped in all respects—a well stocked larder and every facility for enjoyment. The members of the club showed their guests the height of hospitality, as was to be expected from three representatives of the Emerald Isle. The chef and guide filled the bill to perfection, while his assistant, famed as a trapper and moose hunter, was no small factor. The fishing was good. A large quantity of trout were caught—the heaviest catch yet taken out. Most of the fishing was done on Mountain Lake, Rosamond Lake, Camp Lake, Banta Lake and Moose Lake. Some of the lotus-eaters found pleasure in exploring new lakes. The writer and three others had the good fortune to see four splendid moose at short range, and the sight was one that was fully enjoyed. Several of the smaller tribes of animals were also seen, and on the way home from camp on Monday a large she-bear was shot near the shore of Brule Lake, a few yards off the main road—a feat that won vociferous applause from the onlookers. Our guide soon had the hide in shape, and it was brought home as a trophy of the chase, and will be kept as a reminder of one of the pleasantest and most successful holidays ever enjoyed by sportsmen anywhere.



WHAT was said in the first number of Rod and Gun regarding the diversity of opinion among competent judges as to the adopted standard points of any given breed is receiving ample corroboration at present in the columns of the Kennel Gazette. Up in Ontario the sporting spaniel is a favorite with the fancy, and breeders and admirers are so numerous that in the spring of the present year a club was formed and officers elected, headed by the popular president of the C.K.C., Mr. John G. Kent, with Mr. Robert J. Jeffs as secretary-treasurer. For the cocker variety the club has adopted a standard which differs from that usually accepted, and in consequence protests have been received from several gentlemen who are considered past masters in their knowledge of what constitutes a true sporting cocker. In an article contributed to the Toronto Globe of July 29th, Mr. Jeffs gives the standard adopted as follows: "General appearance that of a well-built, graceful and active dog showing strength without heaviness; weight, dogs, 20 to 26 pounds; bitches, 15 to 21 pounds; head fair length, muzzle of moderate length, well developed, clean cut, and showing no fullness below the eyes; skull rising in graceful curve from stop, and with same outline at occiput, the curve line being flatter, but still curving at middle of skull; head narrowest at eyes, broadest at set of ears; stop is marked, and a groove runs up skull, gradually becoming less apparent, till lost about half way to occiput, thus preventing King Charles domed skull; jaws level; teeth strong and regular; nostrils sufficiently wide and well developed to ensure the exquisite scenting power of this breed, and always black in color, excepting in liver-colored, and in reds to be dark brown or black, never light colored or pink; eyes round and moderately full, dark in color; ears lobular, set on low, leather fine; well clothed with long hair, which must be straight or wavy, no curls or rieglets.

"Neck sufficiently long to allow the nose to reach the ground easily, muscular, with shoulders sloping; ribs well sprung; chest of fair width and depth; body well ribbed, short in couplings; loins strong, with length from tip of nose to root of tail twice height of

shoulder; forelegs short, strong and muscular, straight; pasterns straight, short and strong.

"Hind legs strong, with well bent stifles; hocks straight and near the ground; feet of good size, round, turning neither in nor out, soles with hard, horny pads, with plenty of hair between toes.

"Coat abundant, soft or glossy, straight or wavy.

"Chest, legs and tail well feathered, no topknot nor curly hair on top of head.

"Stern usually docked; a characteristic stamp of blue blood, should never be cocked over the back or twisted, and should always be carried not higher than a direct line with the back.

"Color, black, red, buff, liver and parti-colored; white feet should disqualify in any specimen of self color; much white on breast in solid colors very undesirable."

In concluding, Mr. Jeffs remarks:—"The club has adopted the above standard as an outline of the general type or appearance to be aimed at and to bring to a more uniform type, size and weight this useful little dog, and to retain those qualities which fit him for the work required from him. This will bring out a dog that will combine the bench show form, together with the hunting instincts and staying qualities in the field, without which one of the oldest of sporting dogs would for practical purposes be useless.

"Of late years there has been too much tendency on the part of breeders to look only to the results to be attained on the bench, and too many judges have favored the small toy specimens of cockers until the size has become reduced and the cocker fast attaining the pet dog state, and with it losing those qualities which should be first and foremost, the ability and the constitution to work."

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Dog Chat.

The great annual bench show in connection with Toronto's Industrial Fair opens on the 4th September and continues until the 5th. There is a generous prize list, besides a large number of specialties, and it is believed that, both as regards the number of entries and quality of exhibits, the show will be a record one in Canadian history. The

classification conforms to the new rules of the Canadian Kennel Club. Prominence as to number of classes is given to sporting spaniels, collies, bull terriers, fox terriers (both smooth and wire-haired), dachshunds and beagles, but all other breeds receive due attention. The compilation of the prize list gave the committee much anxious thought, and we have no doubt their efforts to meet the confidence of exhibitors will result in a large entry. The gentlemen who are to judge the canines are especially well qualified, their fitness and impartiality being beyond dispute. T. Wesley Mills, M.A., M.D., D.V.S., etc., Montreal, will have before him great Danes and Dachshunds, and as the worthy doctor, while on a tour on the continent last year, had the opportunity of studying these breeds "in their native lair," so to speak, his decisions will be received as from one with authority. Mr. H. Parker Thomas, of Belleville, Ont., will take sporting spaniels, and in these particular breeds there are none better qualified. Mr. James Mortimer, of Hampstead, Long Island, N.Y., will judge all other breeds. The mere mention of Mr. Mortimer's name is sufficient guarantee that merit alone will decide. Mr. W. P. Fraser is secretary and superintendent.

Following in the heels of the big show, the Petrolia Kennel Club will hold a two-days' exhibit under C.K.C. rules. The dates are September 12 and 13. The secretary, Mr. F. W. Reynolds, and those associated with him in the management, are leaving nothing undone to ensure a successful issue. An entry of 300 is confidently anticipated.

The thirteenth annual trials of the Manitoba Field Trial Club will be held at Morris on September 6. The prospects for a successful meet are unusually good, as there are forty-six entries—thirty setters and sixteen pointers.

The International Field Trial Derby, to be held at Chatham, Ont., November 14, promises well. There are twenty-three entries—17 setters and 6 pointers, some well-known dogs being in the list.

Mr. Jos. A. Laurin, of Montreal, who is extensively known among dog-fanciers in the United States and Canada as a breeder of bloodhounds and owner of as fine a pair of bitches as can be met with anywhere, has lately taken up with a new love, although he is not at all likely to get tired of the old. Mr. Laurin is going in for the terrier class, and has fixed his choice upon Alredales, which, being a wide-awake young man, he believes to be the coming breed. In a letter to the Canadian

Kennel Gazette, Mr. Laurin thus expresses himself regarding the breed: "They are very hardy, splendid hunters, good retrievers, very game, affectionate and most companionable. I think them about the most serviceable dog for this country." Mr. Laurin has laid the foundation of a good kennel by importing five crackerjacks—four bitches and one dog—one of the former being the winner of the silver medal for the best American bred dog or bitch at the late New York show. In fact, the lot are from the best blood, and should be heard of when they come under the judge's eye.

For many years back the Scottish terrier has been the subject of much bitter controversy among dog-fanciers as to his proper standard, and the diversity of opinion is something remarkable, scarcely any two of the many prominent judges agreeing on general appearance. However that may be, says the American Field, it is to the credit of Scotsmen that no Scottish dog is mutilated in any way, all being exhibited in their natural state, no carving of ears or docking of tails being permitted. Says the poet:

"I ken the terrier o' the North,
I ken the towsey tyke:
Ye'll search frae Tweed to Sussex'
shore,
But never find his like!"

Apocryphal of the Scottish terrier, the Cincinnati Enquirer of July 13 is responsible for this item: Mr. J. F. Fogle, of Cadiz, O., is the owner of a Scottish terrier dog. Three weeks ago he was missed and could not be found. Eighteen days afterward a dog was heard barking in an abandoned coal shaft fifty-six feet deep, and those hearing it went to the rescue. When ten feet from the surface their light was extinguished by foul air, but after determined efforts the dog was rescued and proved to be the missing Scottish terrier, and although emaciated, was frisky and enjoyed his freedom. How the dog escaped death from the fall in the shaft, and survived eighteen days in such a place is a mystery.

At one time in the North of England, whippet—a greyhound in miniature—racing was very popular, there having been as many as three hundred dogs entered at one competition, the trials in such cases extending over several weeks. The surroundings were not always of the highest order, nor were the matches and tests of speed always conducted by the owners with that unscrupulous fairness which is desirable in all forms of sport. Various tricks were resorted to to prevent an opponent's dog from winning, and a trainer had to be a sharp man to run successfully the gauntlet of obstacles placed in his way during a match.

However, although there were many regrettable incidents accompanying these competitions of bygone days, still there was much that was commendable, and the sport in itself affords no end of healthy excitement. An attempt is now being made to revive the sport in America. The Providence Whippet Club has been organized, its objects being to promote whippet racing and to improve the breed.

Last year 39,379 dogs were registered in the city of Chicago, for which their owners paid \$79,158. It is estimated that not more than one in five was registered, so that in the city and suburbs there is a total approximately of 200,000 canines.

The celebrated Boston terrier, Puck, which won right through during 1898-99, is regarded as one of the best specimens of his kind. His owner, Dr. Kendall, has just refused an offer of \$1,000 for him, which shows that really good dogs of almost any breed still commands a high figure.

If your dog is troubled with fleas use pine shavings for his bedding, sprinkled over with a moderate quantity of coal oil.

A contributor to the columns of the daily press takes occasion to say:—Dog days set in about the time of the helial rising of the dog star and run from July 3 to August 15. In various countries the period varies from thirty to forty days. There is not much danger from "mad dogs," and all that is necessary is to see that the canines have plenty of water and a place from which to escape from the flies. Dogs should not be over-fed, especially on meat, this hot weather.

o o o

Canine Patients and Their Treatment.

A clever writer and close observer recently furnished an interesting article to a contemporary on the treatment of dogs in the Royal Veterinary College of London, Eng., from which we clip the following as being of special interest:—

The infectious ward is a notable feature of the college hospital. It is isolated and furnished with every essential necessary to its peculiar requirements. It is ventilated wholly from the roof, and is well lighted. A large porcelain bath tub occupies one corner of this ward. Sponges, soaps, combs, brushes, disinfectants and antiseptics are bountiful in variety and supply. The order in which these are adjusted in their respective places is especially attractive. It speaks volumes for the rigid rules and discipline of this institution. All dogs suffering from skin disease or infectious ailments of any kind are kept in this

ward under the supervision of a head surgeon. This ward is in charge of a competent nurse, a man who has been in the hospital for many years. The patients look pictures of comfort in their wholesome beds of straw and fine fibre. The individual stalls are high and spacious.

Yelps of delight and expectancy greeted the visitor's entrance into the convalescent ward, where aristocracy abounds. The visitor found himself in the midst of an interesting assemblage of prize pets. All brag ancient lineage and descent. The dogs sat bolt upright in respectful obedience, and appeared to smile most benignly at the good doctor, their friend.

A sulky bulldog, a thoroughbred of rare type, with tongue lopsided, betook himself to a corner, away from the clatter. One of his spells of indigestion had suddenly seized him.

A dignified pug, recovering from an attack of bronchitis, still evinced meekness and distress in breathing. His next door neighbor was a puppy suffering from acute mal au dent. The cutting of first teeth with well pets is quite a serious affair, as this mite wished it fully understood. He was, however, a very sensible puppy. When the nurse came around with the medicine he took it without an attempt at resistance, unlike many of his companions, that defied strong efforts to get the physic down.

There were also patients undergoing treatment previous to surgical operations. One of these was a beautiful type of St. Bernard. This noble creature was a picture of silent resignation, the sad, pathetic eyes expressive only of his great agony. He was awaiting the ordeal of having a tumor removed.

A bloodhound, shot accidentally in the eyes by his master while out hunting, seemed to bewail his disfigurement. The powder had been successfully abstracted from both eyes, but the sight of one was destroyed, and it was feared that the eye would have to be removed. The language of the dogs is an interesting one. This bloodhound spoke intelligently enough. Mere sympathy in words was not alone sufficient to soothe his grief. He nosed the visitor's hand impatiently, tossing it above his head. Nor was he content until the visitor rested it gently over the wounded eye. Then he wagged his tail and blinked the good eye complacently, satisfied that his affliction was understood.

Those who cannot afford to pay a doctor's fees for attending their sick animals share all the advantages of a free clinic. The head surgeons of the institution are present at stated hours, surrounded by students. Here the patients are examined in turn

Each case is diagnosed and notes made. It matters not whether the dog may be but a sad spectacle, the case is carefully gone into. Advice and treatment are given free of charge. For the medicine payment is required.

To the visitor's mind a two-fold problem is here suggested. It is difficult to say which is the more interesting, the various animals with their strange ailments, or the individuals who bring the animals. This is especially so of the collection of dogs and their owners. All sorts and conditions of men are in evidence daily. One old man held a mongrel affectionately to his bosom. His expression was one of misery and despair, as if life and death were in the balance. It was a question to decide which needed medical attention most, the dog or his master.

There were nervous women who, while waiting their turn for the surgeon's opinion, brought restoratives from their pockets at the least symptoms of fainting on the part of their mongrel pets.

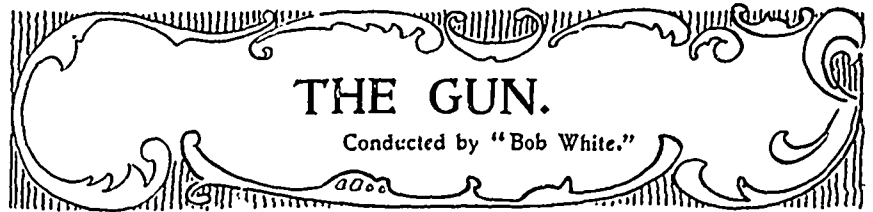
In the centre of this inclosure was a large table. Strapped upon it was a collar, to which two senior students were administering chloroform for the purpose of minute examination.

A few minutes later and several operations were proceeding, under the direction and supervision of a professor. Strict discipline is the order of the operating room.

There have been many distinguished patients in the Royal College Hospital, but the fame of that canine celebrity, the only dog in the world claiming the distinction of a set of artificial teeth, eclipses that of all others. Myn Dyval is a dog that seems fully conscious of all that has been noised abroad concerning his unique claims. His new teeth are very becoming, and he airs his importance with fitting dignity.

Previous to his distinction, Myn Dyval was a very sad-looking pet, threatened with starvation. He could not eat proper food, owing to lack of teeth. The moment he left the dentist's chair, in possession of a full set of artificial teeth, Myn Dyval rushed wildly through the house, as if to let everybody share in his delight. He halted in front of the pantry door, which stood ajar. When supper time came there was a mutton chop missing. The famished pet had introduced his new teeth to a luscious chop bone. He is to-day the picture of health and happiness.

At the championship meeting of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association of England, Mr. H. J. Cave won the championship of England for the second time in succession.



Dividing Purses at Tournaments.

THE system adopted of dividing sweepstake money at a tournament has so much to do with the success of the shoot that the question should be most carefully considered by the management in the arrangement of their programme. To my mind it is the one important feature to be considered. How to divide the purses so as to give the shooters their fair proportion of

shooters tied for first place divide first money, say 40 per cent. of the purse, all those tied for second place divide second money, and so in all other places, third, etc., according to the number of moneys in the purse. Under the value in points. For instance, first place represents 4 points; second place, 3 points; third place, 2 points, and fourth place, 1 point. Each one shooting into first place is credited with 4 points, irrespective of the number in the place, and so in the other places. Suppose there are two men in first place; they are credited with 4 points each, total 8 points; so one man in second place gets 3 points; two in third place gets 2 points each, total 4 points; five in fourth place get 1 point each, total 5 points, making a grand total of 20 points. Assuming there is \$10 in the purse to be divided, the value of each point is 50 cents. Each first man then gets \$2 each; second, \$1.50 each; third, \$1, and each fourth, 50 cents. The Equitable system is a modification of the Rose system. Under this system the shooter in the money is credited with one point for each target broken. The total score of those in the money is divided into the purse, thus ascertaining the value of each point, and this, multiplied by the score of each shooter, determines the amount he receives.

To better compare the results under each system, let us take the score made in one event at a recent tournament. This was a 15-bird event, entrance \$1.50, 30 cents of which was deducted for targets, leaving \$1.20 in the money. There were 76 entries, so that the amount to be divided was 76x1.20=\$91.20, plus \$25 added money, in all \$116. There were four moneys and no straight score. Eight broke 14; 17 broke 13; 14 broke 12, and 15 broke 11. Dividing the money on the Equitable plan, Rose system 4, 3, 2, and 1, and 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. class shooting, the result is as follows:—

	Equitable. Each.	Class system. Each.	Rose system. Each.
\$ 14's get	\$2.40	\$5.80	\$3.70
17 13's get	2.20	2.60	2.75
14 12's get	2.00	1.65	1.85
15 11's get	1.30	.75	.90

It can be seen at a glance how inequitable the class-system is in operation. In the above case the men breaking 14 got nearly three times the



King Championship Trophy.

Emblematic of the Championship of Essex County at Targets and Live Birds, won by W. A. Smith, Kingsville, Ont., July 12th, 1899.

the money according to the quality of their shooting; to do justice to each shooter, and at the same time avoid the possibility of the big fish swallowing the little fish, is a problem not easy to solve, and certainly is not met by some of the systems in common use.

The system adopted, as a rule, is either the Rose system, Equitable system or class shooting, the last-named being the plan authorized by the American Shooting Association, and most commonly in use.

Let us define and consider these three systems for the benefit of those who may not be familiar with them.

Class shooting provides that all

amount those breaking 13 did, while those breaking 12 got within 25 cents of the 13s, a result manifestly unfair. As compared with it, the Rose system is far preferable, for the good and sufficient reason that the result is at any rate certain, and if one makes a good score he gets his reward. Under the class system a shooter may make a very good score and get very little for it, or he may make a poor score and get well paid for it. Frequently a poor score draws more money than the best score; a man will make a "straight," and by the unfortunate chance of several others doing the same, he is chagrined to find the third or fourth man drawing more money out of the purse than he does. Why such an absurd and unjust system should be so frequently adopted is more than I can understand. There is only one class of shooters this system is calculated to please, and there is no doubt its common use is largely owing to their not altogether unselfish efforts, and that is the professional and expert amateur. One of these gentlemen, dropping among a crowd of average shooters, is able to lead the field in each event, pocket 40 per cent. of the purse at frequent intervals, and is correspondingly very much pleased with the system. But it is otherwise with the average amateur, who may be doing really excellent shooting, but is, nevertheless, made to pay a heavy tax for the pleasure of participating in a tournament in the company of the aforesaid expert. Naturally the cry goes up, "bar the expert," and the expert is frequently barred. But his is not only a difficult thing to do, but an unpleasant one, and where to draw the line fairly is the question.

The difficulty was partially met by the introduction of the Rose system. This certainly is a very fair system in a field of evenly matched shooters, the element of chances, as in class shooting, being eliminated. It, however, does not afford such complete protection against the professional and expert amateur as the Equitable system. This is the system par excellence for the average shooter to adopt. There is only one danger to avoid under this system, and that is of having too many moneys. The purse is so evenly divided that with, say, four moneys in a ten or fifteen bird event, nearly every shooter gets into the money. The consequence is that each shooter is practically getting his money back each time, and that does not please any one. Three moneys in a ten or fifteen target event is enough, and will be found to work very fair to every one. Of course, the Rose system can be modified to approach very near the Equitable in its results, and

this might be very desirable in certain cases.

To meet the objection to the Equitable system, of too many shooters getting into the money and thus making the net result to each insignificant, I would suggest a modification of this system, which, for want of a better name, we might call semi-Equitable. This is simply to make the number of moneys in each event depend on the result of the shooting. Instead of having three, four, or any number of moneys fixed for each event, divide your purse in each event into half as many moneys as there are places shot into after cutting off any odd number. For instance, in a 15-bird event, scores are made of 15, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, cutting off the odd score and dividing, we get three moneys. If 8 or 9 places are shot into, there will be four moneys; if only four or five places, two moneys. This plan would work automatically, no matter whether the event was a 10-bird or 25-bird event.

We cannot consider the questions raised too carefully, and I would certainly like to hear the opinion of any reader on the subject.



Stray Shots.

The second annual amateur tournament of the Kingsville Gun Club was held on the "Mettawa's" grounds, at that place, June 30th and July 1st, and was very successful. High average for both days, out of 210 targets shot at, was:—First, A. Reid (Walkerville), 190; second, Dr. Perdue (Kingsville), 183; third, W. A. Smith (Kingsville), 180. Dr. McKenzie and W. A. Smith, both of Kingsville, won the two-man team contest, and the Kingsville team, composed of Dr. McKenzie, Dr. Perdue, Dr. Jenner, J. Langtry, and W. A. Smith, won the five-man team prize.

The chief feature of the tournament was the contest for the Dr. S. A. King challenge trophy, emblematic of the championship of Essex County. The contest was at 50 singles and 10 pairs, sergeant system. The nine shooters who entered the contest scored as follows: A. Reid, Walkerville, 52; F. Stotts, Windsor, 53; W. C. Donaldson, Windsor, 50; Dr. Perdue, Kingsville, 51; W. A. Smith, Kingsville, 54; Dr. McKenzie, Kingsville, 51; F. H. Conover, Leamington, 33; J. Miner, Kingsville, 46; Als. Adams, Kingsville, 42.

Dr. Perdue won on shooting off the tie, and was hailed first champion of Essex.

Subsequently on July 12th, in an individual contest for it, W. A. Smith won the trophy from the doctor with a score of 55 to 45.

The Sherbrooke (Que.) tournament was held July 1st, and was a very en-

joyable affair, about thirty-five shooters being present. The merchandize match created a good deal of interest, and resulted as follows, each man shooting at twelve targets: C. O. Barrett, Geo. B. Walton, W. L. Cameron, A. W. Westover, C. Aubin, 12 each; C. D. White, T. M. Craig, C. G. Thompson, N. G. Bray, V. Moreau, W. B. Nell, 11 each; H. Hibbard, R. Lewis, E. C. Eaton, J. B. Goodhue, 10 each; W. E. Loomis, Vincent, B. H. Norton, Galbraith, Cleghorn, 9 each.

W. L. Cameron won the individual trophy event with 34 out of 20 singles, known angles; 20 singles, unknown angles, and 5 pairs. His opponent, J. B. Goodhue, got 33.

An interesting general programme was also disposed of.

During the progress of the shoot, two full grown deer came trotting across the hill scarce 600 yards away. The shooting stopped, and the crowd stood with amazement, looking at the beautiful sight. The deer looked across the river for a few moments, and then wheeled and, half trotting and half galloping, disappeared over the hill from whence they came. Then the visitors made use of some expressions which must have made the breasts of the good sportsmen of Sherbrooke swell with pride, for only in localities where the game laws are held in holy reverence are such sights to be seen.

The Brant County Rod and Gun Club will hold a two-day tournament Sept. 4th and 5th at Brantford, Ont. There will be one 10-target, three 15-target, four 20-target, and two 25-target events first day, and one 10-target, three 15-target, three 20-target, and two 25-target events second day. Event 8, second day, will be a three-man team shoot. The management will give a handsome gold medal, value \$50, for the highest aggregate in events Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 10 of first day's programme, and Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9 and 10 of second day's programme, for which no entrance will be charged, the medal to represent the championship of Ontario, and to be open to residents of the said province only.

While we are pleased to note the enterprise of the Brant County Club in offering a championship medal, we fear that unless the holder is subject to challenge for it, it will represent nothing more than a handsome high average prize. It will be a pity if it is not made subject to challenge, as individual contests for it would be very interesting. It is to be regretted also that the contest for the medal should not have been confined to one day, preferably the second, as no doubt many who would like to contest for it will not be able to devote two or more days in doing so, and in going to and from the shoot.

Walkerville, Ont., Gun Club will have an all-day shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 4th.

A blue rock tournament was held at Winnipeg, Man., last month in connection with the exhibition there, and was a grand success. Visitors were present from Crookston, Grand Forks, Duluth, Minnedosa, and other points. Event 14 was an international 15-man team race, 10 birds per man, and was won by the Canadian team by 24 birds, as follows:

Canadian Team.	
Kirkby.....	12
Cadham.....	15
Simpson.....	19
Lomon.....	18
Baldwin.....	17
Fidrbalrn.....	17
Ferguson.....	17
Soper.....	15
Gaudaur.....	16
Scott.....	18
Bala.....	17
Stanley.....	17
Graham.....	18
Allan.....	18
Wellband.....	15
Total.....	252
American Team.	
Thomas.....	18
Hoch.....	17
Wells.....	16
Hale.....	17
Dufs.....	18
Buche.....	18
Mable.....	16
McKellar.....	16
Handy.....	10
Vanstrum.....	16
Vanette.....	12
Larson.....	18
Seymour.....	11
Depew.....	16
McQuat.....	14
Total.....	228

The shoot for the gold medals presented by the Toronto Sporting Goods Company was brought to a successful close on June 21st at the company's new shooting grounds, near Woodbine Park, in that city. The series consisted of six matches at 25 blue rocks each, the best four scores to count. There was a large turn-out to witness the finish, and considerable cheering greeted the medal-winners as they defeated the men of their class. The following were the winners: A class, George St. Briggs, 84; B class, James Davidson, 80; C class, I. Devernay, 54. Mr. Briggs was tied by R. Crew for class A medal, but won on shooting off the tie by one bird.

Chicago sportsmen, headed by E. S. Rice, are agitating for a new shooting park in the vicinity of that city.

At the Hurlingham Gun Club, on June 19th, Mr. H. Yale Dolan, a member of the Carteret Gun Club, New York, won a silver cup and first money in a £5 sweepstake, in which there were fifty-seven entries, by scoring 19 birds straight. Mr. Watrous, also an American, shooting in the second event, scored 15 straight, and won a handsome gun, and divided £195.

Mr. John Parker will hold his eighth annual international tournament at live birds and targets at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 19 to 22. The Peters Cartridge Company will add \$500 to the purses, and several international trophies will be hung up for competition.

A match at blue rock targets of more than ordinary interest was shot at Toronto, Ont., on July 15th, between the veteran wing shots, T. Lucas and W. McDuff. The match was for a trophy and 100 targets per man. The scores were: Lucas, 76; McDuff, 84. The former, who is 60 years of age, has a record of 97 out of 100, while the latter won a gold medal in April last, from a field of seventeen, with a score of 92. Rain prevailed during the match, which rendered shooting unpleasant and difficult.

July was a month of glory for J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, the veteran trap shot. On July 1st he defeated A. B. Daniels, of Denver, Col., for the Du Pont championship trophy, with a score of 98 to 97 out of 100 live birds shot at. On July 18th he won the St. Louis Republic cup from C. A. Young, Springfield, O., with a score of 93 to 92 out of 100 live birds. On July 21st he defeated Rolla O. Herke, Dayton, O., for the cast iron medal emblematic of the live bird championship of America, killing 95 out of 100 live birds, to his opponent's 94. Finally on July 24th he defeated W. R. Crosby, Batavia, N.Y., in a contest for the E. C. cup, representing the target championship of the United States. The scores were: Elliott, 126; Crosby, 124, out of 150.

Baron Dorlodot, a Belgian, divided £275 and won the Gun Club International cup, value £200, with a score of sixteen kills at the international pigeon shooting meeting on the grounds of the Gun Club, Notting Hill, June 24th.

A match for £200 was held at Eltham, in Kent, on July 13th, between two of the best shots in England, Mr. J. H. Butt and Mr. Bracknell, both standing at thirty-four yards rise from five traps, at fifty best birds each. A great deal of money changed hands each shot. Mr. Butt won, killing 34, against his opponent's 32.

In the contest for the Grand Prix D'Ostende, July 19th, Mr. F. Marsden Cobb, an Englishman, won first prize, 13,000 francs and gold medal, with 19 straight kills.

W. C. Donaldson held a two-day shoot July 28th and 29th at Sandwich, Ont. The leading scores were made by Cox, Detroit, .869 per cent.; W. A. Smith, Kingsville, .857 per cent.; Jack Parker, Detroit, .855 per cent.; A. Reid, Walkerville, .82 per cent. Mr. Reid made the longest run during the tournament, breaking 47 straight.

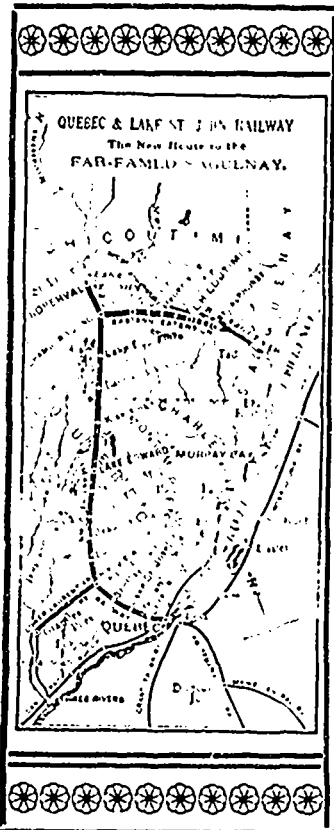
The New Jersey target championship was won by Harold Money from T. W. Morfey on July 8th, with a score of 49 breaks out of 50.

The Leamington (Ont.) Gun Club has been reorganized, and will hold their first annual tournament Aug. 10th and 11th. A silver cup is offered for high average both days. The officers are: A. Huffman, president; James Watson, vice-president; Lewis D. Johnson, secretary; W. E. Hall and F. H. Conover, committee of management.

Mr. W. Felstead won the gold challenge medal and championship of Toronto and County of York on Aug. 2nd, with a score of 81 out of 100 blue rocks, thrown from five traps. Mr. Felstead's victory was a popular one, as he is a thorough sportsman. He will now have to defend his prize against all comers.

Toronto contains many good shots and enthusiastic sportsmen. Why cannot a tournament at targets and live birds or targets only be got up in that city of a distinctly Canadian complexion, and which would be sufficiently attractive to draw Canadian shooters from a distance? It should be held before the cold weather sets in.

The Guelph (Ont.) Trap and Game Club held their annual shoot on July 1st. Among the visitors to the grounds were Geo. Bruce and H. Jones, Waterloo; H. A. Mallory, Drayton; C. Summerhayes, A. B. Cutcliffe and H. T. Westbrooke, Brantford, and Geo. Belson, Belvidere, Ill. Some good scores were made by C. Quinn, J. Thatcher, H. Cull, Jr., W. Halliday, R. S. Cull, E. C. O'Brien, W. Sleeman, G. Bruce, H. T. Westbrooke, H. A. Mallory, C. Summerhayes and R. Cunningham in the several events shot off. Mr. Westbrooke did particularly good shooting, breaking 33 out of 40 in four successive 10-bird events. R. S. Cull and J. Thatcher were first in the 2-man team event, with H. Cull, Jr., and A. Jones, second.



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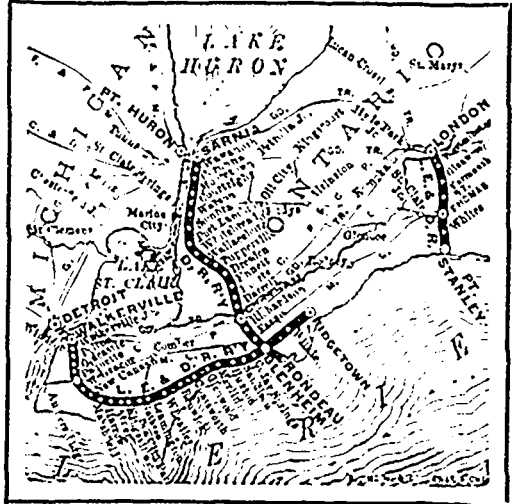
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PLEASE READ THESE LETTERS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 15, 1899.
Mr. F. L. ACKLEY,
Dear Sir: Some time ago I ordered from you a box of your Taxider as an experiment. Years ago it was my greatest pleasure to stuff birds by the old method, skimming them to the ball and making a body of tow, and I now have about one hundred specimens put up in that way, all of which are more than five or six years old. I am now a busy man, and never thought to take up again my old hobby. But in your preparation I found an incentive, for with it a bird can be put up in one tenth of the time required by the old method and better results obtained, for there is no danger of spoiling the plumage. I have a class of one-hundred boys, and my class of six, for which I please send me sixty pairs assorted eyes, which you quote at \$1.00, and the balance in the Taxider preparation.
Yours truly,
HENRY D. PATTERSON,
215 Hub Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOOVERVILLE, Mo., April 9, 1899.
F. L. ACKLEY, SIOUX CITY, IA.
Dear Sir: Enclosed please find M.O. for two (2) boxes Taxider, which please send at once. The

box bought of you last fall is about exhausted. Had no occasion to use it until about two weeks ago. I mounted a large owl and have since mounted a Blue Heron. They are keeping all right.
Yours truly,
L. F. MYERS.

Mr. Myers is president of the Queen City Business College of Higginsville, Mo.

JOPLIN, Mo., Jan. 11, 1899.
F. L. ACKLEY, SIOUX CITY, IA.
Dear Sir: The box of Taxider I ordered of you last week arrived here safely, and I have experimented on a few birds, etc., namely, a Hawk, Fisher and Redbird. The Taxider is a great success and I like it very much. It preserves the birds perfectly.
Yours respectfully,
CHARLES E. PAGE,
221 Byers Avenue, Joplin, Mo.

RICHBORO, VA., April 13, 1899.
F. L. ACKLEY,
Dear Sir: Please send and enclosed \$1.00, for which please send to my address, No. 1 assorted lot of

bird eyes. I have been using your Taxider and it gives perfect satisfaction in every respect.
Yours respectfully,
HARPER DEAN, JR.,
Station A Post-office, Richmond, Va.

BANBROOK, NEB., April 10, 1899.
Mr. ACKLEY, SIOUX CITY, IA.
Dear Sir: Enclosed please find the amount of \$2.00, for which send immediately one box of Taxider and a collection of eyes. I prepared a number of birds already with good success.
Respectfully yours,
R. J. KOLMORGEN,
Baneroff, Neb.

VINELAND, N.J., March 6, 1899.
Mr. F. L. ACKLEY, SIOUX CITY, IA.
Dear Sir: Enclosed find check for \$2.00, for which please send me three boxes of your Taxider. I have tried the sample box I got from you, and find it gives excellent results.
Respectfully yours,
C. PERRY RICHLEY,
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