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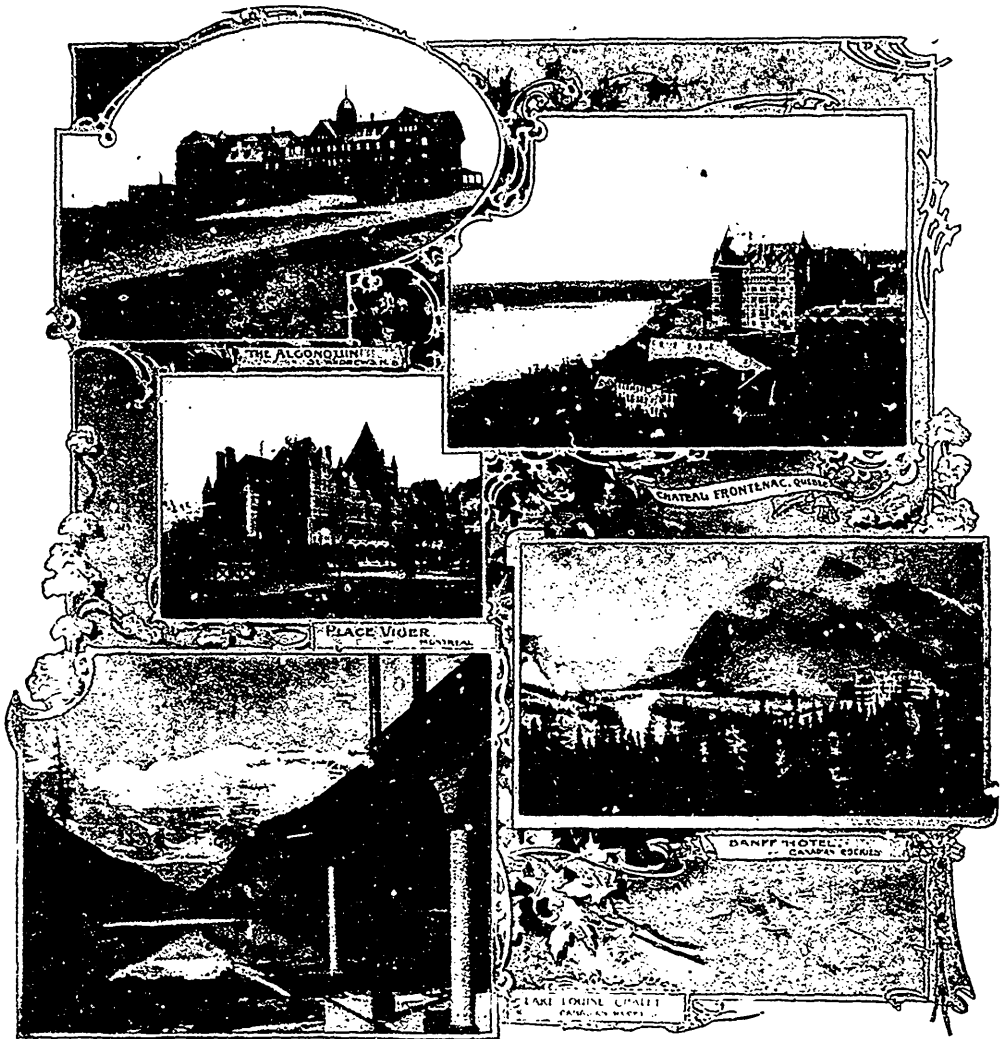
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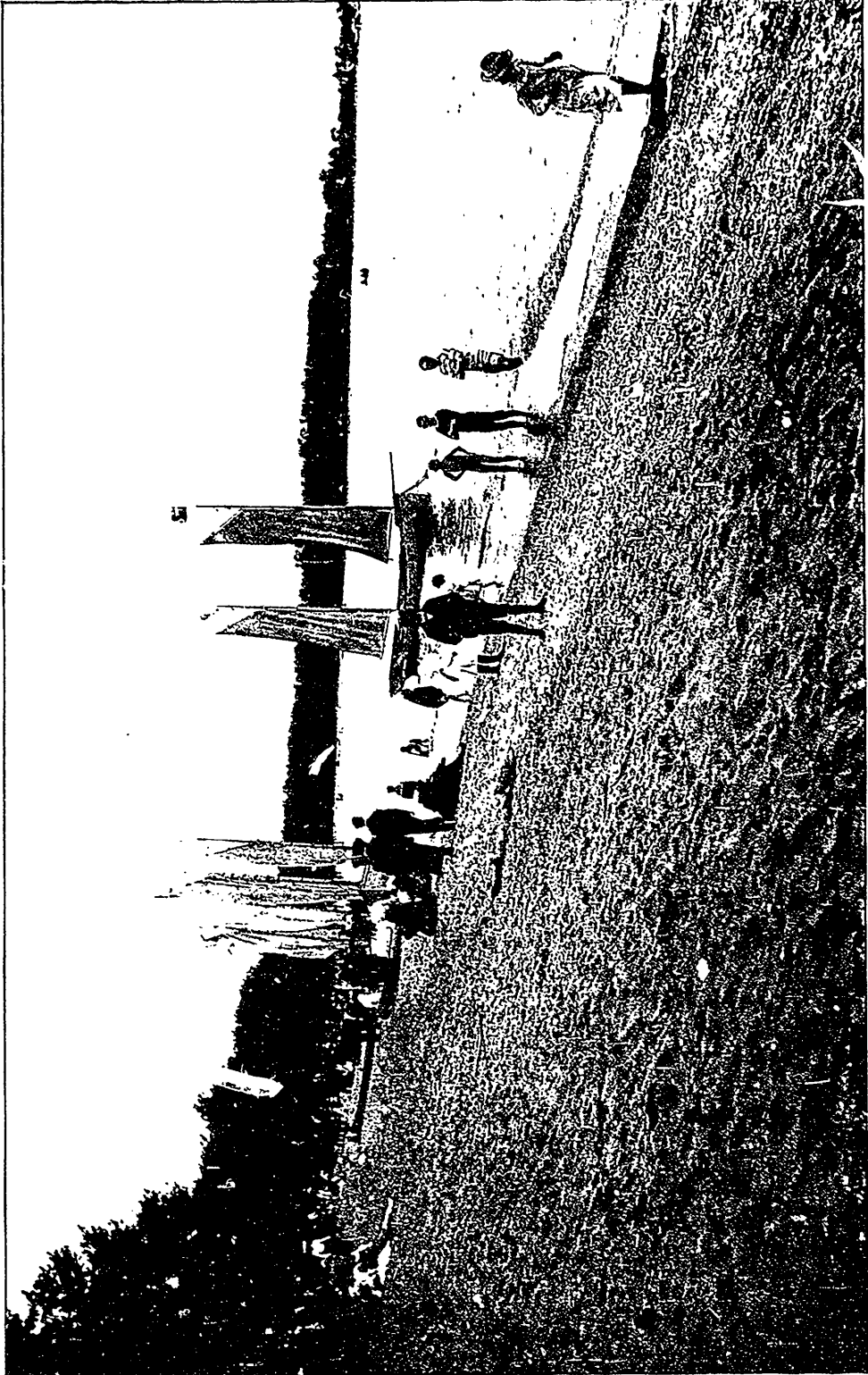
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Canadian Edition

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. V.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, APRIL, 1904

No. 11

## The Great Preserve.

By THE LATE SIR J. G. BOURINOT.

Although the purchase of the great company's rights by the Canadian government has removed the monopoly which it once possessed as fur traders, and has opened up all the territories of Canada to individual enterprises, it still remains the richest and largest corporation in the world for the purchase and sale of peltry. Its forts or posts are still found on the shores of Hudson's Bay, and on the banks of those numerous lakes and rivers which stretch like a chain from the valley of the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes, as far as the mouth of the mighty river discovered by Mackenzie.

As we stand on the rugged height of land which divides the Winnipeg from the Laurentian basin, we are within easy reach of rivers that flow some to the Arctic seas, some to the Atlantic, and some to the Gulf of Mexico. If we ascend the Saskatchewan River to the Rocky Mountains, we shall find ourselves within measurable distance of the headwaters of the Mackenzie, the Columbia, the Fraser, and the Missouri.

This natural system of inter-communication has necessarily always given remarkable facilities for the prosecution of the fur trade by the great company, whose chief northern post is still York Factory, by the bay, to which its ships have regularly come every summer for two hundred and thirty years with supplies for the northern post., and returned with cargoes of

furs. Year by year, as settlement advances, the fur animals disappear, and the company's business is now, for the most part, confined to the immense region stretching to the north of the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude, and westward from Hudson's Bay to the Rocky Mountains and eastward as far as Labrador—in other words, to the unsettled districts of Canada provisionally named Athabasca, Keewatin, Ungava and Mackenzie.

Some of the old forts, once so famous in the history of the Northwest, have been dismantled. Of Upper Fort Garry, named in honor of a prominent director when it was built in 1835, within the limits of the present city of Winnipeg, there now remains only the main gate. Near where it stood we see now a splendid stone structure—an immense department store—erected by the company to suit modern requirements.

Like the Prince of Wales fort on Hudson's Bay, which was taken by Admiral de la Peroues in 1772, and of which there are now only a few piles of stones, the walls and bastions of Fort Garry were built of solid masonry and were defended by artillery. The old fort, which once stood in Victoria, British Columbia, was a good specimen of the plan, generally followed in the construction of the generality of the four posts, in the times when the company was monarch. Palisades of pickets from ten to twenty feet high surrounded half a dozen

solid timber buildings of a square or oblong form, one of which was used as a residence of the factor, another as a shop for the sale of the guns, ammunition, gay cloths and blankets, and other goods coveted by the Indians, another as a storehouse for the peltry, and others for the accommodation of the lower class of employes.

When sailed that little bark which bore the hopes of the illustrious adventurers around the cold and barren promotories of Hudson's Bay, the prospects of empire and commerce were very slim, shrouded in the gloom of impenetrable forests and darkened by the perils of savage hostility. Long ago these obstacles were swept away by the heroic endurance and persistent push of the hardy factors and their followers.

Modern conditions of competition now demand from the company's officials a shrewd knowledge of the public mind, and a degree of tact and energy which is more necessary in the present than were the flint-lock musket and heavy side-arms in the buckskin period, when the company to the bleak shores of the Labrador coast from the mountainous shores of the Pacific was sovereign.

The fur-trading posts stretch from the bleak shores of the Labrador coast to the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia, and from the forty-ninth parallel to the Arctic seas.

The company's steamboats ply upon the Saskatchewan, Athabasca, Slave, Mackenzie, Skeena, and Stikine rivers, and the canoes and dog trains are now chiefly seen in the inaccessible districts. The company, with its experience of over two centuries, can supply all the wants of sportsmen, and also issue circular letters of credit on all its inland posts.

The catalogue of the large fur sales held annually in London, still the world's principal mart of the trade, show what a variety of Canadian animals are necessary for the comfort, health and luxurious habits of modern humanity.

The skin now most prized and highest priced is the silver or black fox, noted for its rich and glossy black fur and its exterior hairs of a silver white. In 1900 an exceptionally beautiful skin brought nearly three thousand dollars—the highest ever paid; but the average value of good skins

varies from three hundred and fifty dollars to one hundred dollars.

The fur next in value is that of the sea otter, for which twelve hundred dollars was paid in 1900. The fur is soft and fine, and varies in color from dark chestnut to a deep brown, according to the age of the animal. It is now very rare, and only one skin was offered by the Hudson's Bay Company in March, 1901, and brought only five hundred and forty dollars, as prices of nearly all furs have been of late exceedingly low. The common otter, of which large quantities are sold every year, only brings at the highest, six dollars, and even as low as two dollars for a common skin. The skins of the blue fox—the favorite fur of Catherine de Medici—are much in demand, and bring as high as thirty dollars each. Cross, gray, white and red foxes bring from forty dollars for the first to five dollars for a good specimen of the common red.

The marten, of which a large number are taken in the north of Canada, is much prized, and one superior quality—a dark, glossy fur—is called the American sable, and can hardly be distinguished from the choice Russian skin. Canadian skins range from twenty dollars to five dollars, according to quality.

The fur of the mink, very numerous still, is shorter and more flossy than the marten and varies in value from six dollars to as low as fifty cents. The choice ermine, which is akin to the weasel, and much in demand, is pure white, with a black-tipped tail when caught in good condition in the winter. Challon's famous picture of her late Majesty Queen Victoria at her coronation represents her in a splendid robe, trimmed with this royal fur, which also forms the border of the crown, and is conspicuous in the adornment of the state robes and coronets of the English nobility.

The black bear, which finds a congenial habitat from Cape Breton to the Mackenzie, brings from fifty dollars to fifteen dollars. The skin of the musk-ox, which is a denizen of the "Barren Grounds" and the Arctic region of Canada, has taken the place of that of the extinct buffalo for sleigh robes. It varies in price from fifty dollars to as low as five dollars for a poor article. Even the skunk of unsavory fame is now much in demand on account of its

soft, thick fur, to which has even been given the name of "black marten." The beaver, the staple fur of the French regime, is now becoming scarce and its price varies greatly according to fashion. Even the skin of the inoffensive rabbit has now a positive market value, as it is dressed, clipped and dyed a deep brown, almost black, and then becomes what is called "electric seal" much in vogue for ladies' jackets.

The variety and quantity of the furs offered by the great company at its annual sales in London can be best understood by reference to the following list for 1901:—Beaver, 42,582 skins; musquash, 917,944; rabbits, 6,593; common otter, 9,160; sea otter, 1; fisher, 3,437; silver fox, 317; cross fox, 1,851; blue fox, 24; red fox, 5,831; white fox, 2,960; marten, 55,329; mink, 47,560; lynx, 4,446; wolf, 2,589; wolverine, 772; skunk, 6,027; raccoon, 9,058; badger, 565; ermine, 11,664 black bear, 7,829; brown bear, 773; gray bear, 196; white bear, 58; musk-ox, 559; hair seal, 3,593; deer, 100; besides many caribou and moose skins not enumerated.

The sales of Hudson's Bay company's furs have realized at this year's sales in London only \$1,150,000, or nearly \$400,000 less than in 1900, on account of low prices and decreased quantity—silver fox having fallen sixty per cent., blue foxes fifty-three, red foxes forty, cross and white foxes thirty-five, and so on. The company's furs are all exported from Victoria, Vancouver, Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg—the principal distributing and collecting centre—and Montreal to London, where they are sold by the great house of C. M. Sampson & Company.

In this article I have given special attention to the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company, for the very obvious reason that it is easy in its case to obtain full and accurate information not available with respect to the many free traders, who have gone into the business for the past thirty years.

An authority on furs informs me that the annual output of all the small competitors amounts to a total equalling, if not exceeding, that of the great company itself. The principal traders live in Winnipeg, Edmonton—always an important

point of connection with the northern fur region—Montreal and Quebec.

One large firm in the ancient capital, after supplying the demands of its Canadian customers, shipped furs last year to London to the value of nearly \$100,000. The trade returns to the Dominion show that at the present time the total value of the Canadian export of furs reaches about \$2,400,000, of which only \$100,000 represents manufactured goods, chiefly sold in the United States. These figures include the output of the Hudson's Bay Company, and represent the value of the total quantity of Canadian raw skins sold yearly in London by Sampson & Company.

We may fairly assume that upwards of a million dollars' worth of skins remain in Canada for the purpose of domestic consumption, and consequently do not appear in the trade returns. Canada is also obliged to buy a large quantity of furs not produced in Canada—coon and opossum from the United States, Persian lamb and Russian Astrakhan, Indian tiger and leopards, South American chinchilla, and even Australian rabbit, wombat and wallaby.

With the progress of settlement in the northwest of Canada, the fur-bearing animals must be limited ere long entirely to the great unorganized districts already mentioned, but here—especially in the Mackenzie region—for many years to come the great company and free traders will continue to find the skins they seek.

The fur trade of Canada, however, has long since sunk into insignificance, compared with its proportions half a century ago. The country, decried by a French philosopher as a region of ice and snow which France could well spare, is now famous as a large exporter of the best of wheat and apples, and other products which attest the richness of the soil and the favorable climatic conditions for the sustenance of human life.

The fur trade has now lost the picturesque aspect it sometimes assumed during the French domination and in the palmy days, when the factors of the great company were lords of the north.

The songs of the traders and voyageurs are now rarely heard in these prosaic times, when the canoe and the bateau have given place to the propeller. As a conspicuous

figure of the fur trade the Metis or Canadian half-breeds of the Red, Assiniboin, and Saskatchewan rivers are disappearing fast. These people are now settling down to a regular agricultural life, and the hunters and trappers of a once restless race will soon fade into romance and history,

like their more famous ancestors, the *courcurs de bois*, whose memory is now only recalled as we pass by a storm-vexed cape or landlocked bay, or rapid river, to which may still cling the names they gave, as they swept along with song and jest in the days of the French regime.

## The Burial of Cher-on-kee.

By MARY S. S. SCHAFFER.

The people of the Northland, cut off for months from any semblance of civilization, living in the great white silence, become a different race, with different thoughts from the men of cities and rush of life. We grow skeptical, in the practical living, that forces may exist, which we cannot feel or see, and doubt the weird tales they tell us. Who is right? and dare we smile? Maybe we grow less acute in our noisy lives, and they who live in and love the vast confines of solitude have ears attuned to sounds too delicate for our grosser senses to define. The little story told below was an actual occurrence so far as he (the Master) believed, but you seldom hear him tell it, and I dare not even use his words. I can but give the facts.

Old Cher-on-kee lay dying. In suffering silence the great black eyes stared out from their cavernous depths, looking for Death to come and carry him to the flowering hunting grounds. He had known for long that it must be, but with the stolidity of his race, he meant to fight the fight bravely, and not till death's hand was laid upon his shoulder would he show the white feather. Even in his last fur-gathering trip in the north he had felt the summer coming. But the spirit of the Northland called him, the howling of the dog-train was music in his ears, and the wild, dreary steppes were his friends, beckoning him on with invisible hands. The fever of illness and longing consumed him. "I come! I come! and if I die, I die near little Pix-ix-ena's grave and that would be good." He went. The fineness and the quantity of his furs was large. As he went from post

to post he felt it was for the last time. At little Pix-ix-ena's grave he halted, halted and bowed his head as he had done so many, many summers before, but this time the parched lips whispered: "I am coming soon."

Those who have lived among the Indians and searched beneath the stolidity of their character with patience, kindness and perseverance, know that the Indian heart is warm and true and faithful. Old Cher-on-kee had never forgotten or ceased to mourn for the dainty brown bride, who had left him after two years of happy wandering in the summer months, which had counterbalanced the starving and suffering of the two long, bleak winters. Pix-ix-ena was from the Southland, and even her warm love for Cher-on-kee could not drive out the biting cold of the terrible winters from her dainty physique. And when the spring was bursting and the Northland flowers opening their eyes, little Pix-ix-ena's one dainty blossom opened its bright eyes for a few short hours and then with its mother's closed forever. The heart-broken husband and father laid his treasures beneath the gay northern poppies, then turned his heavy footsteps southward, to work for the rest of his life for the Hudson's Bay trappers, journeying each year to the north for skins, and taking a short time to go to the one spot in all the world he could claim as his own, and none but his faithful train of dogs saw or guessed the bitter grief which never left him. And now he had brought in his last load; he had looked for the last time on his faithful



team. He had patted each servitor on the head,—a farewell caress—and a dismal whine had gone up from their hoarse throats, as though through the unaccustomed gentleness, they realized their friend was leaving them.

Two old squaws squatted near the flap of the tepee, doing what they could for the sick man in a kind, ignorant way. Their minds, however, were much more engaged on the tobacco, which the old man had given them for their services to himself; the tepee was blue with the rank material. "Kow-ee-chee go for the Master, tell him I have much to say and little time," the weak voice called from a pile of furs in the darkening corner. "Why should Cher-on-kee wish for the Master, he will not come for such as we?" But Cher-on-kee knew better. He and the Master had tramped in the Northland together and knew the heart of each, and the Master had not failed him yet. Old Kow-ee-chee grumblingly arose and gathering her tattered garments about her, trudged off in the deep snow. Silently entering the fort, and as silently the door of the Master's office, she stood before a kindly face; apathetic in the extreme. She gave no hint of bearing a message from the dying.

"Well, Kow-ee-chee, what is it now? More tobac?"

Silence. Then delivering herself of a guttural sound or two with calm deliberation, equalled by no other race on the surface of the globe, she said: "Cher-on-kee dying — say 'bring Master.' Go."

Then gathering up the old blanket about her, and turning on her moccasined heels, with the curious gliding amble of the plains' Indian, she went forth into the cold as silently as she came.

Hastily donning his heavy furs, the Master hurried forth. Cher-on-kee had been too long his faithful friend for such a summons to go unanswered. Hastening to the tepee, but a short distance from the fort, raising the ragged flap, which all too poorly kept out the bitter winds, he saw the message was true, and Cher-on-kee very, very near the hunting grounds.

Grasping the Master's hand in his own, eager and feverish, and gazing intently into the Master's eyes, he said: — "When the Spirit comes, promise me! — promise me! to take me home to the

Northland, and lay me in Pix-ix-ena's grave. I cannot sleep, I cannot rest till you promise."

The intense eyes, brilliant with suffering, gazed for their answer into the eyes of his friend, those eyes which had never lied to him in all their years of wanderings together. The friend was still his friend and the answer came, "I promise."

With all vitality spent, and as though living for those words alone, he slowly turned the weary head to the canvas, and in a few moments old Cher-on-kee was no more.

The Master retraced his way into the icy winds, then to his cozy office, where huge logs sputtered and crackled, and his mind dreamed back into the old days when he as a boy had packed furs with Cher-on-kee. Then the promise came before him; how? — for the problem was a heavy one. Little Pix-ix-ena's grave lay one hundred and fifty miles to the north, a barren waste of snow stretched between and the dead of winter was upon the land. Over and over in his mind he turned the question of that long journey. Who among his men were brave enough to carry such a load and face three such days of hardship?

In the teeth of a bitter north-easter he went forth the next morning to search for volunteers. All shook their heads. The trip was a long, hard and exposing one, but it was not the exposure that deterred them. The burden they must carry was what they dared not face. Cher-on-kee was loved and respected by all in life,—but the lonely companionship of his dead body, out in the great dear wilderness, was more than even their phlegmatic nerves could endure. All shook their heads and the Master realized that to fulfil his promise he himself must go. With his own example and bravery as a leader, he was at last able to secure one porter—O-see-ka, a man of great endurance and ability.

Together they wrapped the body in its own blankets, then bound it in tenting canvas and lashed it securely to a sledge with thongs of reindeer; packed with wraps, food and tent the second sledge, then with their two teams of dogs set forth in the blue twilight of the morning, accompanied for a short distance by

the dead man's friends, and finally left, to advance alone into the vast wildness, with only the dimming stars snapping and twinkling in the intense, quiet cold. In silence the two men moved forward; no sound save the screaming of the sledge runners over the frozen snow, the occasional call of the driver to his dogs and the crack of the long whip. All day long they trudged in snow shoes over the vast waste. As the more intense darkness settled down upon their way, the Master called a halt near a frozen stream and close to a group of low pine trees. The body in its heavy wrappings was left on the far side of the stream, and camp was made for the night.

The dogs released from their harness, the little bacon and pemmican thawed and eaten over the tiny fire, master and servant prepared for a few hours needed rest, when suddenly there rang forth on the cold, keen air the Indian's cry to his dog—"Marsh—! Marsh-h—!" The two men gazed into each other's eyes in startled silence. They had thought themselves alone in the wilds, but here was another voice coming to them from out the darkness, attracted probably by the little camp fire. Stepping forth from the light, they hallowed a response—no answer; again,—not a sound.

With a shiver of awe both men were impelled toward Cher-on-kee's sledge. Two of the dogs had become unloosed and were gnawing at the reindeer thongs. Retieing the dogs, they returned to the little tent, haunted with a feeling of something strange and unaccountable.

Again in the early dawn they ate, harnessed their dogs, repacked the sledge, then pushed forward briskly, hoping to make the upper fort that night, and avoid another night out in the bitterly cold waste. But a cruel wind was setting in from the north, which cut their breathing, exhausting men and dogs alike, and again they were forced to make camp as the deeper darkness fell. feed the now

footsore animals, and rest a few hours themselves.

Again they stopped by a frozen stream, and near brush that would provide them fuel. While the Master prepared camp, O-sec-ka took the axe to cut wood a couple of hundred yards away. Both men busily employed at their work, were suddenly startled to hear the long, clear call of the Indian to dogs—"Marsh!—Marsh!" and each rushed toward the other, thinking each in trouble.

"Did you call?" said the Master.

"No; and you?"

Each stared at the other in astonishment, then turned to see a stranger appear from out the darkness.

No sound of moving object except the low whine of the dogs, till to their strained nerves there came again the long musical, but dreary, call "Marsh! Marsh!"

"It is Cher-on-kee's voice, Master. Come." And together they hurried to the sledge of their dead companion.

Bounding across the frozen river and reaching the spot where they had left all secure so short a time before, what was their horror to see a band of wolves, tearing loose the stout wrappings and at that moment reaching the body itself. A pistol shot or two drove them off, and the sledge was then hauled up by the camp fire and tent.

No sleep came to the watchers that night, and the two men, whose whole lives had been spent in hardship and danger, trembled at the remembrance of that call—unaccountable, unreal and unexplainable.

As soon as the dogs were rested, the sledges were packed for the last run, and the weary, spent men were glad to leave the eerie spot. At noon they reached the fort, chilled, exhausted, unnerved.

Other hands laid old Cher-on-kee beside the waiting little Pix-ix-ena, and the weary white man rested, feeling he had kept his promise.



## The Coming of the Shore Birds.

By ST. CROIX.

Some young fellows I know think they are great travellers, because they are taken to Europe in a comfortable, floating palace nearly every summer by their fathers. But what are such holiday jaunts beside the semi-annual journeys of the shore-birds? Fancy a little feathered mite of a creature, weighing but a few ounces, laying its eggs each summer in the Arctic regions, and passing the winter in South America! Thousands of the great plover or snipe family do this year after year, and so regular are their wanderings that folk that live along shore marvel if the feathered hosts are more than a few days overdue, when they appear on our coasts.

A lad with a taste for natural history will find endless amusement during August and September along the sandy bays of the St. Lawrence and of the Maritime provinces. No other stations will show him more variety in the matter of bird-life. His equipment may be extremely simple. A field glass, note book, and a sandwich are all that he will need in the field, though at home he must have a well-thumbed copy of one of the many admirable manuals that treat of the distinguishing characteristics of the order Limicæ, or shore-birds.

The great plover-snipé family are mostly of small size; they live on the ground, usually by the water's edge; and their food consists of insects, worms and other small, soft crawling things. Above all they are extremely well-represented on this continent, and are therefore an eminently proper study for a patriotic young Canadian.

On the way shoreward, a glance through the glass may reveal a flock of small pigeon-like birds, pecking about some old pasture. They are golden plover and if they permit a near enough approach, the fitness of the name will be acknowledged, for the beautiful, though extremely modest coloration of the plumage has a distinctly golden sheen. The hook at home says: 'North America at large, breeds in the Arctic regions, passes in great waves during spring and autumn; highly esteemed.' Too highly, alas! for the golden plover is decreasing rapidly in numbers in the Eastern

States. Spring shooting has had much to do with it, and I hope no boy that loves true sport will ever permit himself to kill birds that are on their way to these distant regions, where alone they can raise their broods in safety. No, let the gun remain in its case until the flocks come back from the north, five times as numerous as when they asked our hospitality in the spring.

The largest birds the young naturalist is likely to fall in with are the Curlews. There are three species,—the sickle-bill, the Jack curlew, and the Eskimo or dough bird. The first named is much the largest, while the last is the most abundant; it breeds in Labrador and may be found in enormous flocks near Belle Isle Strait, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, about August 1st. All the curlews winter in the extreme southern States of the Union, or in Central or South America.

A queer little bird, that is always repeating the cry from which it takes its name, is the Kildeer. Kil-deer! Kil-deer! it whistles, hovering over an intruder's head and giving the alarm to every bird within hearing. It is beautifully marked with semi-rings of black and white around the throat. The semipalmated plover is another bird that is exceedingly abundant on the beaches during late summer and early autumn. Above ash grey, and underneath pure white, with a black encircling ring about its neck, it may be easily recognized, especially at near range, as there is a bright orange ring around the eye.

The American oyster catcher is a big bird, as shore birds go, with a long, strong, vermillion bill with yellow tip. Its plumage is somber. It breeds further south than most of our shore birds, extensive nesting colonies being found each spring on the Virginia coast. Should the glass reveal a delicate slender bird, of strikingly beautiful black and white plumage, with long legs and upturned bill, it is probably an avocet, a bird now somewhat rare in the east, though common on the plains of the west. It feeds by immersing the head and neck, meanwhile stirring up the mud

with its long bill. It swims well.

Sportsmen speak of summer and winter yellow legs. The first is a bird ten or eleven inches in length over all, while the last is two or three inches longer. They have the usual plover-like barred plumage, and long yellow legs. Restless, noisy birds they are seldom still, and seem unhappy. Foremost among the "large birds" of the shore-gunners' list is the willet, a big, stout fellow of the Tattless family. Its legs are a slate glue color, and it has a shrill unpleasant cry. It would be quite impossible to give a sufficiently accurate description in mere words of most of these shore birds, but by the aid of a reliable text book recognition is comparatively easy in the case of adult birds, but

youngsters of the year are very hard to name with unflinching accuracy.

The important Scolopacidae family includes the Godwits, large birds, much like the Curlews, but having straight bills, and the sandpipers, an extensive group of small shorter billed birds, always keeping in flocks, and although the least in size, perhaps the greatest wanderers of them all. One species, the pectoral sandpiper, goes so far north to nest that its eggs are as yet unknown, though the bird itself is found on our coasts in myriads.

Many a pleasant hour may be passed half buried in the sand, field glass and note book in hand, as any bright-eyed boy will discover if he makes the trial. There is a perpetual free show given by Dame Nature along-shore on a summer's afternoon.

## The Brownie Ring.

By MARTIN HUNTER.

Only once, during a residence of over thirty-six years in the wilds of Canada, was it my good fortune to witness the drumming of the spruce partridge.

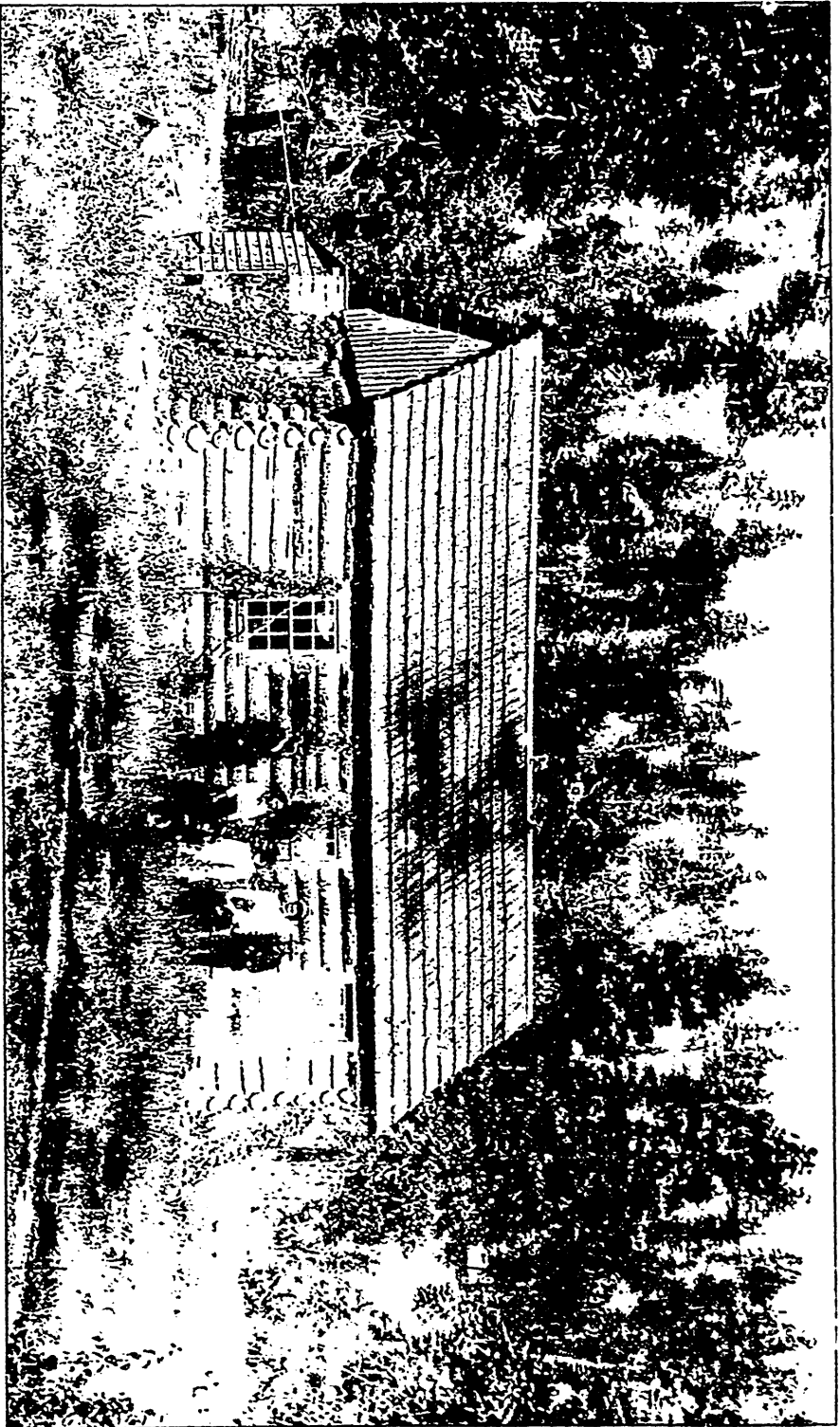
Indians have several times described the procedure of the cock bird on these occasions, but as I have said, it was only once I saw it actually taking place. The day was a very calm, hot one in spring. I was on my way between the big lake and a small one about a mile through the bush for the purpose of visiting a bear trap set at the discharge of the smaller body of water. About mid-way over the portage the trail passed through a white, mossy plain, with clumps of pitch pine dotting it here and there. Just before emerging into this glade-like park, a sound was borne to my ear by the still, calm atmosphere, a sound so strange that I stood quite still and waited for it to be repeated. After a certain interval I heard it again. This time I coupled it with what the Indians had described the sound of the spruce partridge drumming to be like. Being also informed that they were very wary at such times, (the slightest noise causing them to desist for that day), with the utmost caution I continued my way after each cessa-

tion of drumming, and finally was so close that I actually felt the waves of air from the birds' wings against my cheek.

Then I made a lengthened halt, lying prone upon the earth with only my head above the ferns and awaited the next move. I could hear the cackle of several birds just beyond where I was in hiding, but dared not, for the moment, move.

All at once a beautiful cock-bird, doubly beautiful just then, by his flaming red comb and wattles, shot up into a tall tree not twenty yards off, and there plumed his feathers for some moments, cooing and talking down all the while. I kept my eyes steadfastly fixed on his every movement, so as to see what would follow.

All at once the ruffled feathers closed down on his body and launching himself off and away from the tree, he beat the air with his wings in rapid succession till he reached the earth. This then was the cause of the unfamiliar sound I had heard, and was the spruce partridge mode of drumming. I crawled further through the moss and Indian tea towards the place where the cock partridge had disappeared, and by stretching my hand in front I cleared a space to see, and there at the foot



A RANCH IN B. C.  
Home of a settler in the fertile Okanagan Valley, teeming with game and fish.



A MIXED BASKET.  
Pike-perch (*fore*), pike and small-mouthed black bass from Timiskaming Lake.

of the tree was a diminutive circus ring, worn away to the earth by the action of twelve or fourteen partridge marching around in a circle.

Four of their numbers were cock birds. Their excessive vanity had inflated them up to veritable little gobblers. The females were demurely walking around, as if quite ignorant that all the fine pluming and gallant talk from the opposite sex was for their benefit. Every now and then a different cock would fly to the tree-top and go through the same performance.

I lay there for, I should say, a couple of hours, watching this uncommon sight, and, although it was difficult to distinguish one cock from another, still I fancy they took

to drumming in rotation.

Be it as it may, the sun was getting near the tree tops and all at once, as if from a word of command, the bunch flew up and away to remote trees. I waited for a short while, but as they did not return, I concluded the parade for that day was over.

From the deep patted ring and the amount of their droppings, they had evidently been resorting to this spot for days.

I visited this spot for two or three years following at about the same season, but no partridge were to be found. The melting of the first winter's snow and the early spring rains had quite obliterated "The Brownie Ring."

## The Art of Forestry.—Forestry Protection.\*

In discussing Forestry, though young in this country, it is perhaps not out of place to give a clear account of its various parts as it has been didactically divided in Europe. At the present time we cannot use European Forestry practice to any extent, but it is the principles underlying that practice which we must understand and realize the value of, in dealing properly with the forests here. In two previous papers a very imperfect sketch has been given of what is understood by forest management and silviculture. Now it is the writer's task to give an idea of what is included in the care and tending of the forest from the seedling stage to that of the big hundred feet high tree. Contrary to any other crop, in standing such a length of time the external dangers are much increased, as the years go on and the value of the forest increases. As an example of this, a sixty-year-old spruce stand in Germany was completely killed by hail. True, a good price was got for the timber, but not nearly as good as if left until its proper time of cutting,—another twenty-five years, when the timber would have realized the highest price per cubic foot of any size (sixteen inches diameter).

A factor which plays a great part in forests of most lands is the right of other persons in that forest besides the owner.

At present we have none here, and we have to be very thankful for that, as a greater hindrance to forestry cannot be conceived. One only has to imagine one man owning the land and another the timber, a case of actual fact in Southern Bavaria, to see the importance of not allowing any customs or usages to grow into rights which might interfere with the rational utilization and management of the forests. Once these rights have grown it is very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to buy them out and get rid of them in any way.

It is only necessary to mention the great danger from fire for the sake of completeness. This is so patent to all that it does not require any further explanation.

The wind plays really a very important part in the forest, and by careful cutting the risk of getting an extra quantity of timber blown down can be avoided. About 1870 such an enormous number of trees were blown down by the wind in the Falkenburg in Eastern Germany that it took fifteen years to clear them up and sell the timber. It would not be so bad if the trees so blown down remained free from the ravages of insects, but this is seldom the case. Usually if the trees are worked up into lumber at once the market is glutted and poor prices result. If the trees

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

are left the insects get into them and they are spoilt for timber and a greater loss is sustained.

The useful effect of the wind is seen in the spreading of tree seeds when the cuttings are laid in the direction of the prevalent winds, so that these can be self-sown on the last lumbered over area.

Having mentioned insects, it may be as well to take a view of their influence on the forest. Next to fire they are the most destructive agents. The trees on areas of twenty and fifty square miles en bloc have been stripped of their leaves, and protective measures have cost \$375,000 in one year in a small state like Bavaria. In destroying insects in Prussia \$180,000 were spent in 1876-7, and only \$85,000 in 1879-80, showing that the injurious insects were gradually decreasing. In earlier days the areas of destruction were much larger. For instance, Prussia, 600 square miles and Russia, 6,400; meaning the killing of 76,000,000,000 feet, b.m. A few years ago the sawflies killed the tamarac or larch in the north. Last year a caterpillar destroyed the leaves of the burr oak over hundreds of acres in Manitoba and killed practically all the trees. This year a green caterpillar destroyed the needles of large numbers of spruce all over the province, though the damage did not appear to kill the trees. This may of course come later, as the spruce when once stripped very rarely produce fresh needles until the following spring. From the above examples, as well as from the reports from the United States, it is evident we have our insect pests in this country as in others, though the damage has not been so apparent, and hence not so great.

The snow which is a source of considerable danger to even aged cultivated supply forests has little or no bad effect on the forest in its primeval state. Of course in mountainous districts the formation of avalanches can sometimes be hindered by a forest growth, though often these are formed above the timber line. A tree growth, though, at that altitude hinders the rushing of water down these slopes in spring and also of loose stones and earth so common in mountainous districts, and lower down prevents floods.

The animals, red deer, elk, etc., besides domestic ones, such as oxen, sheep, goats,

do a certain amount of damage in peeling the bark and browsing on seedling trees, but in large forests this is nothing compared to the "general" very harmful influence of the farmers cattle on the wooded portion of his farm. Whenever the area is small and a large number of animals are put on to it, the trees die almost at once. The cattle trample all the surface earth hard, and as it is at first usually soft they kill all the smaller fibrous roots near the surface. If the area is larger the damage is less from this cause, and if spread over a very large area this working of the surface soil may at times be beneficial. Besides this, large numbers of seedling trees are not only trampled upon, but also eaten off short, and if they survive this treatment never make good trees. One has only to go into a spruce forest in the Alps, where grazing was previously practised, to see the results in the shape of many-stemmed trees with large limbs low down. Once the leader of a conifer is taken, even though a side branch may soon form another, the tree never has the same value for lumber later. In certain forests where seeds have fallen and the soil requires little working to make it a good seed bed, driving cattle through will give the desired result. As a general practice though, using a forest as pasture will be detrimental; in fact, forestry and pasturage must be kept separate to give the best results to both. Pigs on the whole do little or no damage, if not in large numbers on a small area. They eat besides a very large number of the larvae of injurious insects, many of which hibernate in the ground. Of course in case of re-seeding oak, beech, etc., they would eat most of the seed itself, and so driving them through is the only way of allowing them in the woods at all.

Plants in their lower form exercise quite a powerful influence on the trees, both individually and collectively, the climbers, such as the vines and honeysuckle, often completely strangling the trees. In the woods specific weeds have to be kept in check and in some parts, as in the West, this is essential to the success of tree growth. In natural reproduction if these are kept down, one soon sees a fine young growth.

The fungus (*phytophthora omnivora*) of



small seedlings often destroys the labor of the best sown drills in the shortest time. In the forest, though not quite so apparent, it does a great deal of harm on small areas of seedlings when they have come up thick. Others such as the golden rust (*melampsora tremulae*) on the Cottonwood have been quite frequent in Manitoba, though few, if any, trees have actually been killed. Luckily some, as that causing the vermilion colored spots on maple branches, only attack dead wood.

Frost, another agent of destruction, has a variety of influences. The early and late frost, which especially spoil exotic trees can be largely avoided by planting these latter, when possible, in the half shade of others. Frost cracks, sometimes called canker, cannot be prevented, as they are caused by the very hard frosts in midwinter freezing the moisture in the cells near the surface of the tree. These expand and burst, whereas the inner part of the tree is unaffected. Such cracks are also due to the contraction of the wood from the cold. Hardwood appears to be liable to this mode of injury, whereas conifers do not, no doubt due to the resinous nature

of the sap in conifers, which would not easily freeze.

Bark scorching is common in many parts and can be avoided by a due mixture of trees or with judicious cutting, avoiding exposure of the stems of such trees as beech and spruce to the rays of the sun. This is sometimes termed sun scald, but conveys the meaning that water had something to do with it, whereas it is the sun which gradually dries up and burns the bark and cambium layer of the tree, hence scorching seems the better term.

Seaside and inland sand dunes sometimes shift continually, and cover not only good forest land but also better agricultural land. A similar process on a smaller scale than most in Europe is going on at the present time near Lachute, on the St. Lawrence. These can always be retarded and gradually planted, first with certain grasses and shrubs, and finally pines introduced.

From all the above is seen the various agencies which are at work destroying or endangering the forest, and it is the forester's business to know the individual importance of these in each locality and counteract them when possible.

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## The Old and The New.

By C. C. FARR.

I am writing this on the cars, and they are very comfortable. I have shown my ticket to the conductor, and he, apparently, is satisfied. I am on the C.P.R., on the extension from Mattawa, North, to Timiskaming, or rather Kippewa, for in the winter months Timiskaming Station is, practically, closed. As we smoothly glide along I cannot help comparing the comforts of the present with the discomfort of the past.

Thirty years ago last November I made my first journey up this river. I was paid for my daily services, and consequently, in those days, I was expected to do as I was bid. We had two Indians, from Mattawa, hired as guides, Indians with Scotch and French names, and before I go further I

must digress in order to illustrate the anomalies of the Indian question. There was amongst us on that occasion a very innocent young man. He was a member of the staff, and hence was not expected to know much. He had never met an Indian in his life before, except in fiction, of the Fennimore Cooper type, and it was from the Fennimore Cooper point of view that he approached the subject.

I was rowing on the stern oar, to be technical 'stroke' oar, and he, 'ex-officio', sat in cold, but idle comfort, in the stern. It was a surveying party, the object being to define the boundary between the two Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

Johnny McDonald was the name of the Indian who was steering, and my young

friend gazed at him in wrapt admiration, for here, at last, was before his very eyes, a dusky denizen of the forest, a modern Osceola, in baggy pants.

Then he asked, "Can you speak English?"

"Of course," answered Johnny.

"Are you happy doing this kind of work?"

"What you mean?" asked Johnny.

"I mean work like this, steering boats for the pale-faces."

Johnny grinned and said that he guessed that he was all right.

"Would you not sooner be hunting the wild deer with your people?" asked the innocent.

"What you mean?" again asked Johnny.

"I mean, would you not sooner be dwelling with your own tribe?"

Johnny became somewhat mystified at this, and knew not how to answer. Then the young man again came to the charge, and asked:

"What tribe do you belong to?"

"What?" asked Johnny, still more mystified.

"What nation do you belong to; what are you?"

Johnny looked at him with ineffable scorn, and answered with a ring of national pride in his tone.

"D—n it man, I'm a Scotchman," and then the young man collapsed.

After all, Johnny was only giving a lesson on the Indian question, and its anomalies, for, today, such is the absurdity of it all, that if, in spite of the game laws, an Indian wants to kill a moose, his defence is "Indian me." But if on the other hand he wants to drink a glass of whiskey, Me Scotchman, Englishman, Irishman, or anything else, and from what I have known of Indians, it would be pretty hard to disprove this latter assertion.

The fact remains that valuable tracts of land in Canada are tied up and rendered commercially valueless, in the form of Reserves, when there may not be a single pure-blooded Indian residing upon them, and the times are ripe for a change.

But to return to my original subject. Already the train has passed the 'Cave' and the 'Les Erables', rapids named after their own peculiarities. The first is, being interpreted, the 'pot' rapid, or more literally, 'the hole in the rock' rapid.

The Indian name, which, as a rule, more literally describes the conditions is "Ak-ek-end-atch", meaning "the place where there are pots." The barrier of rock, that causes this rapid, is of a very soft nature, and if a few pebbles of granite or any other hard rock, gather together in an eddy and day after day, or year after year, are whirled around they wear out for themselves a circular depression, which, in the course of time assumes the form of a pot, sometimes a few inches in diameter, at others, a few feet, the depth of which is determined by the number of years that these innocent looking pebbles are whirled around, conditioned by the depth reaching effects of the eddy.

The 'Les Erables' is simply the French name for the Indian 'Nee-nah-tic-on-i-gum', 'Maple portage,' probably on account of a plentiful growth of maple which today are conspicuous by their absence, and the only thing that makes the portage memorable in my eyes is the fact that in after years I was bringing up a load of flour for the Hudson's Bay Company, and we happened to camp for the night on this particular portage, piling our flour up neatly at the head. When we went to load up in the morning, we found that a bear had been doing business, and had scattered the flour, which was precious in those days, all over the ground, just as if it had been common sand. We gathered up the remnants as best we could, and even if there was a little gravel attached to it, I never heard a murmur from the purchasers, as I sold it out at the moderate prices in vogue at the time.

But we are now at the 'Mountain Rapids.'—The train seems to travel faster than I can write.—The Indian name for these rapids is "Pee-koo-ti-na-pow-tick"—"Hill, or Mountain Rapid." There is nothing peculiar about this rapid, unless it might be the number of men who have been drowned in it; for it is a mass of treacherous eddys, and lethal to the solitary canoe-man.

About a mile and a half above it, at the first pretence of a 'narrows' sits the "Koko-mis-i-wabik"—"The Old Woman Rock," which has been from time immemorial, the fetish peculiar to the voyageur. Many a plug of tobacco have I seen offered up to the old lady for fair winds, and strange to

say, I have seen coincidental corroboration of the superstition, sufficient to convince men far more sceptical than Indians, that there was something in it. I fear that now the old lady goes without her tobacco, since the cars have supplanted the canoes, for few pass her in canoes in these degenerate days, and those few who do, probably are ignorant of the respect that is due her. By-the-by, it is only when the water is low that she is visible in her entirety.

We are now nearing the "Devil's Garden," that rocky escarpment where the wild onions grow, and for all I know to the contrary, may still grow. Few brigades of voyageurs in the old time would pass this place without going ashore to procure some of these nature-planted relishes, for a three-weeks' steady diet on fried pork, and 'deadly dodger' creates a craving for some other sensation about the gustatorial regions, that even the humble onion can satisfy.

"The Devil's Garden" is a misnomer, for

(To be continued.)

the Indian did not know of the existence of a devil, until we taught him. He is essentially a monotheist, and the Great Spirit, the "Geetchi-Manitou", is his God, a God who, indeed, allows other inferior spirits to exist, but on sufferance only. Hence the real name for this freak of nature is "The Garden of the Great Spirit," which fact should afford food for reflection, as we sinuously skirt along the shores of this interesting, historical waterway. But we have passed the 'Obaushene Portage', which in former years used to be the great highway for the Kippewa, and Gran Lac Indians. I have witnessed many strange things here. From out of the sand, through which the railway runs, I have dug up a man, slain in a family feud, and yet it was not murder; it was simply a life instead of a life. I have filled myself with moose-meat here and found the balance of the quarter hanging behind the stable with a horseshoe on its foot. Yes; these were the good old days, and they say that the world went well then, for youth is but a rose-colored pair of glasses.

## A Magic Key.

By ST. CROIX.

The fifth edition of Coues "Key to North American Birds" has been published by Dana Estes and Company, Boston. This is one of those hundred per cent. books, the appearance of which atones for the hosts of trash and twaddle let loose upon the world since the coming of the typewriting machine and the Coues has always been to the ornithologist as Chauvenet to the astronomer, Dana to the mineralogist, and Gray to the botanist—absolutely indispensable. Although Elliott Coues has been in his grave four years this lasting monument to his patience and genius has only now been completed—but the work has been done well and for many a day the collector and the student of general ornithology will read no other text book.

The publishers say in the preface to this fifth revised edition: "The present work

constitutes the completion of Dr. Coues' life-long labors on behalf of the science of ornithology, too widely known and appreciated to require further mention here. In preparing it for publication the publishers have suffered extraordinary expense, difficulty and delay by the loss of Dr. Coues' assistance in the proof-reading and illustrating of the book. The manuscript was finished, but shortly before his death, and though fortunately complete in this form, was left in such shape as to present almost insuperable difficulties to the compositor or proof-reader, who lacked the author's direction and supervision.

The publishers have had the good fortune to secure the services of Mr. J. A. Farley, who has read the manuscript of the Systematic Synopsis, constituting Part Three, or the body of the work with the

most painstaking care. \* \* \* \* The result, though a posthumous book, is one which Dr. Coues would unquestionably have been proud to own as the crowning work of his life. As a scientific work it is without doubt authoritative and definite."

Since the fourth edition of the key the science of ornithology has made vast strides and the present work is more than twice as voluminous as its predecessor. We have enlarged descriptions of species, fuller accounts of the breeding habits of many birds, and much additional egg-description. Then, in the present edition, the nomenclature of species has been incorporated in the text and not placed in an appendix as in former editions — a decided improvement. Students will find full synonyms and biographical references in the case of very many species and to the preparation of the important part of the work Dr. Coues brought all his rare gifts as a bibliographer and nomenclator.

Louis Agassiz Fuertes has contributed more than two hundred new drawings of rare species, many of which are equal to his best work in other books—in fact, taken all-in-all the fifth edition of Coues' "Key" is an epoch-making event. The following eminently sensible sentences from the preface to the third edition will show the sound common sense of the writer —

though, unfortunately, his warning seems in a fair way of being forgotten.

"Nevertheless he must here record an earnest protest, futile though it may be against the fatal facility with which the system of trinomials lends itself to sad consequences in the hands of immature or inexperienced specialists. No allusion is here intended to anything that has been done, but he must reiterate what was said before respecting what may be done hereafter if more judicious conservatism than we have enjoyed of late be not brought to bear down hard upon the trifling incompetents. The "trinomial tool" is too sharp to be made a toy; and even if we do not cut our own fingers with it, we are likely to cut the throat of the whole system of naming we have reared with such care. Better throw the instrument away than use it to slice species so thin that it takes a microscope to perceive them. It may be assumed as a safe rule of procedure that it is useless to divide and subdivide beyond the fair average ability of ornithologists to recognize and verify the result. Named varieties of buds that require to be compared with types by holding them up slantwise in a good strong light—just as the ladies match crewels in the milliner's shop—such often exist in the cabinets or in the books of their describers, but seldom in the woods and fields."

## Lake Fly Fishing.

By WALTER GREAVES.

The time will soon be here when anglers will again be wending their way to the lakes for the purpose of enjoying that most delightful sport, fly-fishing for speckled trout. I refer to fly fishing because I cannot imagine anyone deriving one-quarter of the sport from bait fishing, even if he catches twice the number of fish. I may be, and no doubt am, strongly prejudiced in favor of the fly, and perhaps for that reason, and because I do not often use bait, I am inclined to consider bait fishing inferior sport. Even when one is not catching fish, the pleasure of casting

the fly and the expectation of getting a rise occasionally, is quite sufficient to an enthusiastic fly fisherman to keep his mind occupied and to cause him to take a keen interest in the sport, for, even casting alone without catching fish is, I think, interesting on water where there are even very few trout and where they seldom take. I cannot imagine anything more enjoyable than to be on a nice sheet of water, with an equally enthusiastic angler, (I, of course, mean fly fisherman), slowly drifting along and occasionally picking up a trout of from say one pound

to about two or three pounds. I do not require many fish to make the time pass pleasantly; it, indeed, passes all too rapidly. When you come to count up your fish at the end of the day you may find that you have not very many to show, but that does not matter, nor does it worry you, as you are not after numbers, but real sport, and if I have half a dozen fish I am quite content. I am sure one cannot feel the same satisfaction after spending a day with the bait, especially if the fly fisherman makes his own tackle,—rods, flies, casting-lines, etc. I experiment to a large extent every season with flies of various patterns, (chiefly my own) and it is amusing and instructive to note the peculiarities of trout taken from the same water and at the same time of the year. A fly that proved killing the previous season will perhaps not tempt a single trout the following year. Sometimes they show a marked preference for a certain gaudy fly, or for several patterns of gaudy flies, and, at other times, they will not look at them, but take the sombre colors,—greys, duns, olive, greens, etc., with remarkable greediness. I am referring to fishing at the very same season of each year, say 24th of May. You will notice, also, a marked change during the same day. I have sometimes changed flies till I have got tired of experimenting, and, after going back to one discarded an hour previously, have found it to be the very one the trout were looking for. I always carry a large assortment, dressed on different sizes of hooks (from about size 10 to 3, old scale), and never consider that I have too many. If I have, it is a fault in the right direction, at any rate.

For lake fishing I think one should have a couple of the following standard patterns, on hooks 7 to 3, old scale, and as many of his own fancy flies as he desires: Parmacheene Belle, Grizzly King, Professor, Zulu, Silver Doctor, March Brown, Claret and Dark Mallard, Dark Montreal, Canada, Queen of the Water, Brown Hackle, Scarlet Hackle, Split ibis, Claret hackle, Hofland's fancy, Governor, Fiery Brown and Alexandra.

It is not, I think, necessary to increase this list, as some of these flies are pretty certain to kill, if the trout are inclined to take a fly at all. I often find, in fishing

for both trout and black bass, that a very good method is to troll slowly with a long line, using large flies,—hook No. 1, old scale, being about the right size for trout. I use this size when casting and trolling for bass. Sometimes the large fish will take the fly if presented to them in this manner, when they would not look at it if it were cast over them. It is difficult to understand the reason for this, but it is a fact, nevertheless. Of course I prefer to take them with the cast fly, but this sport is, by no means, to be despised, and sometimes it is a question of taking them this way or not at all, unless one resorts to bait fishing, which I seldom do—never, in fact, if I can get them to look at the fly, or even expect to induce them to do so. For this kind of sport, that is lake fishing from a boat or canoe, I prefer a rod of 10½ feet, with which one can reach any spot desired, and it is not too long to be in the way or to be unwieldy. I prefer it of split bamboo, lance-wood or hickory and lance-wood combined, about seven or eight ounces in weight, without dowels. I have one or two of my own make, spliced, but do not think they are better than those with ferrules, and they are a little more trouble to put together, but not much, if one uses rubber tape. An enamelled line, size F, suits well for this purpose (say fifty yards). The casts should be made of good round gut, with double loops to open and shut, that is slide, for the purpose of inserting gut to attach to the flies. Take my advice in regard to the reel and do not use anything but a good revolving plate reel of ebonite, gun metal or aluminum. Multiplying reels are out of place on a fly rod as the line is always catching in the handle. There is no necessity, anyway, to use a multiplying reel for fly fishing. You can always reel up quickly enough with a plain click reel, even in salmon fishing, if you understand your business.

An excellent method of fishing for the large trout is to keep the boat still and watch for a rise and then follow it up; when within casting distance, drop your fly about a foot from where you saw the rise and he is very liable to make a rush for it. On a calm evening you may sometimes see these large trout put up their mouths and suck down a fly. One not ac-

customed to fishing very much might think it was a small fish, because it makes very little disturbance, but he will often find that these large trout do not jump or splash about. Sometimes they come up and show their back fin or tail and go down again. Cast near them and you will see a commotion in the water.

I will add just a few words about hooks, and that is that the Pennell turned down eyed hooks, to my thinking, are about the best for hooking and holding the fish.

Flies made on the eyed hooks are easily carried and changed, and they last much longer than if made with gut attached; besides this, your fly-book is not filled up with a lot of strands of gut. When you require to change flies the gut is soft and pliable and the change can be instantly made without the trouble of untying knots, etc.

I may later on give you a short paper on the trout fishing in May, if I can get out for a day or two about the 24th.

## The C. F. A. Meeting.\*

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association was held in the Reception Room, Legislative Building, Toronto, on Thursday and Friday, March 10 and 11, 1904.

Among those present during the proceedings were: Hiram Robinson, Ottawa; John Bertram, Toronto; E. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry, Ottawa; T. S. Young, Toronto; Rev. A. E. Burke, Alberton, P. E. I.; President James Loudon, University of Toronto; Aubrey White, Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto; Professor W. L. Goodwin, Kingston; Thomas Southworth, Director of Forestry, Toronto; William Little, Westmount, Que.; Professor Filibert Roth, College of Forestry, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.; J. W. Wardrope, Ottawa; F. G. Todd, Montreal; W. C. J. Hall, Montreal; E. G. Joly de Lotbiniere, Quebec; D. James, Thornhill, Ont.; James Gillies, Carleton Place, Ont.; N. Silverthorne, Summerville, Ont.; Norman M. Ross, Ottawa; E. J. Zavitz, New Haven, Conn.; Hon. F. E. A. Evanturel, Alfred, Ont., ex-Speaker Ontario Legislature; J. M. Macoun, Ottawa; George Y. Chown, Kingston; J. J. Bell, Editor Paper and Pulp, Toronto; Thomas Conant, Oshawa, Ont.; Marcel Hoehn, Berlin, Ont.; D. J. Cooper, Collingwood, Ont.; Professor H. L. Hutt, Guelph; Professor Reynolds, Guelph; Samuel S. Cann, Toronto; E. B. Biggar, Toronto; H. S. Peart, Guelph; Anson Groh, Preston, Ont.; J. H. Fauld, Toronto;

Arch. Hislop, M.P.P., Walton, Ont.; W. C. Caldwell, M. P. P., Lanark; Professor Creelman, President Agricultural College, Guelph; Samuel Russell, M. P. P., Deseronto; W. A. Charlton, M. P. P., Speaker Ontario Legislature; Professor Ramsay Wright, Toronto; Hon. E. J. Davis, Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto; William Houston, The Globe, Toronto; D. James, Toronto, G. B. Kirkpatrick, Chief of Surveys, Toronto; Professor Squair, University of Toronto; J. C. Shook, Dickson Lumber Co., Peterborough; Albert B. Leake, inspector of Technical Education, Toronto; Professor Galbraith, Toronto; W. G. Keddie, Montreal; W. Ryan, Toronto; E. W. Rathbun, Deseronto; T. W. Gibson, Director of the Bureau of Mines, Toronto; A. Mahaffy, M.P.P., Bracebridge; Valentine Stock, M.P.P., Tavistock, Ont.; W. Anderson, M.P., Peterborough; Mr. Nash, — Macpherson, Longford Mills; R. H. Campbell, Ottawa.

The President, Mr. Hiram Robinson, spoke briefly of the importance of the work of the Forestry Association and expressed his great personal interest in it as a lumberman engaged practically in the business of cutting timber. He urged the necessity for the protection of the forests from fire.

The report of the Board of Directors showed an increase in the membership of the Association from 400 to 479, and in the life membership from nine to thirty-three. The receipts for the year, including

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



AN IDEAL SPOT.  
A sportsman's winter camp on Okanagan Lake, B. C.



A GOOD "STRING"

These fine trout were taken in Okanagan Lake, B. C.



a grant of \$300 from the Ontario Government and of \$200 from the British Columbia government, were \$1,117.96, and the expenditure \$395.80, leaving a balance on the 31st of December last of \$722.16. Additional expenditure had reduced the balance to \$544.44, but this had been again augmented by a grant of \$200 from the government of the Province of Quebec. The kindness of these governments in supporting the work of the Association has placed it in such a position that it will be able to extend its work and carry it out more effectively.

The report referred to the loss that was occasioned by the fires which occurred during the dry part of the spring and the early summer of 1903, and, in view of the proposed construction of a transcontinental railway through the forested districts of the northern part of Canada and the projection of other lines, urged that the Association should give an expression of its views as to the necessary precautions to be taken to prevent danger to the timber.

The chief advances in governmental action during the year have been the extension of the Temagami Timber Reserve in Ontario by an area of 3,700 square miles, making the total area of the tract 5,900 square miles, or 3,774,000 acres, and the establishment of a new reservation to be known as the Mississauga Reserve, lying to the north of Lake Huron and estimated to comprise an area of 3,000 square miles, or 1,920,000 acres; and the establishment of a fire ranging system in the Province of Nova Scotia. As in the latter province the forest lands have largely passed into private hands, the system is to be based on the appointment of fire wardens for the counties, the larger forest areas in such divisions to assist in the payment of the service by means of a special tax.

The expansion of the co-operative tree planting scheme inaugurated by the Dominion Forestry Branch is shown by the fact that in 1901, the first year of operation, eighteen settlers were supplied with 63,780 trees, and for the present year, 1904, 1,030 settlers will be supplied, 1,700,000 trees having been provided for this purpose. The area of the Timber Reserves under control of the Dominion Government has been placed by a recent estimate at 9,686,880 acres, 3,449,600 acres

being in Manitoba, 5,612,800 in the North West Territories, and 624,480 acres in British Columbia. The Foothills Timber Reserve on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains has been opened for disposal under timber license, and as this watershed is of the highest value on account of the extensive irrigation works dependent upon its supply, the cutting, if allowed at all, should be under the most careful supervision.

Reference was also made to the necessity for a more scientific study of the conditions of forest growth and to the desirability of cooperation with other societies having for their object the beautifying of parks and streets by the planting of trees. The appointment of Forest Commissions by the Provinces of Quebec and Prince Edward Island was commended.

A discussion on the official organ of the Association resulted in the matter being referred to a committee, which later brought in a recommendation, which was concurred in by the meeting, that the Association establish an official organ devoted to forestry, and that the Executive Committee be empowered to bring this about as early as possible, such publication to be as practical and universal as circumstances will permit.

The first paper on the programme was by Mr. F. G. Todd, Landscape Architect, of Montreal, on "Our Native Forest Trees and Their Use in Ornamental Planting." The object of this paper was to urge the use of the native trees of Canada in the ornamental planting of our large parks.

The general effect and character of the park is too often lost sight of in a continual striving after striking details. Instead of considering broad effects and extended landscape views and dealing with broad masses of woods, wide meadows and groups of trees placed so that their form and shadow produce a pleasant landscape, our parks are too often turned into a museum for different kinds of foreign trees and shrubs. Parks generally have a character of their own, some special feature, which, if properly treated, may be accentuated and give us a park which will express its dignity and character in such a manner that we will feel at once that here is a park, not simply a repetition, but which was designed to suit its

peculiar location. Whether the special character of the park is due to some magnificent wood or whether it is due to extended views and broken topography, the future character of the park depends very largely upon the treatment which the existing woods receive and upon the trees which are planted from time to time to form new woods and replace the old and decaying ones. We are so accustomed to associating certain trees with particular scenes that when we find them under different conditions, or with different surroundings which do not seem appropriate, they do not give us the same degree of pleasure. The American elm, one of the grandest of our native trees, is almost always associated with pastoral scenes, standing singly or in stately groups in a meadow or overarching some farm house. To plant these elms as a forest, or on a steep and rocky hillside, will be to destroy their beauty and mar the whole character of the park.

The oak is one of the best trees for park planting; the red, the scarlet and the pin oak being the best. The white oak is slow of growth and difficult to transplant. The maples, beech, the American linden, and the black walnut are all beautiful in characteristic ways. The white willow is an artistic tree along water courses. Coniferous trees should be used only in masses. Street trees should be able to stand smoke and gas. The elm, the maple, the linden, and the oak, are useful for this purpose.

"Forest Reproduction in Germany," is the title of a paper by Dr. A. Harold Unwin, formerly of the Dominion Forestry Branch, now of the Imperial Forest Service. The forests of Germany occupy twenty-five per cent. of the total land area, sixty-six per cent. of the forest being coniferous, mainly Scotch pine and Norway spruce, and the remainder being beech and oak. The rise in prices from 1745 to 1890 was as follows; taking 1875 as 100: Beech, maple and oak from 14.67 to 120.00; birch to 116.67, and spruce from 7.14 to 135.71. In the eighteenth century cutting had been quite haphazard, but for the period above mentioned definite plans were made showing exactly what could be cut on certain areas permanently without endangering the existence of the forest. Calling the

growing trees in a forest the forest capital what they took and take is only the interest or what actually grows each year in wood, and with increased care and better management that capital has been increased from 26,040 feet b. m. to 31,800 feet b.m. per acre and the interest taken still greater in proportion. At the present time spruce pays at about four per cent on the capital represented when grown pure under a rotation of ninety years.

The forests of Germany are mainly situated in the mountains of that country, where 70 per cent. to 80 per cent. of the land is under forest. Besides this the largest areas are the sandy heaths in Hanover and East and West Prussia, so that really only about ten per cent. of the forests are growing on good agricultural land, generally in river valleys where the land is subject to floods. The Prussian State is buying up poor sandy land, that is going out of cultivation and planting it with pine. During the last twenty years \$500,000 have been spent annually for this purpose. On the other hand certain tracts of really good land have been sold and denuded of trees. The white pine is growing on small areas aggregating about 5,000 acres, but the results show that it can be profitably grown or reproduced either by self-sown seeds or planting with three-year old trees. In the former method the old and original crop is gradually removed, leaving spaces as much as half an acre where the young trees come up in large numbers, the needles and twigs on the soil decaying rapidly when exposed to atmospheric agencies and thus forming a good seed bed. When the area is seemingly well-stocked more of the old trees are taken, still, however, leaving a few so as to insure all spaces being filled in. The spruce is largely reproduced by planting on or about ninety per cent. of all areas. In a few localities it is left to reseed itself, this being done by cutting the forest in strips transverse to the prevailing winds, gradually widening from a first cut of three-quarters to a tree's length in width. A rotation of eighty-five to ninety years is adopted and yields timber of sixteen or eighteen inches square, on medium soil.

Mr. John Bertram, chairman of the Dominion Transportation Commission, read a paper on "Forest Management." First

commending the recent extension of the forest reserves in Ontario, he called attention to the fact that there is still a very large area of country extending along both sides of the watershed between Georgian Bay and James Bay waters, quite unfit in a general way for grain growing, but well suited for the growth of conifers, by which it is at present generally covered. The land is in possession of the Government and only a small portion of it is under license. Within this area stands a large proportion of the white and red pine not yet sold and how to deal with this remnant of what was once a mighty forest is the present question. The policy pursued by the Department of Crown Lands in selling only red and white pine is open to question. It is desirable to encourage the growth of the most valuable woods but only the less valuable species such as spruce, balsam, and hemlock, are left when the pine is cut. At the end of fifteen years the berth will go back into the hands of the Government covered only with inferior trees.

The extending of the reserves to cover lands under license to lumbermen is also important. The idea of pine not succeeding pine is passing away. Because a license has been sold covering a district, which is more fit for forest growth than for farming, is an additional reason why it should be retained for that purpose and placed in the forest reserve permanently. No question can then come up between lumbermen and settler, such as has caused so much bad feeling.

What is to be done for the large area of land suitable both for farming and forestry, such as the Muskoka district? Muskoka is a beautiful and healthful country with a bracing and invigorating climate, mostly hilly, with innumerable streams and lakes of clear water abounding with fish and game, an excellent example of the country found within the Laurentian range, the hills as a rule not rising more than a few hundred feet and covered with trees. In such a district, instead of trying to make a living as a farmer only, the proprietor should be encouraged to acquire a large area and become a forester. The ideal condition for the district would be for the proprietor to own say one thousand to twelve hundred acres, cultivating

the good part and keeping the rest in forest. The occupation of forester and farmer would appeal to the people. Closer attention to the management of the forest would mean a greater return. There are many farms in the old settlements that could well be planted out. All uneven and hilly ground should be utilized for this purpose. It would be well also to give the township power to acquire abandoned as denuded lands to be held as a municipal property. In time they would become valuable and a source of income.

Professor James Loudon, principal of the University of Toronto, read a paper on "Forestry Education." He explained the necessity for education in forestry, and outlined the course in the Yale Forest School, which covers a period of two years, and includes thorough training in the sciences on which forestry is based, including botany, geology, mineralogy, meteorology, engineering and zoology. Twelve weeks are given to practical forestry in the woods. It is not to be understood that a young man having completed this course is a fully trained forester. It might not be expedient to put these young men at once in charge of large forest interests, but the scientific basis has been laid, although like all other professional men, such as doctors and others, he lacks experience and the development of his powers to face new problems.

But what opening will there be for graduates? The improvement in lumbering methods, especially on the reserves, will provide this. The United States have begun to use the forest in a profitable way by getting expert assistance to help in the arrangement of plans of management of wooded properties. Scientific investigations are being made, such as that into the cause of rot in timber. The spheres of usefulness for the forester will be: (1) as superintendent of Crown forest lands; (2) as an adviser to the lumbermen; (3) as a guide to the farmer.

A paper on "The Systems of Administration of Timber Lands in Canada" was read by Mr. Aubrey White, Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario. Mr. White traced out the evolution of the regulations in Ontario and Quebec from the time of the French regime, when in grants of Crown lands to the Seigneurs, the oak

timber, and later on the pine, were reserved to the King, and did not pass with the soil. When the British took possession the Governor's attention was directed to the timber question. Pine was reserved to the King for naval purposes, but the Governor went a step further and issued instructions that areas containing quantities of pine were to be reserved absolutely, no settlers were to be allowed in them and no saw mills were to be erected anywhere near pine reserves, except by his express permission. Early in 1800 licenses to naval contractors to cut timber were granted, and in 1826, by proclamation of the Governor, permission was given to anyone to go into the forests along the Ottawa River and its tributaries and cut timber, subject to dues, this being the first provision for a reserve to the Crown. After the union of Upper and Lower Canada new regulations were promulgated, licenses being granted for fixed periods. As a result of the report of a Commission appointed in 1849, the Crown Timber Act was passed, which gave authority to the Lieutenant-Governor to fix the regulations. No license was to be granted for a longer period than twelve months, and all the licenses expired on the 30th of April in each year. Settlers or squatters cutting without authority, if they cut any timber except for building, fencing, clearing, etc., were to be treated as trespassers. Actual settlers were not to be interfered with in the clearing of the land.

In Ontario the Commissioner of Crown Lands may issue licenses after sale by public auction, a reserve bid being fixed, but not made public. Ground rent runs from \$3 to \$5 per mile, and dues on pine timber from \$1 to \$2 per thousand feet. Pine logs, pulpwood and hemlock bark are required to be manufactured in Canada. Fire rangers are placed on all licensed lands, one-half of the cost being paid by the licensee and the other half by the Government.

In Quebec limits are also disposed of by public auction at an upset price made public at the date of sale. Ground rent is \$3 per mile and dues on pine from 80 cents to \$1.30. Pulpwood must pay 25 cents additional per cord if exported. Fire rangers are appointed by the Government upon the

recommendation of the licensees, and are paid by a fire tax upon the limits.

In New Brunswick limits are put up to public auction. The area is not to exceed ten miles, and the ground rent is \$8 per mile.

In Nova Scotia the Governor-in-Council may issue leases to cut timber for a period of twenty years. The price is to be forty cents an acre, if timber below the diameter of ten inches is not cut. If timber is cut to five inches, the price is fifty cents per acre. Non-agricultural land may be leased for pulp purposes.

In British Columbia limits may be sold by public tender. The annual ground rent is \$160 per mile, and the dues fifty cents per thousand feet. The lease is for a period of twenty-one years. Special licenses for 640 acres, and for a period not exceeding five years, may be issued by the Commissioner. "Hand licenses" are granted for one year for small quantities. Timber must be manufactured in the province.

Under the Dominion regulations limits are granted by public competition. The ground rent is \$5 per square mile, except west of Yale, where it is \$32, and the dues are fifty cents per thousand. No examination of the land is made or upset price fixed.

A paper on "The Laurentides National Park" was read by Mr. W. C. J. Hall, of the Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries of the Province of Quebec. This extensive reservation consists of the territory situated to the north of the City of Quebec, comprising 2,650 square miles, or nearly 1,700,000 acres, and was created a park by act of the Legislature on the 12th day January, 1895. About 1,000,000 acres is timbered territory, bearing probably 3,000 feet b.m. to the acre. The cutting of timber is not prohibited. Large areas are under license and some are being operated. So far the limit-holders have removed only the mature growth, which system of cutting, when properly controlled, eventually improves the forest and induces a faster and healthier growth of the residue. Should at any time the nucleus of forest growth in the park be threatened with extinction, legislation of a special nature could be enacted, modifying the rights of licensees, and thus preserving the territory for all time in forest. The cutting of

timber may interfere with fish and game, but there is not sufficient weight in this objection. The protection of the forest from fire has been provided for. No forest fires of a serious nature have occurred within the Park since its creation. No burn has started within its boundaries.

The importance of this reservation, for its effect on the water supply, is shown by the fact that in 1903 the log drives on the north of the St. Lawrence, where the head waters of the streams are wooded, came out, while to the south, where many of the rivers take their rise in settled districts or very near thereto, and are to a greater or less extent settled along their banks, the drives were in many cases only partially successful or even less, except in the Gaspé peninsula on the southern watershed. It would be well to have some wood left along the rivers. Where the earth slide occurred on the Ste. Anne River there was no forest growth. The rain has permeated the surface, lubricating the sub-stratum and thus released and set in motion the whole mass, causing devastation and loss. A network of roots in the soil would probably have helped to prevent this. At any rate no landslides have occurred in the Park, while landslides have occurred outside of it on the same river.

Trout are numerous in the Park and the major portion of it is free from coarse fish, they being unable to ascend the falls. Namaycush is found in Snow Lake. In several lakes and rivers the brook trout attains a size of seven to ten pounds. Moose are plentiful and the barrens in Charlevoix County are famous for caribou. On these barrens there is no forest growth, but they are covered by reindeer moss. The feathered game include willow grouse, ruffed grouse, ducks, geese, plover. The fur-bearing animals are beaver, black bear, otter, mink, marten, fisher. The increasing value of timber and the increasing ranks of sportsmen makes more and more necessary the setting apart of reserves.

A paper on "Forestry in Relation to Irrigation", prepared by Mr. J. S. Dennis, Irrigation Commissioner for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, was read.

Forestry in Southern Alberta and Western Assiniboia has an aspect not met with elsewhere in Canada. The districts refer-

ed to contain vast areas of prairie, now recognized as being semi-arid in the sense that during recurring long cycles of years the rainfall is insufficient for the successful production of grain or fodder crops, and irrigation has to be adopted to correct nature's shortcomings. During these dry years many of the smaller drainage channels, and most of the surface supplies of water in swamps and small lakes dry up, and stock watering on the open range becomes a serious matter.

Water, it will therefore be seen, plays a more than usually important part in the development of this part of the "Great West", and its conservation is a matter of vital interest. In that conservation forestry takes first place.

The eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains and the foothills adjoining, which bound on the West the district under discussion constitute the great water shed of the region, and all the large streams and main drainage channels of the district head in, or obtain their water from this great run-off area. This watershed is useless for agricultural or grazing purposes, and aside from a small amount of second-class merchantable timber, its great value is as a catchment area to furnish water to the thirsty plains lying to the east. It would, therefore, seem unnecessary to have to advance arguments to support the claim that this watershed should be preserved in a condition best calculated to maintain and improve its usefulness as a catchment area. Unfortunately, however, both official and public opinion and knowledge on the subject are very much in need of education, and the Forestry Association is certainly the proper medium for instilling this required knowledge.

The watershed in question was originally well covered with timber, and in spite of devastating fires and lumbering operations, is still fairly well forested. However, each year sees its timber disappearing, and the restraining influence of the reservation of the area as a forest reserve, instituted some years ago, has fortunately now also been removed. That the removal of the timber means diminished water supply for irrigation and the allied industry of stock raising should be self-evident. Timber on any watershed is the most satisfactory method of storage of

water supply. Its removal is always followed by violent freshets followed by periods of extreme low water in the drainage channels.

With the completion of the large undertaking, which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company now have in hand, the mileage of irrigation canals will be increased to at least seven hundred miles; the irrigable area to two million acres, and the capital invested in irrigation undertakings will reach the large total of at least seven million dollars.

Certainly there is no phase of the subject of forestry which at the present time is of greater interest to the people of Southern Alberta and Western Assiniboia, and realizing its importance it is to be hoped that this Association will place itself upon record regarding the desirability of preserving the timber on the watersheds from which the supply of water for irrigation must come.

Professor H. L. Hutt, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, dealt, in an interesting paper, with "Some Ontario Forest Problems." In the older settled districts the proportion of woodland in some counties is down as low as eight to nine per cent. The disastrous results of this denudation are shown in the spring floods and the effects on climate are more noticeable year after year. One of the first problems to deal with is to arouse a more or less indifferent public to the necessity of taking immediate action to check any further removal of the forests and to encourage them to reforest those areas which should never have been cleared of trees. Organization, education and cooperation have been the watchwords of the Department of Agriculture in developing the agricultural resources of the province, and these will be the watchwords in promoting farm forestry. As the Minister of Agriculture has already announced, an educational campaign will be commenced among the farmers to place the matter before them in its proper light. The Farmers' Institutes have been the schools through which the farming public has been effectually reached in the past and they will be utilized in this case. Some of the prominent points to be emphasized in the

campaign will be the economic value of the woodlot as the source of supply for fuel and for manufacturing purposes, and the proper management of it so as to get the greatest possible growth of the most valuable species, adapted to the ground and surrounding conditions, the rational harvesting of the wood crop in the same way as any other crop, when it has reached maturity, the best methods of securing natural regeneration and continuous cropping, and in this connection the reckless waste caused by allowing cattle to browse at will in the woodlots, which is indeed more wasteful than allowing them to pasture at will in the cornfield.

A forest nursery is to be established at the College this spring, from which it is hoped it will soon be possible to send out thousands of young forest trees to assist the farmers in tree planting and reforestation. Complete details for the management of this work are being worked out, but in brief they will be based on the same plan of education and cooperation which has already proved so successful in the cooperative experiments in agriculture and horticulture carried on by the Experimental Union. Farmers who wish to improve their woodlots, establish shelter belts, or to start forest plantations, will be given an opportunity to cooperate with the College, and young trees suitable for the purpose will be furnished from the College nursery. This material will not be given away indiscriminately, but will be furnished on condition that the recipient agrees to follow the printed directions furnished with it, will properly care for it and will report the results at the end of each season as long as may be required. The trees selected for this purpose will be some of the most valuable forest species of the coniferous and deciduous trees.

The discussion of the subjects was very much assisted by the presence of Professor Filibert Roth, of the School of Forestry, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Professor Roth gave an interesting sketch of the development of the German forest system from the beginning, in the hands of the huntsmen foresters to the perfected system of the present day, and also outlined the present position of the forests of Michigan. This State is now obtaining control of denuded

lands disposed of for taxes, with the purpose of holding them for forest purposes.

Resolutions were passed urging the protection of watersheds, the establishment of a School of Forestry in Ontario, the changing of the period of the setting of fires for clearing land in the Province of Quebec, and the protection of the forests on the route of the new transcontinental railway.

On Thursday evening a dinner was held at the King Edward Hotel, which was very much enjoyed. In reply to the toasts, speeches were made by Mr. St. John, M. P.P., Hon. John Dryden, Valentine Stock, M.P.P., Professor Filibert Roth, Professor Ramsay Wright, Mr. G. Y. Chown, and others.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—

Patron—His Excellency, the Governor-General.

Hon. President—William Little, Westmount, Montreal, P. Q.

President—Aubrey White, Toronto, Ont.

Vice-President—E. G. Joly de Lotbiniere, Quebec, P. Q.

Secretary—R. H. Campbell, Ottawa, Ontario.

Treasurer—Norman M. Ross, Ottawa, Ontario.

Board of Directors—J. R. Booth, Ottawa, Ont.; Prof. John Macour, Ottawa, Ont.; Thos. Southworth, Toronto, Ont.; Wm. Saunders, L.L.D., Ottawa, Ontario; John Bertram, Toronto, Ont.; Hiram Robinson, Ottawa, Ont.; E. Stewart, Ottawa, Ont.; H. M. Price, Quebec, P.Q.

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## A Pleasant Vacation.

By "WESTMOUNT."

Having been troubled with ill-health for some time and being successful in obtaining leave of absence for four months I decided to make the best of my time and build myself up by living as much as possible an outdoor life.

I left Montreal on July 1st, and lived in a tent for ten weeks at Lac Tremblant, in the Laurentians, where I enjoyed the best fly fishing any one could wish for. The trout in this lake were exceedingly large, and hardly a day passed without the capture of a dozen or so, weighing from one pound to three and three-quarters pounds, and the streams running into the lake afforded us great sport in pulling out the little fellows—brook trout. The game in this particular region was scarcer than in former years, owing to the forest fires; partridge here especially seemed to be very hard to find, although after the season opened we succeeded in bagging a few, and shooting a deer, which change of bill of

fare was very acceptable to those in camp.

Being quite restored by this open-air life, I started for the west on a shooting trip, accompanied by a friend from Vermont, who is recognized, among his shooting friends by the name of "Stubb", as being one of the best wing shots in that state. We left Montreal on September the 15th, taking two pointers with us, neither of them having hunted prairie chicken, but "Clip", Stubb's dog, was thoroughly broken to woodcock and grouse. "Olive", who, by the way, is a daughter of Champion Bessie Bang II., had never been shot over, but the writer had her under splendid control.

The trip to Winnipeg, our first stopping place, was uneventful, but luxurious. We amused ourselves playing cards, and Stubb tried to purchase articles from Indians, who got on and off stations west of North Bay. One old buck especially rigged up in all his toggery took our fancy, and Stubb

did his best to get up a conversation with him, but without success, for he could neither speak English nor French, and the only answer we could get from him was "Waugh," or a grunt. We tried to make him understand that Stubb wanted to buy his moccasins, or belt, but he didn't seem to know what money was (lucky man!). Arriving in Winnipeg on Thursday, the 17th, we took in the sights of the town, which is one of the finest cities of the Dominion, and the people gave us a good time; but, then, they are noted for their hospitality. Whilst walking down Main street we went into Hingston Smith's to buy ammunition, and there met a Mr. T., who, after hearing we were fellow sportsmen, from the East, kindly offered to initiate us into chicken shooting. As our time was our own, we of course jumped at this offer, and thought it a splendid opportunity to take the stiffness out of the dogs after their three days' confinement in a baggage car.

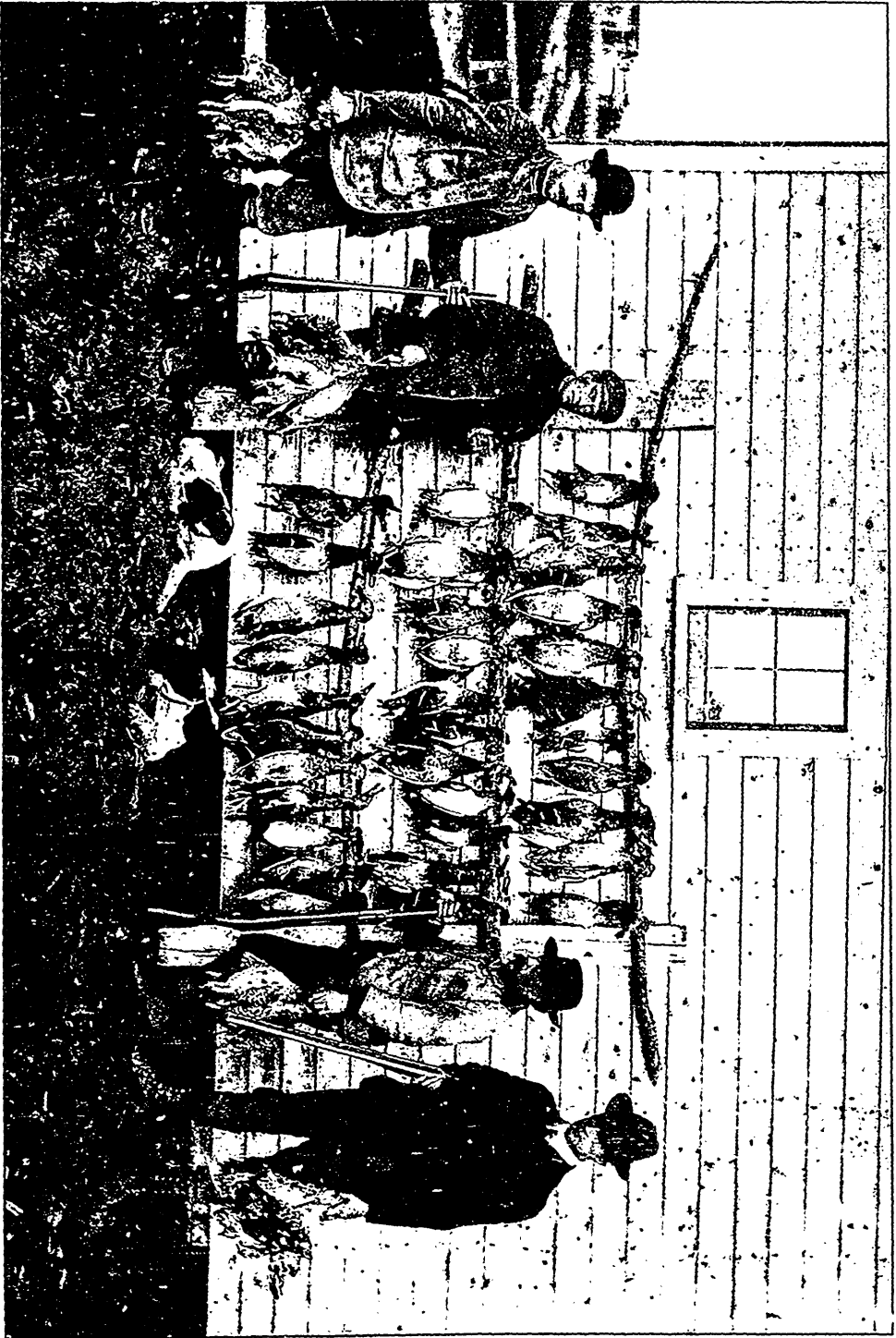
That afternoon we reached St. Agathe, a small station twenty miles from Winnipeg, and a choice spot for chickens. There we were met by a guide with his team, and as we still had an hour before sunset we immediately took our guns out of their cases, filled our shooting coat pockets with shells, and decided to walk to our guide's house, leaving our extra luggage in the buggy. Our first field was a wheat stubble, which we were told was a likely place for chicken at this hour. Stubb started down the right with "Clip"; T. in the centre, and I, with "Olive," on the left. As soon as the dogs were let loose, Olive, as I expected, tried to break a record and see how fast and how far she could run without stopping, while good old Clip, or as Stubb sometimes called him, the Mud Turtle, was quartering slowly, as if he were in a wood-cock cover in Vermont. Birds were flushing right and left in front of Olive, and as she was chasing them, we held a council of war to decide what we should do to keep her within bounds.

T. proposed to weight her with a heavy horseshoe attached to her collar, but I thought it better to take her off by myself and give her another trial first. This I did, and after a little chastisement, she settled down and worked beautifully, for we had not gone over a hundred yards

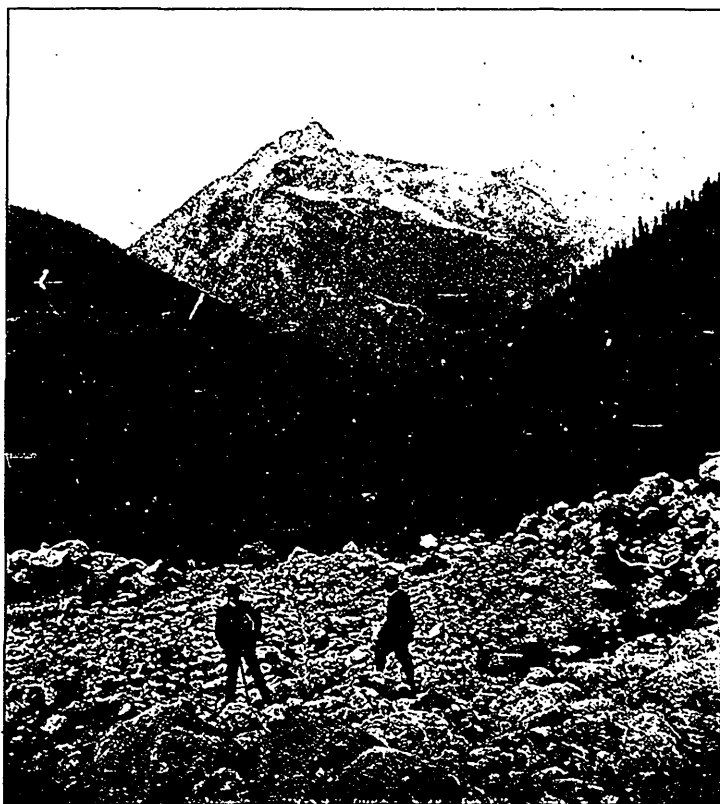
when she scented game; such a sight, there she stood as staunch as a rock, her right fore foot raised, tail straight, and every muscle showing up like whip cord. All lovers of sporting dogs can readily understand what pleasure this gave me. After watching her for a few minutes, I commanded her to mark, and walked past her, when up rose a single chicken, and as usual I missed it with my first, but got it with my second barrel. This being my first chicken, I examined it thoroughly—so did Olive—and she, I think, was more pleased than I. From this out she gave me no more trouble, but found 'birds and stood them until we got up to her. All this time, away over to our right, Clip was doing his duty nobly, so Stubb and T. were bagging game. Before going any further, I will hear say that Stubb used a Winchester 26 inch barrel all through our trip, and I never once saw him miss a bird within range with his first shot, while he was invariably calling me down for shooting hastily and missing with my first. My gun is a Parker—but it is was not the gun's fault that this happened. Upon reaching the guide's house we emptied our pockets and found that the pop gun had beaten us out, Stubb having got seven birds, whilst T. and I shot four apiece.

After a good supper and a smoke, we enjoyed a comfortable night's rest, and next morning started bright and early for an all-day's shoot, the details of which I need not go into, with one exception. When returning home that night, and only a short distance from the village, we passed a likely wheat stubble, and I said, "that looks to me to be a good spot for chicken," but T., who was driving, and is well acquainted with the country, remarked that it was too close to houses, and as he was saying this, Stubb shouted out, "I see one as big as a turkey, right close to the road." We jumped out of the wagon, dogs and all, and secured eight birds in as many minutes. While crossing the field back to the buggy, a very large covey rose, and we marked the spot where we thought they had dropped, T. and I going after them, Stubb returning to the horse. As it was now dusk, we found that our eyes had deceived us, but Olive, whose scent was better than our sight, had found them over to the left and was pointing at





NORTHWESTERN SPORT.  
Result of one day's sport at Black Mud Lake, Edmontou, N. W. T.



WHERE ICE IS KING.

A scene amid the glaciers and peaks of the Selkirk Range.

a small patch of scrub. went one way around and I the other. He shot six and I five without either of us moving an inch after our first shot, for the birds had settled for the night and were very reluctant to move away, only rising in ones and twos, giving us time to reload. Poor Stubb in the distance thought a battle was being fought, from the number of shots fired. Here, again, Olive worked perfectly, for she stood until every bird had risen. That night we had fifty-five chicken, and next morning having two hours before train time at our disposal, the guide took us to a marsh, where we enjoyed first-class snipe shooting, and Stubb managed to bag one duck. This finished our shooting in Manitoba. When we arrived in Winnipeg we distributed the game to the few friends we had made, and after bidding good-bye to T., that night saw us on our way to Calgary.

For a long time I had wished to see the prairie, to be able to gaze as far as the eye could see over miles of open country, without even a single human habitation in sight, and at times the next day this desire was gratified. Occasionally we saw a lonely ranch far off in the distance, a herd of cattle grazing, a coyote loping along in search of grub, and the little gophers sitting on their mounds.

We spent hardly any time in Calgary, arriving there at 2 a. m., and leaving for Edmonton at 8.30 a.m. The scenery was now entirely different from that of the Rockies, Calgary being eighty miles from them, but the atmosphere is so clear we were able to discern them quite plainly. It is very hilly all the way to Edmonton, also lots of scrub. The train passed by hundreds of sloughs just filled with myriads of ducks of all kinds, which made our trigger fingers very itchy.

We reached Edmonton that evening at six o'clock, and found our friend, J. I. M., waiting at the station for us. A little bird must have whispered we were coming, for I meant to take him by surprise. We had intended stopping at the hotel, but J. I. M. insisted on taking us to his own home, even though Stubb was a perfect stranger to him, where his wife and sister-in-law gave us a hearty welcome. For the two weeks we stayed there nothing was too good for us. In Edmonton we met an old

friend from Montreal, who is now one of the leading lawyers there. Jack is a capital shot, and a good fellow all round. We saw Edmonton at a great disadvantage, for the weather had been wet, hence the roads were very bad, but the town itself is a pretty place, situated as it is on a hill, overlooking the Saskatchewan, and one of the interesting sights is the old Hudson's Bay fort, which is used by the company to this day. After looking around the town for a day we thought it time to have a go at the ducks, which we heard were very plentiful, so J. I. M. made arrangements to call for us the next morning and take us to a small lake (I have forgotten the name), about thirteen miles from Edmonton, on the Athabaska trail. On the way we met several large loads of fur, principally musk-ox and black marten, these having travelled over a thousand miles, and which were being taken to Edmonton to be sorted before shipping.

About two miles this side of the lake we passed a wheat stubble, and as J.I.M. was very anxious to see how the dogs worked, Stubb, he and I got out with our guns and walked across the field, picking up about a dozen birds. In this locality the hunting was very different from that of Manitoba, for the country is wooded and suited good old Clip to a "T". We ate our lunch, driving along the road, and arriving at the lake left Walter to hobble the horses, and pitch camp, while we three took different directions through the marsh. That night we returned to the camp laden with as great an assortment of ducks as any one could desire. Canvasbacks, mallards, red heads, black duck, blue bills, grey ducks, pintails and green and blue wing teal. We shot until 11 a.m. the next morning, and after lunch drove back to Edmonton, with the bottom of our large box wagon so full of game that we had no place to put our feet. We kept enough for our own use, and gave our friends the rest. Our bill of fare for the next few days was fried prairie chicken for breakfast, canvas back or mallard for dinner, and teal for supper, and as we all had real hunters' appetites, you may be sure we relished our meals.

We rested for a day, and then started for another two days' trip, when Jack and J. I. M. took us to Black Mud Lake ( the

name is very suitable). This time we stayed in a breed's house, but took our own grub, which one of the squaws cooked for us. There is one little incident I would like to relate about Stubb's wonderful shooting on chicken. Just before starting for the lake one of the little breeds told him he had seen some chicken on the other side of the hill, so J. I. M. and Stubb went after them. They had not gone far when Clip found game, and that little pop gun brought down four birds with as many shells, and it would surely have got the fifth had there been another cartridge in the gun, but Stubb shouted: "Shoot, shoot, I have no more shells," and J. I. M. scored a hit at a good seventy yards.

The breed said the best shooting on the lake was flight shooting, which did not start till 5 p.m., and the chicken seeming to be plentiful around here, we thought it better to spend most of the day with the dogs, and had good sport. About 4 p. m. we returned to the breed's house, and after some refreshment, which was not out of a ginger ale bottle, we went to the lake, and stationed ourselves at different points. The water in most places was quite deep and often came within half an inch of the top of our waders; and as Stubb and I are considerably under six feet high, and our waders came almost up to our necks, it must of been very comical to the others to see us struggling through the water, holding aloft our guns in one hand, and a hundred shells in the other. There were lots of muskrat houses, so we found it convenient to keep our shells on them, and sometimes our guns, if we wanted to warm our hands before the flight commenced; then the ducks came so fast it took no time to use up seventy-five to one hundred shells. As we did not pick up our dead ducks till we had finished shooting, we had great difficulty in finding and taking them to shore.

I certainly prefer the duck shooting in the East; for in the West they are so plentiful one does not need to be a good shot to bring down a dozen in an evening's flight. We stayed another night in the breed's house, and drove back to Edmonton the next morning, the dogs hunting all along the trail; so we picked up

quite a number of chicken and partridge, as well as a couple of plover.

We made two more trips to Black Mud during the next week, both being very successful; but the last time the ice was half an inch thick along the shore, and we found it hard work getting out to the centre. This ended our duck hunting, for our time was now limited, and we wanted to take in three or four days' goose shooting at Moose Jaw on our way home.

J. I. M. had taken such a fancy to both Clip and Olive that we made a present of them to him, and I hear they are thriving well in their new home out West. We spent one more day in Edmonton, and then parted very reluctantly from our friends, as well as from our faithful dogs.

At Calgary, where we had to wait about five hours to make connections, we fell in with a stranger, who was also pleasure-seeking, and now on his way home after spending a month in the Rockies, hunting big horn and goat, and many an exciting story he told us about big game. He had been hunting in company with a German Count, so we christened him Count for the short time we were together. When we proposed to him to accompany us on our trip to Buffalo Lake, twenty-seven miles from Moose Jaw, he said he would be only too glad to embrace the opportunity, provided he could get the loan of a shot gun. We easily overcame that difficulty, for Stubb carried an extra gun with him. Arriving at Moose Jaw, it took us some time to procure grub and ammunition, also hunting licenses. We received very contradictory advice as to what shot we should use. Some old hunters claimed they always used No. 4 shot for geese, while others said that was altogether too small and advised us to get B. B., so we compromised and bought Nos. 1 and 2. The drive to Buffalo Lake was very uninteresting, and we amused ourselves by using the Count's rifle, plugging away at gophers and coyotes. About half way there we met Mr. Black, who was on his way to town with a load of grain, and once more Western hospitality was extended to us, for he said that when we reached his house—which happened to be in the goose region—we were to tell his wife he had given us the use of the stable, as the house was too small to accommodate so many

more. Mrs. Black and her daughter gave us a hearty welcome and insisted on doing all the cooking for us.

We went out to the line of flight that evening, but the Count was the only one lucky enough to get any geese. That night we slept in the stable, which was also occupied by fourteen horses and a litter of pigs, about two months old. We made our bed four feet high of nice clean straw, then placing a blanket on the top of that, we had a bed fit for a king. The stables out there are very different to those in the East, lumber being so scarce they only have a pole between every two horses. The Count and I were lucky enough to sleep in the middle, and Stubb and the liveryman, (who, by the way, was in South Africa with the Strathcona Horse) on the outside. Next to Stubb was an old grey mare, that was also lying down and seemed to enjoy pounding him with her feet—he didn't enjoy it a bit. Every now and then we would hear him abusing the poor, old thing, and telling her to move over. On the other side of us the liveryman was having almost the same fun with a little bronco, for the critter's chief desire was to eat the straw from under the veteran's head. Stubb and his old mare, the liveryman and his bronco, and the little pigs grunting around our feet, were altogether too much for the Count's gravity and mine also, for we laughed until we were tired, but at the same time congratulated ourselves that we were in the middle of the bed. Naturally we were out very early the next morning.

It was just daybreak when we were in the field waiting for the first flight. We could hear the geese hawking a long time before they came in sight. Stubb and the Count got good sport, but I was too far to the right to be in it, so had to wait for my turn. Just when I thought all the geese had passed, and was about pulling up the decoys to go back for breakfast, I saw four birds coming my way, but could not make out exactly what they were, as I knew they were not geese. I kept very low in the blind until they were about fifty yards from me, and then they swerved off to the right, so I jumped up and got doubles; one of these had just a broken wing, and it called, and the other two circled back, and I got doubles again. Then I

started after the broken-winged fellow and he gave me a lively run across the prairie. I wanted to catch him alive, but when he saw he could not get away, he stood at bay and defied me. He was very savage and I had to shoot him in self defence. Imagine my astonishment and pleasure when the Count informed me that I was "the luckiest man on earth", for I had shot four specimens of the scarcest game in the Northwest, viz., sand-hill cranes.

On returning to the house we enjoyed a real New England breakfast, as we had home-made sausages and heaps of griddle cakes. We kept track of the number the Count got away with, and when he had eaten his fourteenth, we refused to let Mrs. Black cook any more. That forenoon we plucked and dressed one of the cranes, as well as a goose, and our kind hostess had them cooked for dinner. We all pronounced the sand-hill crane fine, for none of us had ever eaten any before. So far I was the only one that had got no geese, and as this was our last afternoon, I was afraid I should have to return East without getting one. That morning I had noticed that there were long lines of geese leaving the lake about a mile east of the house, so I left the others, saying I was going off by myself, and I started for that point. As it was quite a long walk, I did not take any decoys. It was now about half past one, and there were lots of geese flying around looking for feeding grounds, and when I had reached the wheat field, I at once commenced building a blind out of stooks, and had hardly got it finished when I saw a large flock coming my way, flying low in a V shape. They flew three times over this feeding ground looking for a place to alight before they came within range. I waited until they were thirty yards off, then jumping up quickly I pulled on the leader, who happened to be an 11-pound gander, and he fell, as well as the tail-ender, which I got with the left barrel. After placing these two as decoys, I had splendid luck for the rest of the afternoon, and did not reach the house till long after dark, and the rest of the boys were getting very anxious, but were quite pleased to see me laden down with geese.

Next day was Sunday and we amused ourselves by hunting for good specimens of

Buffalo bones, which were very plentiful there, for this must have been one of their best grazing grounds, and their trails and wallows can still be seen distinctly to this day. On the way back to Moose Jaw the Count showed us what a splendid marksman he was with his rifle, by shooting a badger at about a hundred yards, clean through the head, it being the only part discernible, its body being down in the hole. It must have weighed at least forty pounds, and I could safely say there is not a fox terrier that could have drawn this fellow. The claws on his front feet varied from one to one and a half inches in length

and I should judge he would have made short work of a dog.

The Count travelled with us as far as Winnipeg, going south from there, while we proceeded east.

We arrived in Montreal October 14th, after having spent the most pleasant and most successful hunting trip we have ever had, which was in a great measure due to the hearty welcome given to us wherever we went. Stubb left the next morning for his home in Vermont, and the last thing he said as the train pulled out was:—"Well Ed. I have had a grand, good time, and shall look forward to a similar trip with you in the near future."

## Our Medicine Bag.

The past winter has been the hardest on record in Eastern North America—even as far south as the Potomac there has been ice two and a half feet in thickness, and fully a third more snow has fallen than usual. Hence, if the newly imported pheasants placed in the Adironsacks and the Government parks of Ontario have come through it safely—wintered well—we need have no further misgivings as to the eventual results of the experiments. In Great Britain and on the Continent game-preserving—which means chiefly pheasant rearing and protection—is carried to greater lengths than ever and the birds are brought to the gun by the hundred thousand, so that it is not surprising that a fourth edition of "Tegetmeier on Pheasants"—the standard work—has been called for. The present volume is much enlarged and contains colored plates of several spe-

cies. The author says: "The progress of scientific exploration is continually bringing to light species of pheasant hitherto unknown; some of these are well suited to our coverts, whilst others are regarded as ornamental birds. A few years since the only pheasant breeding wild in England was the common species (*Phasianus colchicus*). Our coverts now possess the Chinese (*P. torquatus*), the Mongolian (*P. monogolicus*), the Japanese (*P. versicolor*), and the Prince of Wales (*P. principalis*) species, whilst the Reeves's pheasant (*P. reevesii*), well adapted both for sporting and culinary purposes, has been bred in the forests of Scotland." The present edition, as well as former ones, has been printed by Horace Cox, The Field Office, Bream's Buildings, London, E. C.

One of the famous big horn sheep of the

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company of New Haven, Connecticut, has issued a most interesting pamphlet—excellently illustrated—on the testing of arms and ammunition. In considering the different cartridges now on the market, it will be found that all the more important ones

were devised for Winchester guns by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, and no other manufacturing establishment or government arsenal is so well prepared as this company to test these matters, either in point of personnel or appliances. Every Canadian rifleman will find it well worthwhile to send for this pamphlet.

interior of Alaska was killed this year by Alfred B. Iles, a mining engineer, of Valdez, while on an exploring expedition to the head of the Tanana and White Rivers. The horns measured seven inches through at the butt and forty-three inches in length. The spread is fifty-one inches. This is, without doubt, the finest specimen of big horn in the United States, the contour and symmetry being perfect. The carcass weighed about 280 pounds. Its fleece was snow white, as is that of all of the big horns in that region. The sheep appeared to be the sire of the flock, which numbered 85, and when shot he was doing guard duty on a point or rock overlooking the valley of the White River, surrounded by his ewes and lambs.

Mr. John Hargreaves, Master of the Blackmore Vale Hounds, furnishes the subject for portrait and biographical sketch in the March number of "Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes," and a good all-round sportsman he is shown to be, as witness his achievement on Killilan forest in 1899, when he killed two stags and three salmon on the same day. Mr. Baillie Grohman contributes the first part of an essay on "Ancient Hunting Horns and Hunting Music." An old friend, in the per-

son of Borderer, writes with feeling on "The Wettest Season on Record"; and Mr. Paul Taylor's remarks on "Trout in Spring" are followed by a stirring account of Sport in very different scenes, to wit, "Pig Sticking in India." There are some curious and entertaining sidelights on the sports of our grandfathers in "Two Old Sporting Books." Captain E. D. Miller contributes a most sensible article on "Horsemanship." We fear there is only too much ground for his assertion that very few Englishmen are properly taught to ride. The sporting literature of the past month is considered in the "Sportsman's Library." "Homeless" writes graphically on Wild Fowl Shooting on mud flats, and Mr. N. W. Apperley, grandson of the famous "Nimrod," contributes a very interesting and amusing reminiscence of "Sport in Wales Thirty Years Ago." A very good number of the magazine.

The Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York has issued a bulletin on the forest fires of 1903, which should be in the hands of all interested in the protection of the Canadian forests.

Our valued correspondent, Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, D.T.S., writes to us from Cal-

The Canada Launch Works, Limited, of Toronto, are bringing out a power skiff, which should fill a long felt want of sportsmen, as it is light in weight, weighing less than two-hundred pounds, and will be especially useful to hunters in the back lakes.

This little power boat is built on regular skiff lines, sixteen feet over all, will seat four and has fuel capacity sufficient for thirty hours' continuous running, and its weight complete is not so great as to prevent portaging.

It is built in the best possible manner, with oak frames, gunwales, etc., and three-eighth inch cypress planking, which is heavy enough to stand hard knocks. It has one of the new one horse-power "Brownie" motors, manufactured by the Dominion Motor & Machine Co., installed

in the extreme stern, out of the way, with a two-blade bronze propeller and steel shaft. This motor has all the latest features, such as jump spark, spun copper waterjacket, and can be run either fast or slow. It only weighs sixty pounds, is three feet in diameter by three feet stroke, and gives ample power to a speed of about five and a half miles per hour. The equipment includes motor, shaft, propeller, spark coil, batteries, tank, piping, oil and grease cups, vaporizer, rudder and yoke, brass oar locks, and one pair seven feet six inch spruce spoon oars.

The Canada Launch Works shipped the first one of these skiffs to London, Eng., several weeks ago, where it will be shown at the Crystal Palace Automobile Show, and where it is expected it will be very popular.

gary, as follows:—"Have your letter of the 1st instant. In connection with a fund to erect a suitable monument over the grave of Douglas Hector, son of Sir James Hector, of the Palliser Expedition, 1857-1860, who died at Revelstoke of appendicitis, in August, 1903, I may say that the facts are as set forth in Mrs. Schaffer's article in the January number of Rod and Gun. In addition, however, I may mention that a collection for this purpose is being made in England by Mr. Edward Whymper, and in America by Prof. Chas. E. Fay, President of the American Alpine Club. In Canada, I have undertaken to see what may be done in the same direction. It is proposed to bring the stone for the monument from a suitable rock in the vicinity of Lake Louise. I shall be very greatly obliged for reference to it in the April number. Contributions are not expected to be large amounts. Mr. T. Kilpatrick, Superintendent of the Mountain Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Revelstoke, B.C., has kindly consented to act as treasurer of the fund. Subscriptions may be sent direct to him, or to me, and if Rod and Gun will kindly receive and forward to Mr. Kilpatrick any that might come in, it would be an assistance to a very worthy object."

It will afford us very great pleasure to learn that Mr. Wheeler has been successful in his endeavor to collect sufficient money to build a monument that may not be un-

worthy of a son of one of Canada's most daring explorers.

Dr. J. C. Van Spiegel, Utica, N. Y., writes:—Tell your readers that a cheap, but perfectly waterproof match-box may be had by getting a pulp mailing case (size that suits them) and dipping it in melted parafine once or twice. They have tin screw tops, and a rubber washer inside will make a water tight joint. Almost any drugstore will have one or more mailing cases that some small bottle of liquid has been shipped in. A case large enough to hold a four-ounce bottle will hold matches enough to last a camp for six or eight weeks.

In our report of the paper by Mr. E. J. Darby on Lumbering, Past and Present, which appeared in our March number an error occurred in the third paragraph by which it would appear that the gang whose course to the bush was followed was a train gang, when it was in reality a river gang that left earlier in the season. The article was considerably condensed and the error resulted through an oversight of the loss of connection.

Crank legislation seems to be the rage just at present on either side of the boundary line. Rumor has it that the Manitobians, not content with making it al-

A most important question to every person who at any time sleeps out of doors or in a tent is that of sufficient and suitable covering at night. Every experienced hunter, fisherman, prospector, rancher and military man knows that square blankets fail in many ways to meet the requirements. Blankets are heavy and bulky, it is difficult to wrap up comfortably in them, and they are sure to slip off, exposing the sleeper to cold and dampness.

A Sleeping Bag cannot be thrown off or kicked off, turn and twist as you will, and it gives direct warmth to the sleeper with every inch of its surface.

The Alaska Sleeping Bag consists of

three parts. (1) A waterproof canvas cover; (2) a thick cambric bag, filled with two layers of pure eiderdown, and (3) a soft, warm inside bag of pure woollen cloth.

The Alaska Eiderdown Cap is especially made for use in the Arctic Regions. It is made of strong canvas duck, has two interlinings of choice eiderdown and an inside lining of grey natural wool or (if preferred) satteen. It protects the neck and the face; it weighs only 15 ounces!

Both the Alaska Sleeping Bag and the Alaska Cap have been supplied to the Dominion Government, to the Mastigouche Club, and to numerous lumber camps.



most impossible for a law-abiding sportsman to shoot big game within the Province, have now introduced an act that prohibits the use of automatic and other improved shot guns. On the American side Senator Elkins has introduced a bill into the United States Senate, which, should it become law, will do much to ruin the magnificent trade built up by our American cousins, in sporting ammunition. The Elkins bill provides that all gun, rifle and pistol ammunition must be shipped under the restrictions relating to the transportation of high explosives. That is to say, that all the extraordinary precautions insisted upon, and rightly insisted upon, in the case of a car of dynamite must be conformed to in the case of one tiny box of .22 ammunition! Can absurdity be carried to greater lengths than this?

The report issued by the New York State Forest, Fish and Game Commission on Tree Planting on Streets and Highways may now be obtained from the J. B. Lyon Company, Albany, N. Y.

One of our well-known sportsmen, Mr. Ed. Outhet, of the Westmount Gun Club,

is adding new blood to his kennels by importing the high-class pointer, "Devonshire Maxim." A strong feature of this dog's superiority is his work in the field, although he has on numerous occasions won on the bench. His breeding is of the very best Devonshire blood, this country being recognized as the home of England's best pointers.

Mr. Norish, that famous breeder and exhibitor, bred him, and the photo of his litter brother, Ch. Sanford Dum Dum (whom he greatly resembles) was shown in the "Living Animals of the World" as the most typical pointer living.

"Devonshire Maxim" is now in his prime, being only four years old, and as he was purchased principally for stud purposes, he should be the means of improving the breed here.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association was held on January 20th and 21st in Portland, Me. The proceedings have been placed on record in a very neat report of the transactions of the Association just issued. The report is handsomely illustrated, and contains verbatim reports of the addresses made during the meeting.

Several new strikes are reported from northern British Columbia and the Yukon, and there can be little doubt that we have many Klondikes in the far Northwest.

---

For Spring shooting no arm appeals to the sportsman more than the 22-calibre rifle. Among arms of this type the Savage 22-calibre Repeater is different from any other rifle of its kind. It is a clean cut little gun, using the best of the 22 calibre ammunition, the short, long and long rifle cartridges all in the same arm. Its beauty of outline and finish will always be a source of pleasure to the owner. Perhaps the two strong points of the Savage rifles, the 22 in particular, are well exemplified in the phrase used by the makers. "Savage Quality", is a commonplace term but it means everything to a shooter. Being honestly made, Savage products are sold by the manufacturer under the strongest guarantee. Mention Rod and Gun and write the Savage Arms Company, P. O. Utica, N.Y., today for catalogue.

---

However desirable the close-shooting gun may be when used over water or plain, it is generally conceded that it is not suitable for covert shooting. It is a satisfaction when afield to know that with the gun in hand one is equipped for such chances as may be presented. By having a supply of cartridges, in which "Hummer" spreaders have been placed, the performance of a choke-bore is at will transformed to that of a cylinder-bore, whenever it is considered to be an advantage. The gun to which the shooter has become accustomed may by such means be used with better success than would be likely to attend the use of a gun of different style.

These rushes assist the country materially, but they have an unfortunate effect upon the game. In the early days carcasses of moose, caribou and sheep hung side by side with frozen mutton and beef in the butcher shops at Dawson. The Stewart was a great game preserve, and even yet there is said to be a good stock in the lonely region about its head waters, but along the great Yukon river one may journey for days without seeing anything in the way of big game excepting, perchance, some stray bear. And those who would see the Upper Liard in a state of nature should not delay their visit, as a strike would appear to have been made in the very heart of one of the best big game districts in the Northwest.

The peace of the Peace River district, that is to say the brooding silence of the north, is about to be disturbed, and the country of the woods buffalo must shortly resound to the clang of the hammer and the buzz of the saw. The Dominion Government has dispatched a topographical survey party under the leadership of Mr. A. St. Cyr, D.T.S., to explore, run lines and report upon that part of the territory between the sixth principle meridian and the British Columbian border. This is preparatory to throwing open the country to settlement, and as the soil is thought to be rich, a few years will see it under the plough.

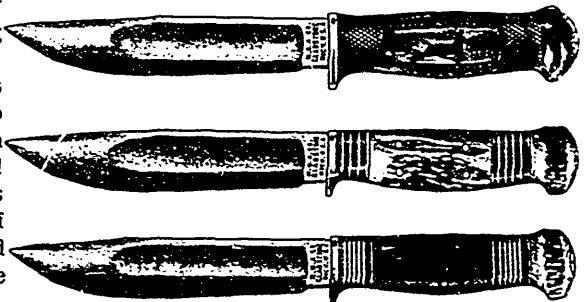
Mr. Charles Bradford is the author of a dainty little volume just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons called "The Angler's Secret." This is just the book to take in hand when the spring fret is coming o'er you, and it should clinch your determination to start as soon as the season opens for your favorite water—whether that favorite water be in thickly settled New England, the more thinly inhabited Lower Provinces or Quebec, or in the almost virgin country of Northern Ontario. The "secret" is revealed in the following lines:

A homeward trudge through mist-wrapped  
night ;  
A heart and reel, in common, light ;  
Complete, content—the day has brought it,  
He fished for pleasure—and he caught it.

Mr. Bradford says: The angler does not seek the streams solely for the fishes he may capture, but rather in search of peace and quiet, and Frank Forrester said they "feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen"—from which it is very evident the angler is a pretty good fellow and one whose species should be multiplied in the land.

There is perhaps little that is absolutely new in this latest addition to angling literature, but it is a welcome one, nevertheless, and one that will afford satisfaction and pleasure to members of the craft.

The illustrations herewith show Marble's six-inch Ideal Hunting Knife, with three styles handle, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. The blade, as at present made, is a modification of the two shapes of blades formerly made, known as sticking and skinning points, and is claimed by many expert hunters and woodsmen to combine more of the essential qualities for all around use than are usually found in one style of the knife.



# SAVAGE RIFLES

**A** glance at the 22 caliber Savage Repeating Rifle will convince you that it is different from any other arm you ever saw. Besides being the best gun for small game and target work, it is the simplest and safest to handle. Its particular strong points are accuracy and reliability, and the finish and beauty of outline will always be a source of pleasure. It will never stick or jam when you are in a hurry for a second shot, but will always work smoothly and easily. Savage Rifles are made in a variety of sizes for all different kinds of shooting, and are sold to you under an honest guarantee.

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

The Official Organ of the Canadian Forestry Association.

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

ROD AND GUN PUBLISHING CO., Montreal and Toronto.

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

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

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

# THE TRAP

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

Editor Rod and Gun in Canada:—

Dear Sir.—Thousands of your readers, particularly those interested in shooting, will, I am sure, be grateful to know that you have made your neat little magazine still more complete and interesting by adding a "Trap" department. This should result in your increasing your subscription list very materially, as there are now gun clubs being formed in every section of the country. Toronto has some eight clubs. The blue-rock is certainly here to stay, and why not; two out of every three boys are fond of shooting, and the flying target gives them practice that cannot be surpassed. It teaches them to handle their

gun properly, and trains their eye for quick and deliberate shooting at moving objects, being essential for field shooting, and might be added, for military work also. The soldier of today must know his rifle and be able to use it quickly. Every gun man should encourage ROD AND GUN IN CANADA, and show his appreciation by subscribing and arrange for the sending in scores of their weekly or monthly shoots.

Wishing ROD AND GUN and the new department every success it deserves, I am,  
Yours truly,

WM. McDOWELL.

Toronto, April 1, 1904.

## The Guelph Trap and Game Club.

By W. G. MITCHELL.

The Guelph Trap and Game Club was organized in the year 1888, with H. H. Cull as President. A few years later F. Hall, Esq., became its president, and donated a

trophy worth \$50.00, to be competed for by the Club. The conditions were that the members who made the six best scores of the season and that for three seasons would become the bona fide owner. The trophy passed around from one member to another for several years, but finally C. Quain, by complying with the conditions, became the bona fide owner.

Later still R. Cunningham, Esq., became president and presented the Club with a "Maggu" trap, which they used for five years, after which they replaced it by a "Bowren" quick-set trap, which is still giving satisfaction.

Our present President, Mr. R. S. Cull, presented the Club this past year with a medal, which is known as the "Challenge." The conditions on which it was presented were that the competitors shoot in a twenty-five bird race, and it would then be possessed by the one making the highest score, until any other member or members, challenge him, giving him one week's no-



ROBERT S. CULL,  
President Guelph Trap and Game  
Club, Guelph, Ont.



W. G. MITCHELL,  
Sec.-Treas. Guelph Trap and  
Game Club, Guelph, Ont.

trophy worth \$50.00, to be competed for by the Club. The conditions were that the members who made the six best scores of

tice, and shoot for it again, it going to the one making the highest score, and so on. When the past season closed it was won by W. Singular, who is now the happy possessor, and will be until the season opens, which will be on Good Friday.

The membership numbers eighty and upwards, and they hold weekly shoots from beginning on Good Friday and ending on the last Friday in August. Also friendly matches and returns with the "Rosadales" of Toronto and the Waterloos annually.

Our Club is specially interested in the protection of fish and game and have a standing reward for any person violating the game laws in our district.

(On Good Friday the Guelph Trap and Gun Club held a shoot which was participated in with much enthusiasm and interest by a large number of gun men. A number of the members of the Waterloo Gun Club were also present. The Guelph boys are good sportsmen and not only take an interest in trap shooting, but hunting and fishing also demands a good share of their attention. Mr. Ed. C. O'Brien is the newly appointed secretary and Mr. Johnston the new president, and the Editor of the "Trap" extends his congratulations to these gentlemen and their members upon the success of their large club.—Ed.)

Guelph, March, 1904.

## The Maple City Gun Club of Chatham.

By JAMES W. AITKEN.

Chatham has had a very representative gun club for years, in fact dating back a period of twenty-five years or more. The Chatham Gun Club lived and flourished in the West for fifteen years or more with an eloquent record of victories to its credit. On its disbanding there followed a period with no organization. However, with interest forced to the boiling point through the heroic efforts of our ardent sportsmen, an aggregation of some ninety-two members, formed the nucleus of the present Maple City Gun Club. The kernel planted in favorable soil has reached maturity and the result is a club rivalling in every respect the reputation of our former organization, the Chatham Gun Club.

The material of the club is practically unlimited and expert marksmanship is gradually coming to the front. The Club have a club-house somewhat crude, yet comfortable, and a very pretty grounds, situated at the limits of the city, known as Riverside Park.

The annual tournament is held the first week of June, likely June 2 and 3. It is looked upon as the largest target event in the Western Peninsula, usually having a large number of competitors and good average money held out on both days.

It is to be hoped that our Club will be represented at the Dominion Trap Shoot-

ers Association with a strong team in August at Brantford. The Association deserves the patronage of every shooter in Canada. It is at these large meets that men of sporting proclivities get together and make life-long friendships, exchange ideas and advance generally the cause of true sportsmanship. It is, therefore, to be hoped that everyone will endeavor to strain



W. S. RICHARDS,  
President Maple City Gun Club



JAS. W. AITKEN,  
Secretary Maple City Gun Club

a point and be present at the "Big Meet at Brantford."

The officers of the Club are as follows:

Honorary President—T. Nichol.

President—W. S. Richards ("Sour Bread")

1st Vice President—Dr. W. H. Tye ("Uncle Tom")

2nd Vice-President—J. McCoig ("Johnnie")

Secretary—J. W. Aitken ("Chum")

Treasurer—Wm. Bennett (Injun' Chief)

Executive Committee—J. J. Moore, J. Oldershaw ("Heap Big Talk"), W. H. Tye, W. Paulucci, Jas. Kerr.

It may be said without fear of contradiction that Mr. T. Nichol, Hon.-President, enjoys the proud distinction of being the

oldest trapshooter in Canada. He is nearing eighty and rarely misses a practice, and on more than one occasion has made the "experts" look like the change out of thirty cents.

The members of the Chatham Gun Club wish your paper continued success and greater strength to its Trap Shooting Department in Canada.

Chatham, Ont., March, 1904.

## The Brantford Gun Club.

The Brantford Gun Club is one of the oldest clubs in Canada, having been organized in 1872. In the early days glass balls were the only form of inanimate targets used and live bird traps were of very



C. J. MITCHELL,  
President Brantford Gun Club



DR. A. B. CUTCLIFFE,  
Secretary Brantford Gun Club

primitive construction. Several of the original Club are active members today. Back in the seventies they were up among

the best of them and are still in the game, and if you want to know how good they are just match them for a live bird or target race—and you will know.

This Club was the means of forming the present Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective Association, by challenging the Ottawa Club for a team shoot for "The Mail Trophy", which had been held by them for some years. After this meeting and contest the Association was formed and the Mail Trophy is now the main feature in the annual tournament.

The Brantford Club will entertain the members of the Dominion Association at the fourth annual meet to be held on their new club grounds—the finest in Canada — August 10th, 11th and 12th, 1904.

Fred. Westbrook, President Dominion Association; Dr. A. B. Cutcliffe, Secretary Brantford Gun Club; C. J. Mitchell, President Brantford Gun Club.

## The Brampton Gun Club.

By FRED PEAKER.

Brampton Gun Club has upwards of fifty members, but as they are scattered all over Peel County it is difficult to get more than eight or ten together at once and then only on a holiday, as only about fifteen per cent. are shooters. The present shooters are juniors and have only been shooting artificials for a couple of years. Way back in the seventies a team of ten

men used to vent their spite on the Guelph team and many a hot return annual match was shot. Only one of that team is left to shoot with the present Club, viz., Mr. D. Ellison, who has been shooting live birds for nearly thirty years. Mr. Ellison always made a good score, but says he never made ten straight but once, and he only shot at eight that time. In the

eighties the feeling between Orangeville

and Brampton Clubs was similar to that of Japan and Russia. "Just wait till we come down"; "Have a place ready to crawl into when we come up," were some of the warnings before each annual match. But they always ended with an invitation to load with No. 6 and come prepared to stay all night. Dr. Quinn, R. Wilson and D. Ellison are the only three members of that team to shoot with the present club. The club will hold their annual shoot on Good Friday. Visitors always welcome.

Fred Peaker, Secretary, Brampton.



W. J. CAMPBELL.  
President Brampton Gun Club



F. PEAKER.  
Secretary Brampton Gun Club

## The Ridgetown Gun Club.

By C. H. EASTLAKE.

Probably the Ridgetown Gun Club and Game Protective Association is the most widely known organization in this vicinity, members of which have acquired fame, both national and international, and since its inception we could always point with pride to members who could not only distinguish themselves at the trap, but on the upland, marsh, or the waters of the Rond Eau, bring to bag game in sufficient quantities to satisfy the most ardent sportsmen.

What is today known as the Ridgetown Gun Club was organized on June 13, 1882, under the caption of the Howard Gun Club and Game Protective Association, the officers elected for that year being: Thos. Brown, president; W. H. Boughner, vice president; James B. Brown, treasurer, and Jas. Grant, secretary. Joseph Laing, L. Carpenter, J. T. Catton and W. Scane being elected as a board of directors. Those were the days of the glass hall. Probably the balmy days in the history of the club date from the election of H. A. Mallory in 1887 to the position of secretary and treasurer, he being at that time accountant in the Traders Bank here, but now manager at Drayton. Although members of the Club had won considerable local distinction, it was not until the big tournament held here on April 9 and 10, 1891, did some of the crack shots of the

United States and Canada realize that there lived here men who would win distinction. At this event H. Catton won the silver trophy and the Canadian championship by breaking 46 out of a possible 50. On May 23 of the same year, D. Leitch, H. Catton and H. Scane won the three-man team race at Windsor and a handsome tankard. Score 69 out of a possible 75.

In the same year, at Toronto, on July 11 and 12, H. Catton won the diamond



D. McMACKON  
President Ridgetown Gun Club



C. H. EASTLAKE.  
Secretary Ridgetown Gun Club

medal and the individual championship of the Dominion of Canada by breaking a straight 50 targets, and on the following day, in a team race of two, he scored another 50 straight. This team event was a national affair, and the conditions were five men per team, fifty birds each, medals and moneys to go to winners. This is the score: C. V. Catton 50, D. Leitch 49, H.

O'Loane 48, H. Scane 47 and C. Scane 45. At the present time we have several members who can do themselves glory at the trap in live bird contest, among whom I might take the liberty of mentioning the names of D. McMackon, James McLane, A. McRitchie, Fred Galbraith, Dan Bates, W. D. Bates, H. D. Bates, Sim Coll, George Laing, James Scane, Harry Scane, Charles Scane, J. F. Carr, William and Charles Thorald and H. Catton and others. However, the first to distinguish himself at live birds at any important event was H. D. Bates, who today is recognized among the scattered game experts from the Atlantic to the Pacific as an antagonist of no mean skill. The event to which I refer was the winning of the Gilman Barus trophy at St. Thomas in 1898 with a straight score of 25 birds. Three years preceding this he tied with Fulford and Elliott at Hamilton, with a straight score of 20 in the Canadian Handicap event. In 1899 he again won the Gilman and Barus trophy in Detroit, with a straight score. In 1900, at Coney Island, he won the Grand American, with a straight score of 59 dead birds, and in the same year defeated John Stroud of Hamilton in a 100-bird race for \$100 a side, by killing 83 birds to Stroud's 75. The following year he defeated Stroud for the championship of Canada by killing 49 to 44. Probably the greatest event in his shooting career was that shot at Detroit in September, 1902, for the Gilman and Barus International Trophy. Bates stood at the 31-yard mark and made a clean score of 15 birds with five others. He finished this race "miss and out" with Gilbert of Spirit Lake, who killed his 95th bird. This, with the preceding work, gave Bates a run of 101 straight at 31-yard mark. In a special event in the same year, at same place, at targets, he won the Bell Organ Special,

breaking 47 out of 50. His principal winnings in 1902 were the Canadian handicap, with 20 straight, at Hamilton, and the high average in the Dominion of Canada trap shooting event at the same place, also being one of the team who won the D.T.S. and G.P.A. trophy at targets, the team in this event being composed of D. McMackon, Harry Scane, Geo. Dent, T. Reid and H. D. Bates, score 221. The winnings of the different members of the Club present at this shoot would give a jewelry store or a gun retail establishment a fair stock to set up business with. One of the best prizes captured at this shoot was that given by the ladies and captured by D. McMackon, valued at \$100, being a set of cutlery.

Up to the present H. D. Bates has won the Canadian Handicap three times. It might be interesting to pursue the various winnings of members of the Club, either as individuals or in team shoots further, some of which I cannot furnish. None of them require flattery to make them good fellows or true sports.

We cannot close this short sketch without stating that the present membership of the R. G. C. and G. P. A. is 162, and that the officers are: President, D. McMackon; captain, H. D. Bates; secretary and treasurer, C. H. Eastlake; directors, Geo. Laing, H. Scane, Jas. McLaren, A. McRitchie and S. Call. It is scarcely necessary to state that the members of the club not only take pride in the fame acquired at the traps by its members, but also in the interest they have always shown in assisting in the protection and propagation of the natural game of this part of the province, which, we trust, is the object of all other organizations worthy of having G. P. A. appended to it.

Ridgetown, Feb. 4th, 1904.

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At the Caterer Gun Club's Amateur Championship shot at Westfield, N. J., on the grounds of the Caterer Club, Feb. 22-23, Mr. D. E. Bradley and Mr. G. S. McAlpin tied on scores of 92 out of 100, first-class pigeons. In the shoot-off at twenty-five birds each, Mr. Bradley scored his first

twenty-five straight, and as Mr. McAlpin had then lost three birds, the race was over and Mr. Bradley was the winner for the second time, he having won the title and trophy last year. There were twelve competitors. Mr. Bradley shot "New Schultze."



## The Hamilton Gun Club.

By H. BARNARD.

(Continued from March Issue.)

I have skipped over the period intervening between the first tournament in 1892 and the last in 1903, because the detail of which would only be a repetition, but that the annual tournaments have been kept up is a guarantee of the stability of the organization apart from its increased membership, which is now over sixty, comprising a number of leading business men, who are lovers of the rod and gun, and who are not slow to recognize the advantages of the recreation derived from periodical visits to the traps. It is certain that the Hamilton Gun Club will always set a good example to others who may aspire to become exponents of true sport, recreative

holt, Vice-President; J. Hunter, Treasurer, and H. Graham, Secretary. We are fortunate in having such a strong executive. The President is in his third term, and is likely to retain the post of honor indefinitely, or as long as he is willing. He is the goodlooking man of the Club, a first-class, whole-souled, all-round good fellow, and when he represents the Club at a shoot, or in any other capacity, he never fails to do so with credit to himself and the approval of all. We are immensely proud of our President, who has the particular knack of making himself liked by everybody with whom he may come in contact.



THOS. UPTON,  
President Hamilton Gun Club



T. BIRDSALL,  
Ex-President Hamilton Gun Club



H. BARNARD,  
Hamilton Gun Club



JOHN HUNTER,  
Hamilton Gun Club

sport unhampered by mercenary motives, or the pursuit of the same for what there is in it from a money standpoint.

The formation of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective Association, which took place at Ottawa in April, 1901, was a grand move in the right direction. The Hamilton Gun Club took an active part in it, having sent three representatives at the time, two of whom were placed on the executive committee, Dr. Overholt having been elected second vice-president. Such choice was a very wise one, for his ability, enthusiasm, genial and kindly disposition doubtless proved a factor in the successful outcome of the deliberations of the executive at that sitting.

The officers of the Hamilton Gun Club at present are: T. Upton, President; Dr. Over-

The accompanying portraits will be familiar to many, and I hope interesting to readers of Rod and Gun.

Special mention should be made of ex-President Birdsall, who has always been a hustler when a tournament was in preparation and the success of the Club is in a measure largely due to his energy in securing prizes for competition and inspiring enthusiasm into the merchants and manufacturers, directing their attention to the advertising of our city, by the efforts of the Gun Club, to get an attractive list of prizes contributed.

Mr. Birdsall, like our President, possesses considerable personal attractiveness, and it is nip and tuck for which is the best looking. You can judge for yourself. I am sorry I could not send the portrait of the secretary, but have included the vice-pres-

ident and treasurer, and by request, have so far overcome my modesty—that of myself.

I have noticed with very much pleasure the nice account of the St. Hubert Gun Club of Ottawa, in the March number, and it strikes me as being composed of the right kind of material to uphold and advance the exhilarating sport of trap shooting to further the protection of game and fish, and to inspire a true spirit of the sportsman into those who take to the rod and gun for the love of it.

They claim to be "aggressive", and



DR. J. E. OVERHOLT, "Daddy"  
Hamilton Gun Club

such a quality cannot be too strongly commended, for it prompts rivalry, and good friendly rivalry amongst the different clubs is that which will lend zest and promote an appetite for keen enjoyment when any important event is to be settled at the tribunal of the traps. Reference to the Mail Trophy has been made, and I understand it is now held by the Brantford Gun Club, which seems to have been of late not on very solid footing, but having been lately organized, I am assured is now as good as new, and ready to defend possession of the Mail Trophy against all

comers. What the America's Cup is to yachtsmen, the Mail Trophy should be to gun clubs, but localized and for home competition only. Yet the possession of it should be as greatly coveted, and when it comes to Hamilton, as it is sure to, I am much mistaken if the lifting of it will not be an interesting ceremony to existing gun clubs in Canada who are qualified to compete for it.



#### HAMILTON SHOOTERS WON.

By H. Barnard.

The Hamilton Gun Club team won the match with the Toronto Stanleys Saturday afternoon, March 19th, by 39 birds. The match was at 25 birds per man, and the Hamilton Gun Club scored 315 out of a possible 425. The weather was very unfavorable, as the rain fell in the faces of the shooters during the whole match. The two clubs come together annually, and this is the second time Hamilton has been successful. President Upton and President Alderman Fleming always have a good-natured dispute as to their superiority over each other, but as President Upton was unfortunate enough to break an arm about a week ago, they had to indulge in a one-handed contest, in which Ald. Fleming was fortunate enough to win out by one bird—9 to 8.

After the match the local shooters entertained the visitors in their handsome quarters, and after much jollification, and the usual amount of speech-making, the visitors returned at eight o'clock. Owing to lack of space and the report coming late, we are this month unable to publish scores in detail.

#### BALMY BEACH GUNNERS WON.

The Balmy Beach Gun Club of Toronto defeated the Parkdale Gun Club of Toronto by 35 points in a 25-bird shoot at Balmy Beach on Saturday, March 19. The scores were:—

Balmy Beach—Pearsall 21, Ross 21, Dra-

per 18, J. G. Shaw 17, Hunter 17, Casci 16, J. A. Shaw 15, Adams 14, Smith 14, Booth 13, Pearce 10. Total 176.

Parkdale—Kent 18, Wolfe 16, E. Williams 15, Carlyle 14, Patterson 14, H. Williams 14, Bongard 13, Birch 11, Jewell 11, Sibbald 9, Wheeler 6. Total 141.



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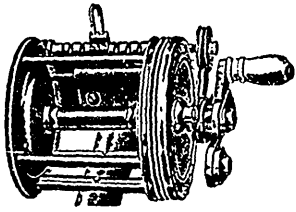
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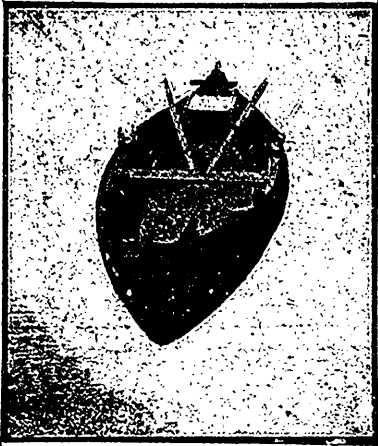
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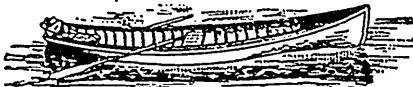
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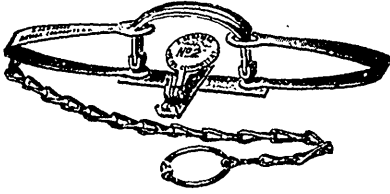
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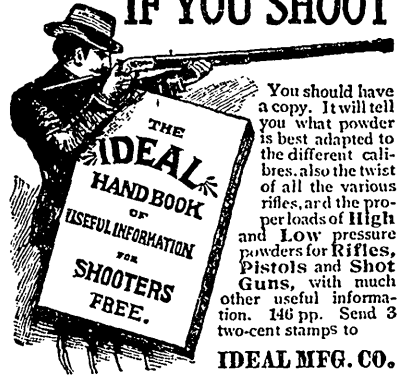
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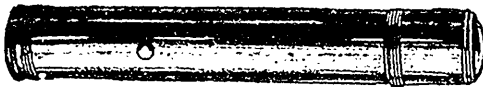
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Bear or Victor	1	30
Corneille	2	100
Pishteebee	1	50
Minacoughan Quettashoo	1	50
Little Watischoo	2	60
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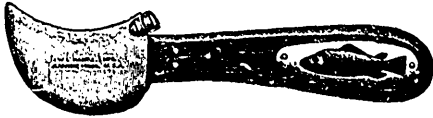
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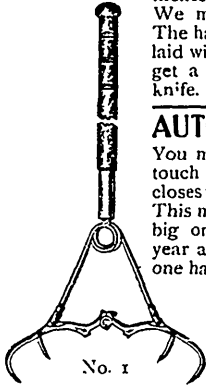
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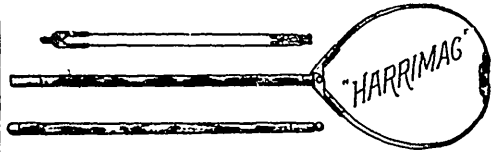
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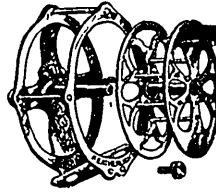
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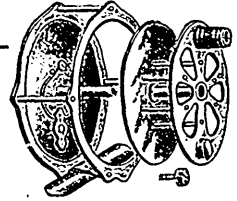


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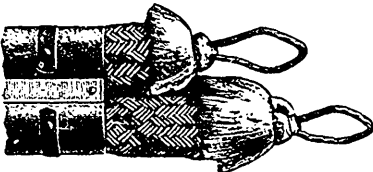
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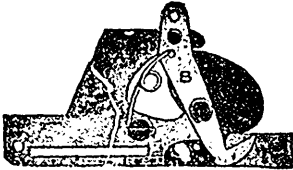
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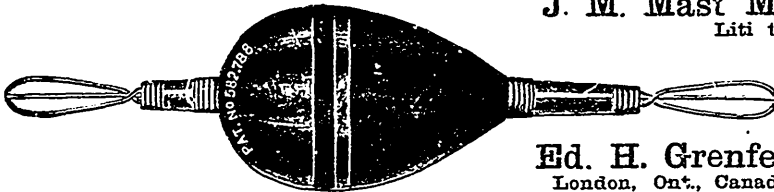
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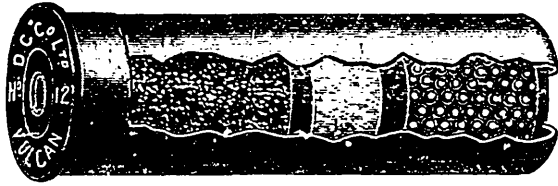


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