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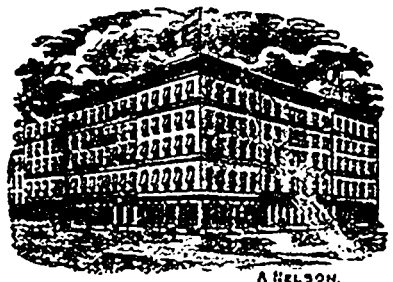
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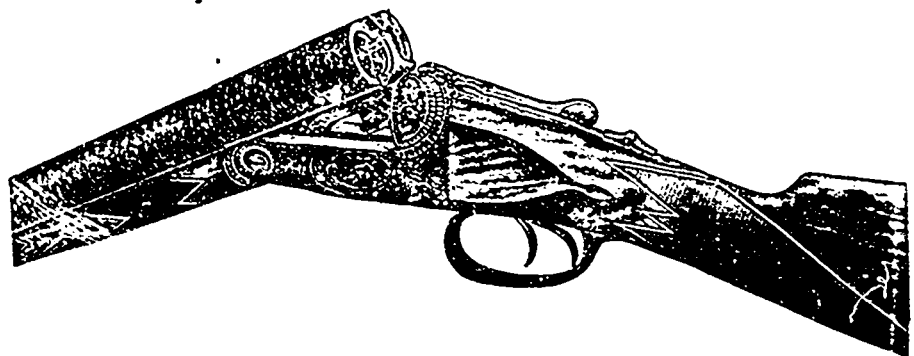
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A TRIP TO MATACHUAN.

By C. C. Farr.

"When the red gods call." Thus spake Kipling, and to those of poetic temperament is probably made manifest what he meant by it. I, with my prosaic soul, interpret it to mean blood. I hate blood, and slaughtering to me is an abomination, therefore my prosaic soul would rise up in judgment against the implication, and would urge him to find some better phrase to express the longing which all men feel for that communion with nature, which to my mind can best be found in the primeval forest. Whatever it may be, the fit of restlessness, of which he was so evidently aware, came over me, and abandoning my duties, the daily worries for the daily bread, I set forth to hold that communion with nature, and, as a fitting setting for such a quest, I chose as my companions nature's own children, a family of untutored savages, whose ways, though familiar of old to me, were part of nature herself.

My wife, who in her affinities out-Herod's Herod, accompanied me, and we made Matachuan the objective point of our journey.

The Indian family to which we attached ourselves was that of Meechell Batist, chief of the Matachuan Indians. With him were his wife, his sister, of doubtful age, and just now unattached, his daughter Soosan, just sixteen, his son Noowi, aged twelve, and little Harry, barely four.

The last received his name from the fact that Harry Woods, now residing at Temagamingue, in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's post there, arrived at the home of the Batist's one stormy day in December, a few hours after Harry's birth.

It is the custom amongst Indians to give a child the name of the first living thing that comes to the wigwam, or even in sight of it, after a child is born.

Sometimes it is a fox, a beaver, or a bear. I have known an Indian called "Mess-es-ack," "Deerfly," or "Bulldog," simply because a big "bulldog" came buzzing into the camp a few minutes after his birth.

The priests, however, fight against this system of nomenclature as being heathenish and unholy. They insist that no name shall be given a child unless it is that of a saint.

The consequence is that the original custom of naming is rapidly becoming obsolete, and we have now nothing but Cyrils, Jean Baptistes, Pierres, etc., *ad nauseam*.

In addition to the Meechell family there were Basil Peecheekie (Buffalo) and his wife, the latter three times his age, and known amongst the irreverent as "The Bald-headed Eagle," but active withal, and a faithful slave to Basil.

When we arrived at Sharpe Lake, the first thing that Moowi, being a boy, felt called upon to do was to start up a wasps' nest, and then came running into our midst as we sat at our meal with a dozen wasps circling around his hat. A white boy would have been soundly rated, perhaps licked, but all his parents did was to laugh and protect themselves from the wasps.

We distributed ourselves and our impedimenta into the two canoes which Meechell had provided for us, and then paddled away for the next portage, on the other side of which we intended camping for the night. Basil constituted himself our knight of the bedchamber. He put up our tent, called the sweet-smelling bracken, and spread our blankets in a neat and inviting fashion. My wife objected in that they were laid crosswise, so that I had partly to undo all this beautiful work; but I assured her that it must have been done in compliment to herself, as I was long and thin.

The Bald-headed Eagle acted as cook, and we found the old lady remarkably clean (for an Indian) and very conscientious. She would not touch any of our delicacies unless bidden, and would cheerfully eat her bread and grease while we fed on ham, eggs, and other delicacies (in the bush), had we allowed her so to do.

Our presence put no restraint on these Indians; we had known them many years, so they laughed and chatted amongst themselves, and with us (for their language is no sealed book to me), practically accepting us as of the family.

These relations established, the journey was delightful, and just what we wanted.

After we had again eaten (Indians never go hungry long if they can help it), I saw the old woman gathering a plant having a white flower, and carefully stowing it away with her other treasures. I asked her what she did with it; she said that it was a good medicine for weak lungs, and that it was somewhat rare. Unfortunately, my botanical lore is too defective to give a scientific description of it, but I marked it well and the place where it was growing, so that at some future time I can investigate it. Next morning, at break of day, I was awakened by the report of a gun, and when I turned out somewhat later, I saw an object with a large head sizzling in a frying-pan. It was an owl which Meechell had shot. I asked what kind of owl it was. One said "kook-kook-koo-hoo," another said it was "mo-hom-osi," and the old woman swore that it was neither, but that it was "was-a-kon-ayei," a smaller owl than "mo-hom-osi" (the big-horned owl), and larger than "kook-kook-koo-hoo" (the mottled white owl), and then they all agreed that she was right. I saw the wings of it afterwards, and they were

brown, mottled with black or deeper brown. It looked a ghastly object in the pan, nearly all head, and having a pained expression in its large eyes. This was the last I saw of it, for they eat it amongst themselves. I remember eating owl myself in days long gone by. I lost a friend by it, and yet it was done in all innocence.

I had caught an owl which had been robbing my rabbit snares. I asked my housekeeper to cook it, which she did, roasting it, even as a chicken is roasted, but the head was lacking. Just as I was about sitting down to eat, a friend came along, and I naturally asked him to share my meal. He saw the beautifully browned bird on the dish, and he jumped to the conclusion that it was chicken, so he gladly accepted my invitation, for he was partial to chicken. After he had got away with the bigger half of my owl, I incidentally informed him that what

I noticed that Soosan could not resist plucking the white lilies as we passed them. Few girls can resist them, be they white, or black, or red. Soosan is an excellent type of the Indian maiden; she has all the delightful insouciance of youth, and the irresponsibility of her sex. She would paddle just when she felt inclined to do so, was very self-contained, and was thoroughly satisfied with Soosan.

Much to the amusement of us all, when we arrived at the next portage, the first thing that attracted our attention was a piece of birch bark set up in a conspicuous place, neatly folded, and stuck into a cleft stick. It was evidently a letter, and Meechell, who was the first to land, laid hands upon it. With a laugh he read the address aloud. It was addressed to Soosan, and we all guessed that it was a love letter. Poor Soosan could not turn much redder than she was, but she would have done so if she could, for she was unmercifully chaffed by all.

When we came out on to the Montreal River we prepared a mighty meal, and we did eat, with appetites that only the bush can give. Then we set our faces up stream, paddling with a will against the stiff current.

"Look at the moose tracks," said Meechell, pointing to the clay banks of the beaver meadow.

"They are like the tracks that your cattle make in your yards;" and indeed it was the truth. It was like a cattle trail. There will be good sport for those who like it some day in these regions.

When we struck the rapids the Indians put out some of the load, and proceeded to drag, pole, and tow the canoes up the rapid. Little Noowi wanted to carry a bag of flour over the portage, so his mother put one on his back. It was certainly a good deal heavier than the boy, and yet the little chap walked off with it, while his mother laughed with pride to see her boy thus acting



A HUNTING MORNING.

Many of our best sportsmen do not believe in 'hounding' deer; but, nevertheless, it is a recognized Canadian sport and takes hundreds of men into the bush in Ontario and Quebec during October, who otherwise would not be there.

he had been eating was owl. Then he began to curse and to swear, and he tried to get rid of the owl, but he could not, and from that day to this we have never spoken. But to continue, we were in our canoes and off, before the sun had dissipated the mist which hung over the water. It was a perfect summer morning. The white water lilies, magnified by the mist, dotted the surface of the water like large flecks of foam. A large flock of black ducks rose from behind the first point that we passed, and quacking loudly, flew to greater security. Kingfishers screamed notes of warning of our approach, while a large fish eagle lazily flew into a bay, to perch upon the topmost bough of a dead pine tree awaiting our departure before further continuing his fishing operations.

the man, and she herself picked up a bag, handing it with the ease of one to whom the feat was no novelty, and putting something else on the top of it to keep it down, walked away with it, for was not it "part of the day's work."

And so we made our way to the last of the three rapids, where the river ceases and Bay Lake begins. Here I wanted to try for a bass, so I suggested that a dish of tea would do us no harm, a proposition readily assented to, for we had laboured diligently in the rapids.

I always find that bass bite best when the bait used is something they are hunting for themselves. I noticed several small green frogs hopping about on the shore, and I surmised that bass were probably swimming about close by, watching

their opportunities, so I despatched Master Noowi into the bush to cut a rod while I secured some frogs.

He came back bearing a pole that would have done for a mast, but as I did not wish to lose time I was fain to make use of it.

I had some Kirby bent hooks and a piece of line, but no reel. At the first throw I landed a beauty, nor did I cease until I had seven fine bass kicking on the shore. Noowi was in raptures. This was a new experience for him. The troll and the net were the appliances to which he had been accustomed, and he yelled to his parents that I was teaching him a new way to catch fish. I gave him the rod and let him try his luck, or skill. He soon landed one, but he broke my hook, for his method was clumsy and begotten of main strength and ignorance. Luckily I had more hooks, so I replaced the broken one, and I left him to thresh the water by himself, for the Bald-headed Eagle had screamed the summons to eat, a summons that I quickly obeyed, for I was hungry, and the incense of frying bass had risen into my nostrils, enhancing my hunger.

When we had eaten we once more embarked, but Boy had been so enthusiastic about his fishing that he had missed gastronomic opportunities, and was now consoled by munching a big chunk of "deadly dodger"* in the canoe. And thus onward and upward we skimmed across the glassy surface of Bay Lake. It was perfectly calm, there was not wind enough to bend the rushes through which we had to pass before we reached the open water of the main lake.

I had difficulty in restraining my Indian friends from starting a loon hunt. They were sorely tempted, but I pleaded haste, and the motion carried. Though victorious, I checked the vivacity of my companions, for Indians rarely pass a loon unmolested on a calm day.

When conversation ceases the paddles work better, consequently we made good time. We passed the portage which leads to Am-en-ip-i-sany, the home of the bass and of the lake trout, and, I might add, the home of that Highland Indian, Malcolm McLean, a man born in the Highlands of Scotland, but who can tell more yarns about Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company than any man living in the Temiskaming district. For over fifty years has this faithful adherent of the great company served them. He married into the Whitebear family (the family that has supplied a succession of chiefs for the Temagaming Indians), and has become even as an Indian in his manner of living. Here, as the great poet sang, he has raised his dusky brood, entirely assimilating himself to the ways of his wife's people; reversing the order of things that held with Naomi and Ruth. Her ways were his ways, and her people became his people. And now we pass the house where first the electric girl of Matachuan began her manifestations.

She was an Indian maiden of about fourteen or fifteen summers. She was fetching a pail of water from the lake, a dark ominous cloud hung o'er the north-west—a black mass of electricity; suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning rent the cloud in twain, and then she knew no more until she awoke, to find herself lying prone upon the beach with her pail lying empty beside her. Agitated and unstrung, she rushed to the house, unable to discharge the small domestic duties which were her daily task.

That night strange noises were heard, scratchings and rappings upon the walls, so that the simple natives were afraid.

Night after night these uncanny noises frightened the poor souls so that they marvelled greatly. They even cut a hole in the wainscoting to assure themselves that nothing normal was there; but the "thing" mocked them, and rapped away at the very edge of the hole which they had made. The hole in the wall is to be seen this very day.

Finally the guardians of the girl moved to Matachuan, and there the super-normal manifestations became more frequent and varied. "It" told of strangers on their way to the post. Some sort of rough code of signals was established with "It," and "It" would rap off answers so correctly that those who heard them became awed, while "creepy" sensations affected their scalps.

"It" would rap off the numbers of the particular kinds of furs collected at a far distant outpost, and when the opportunity came for verifying, the numbers were found to be correct. "It" played the violin; "It" ground axes on the grindstone in the outer shed; "It" drew heavy loads across the floor, as if an Indian had arrived with a heavily loaded toboggan and was dragging it inside the house; "It" finally took to whistling, not melodiously, but very loudly.

And thus a great fear fell upon those who heard all these things, and they sought for a solution, but found none. So they asked the priest to lay the "ghost," but he could not. Then the priest begged the bishop, who happened to be paying a pastoral visit to this portion of his distant flock, to exercise his authority upon "It," but the bishop rebuked the little priest for thinking that such a thing could be done. He was wise enough to allow that we cannot understand these things, and that it is better to leave them alone.

I mentioned these matters by letter, to Mr. Andrew Lang, and he told me, in answer, that these manifestations would pass away as mysteriously as they had come. He was right, for they have now practically ceased, and we know no more about these mysterious sounds than we did before they occurred.

But I have digressed, and our canoes have been moving all the while. As the sun was setting we came abreast of the Mattawabika Falls, where the waters from Lady Evelyn Lake plunge into the Montreal River, and bearing east we ran our canoes on to the shallow beach at Mr. Mowatt's little farm, and forthwith proceeded to camp for the night.

Here we met other Indians, like ourselves bound for Matachuan, and the meeting seemed to afford much pleasure to our friends, especially, to the women, who exchanged gossip and chaffed each other with that light and happy good humor which is peculiar to Indians in their intercourse with each other, but which is suppressed by shyness before strangers, and hence the white man's idea of the silent, smoky Indian.

One by one they all dropped asleep, and peace and quietness reigned o'er the camps until the morning. How pretty the place looked in the morning. The grass, heavy with dew, shone and sparkled in the slanting rays of the sun; everything looked so fresh, so cool, so green, and, above all, so restful. I thought, as I watched the lazy preparations for breakfast, that it was good to be here, that the inhaling of that ozone-laden atmosphere was more health-giving and life-prolonging than all the nostrums of pharmacy combined.

By the bye, any tourists travelling by this route to Temagaming or elsewhere can always procure from Mr. Mowatt all the potatoes they need, and thus save a long, inconvenient carry of such heavy stores.

* Deadly Dodger.—A compound of flour, water, and perchance baking soda, baked in a frying pan—a substitute for bread.

In fact, I might say that Mr. Mowatt, or rather let me say Mrs. Mowatt, intends growing vegetables of all kinds this next coming season, so that those who have need can procure some garden produce, which comes as a very welcome adjunct to the commissariat in the bush.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXPLORATION IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.

By H. G. Tyrrell, C.E.

(Continued from our November Issue.)

The next day, August second, being Sunday, was spent in camp, which was pitched close to a grove of poplars on a beautiful little plain. Heavy thunder-storms had been breaking over us the last few days, accompanied by high winds. Where the river is clear these do not occasion any great delay, but when portaging is necessary, and the goods in our boat uncovered, a halt must be made till the rain is over. Ordinarily when a storm comes up one naturally thinks of seeking shelter. Floating as we were on the river in a canoe, the coming of a storm meant only the spreading of a rubber sheet over our boat and proceeding as before.

On the evening of August third we found ourselves in a place where the banks on either side rose abruptly to a great height above the water, so abruptly that no camping place was found. We paddled on till long enough after dark, but the valley continued about the same. It was evident, therefore, that if we were to sleep on land, some unusual arrangement must be made. Selecting the flattest portion of the hill, we climbed the bank, prepared to sleep on sloping ground, with stakes at our feet to prevent our sliding down into the river. These were cut and driven, and across them poles were placed. It seemed much like sleeping leaning up against a tree. There was no opportunity here, either to erect a shelter or to make a fire. The coyotes again kept up their dreary howling, and either followed us next day or else we came upon a new pack of them, for when rounding a curve of the river we saw a large number of the animals frisking about on a sandy beach. As they had not yet observed our presence, I pulled the canoe ashore, and cutting off the branches of some spruce trees, piled them on the bow of my canoe. Concealed in this way, we floated down the stream without alarming the wolves. When within a few yards of them, my brother opened fire on the bushes with a charge of buckshot, which sent them yelping through the bushes, and a few continued howling up the hill. Though their skins are of very little value at that season of the year, it seemed a satisfaction to be revenged for their having kept us awake so often at night.

A very interesting natural feature of the country was the appearance of buttes. These are great mounds of earth rising from the valley, and formed by the action of the river on a narrow isthmus, which in time it wears a passage through, leaving what was before a high ridge stretching out into the valley now a lonely mountain. These occur in a great variety of shapes and size. Some, in the form of cones, tower from the valley to a height of several hundred feet; others, wedge-shaped, are so well formed that they resemble the roof of some ancient temple.

At the most southerly bend of the river, now known as the elbow, the view I had was really entrancing. What land is to the sailor, or shelter to a traveller in the desert, so was the

sight of the expansive prairie after travelling for weeks in the narrow valley. Standing on the summit of an almost perpendicular wall of ground two hundred and fifty feet above the valley, behind me lay the prairie, flat and boundless as the ocean, and in front the beautiful wooded valley of the Battle, the river winding tortuously among its knolls and buttes, appearing here and there like a silver band, and then fading away in the tree-tops. A picture with more beautiful contrasts I have never seen.

The river still continued to wind back and forward through the valley, so that a day's journey of thirty miles or more by water might not measure one-third of that in a direct line.

On the morning of August sixth a fine large deer made its appearance on the south shore. It was grazing among the bushes, but it saw us before there was an opportunity for a shot. We followed it, however, for a mile or more, and while we did not secure our game, we discovered quite a treat in the way of service berries, with which we filled our hats before returning to the boat.

In the evening of the following day we came to the government cache at the southerly bend of the river, where an old trail crosses that was probably made two years before. Here we found a pile of ten dozen iron pins, half an inch in diameter and three feet long. These are used by surveyors in staking out the land, and had probably been left there for use at some future time. Each one was fitted with a thin metal plate at one end, on which the section numbers were stamped as the posts were set in the ground. Though they were of no possible use to us, we were always glad to see even signs of civilization. This cache marked the limit of the surveyed country, so from here onward we kept a close track survey of the river. On this account it was necessary to camp as often as a storm came on, to avoid spoiling our note books and instruments in the rain.

From this point down to Battleford we could not reasonably expect to meet with any travellers, or to find camps or houses from which to secure provisions, so a careful use was made of what we had. Our outfit was by this time at the Fort Pitt crossing, seventy-five miles to the north-east, and Calgary, where our original stock of provisions was bought, was one hundred and fifty miles away.

We were quite cheered on the morning of the tenth by finding several long straight stretches of river ahead and were in high hopes of making a good day's progress. On climbing the high hill, however, as was our custom whenever opportunity offered, to survey the landscape, we observed that the river would very soon become crooked as before. The straight stretch was probably owing to the valley having a more decided dip in this location. From lunch time till evening the shore was thickly covered with bear tracks, which seemed to increase as evening came on. We continued in our boat rather later than usual, hoping to find a place where bear tracks were not so numerous, but instead of improving the prospect grew worse. About dark we reached an open place, and concluded that if we must camp among bears we would rather meet them in the open. Here we landed and brought our goods ashore. The place looked like a veritable play ground, or den for bears. Not only was the ground tramped down, and the grass worn off, but the trees had the bark scraped off, and some were actually smooth from the bears climbing up and down. However, here we were, and here we intended to stay for the night. There was plenty of dry wood about, enabling us to make a fire, which we knew would not attract the bears even if it did not

frighten them. We built a fire around us, leaving the water side clear, and lay down in our blankets with our rifles beside us; but, strange to say, while the presence of bears was so clearly indicated, not a sign of one was seen. Some thirty miles or more down the river our maps showed a place called Grizzly Bear Coulee, and our minds were filled with thoughts of grizzly bears. We would not have been much frightened by a black bear or two, but the grizzlies we did not care to meet.

As no tent had been pitched, we were able to make an unusually early start the following morning. But alas! for our rapid progress of yesterday, the straight river course was at an end. It again took to winding back and forward through the

as heartily as we could off any other meat than pork, and we were tired out and ready for dinner long before noon came; so, for this reason, I always kept a stock of pork on hand.

The only beavers that were seen on this journey were found here. They were busily engaged in building their houses of sticks and mud. And strong, indeed, their houses are. Frequently in other parts of the country the writer has met with these industrious little animals, and found their houses so strongly built that they would bear the weight of several men. On one occasion, with two half breeds Indians, I made an effort to see inside of one of these houses by cutting through the roof. We knew the houses to contain beaver, for they had been seen swimming in the water, and had dived as we approached. But

before an opening was cut into the beaver house the Indians had both become fatigued and were willing to let the beavers alone. I have frequently found stumps of trees as large as eight inches in diameter gnawed off by these hard-working beavers. Those found on the Battle we made no effort to molest, leaving them to enjoy their newly-built houses.

Towards evening on the thirtieth two fine black bears came down the hillside to the water a short distance ahead of our boat. They apparently did not see us, for they at once entered the river and began swimming to the other side. The larger bear had waded in, the cub still standing on the bank, when my brother fired. At the sound of his gun they both turned, and as they disappeared into the bushes we fired again. Landing our boat, we gave chase through the thicket, frequently having to crawl on our hands and knees. After



FIRST LAKE, DEVIL'S RIVER, QUEBEC.

This small lake is in the centre of a very good game country,—deer, ruffed grouse and duck being more than usually abundant. In the lake itself there are some very large pike.

valley, and was often very shallow, with numerous sand-bars across it. We had been fortunate in securing a lot of ducks, and were preparing some of these for dinner at our camping place close beside the water, when I dropped my sheath-knife into the river. Ordinarily a knife is an article of no great value, but, located as we were, where a new one could not be had, I felt it a serious loss. As the water had not seemed very deep, I stripped myself to wade in after the knife, but found the water here not less than ten feet deep, with a rapid current. Several dives were made in the cold, deep stream, searching for the knife, and still it was not found. Possibly the current had carried it away, or it had been covered in the mud. As I was becoming cold and stiff from exposure, I decided to let it go; so reluctantly we gave up the search, and proceeded on our way. Ducks were always welcome as a change from salt meat, and yet I was glad to get back again to more solid food. Breakfast

a few hundred yards we reached an open place that was apparently the home play-ground of the bears. Here again the ground was tramped and the grass worn off. They had not waited, however, at their usual play-ground, but had gone on through the woods, there being a path leading out, which they had no doubt taken. We continued to follow them for an hour or more through the woods, but found Mrs. Bruin and her cub very much too rapid in their flight to be overtaken, so reluctantly we gave up the chase and returned to our canoe.

We were, however, somewhat compensated for this disappointment on finding a flock of geese on the water quite near our boat. As we approached they swam away some little distance but still remained on the water. I could not understand and do not now, why these geese refused to fly. They may have had their nests in this vicinity, but for some reason or other the whole flock remained on the water, even after we

had fired. There were twenty altogether, and as game was very plentiful and we could not waste our ammunition, it was a rule that no shots be fired unless we were sure of securing some game. In the case of these geese, we used altogether five charges of ammunition, and killed two birds. The wings and breasts of geese we found to be very tough and poor eating, unless they happened to be young birds, and for that reason preferred ducks when we could get them.

On the following day, when passing a small island in the river, I observed a black bear standing on the beach. This one again immediately headed for the woods, and while we gave chase for a mile or so it was plainly useless, as he had, a start of us. At this time year food is plentiful. Berries were growing in the woods, so the bears could easily find all the food they needed. In this condition they are only glad to escape, and will not, unless cornered, show fight.

On arriving at the mouth of Grizzly Bear Coulee we found hanging from the tree, in a very conspicuous place, a flag to which a letter was attached, written by Hamilton and stating that they had passed this place on August sixth, which was nine days previous to our arrival.

On August eighteenth the river proved to be very crooked again, and we made slow time. There was not a breath of wind, the air was filled with smoke and the sun was pouring down on our heads, so that the canoe was like an oven. Lunch camp was made on a stony beach, but we were off again in half an hour, hoping to reach the end of our journey by nightfall.

A few minutes before six o'clock about four hundred yards ahead, and just as we were rounding a bend in the river, we came in sight of camp. The prairie party had reached this crossing about a week before and been anxiously waiting our arrival. The river all day had been very shallow with numerous sand-bars in the wider parts, stony rapids and bends, so that in many places there was very little more than enough water to float us over. The valley was open from the river bed and the banks were fringed with willows and broken by coulees. As has already been described, wild fowl, principally ducks and geese, had been seen in great numbers. They were found feeding among the reeds along the river, and in large numbers at Grattan Lake, and were tame enough to be easily shot. Rabbits and other small animals were also numerous. Here were seen also eight black and cinnamon bears, a red deer, two herds of antelope, a lynx, and several packs of wolves. No buffalo had been seen. It is likely the last ever seen in that region was a herd of twelve seen by my brother the previous summer, and as they were foing south were probably killed by the Blackfoot Indians. It was now the nineteenth of August, and the first white man's voyage down the Battle River was at an end. We had been on the way thirty-two days, during which time we had come, including the rivers diversions, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles.

The river journey being over, our plan was to proceed overland on horseback and in wagons again to Calgary. The route laid out was away to the south of the Battle River, passing by way of the Neutral Hills and Sounding Lake, on to the Hand Hills and up to the Rosebud River, from thence skirting the Blackfeet reservation on to Calgary.

The morning was occupied in getting our party in travelling order. The wagons were packed in the most convenient way, placing lunch kettles and such articles where they could be easily reached. The party was now complete again, having three men on horseback and one each with wagon and buckboard. The starting day for the overland trip was ushered in

with heavy rain which delayed our moving till the afternoon. To climb the high south bank of the Battle valley and reach the elevation of the plain was our first task. A coulee with gradually sloping sides was followed. Up this valley we made our way till overtaken by darkness, when we camped beside fresh water. The country was covered on the slopes with buffalo grass and clumps of poplar, and in the hollows with sleughs fringed with willows. There was an Indian fish trap in the river near the crossing we had left, and from this we took about sixty fish, which lasted several days. While the wagons were making their way across the plain, it was the custom of the leader to take the fastest horse and make flying trips to one side and the other for the purpose of examining the country. The prairie in this immediate vicinity had recently been burned over, and was a black and desolate place indeed.

On the morning of the twenty-first, taking the best saddle horse with him, my brother started eastward to make an examination of some geological exposures, and was not seen again till late in the afternoon, when he caught up with the wagon, and after taking a fresh horse and leaving his tired one to run behind the wagon, he started off again on a second side trip away from the rest of the party. No fresh water could be found by which to camp at night, so that travelling was often continued till after dark. On this particular night, which was clear and fine, the evening was very much enjoyed and especially by the writer, who had for so long a time been confined in the narrow limits of the valley. Coming to a little stream of fresh water on a part of the prairie that had not been burned, we pitched our tents in the bright, clear moonlight, and enjoyed a sentimental hour after supper by our camp, fire in conversation and story-telling till bed-time came.

While on the plains a very common article of diet consisted of bannack; and as we were now entering the prairie country, where wood was scarce, a large supply of these was made sufficient to last a week or more. Bread was a luxury that we did not often have. Numerous side trips were made in the vicinity of Sounding Lake and down Sounding River. And then the party turned westward through the Neutral Hills. As a general thing, the lakes or sloughs found on this part of the prairie were alkali, and entirely unfit for drinking purposes, so that much care was taken in selecting camping sites.

On the morning of the twenty-third, instructions were given that the wagons and two horsemen should start westward through the Neutral Hills, while two others went eastward around Sounding Lake to the Battleford trail. Near the lake was found a very fine black pony, without brands, but with a white diamond on his forehead. It was running loose and had doubtless strayed from some other camp, or possibly had wandered down from Battleford. No effort was made, however, to catch this horse, for the reason that it did not belong to us, and also because we had enough of our own.

Provisions were now running very short, and there was little expectation of replenishing our supply before reaching Calgary, which was at best ten days, travel distant. It became, therefore, necessary to make all haste on the way.

An amusing incident occurred one day in the Neutral Hills, when the writer saw at a little distance what he took to be a fine white badger sitting on his haunches. Having a rifle on my saddle, I hastened towards it, and on killing the little fellow I found him to be a beautiful black and white skunk. My horse was a spirited beast, and when I undertook to carry the skunk upon the saddle the horse took a decided objection. He had

been fairly well broken in, but still knew most of the tricks of the western horses, such as bucking, lying down with the rider, rearing, etc. At first my horse thought he would run away from the fragrant odor, and accordingly set out on a gallop with the rider and the skunk still on his back. Finding that this did not free him from his new companion, he tried some other means, and finally succeeded in throwing the skunk from the saddle, though the writer still held his seat. He galloped for half a mile or more before I could bring him to a stop, but finally I turned him around again and went back after the skunk. But do what I would, the horse concluded he would not keep company with that kind of animal. Beating and other kinds of persuasion were useless, so I was finally obliged to give up that means of carrying the skunk, and threw the creature in the wagon. But I soon found from the cook that it

prominent ones can easily be remembered, and as the position of these at certain hours becomes known, the ability to thus tell the time is easily acquired.

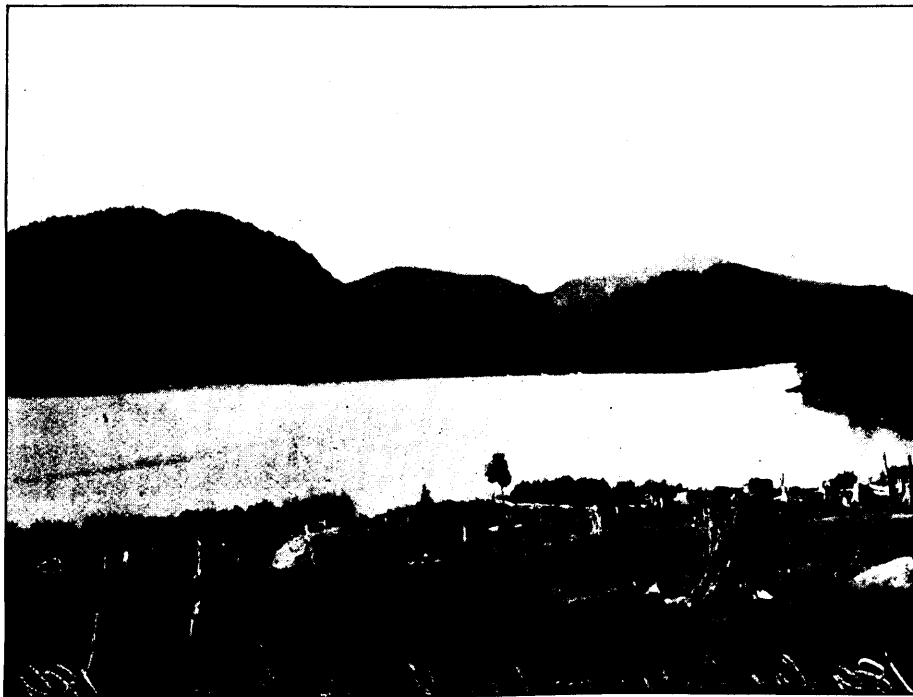
Proceeding onward through the Neutral Hills, one of the highest points was climbed, from which a fine view of the surrounding plain was seen. On the summit of this hill was a cairn of stones, nine feet across at the base and six and one-half feet high. Under another smaller cairn I found the blade of a paddle buried? It is said that the Neutral Hills were the boundary line between the territory of the Crees to the north and of the Blackfeet Indians to the south.

From this high elevation the topography of the surrounding country could well be seen. Numerous lakes and sloughs studded the landscape, and here and there were coulees with little streams running through them. Sounding Lake stood

out quite clearly to the eastward, and to the west was the Nose Hill, beyond which is the valley of the Ribstone Creek. Near the water-courses and fresh lakes were numerous clumps of poplar trees, and at other places there were frequent groves of willow and other bushes. The only camping place that could be found on this occasion was by the shore of an alkali lake, with its treacherous, shiny surface. On approaching one of these lakes it was the practice of the writer to consider the water good, provided birds or frogs were seen in or around it. On the other hand, when a slough was found in which a frog could not live, and through which a bird would not dare to wade, then it was certainly not suitable for a camping place. By a little practice one can usually tell by the appearance of the water's surface whether it is salt or not. The alkali lakes have a peculiar greenish appearance, though frequently the water itself when taken up is clear enough.

I remember once on a previous expedition, after travelling all day past alkali lakes on a sweltering hot day in summer, finally coming to a pond, the surface of which was covered with a thick-green skum. Numerous frogs and reptiles were sunning around the edge, that jumped with startling cries as we approached. Sand-pipes, too, were feeding around the lake, so I concluded that the water was good for a man to drink. Brushing away the green skum from the surface, I indulged in a heavy draught, and though at other times it might not have seemed so good, on this occasion it was delightfully refreshing. Some others of the party, however, who indulged too freely after a whole day of thirst suffered during the night with severe attacks of vomiting.

On climbing to the summit of the Neutral Hills the mounted men only made the ascent. Even then it was so difficult to climb that it was necessary for the riders to dismount and lead their horses. My barometer here showed an



LAC SUPERIEUR, NEAR ST. FAUSTIN.

This view was taken late one September afternoon from the Pioneer Farm, where the widow of a French general officer has settled. The lake itself holds quantities of trout, and among the hills shown in the picture the ruffed grouse shooting during September and October is hard to beat.

was not wanted there, so it was suspended from the wagon axle, where it remained till night.

We again travelled late before reaching water, and as the night was very fine we lay down on the open prairie without tents or other protection, and beneath the starlit sky went off to sleep. There are very few who appreciate the beauty of the heavens so much as those who make a custom of sleeping on the open plain. Night after night when thus rolled up in our blankets, with no tents over us, I have lain awake with other members of the party talking for an hour or more, admiring the brightness and beauty of the sky, watching the position of the various constellations as they move onward in their course. After a few weeks or months of such experience it becomes an easy matter on waking at any time of night to tell very closely the hour by the position of the stars. A few of the more

elevation of four hundred and fifty feet above the surrounding country. From this elevation I distinctly counted not less than seventy-five different lakes and sloughs.

As no drinking water could be found on the night of the twenty-sixth, it was necessary to camp without it, and make an early start the following morning before breakfast, when a large lake was found about ten o'clock. The water of this lake was milky in color, but it was found to be fairly good. A number of ducks were seen on it, three of which Maloney killed with his horsewhip, and several others he shot with a revolver. This water we named Hamilton Lake, after one of the members of our party.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN EXPLORATION TO THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

By St. Croix.

(Continued from our November Issue.)

This, to my mind, is the whole secret of the wonderful power the adult Indian possesses. His aim and object is to inure himself to hardship and to develop his strength, no matter whether it be walking, or paddling, or portaging, and in the end, should he live through his apprenticeship, he will be a strong, hardy man. Of course, a great many of the young men and boys die owing to their neglect of themselves, and I am quite sure that if we white men who dwell in cities took the same liberties with our health, we should die off to the last one; it is only the wondrous healthiness of an open air life which gives the stamina to resist. After hours spent wading in icy water the Indian will cast himself on a bed of wet boughs, covered, either by a well-worn blanket, or even, perchance, by none at all, and sleep as soundly as we do in our beds at home.

It was late in the afternoon before we got away from North Temiskaming. Frank Lemire was very anxious to accompany me, but unfortunately the poor fellow's eyes are so weak that he has to wear green glasses, and if there is one point I insist upon in an Indian, it is that he shall have good eyesight. We only succeeded in reaching a point on the White River five miles from the mouth, and six from North Temiskaming, just before sundown. We made a good camp, but I could not sleep towards morning owing to the cold. That night the thermometer fell to 38° Far., but there was no frost, and, so far as I know, the wonderful crops raised by the settlers on the lower part of the White River were nowhere touched by frost this summer. When we passed up the river the fields of oats were fast ripening, and, as I learned on my way out, most of the settlers began harvesting on August 24th. But fine as were the oats, I think the great fields of potatoes, with their dark green vines almost knee-high, beat them.

At low water, such as existed when I went up the river, this stream for the first twenty-two miles resembles a canal, excepting that, instead of being straight, it turns and twists like an adder. There was absolutely no current; the water was turbid, and every few rods the greasy clay banks had broken away in landslides. This may not seem an attractive country, but my experience has always been that rivers of this description are the haunts of game, while the clear, rocky, picturesque torrents have only their scenery to offer you. Of course, in the matter of fishing the White River is an inferior stream. There are pike, and doré, and eels and other things in it, but they are all of muddy flavor and not worthy of a

fisherman's attention. Yet the whole valley of the White River is a game preserve, and moose, bear, the fur-bearing animals, and innumerable ruffed grouse make it a most desirable place from the point of view of a sportsman. For the first twenty-two miles the river is navigable at ordinary high water by a steamboat having a draft of four feet; then it becomes shallow, rocks appear, and a couple of miles further on the first rapid is reached. At the head of steamboat navigation an old Englishman has carved a home for himself out of the forest. Uncle Tom is known far and wide, being very popular amongst his fellow settlers. Between his log house and the north pole there is none, save a few scattered Indians, Hudson Bay officials, wandered Innuits, and every now and then the members of some Polar expedition. Uncle Tom is possessed—though he probably does not know it—with the old Anglo-Saxon spirit of adventure, which more than any other force, under Providence, has been the civilizing factor in the world's progress.

The oldest settlers on the lower White River moved in but five years ago; in fact, until a couple of seasons back there was hardly anybody there. Now the axe is being swung right and left, and it will not be many years before all that part of Northern Ontario will be a well-settled region. And, unfortunately, in the wake of the axe comes the fire; and then, where all was green and pleasant, is a wilderness of blackened rampikes waving grimly over the charred remains of the wild things of the woodland. This summer the fire fiend has played great havoc with hundreds of square miles in Northern Ontario, and from the east of Liskard to the west of Kippewa Lake, a tract of burnt land now extends with hardly any interruption. This embraces the first nine miles of the White River. From its mouth to Otter Brook there was hardly a settler's house left standing after the flames had passed. Driven by a furious west wind the flames leapt enormous distances—in one case I noticed the blackened beams of a destroyed homestead which had stood more than 400 yards from the nearest woodland.

However, this was not an unmixed evil, because, now these lands are half cleared, and as they are of first-rate quality, level, rich, and free from stone, they will become farms perhaps sooner than they would have in the ordinary course of events. Yet much distress and suffering was caused, and had not the government stepped in and provided work by which the men could support their families, things would have been at a pretty pass.

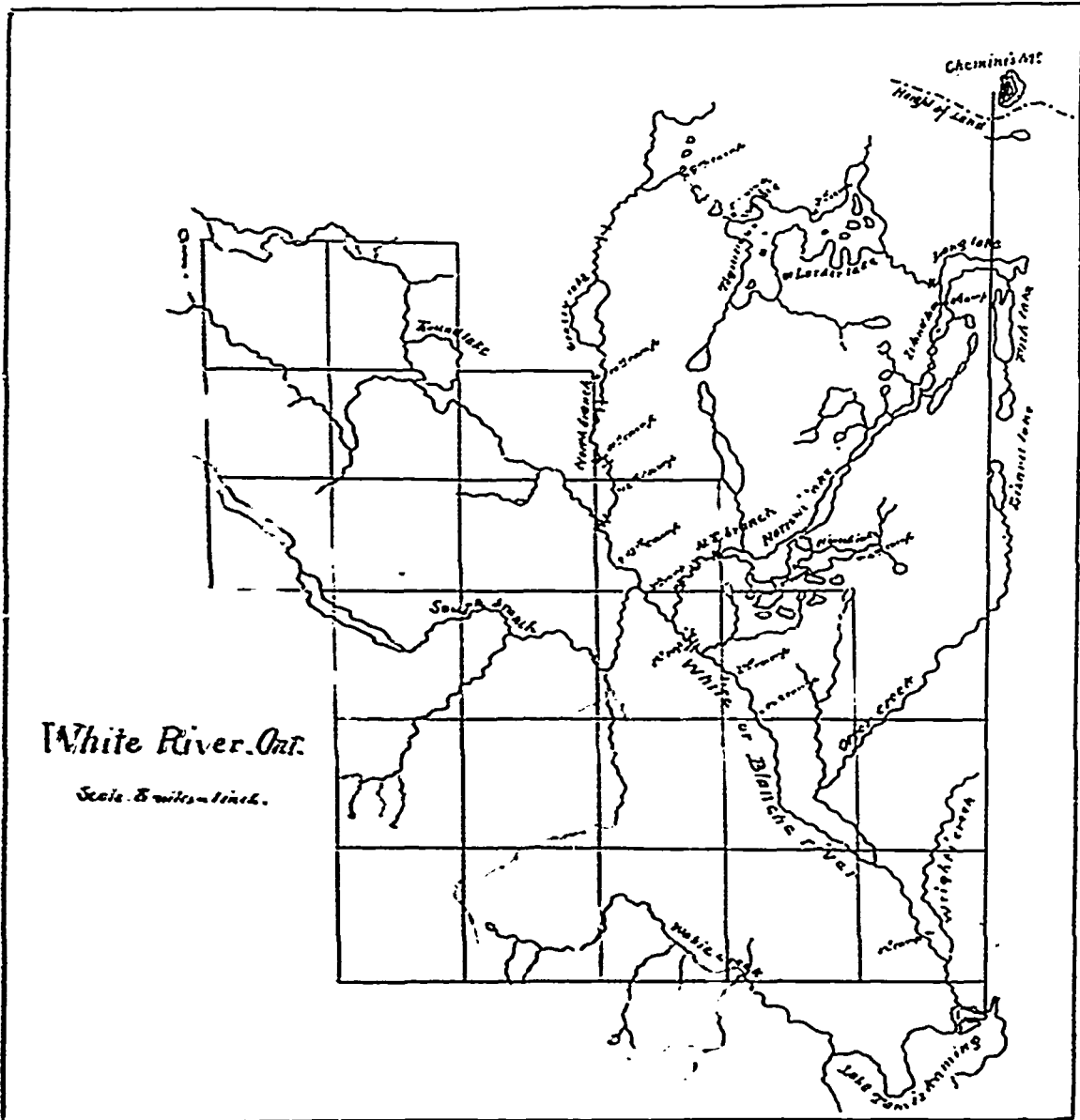
It seems to have been the fate of this country to be ravaged by fire at irregular intervals through the ages. These clay lands cake, and become very dry during the long, hot summer. The streams shrink into their beds, and the smaller brooks dry up completely; at such times lightning, or a spark from a hunter's fire, may kindle a blaze which will spread far and wide ere it is extinguished. As I stood upon an elevation near the mouth of the North Fork, on my return journey, I overlooked a great extent of country; I could see twenty-five miles in any direction—and this is what I saw: A great, gently-rolling land, the highest hills of which did not exceed 150 feet in height, covered by a heavy second growth of aspen and white birch. It had evidently been burned over, though undoubtedly long ago. John said that the fire swept it one hundred years ago, but this is an elastic expression with the Indian, and means, simply that a certain thing happened before the speaker was born. I think, however, that there is every evidence that the same fire which undoubtedly swept the shores of Temagaming continued onward in its course, at least, to the Height

of Land. It was probably driven by a strong west wind, just as was the case this summer; for at that season easterly winds are uncommon, and when they do come bring rain.

Of course this blaze must have had a great effect upon the game supply. Fifty years ago the country had entirely recovered itself as far as the fur-bearing animals were concerned, but of big game there were only bear and caribou and some

make starvation wages where he could once upon a time rely upon the returns from his line of traps.

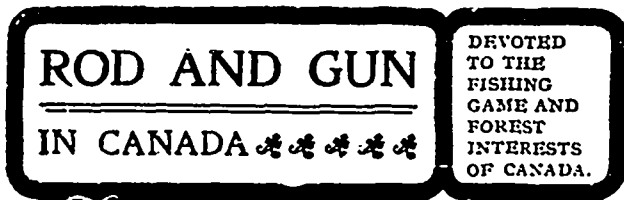
While we were in camp below the first rapid I noticed a peculiarity in the Indian's method of measuring the rise and fall of a stream. In the morning John came to me with a long face, and said the river had fallen six inches. This was bad news, because six inches of a fall would add considerably to our



deer. Twenty-five years ago there were few, if any, moose on the White River, and the Indians did not begin to kill them in any numbers until the end of the eighties—mind you I am only giving the story as I heard it from John—but since that the moose have become more numerous each year, but the Virginia deer have decreased, while the caribou have almost disappeared, and the bear are getting quite scarce. The fur-bearing animals have been trapped far too closely, so that the Indians may only

difficulties, so I went to investigate. I soon found that John's idea of a six-inch decrease was founded upon the fact that the water's edge had retreated by about that amount, but, as the measurement was made on a hard clay bank, which was almost level, the surface of the water had certainly not fallen more than a scant inch. The lumbermen make the same mistake. They will often tell you that such and such a river is twenty

Continued on page 11.



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We publish elsewhere in this issue a letter from Mr. John McArce, of Rat Portage, in which he states that the protection hitherto accorded the "wood" buffalo of the North-West is about to end. It seems that there is good reason to believe the buffalo in the Mackenzie River basin number several hundred, as one band was seen in which there were 250 animals. This shows the beneficent effect of protection; a dozen years ago careful census taken by numerous hunters in the Hudson Bay Company's employ gave the number of animals in the herd as between 70 and 80, hence the buffalo on the Mackenzie River have more than trebled in a single decade.

Should the protection hitherto afforded by the Dominion Government be withdrawn, within five years, perhaps within two, there will not be a single wild buffalo left alive in Canada. The pelts and skeletons of each of these buffalo would be worth, on an average, \$500 to any skin hunter who slaughtered them, and we may be very sure that the skin hunter will make it his own particular business to convert the values of these pelts and skeletons into bad whiskey just as soon as the fear of the mounted police is removed.

On the other hand, should Canada continue to protect her "wood" buffalo, it is quite possible that where we now have hundreds we shall in a few years have thousands. We cannot afford to follow the example set us by our great neighbor at the south, and the sportsmen of Canada should do their best to impress upon the Government that adequate protection must be afforded the buffalo of the Mackenzie Valley.

It seems a pity that on this side of the Atlantic we have followed the lead of the early settlers in the nomenclature of game, for they were, as a rule, uneducated, and set a very bad example. We have in the Virginia deer one of the most graceful of known species—and to this beautiful animal we apply the term buck or doe, names, which, however admirable they may be in the case of a Belgian hare, are singularly inappropriate to designate the male and female of the Virginia deer. In venery the male and female of the deer kind are known as "stag and hind, and we should do well to cure ourselves of the bad habit into which we have fallen, and forget as quickly as possible such un-sportsmanlike words as buck and doe.

A very large black bass of the small-mouthed species was caught recently in Belmont Lake, Ontario. It weighed 6 lbs. and 4 oz.; the captor was a young farmer of the neighborhood, John King by name. The fish was 23 inches long by 16 inches girth.

A valuable addition was made last month to the zoological collection in the National Park at Banff, Alberta. Three yearling moose were purchased by the Crown Lands Department from the Indians living at Lac du Bonnet, Manitoba, and forwarded to the corrals under the shadow of Mt. Peechee. They will, of course, be separated from the buffalo, as otherwise there would be some battles-royal between the bulls of the two species.

The International Forest, Fish and Game Association of Pennsylvania is holding its first exposition as we go to press. The closing has been set for December 21st.

This Association was recently organized for the purpose of promoting interest in the preservation of forest, fish and game, especially in the United States and Canada.

Sixteen acres at the exposition are available for the exhibits of forestry, live game, fishes, game birds and animals, with all accessories thereto, artificial lakes, Indian villages, sportsmen's camps, log cabins, Indian tepees, canoeing, boating, swimming, diving, water polo, roller polo, basket-ball, indoor base-ball, tennis and other features.

Our frontispiece this month shows a charming scene on the Devil's River, Quebec. The point chosen for reproduction is about a mile below the mouth of the gorge, or canon, through which the river runs after plunging over the Stair or Devil's Fall. The scenery is most magnificent, and as the lumberman has not yet appeared, the forest is still in its primitive beauty. There is good fishing and shooting to be had in the neighborhood. This delightful wilderness is easiest reached by way of St. Faustin, Quebec. The Devil's River flows through the heart of the Laurentians.

Mr. W. A. Howell, superintendent of Indian affairs, and Mr. Ashdown-Green, surveyor for the Indian Department, recently visited the country tributary to Lake Cluskus, B.C., which is reached by a trail from the head of Burke Channel. Like so many other parts of British Columbia, this region was absolutely unknown to all save a few wandering Stick Indians and prospectors. The explorers found abundance of caribou and goat, and in the lakes trout and round fish, the latter being a species of whitefish.

According to an American exchange, the carcasses of the white goat are so scarce in the United States that scientific men are awaiting the early decease (something which is confidently expected) of the nannie which was pictured in last month's *Rod and Gun*, and which is now in the Philadelphia Zoo, so that they may study its anatomy. There is something rather amusing in this statement, because from the mountains of the Boundary District all the way up to the northern border of British Columbia, the white goat is the most abundant animal we have, the blacktail and mule deer only excepted. The market price of skins is not more than \$1.50, and as the flesh of the full grown animals is too strong for the average white stomach, most men leave them severely alone. It is surprising that more scientific sportsmen have not been

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venturesome enough to take a four-day ride in a comfortable sleeping car, with a certainty of a shot at the white goat a few hours after leaving the train.

We have been told that the principal scientific institutions of the United States, and of several European countries, would like to have specimens of the white goat of the Rocky Mountains in the flesh, in order to study its anatomy. This animal is very abundant in certain parts of British Columbia, and as *Rod and Gun* has many friends in that province, we think that we could obtain freshly killed specimens of the animal for scientific institutions. We shall be very happy to do this in the cause of science, and will make no charge for our services. In the depth of winter there should be very little difficulty in transporting these animals to any part of the United States, and now that cold storage chambers are provided by most of the Atlantic Lines, there would hardly be any more in sending them to Europe. It seems a pity that such an interesting animal, and one so typically Canadian, should be so little known to scientific men.

The growth of interest in rifle shooting has been very marked of late in the Dominion. Since July ninety rifle associations have been formed in Canada. Of these, sixty-five are civilian clubs, and twenty-five military organizations. The membership of these new bodies is 4,050. Among the new ranges being constructed are those of Fredericton, N.B., and Lunenburg, N.S.

There is no reason why Canada should not rank as one of the leading countries in the world in rifle shooting. The natural temperament of the people inclines them toward field sports and feats of skill; the Dominion holds more game suitable for the rifle than almost any other country, and that great drawback under which the United Kingdom suffers—lack of vacant space—does not certainly exist here. The ground for suitable ranges is unlimited, and there is hardly a village or town in the Dominion which could not lay out a 2,000 yard range, and we hope that the day is not far distant when the ratepayers will insist upon this being done. In addition to fixed targets at known distances, there should certainly be disappearing and moveable ones at unknown ranges. Should such provision be made we think rifle shooting will become at least as popular as skating, or lacrosse, and give our young men a training which will be far more valuable to the country than mere skill in any game.

Mr. A. C. Bertram, the fishery inspector for Cape Breton, seems to be doing good work in opposing poachers, dynamiters, and out-of-season fishermen. It is said the salmon are more than holding their own in Cape Breton.

AN EXPLORATION TO THE HEIGHT OF LAND

(Continued from page 9)

feet higher in the spring, and what they mean is that there is a difference of twenty feet between the edge of the water at summer level and in spring time.

The morning of August 10th was wet, and we did not break camp until midday. The first rapid was soon reached, and after a portage which only occupied a few minutes we launched the canoe in the slack water above the rapid. The rain apparently had done but little good, the dry ground soaking up what fell like a sponge, and I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that our projected voyage up the south branch, and portage over into the Montreal River, must be abandoned. In the spring the Indians pass from one river to another by a portage not exceeding two and a half miles in length, using a small brook up which they drag their canoes for many miles after leaving the south branch proper. I felt sure, however, from the pitch of water in the main river that we should find this brook dry, and should therefore be confronted by a portage of at least fifteen miles, and as we could not hope to carry everything over in one trip, this would mean thirty miles loaded and fifteen light—which was something I did not care to undertake for the fun of the thing.

So I listened with a ready ear to John's tales of a wonderful lake which was at the head of a tributary of the north-east branch, and very near the height of land. This unexplored sheet was, he said, known to the Indians as Te-gou-sie-wabie, meaning the Storehouse or Larder. It seems that whenever an Indian was out of meat, and happened to be within a day or two's paddle of Larder Lake, he lost no time in making his way there; its shores were said to teem with game, and its waters to be absolutely stiff (as the Irishman said) with trout. No surveyor had ever been there, and only one or two white men. A certain William Judge, lately of Montana, had visited it searching for gold, and ignoring the old name by which it has been known for centuries, called it President Lake. But we have no presidents in this country, and I trust we shall not permit Larder Lake to change its name. All this sounded good enough, so when an hour or two after leaving the rapid we came to the north-east branch, I told John he could turn up it.

The main river had been sluggish and deep; the branch was rapid and shallow. For a couple of miles all hands and the cook had to get out and wade. The bottom of the canoe suffered somewhat severely, and as she was leaking like a sieve, we halted for the night at the first rapid on the branch—a most picturesque spot—four miles from the mouth.

Fresh moose tracks had been abundant on either bank all day, and we saw a great deal of bear sign. This summer the blueberries were a complete failure in that part of Ontario, and, in consequence, all the bears in the country were along the streams feeding on the high bush cranberries. In some places it would hardly be an exaggeration to say the bushes were broken down by the acre. I remember one low point where for hundreds of yards the bears had smashed everything down to get at the fruit. But master Bruin is a very cautious fellow and kept out of our way with remarkable success. We passed on the way up the remains of a moose which an Indian had killed a week or two before—for close seasons are not observed near the height of land—but of this I shall have more to say later on.

We had a very comfortable camp overlooking the rapid, which is short but dangerous, the river falling seven feet in

one hundred yards. I was awakened by the cold on Sunday morning, August 11th, just at daylight. The thermometer in my tent stood at 38 Far., yet no touch of frost was visible even in the hollows. The river was so low that I cached half my stuff, making a bundle of it, and swinging it from the limb of a big pitch pine, and to make matters doubly sure I shot an over-inquisitive squirrel and tied him to the bundle as an object lesson to his brethren. It is strange, though true, that all the wild creatures of the woods are inordinately fond of salt pork. If you leave any of this indispensable article on the ground the rabbits will find it out, and if you tie it to a branch the squirrels and Canada jays will make the most frantic efforts to get at it. The only remedy which I have been able to discover is to kill one of the robbers and hang it near the cache. This sometimes keeps the rest away, as, by the bye, it did in this case.

We left camp about 5 a.m., and after a mile and a half's paddling against a moderate current and between high clay banks we came to a rather stiff piece of water, which, however, we manage to pole up. Half a mile beyond we were halted by some superb falls, past which we portaged. Then another half mile, and we had to go ashore on account of a log jam, which necessitated our carrying our stuff fifty yards through the bush; and three quarters of a mile higher up we landed at the foot of the Long Portage. Here we had luncheon, afterwards tackling the carry of one and a half miles to Narrow Lake. This is a very stiff portage, as a steep ridge 120 feet high has to be climbed. One can hear the noise of falls, though they are not visible from the portage, and John said there were four of them between Narrow Lake and the foot of Long Portage. Half way along the carry a faint trail turns off to the right, and if this be followed for half a mile it will lead to a small pond where the moose feed, and where the Indians get one occasionally. The lower part of Narrow Lake is not so picturesque as the upper part. At the narrows the scenery becomes almost grand; on the south side a tremendous cliff, known as the Eagle's Nest, is a conspicuous landmark. The lake itself is full of pike and doré, and, of course, holds nothing else. We reached the head of the lake at half past three, and then carried all our belongings three quarters of a mile S. S. E. to Hardwood Lake, which bears a good reputation for moose. Between these two lakes is a heavy growth of Norway pine, the only bunch of pine, with one exception, which we saw during our expedition, and this growth cannot contain more than 200,000 sq. feet. We paddled leisurely up Hardwood Lake, and near the head came upon our first moose. It was a two year old bull snatching its supper from the lily pads, and although the wind was unfavorable, we got within 150 yards before he winded us. Then we had a fine view of him as he made away. We could follow him as he trotted through the rushes, making the water and the mud fly as he did so, and we watched him cross a small bog and enter, presently, the edge of the forest. It was growing dark when we pitched our camp a mile up a dead water which comes in at the head of the lake. We had travelled fourteen miles against the current and had made five portages, so that the reader will understand there were no complaints of insomnia next morning.

The weather had now turned warmer, and next morning the thermometer stood at 52 Far. when I arose at 5 a.m. The August temperature in the region between Temiskaming and Abitibi is almost perfect. Earlier in the season the flies are somewhat too attentive, but after the first of the month they

need not be dreaded, although it would not be true to say there are none, because, as every woodsman knows, there may be an hour or two in the day when they are troublesome, even as late as the middle of October; but, practically speaking, there are no mosquitoes or black flies in the northern woods after August 1st. We started down the lake at 7 o'clock, and along the shores saw numerous fresh tracks of moose which had visited the lake during the night. At this season of the year, although the cows and calves come out to feed late in the afternoon, the young bulls rarely do so before dusk, and the old fellows hardly ever leave the forest until midnight. They feed until about 6 a.m., when they again wander off into the bush. In summer the bulls are generally, if not always, found apart from the cows. I believe this is on account of the savageness of their disposition; they are so bad tempered that were the cows not to take the calves away the old bulls would kill them. In spring it is otherwise, for the habits of the moose vary with the seasons. Just after the ice has gone out of the rivers it is no uncommon thing to see moose in broad daylight, either singly or in bunches. An Indian saw seven in one band last spring on the White River. These are all bulls, however, the cows having young calves by their sides keep very much in retirement.

As we paddled quietly down the lake, John told me of an adventure he once had, which explains the absence of caribou wherever moose are numerous. He was hunting on the north branch of the White River, toward the end of November. There a sprinkling of snow on the ground, just sufficient for good tracking, and he was following the trail of a big bull moose which he thought not very far in front. As he followed cautiously in the wake of the animal he heard a great noise in the bushes ahead, and advancing cautiously found that a tremendous battle was raging between a bull moose and a bull caribou. But it did not last long. The moose was too much for his adversary, and the caribou staggered away a defeated animal. After going about twenty yards he lurched forward, and died. John then shot the moose. This shows that the moose will kill caribou, as they undoubtedly do the Virginia deer; in fact, the big bull moose is a savage fellow, and the only time that he meets his match, and rather more than his match, is when he runs up against a two-year-old of his own species. The younger animal is much more agile, and owing to his horn being a long, sharp double spike, it is a very much more efficient weapon than the blunt, palmated antler of the other.

There were great numbers of ducks upon Hardwood Lake, and among them I noticed several species which are generally comparatively scarce in Northern Ontario and Quebec. I saw several mallards and a few widgeon and one or two pintail. We were bound for a small lake lying south from Hardwood, and reached by a good portage not over one hundred and fifty yards long. On this carry we ran into one of the largest packs of ruffed grouse I have ever seen. The woods seemed full of them, and there were also many rabbits. The lake upon which we were now paddling was only of moderate size but very clear. We left it near its eastern extremity, and portaged half a mile S.E. to a third lake, a mere pond, from which we carried a quarter of a mile to a fourth lake. This was almost round, and about a mile in diameter. It is a famous feeding place for moose, and John had often shot them there. At one o'clock we ensconced ourselves upon a rocky point, from which we could see the whole lake, and proceeded to watch for moose.

The sun was warm and the air balmy, so that I was soon asleep; and I have good reason to think that John also took forty winks, but, as the boy was very much awake and had eyes which were very little inferior to an average telescope, it would have been perfectly impossible for any moose to have visited the lake without our knowing it.

But no moose came that afternoon, and at dusk we began our return journey to camp, which was seven long miles away by the road we had to travel. At half-past nine we reached the tent, and after making a brew of tea turned in. As we were paddling up the dead water we heard a moose splashing about among the lily pads, but he got our wind and we did not see him.

On Tuesday, August 13th, we moved our camp back to Narrow Lake, and after an early lunch I sent John and the boy back to our cache at the first rapid, to bring on the rest of the stuff we had left behind. It was fine when they went away, but at half past four a terrific squall struck the lake from the S. W., and I felt anxious as to the safety of the men. It did not last more than fifteen minutes, and was followed by rain, which lasted all night. My principal amusement while they were away was watching the black and white striped hornets catching flies. The inside of my tent was almost black with flies, which had gathered to escape the rain, and the hornets soon found this out. Until dark they made regular visits, and each time that a hornet came he carried a fly away with him. They never seemed to miss their blow, and so quick were they that the eye could not follow them. The hornet would settle upon some object in the tent, and appear make up his mind as to what particular fly he would go for; then followed a dash of inconceivable rapidity—and another fly was being carried off to the hornet's lair. It rained all night, a steady drizzle; but nothing disturbed my rest, excepting that toward morning a fox came prowling round, and caused a great clatter as he made away at speed along the shingly beach. The men got back at noon, and, as luck would have it, had escaped the fury of the squall on the previous afternoon, as they were on the portage at that time. Before lunch I went out for half an hour with my trolling line, and soon had all the pike and doré that we could make use of.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our readers will miss the Dog department this month. Mr. D. Taylor, our Canine Editor, was captured by the sheriff and empanelled upon a jury, consequently we have been unable to obtain from him the dog copy which undoubtedly is secreted somewhere upon his person. We trust that our readers will forgive him and attribute the loss of this month's dog copy to the peculiarities of the British Constitution. Long Live the King!

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Answers to Correspondents.

CHASSEUR—You would find good shooting and fishing in the region reached from Ashcroft, B.C. Ashcroft is a four-day railway journey from Montreal. By making a trip lasting a month you could enjoy eighteen days first-rate sport in the Lillooet district. The game consists of grizzly and black bear, sheep, goat, and blacktail deer. You would get shots at the latter the first day off. There is very good wing shooting, and most wonderful fishing. We know of no better place on the continent.

FORESTRY

"Rod and Gun" is the official organ of the Canadian Forestry Association. The Editors will welcome contributions on topics relating to Forestry.

Edited by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The part which is borne by the plants of the forest in making merry the Christmas season is not small. From very early days in the old land it was the custom to decorate the houses with evergreens, a practice which was derived either from the Romans, who were accustomed to send boughs to their friends at the festival of the Saturnalia, which occurred about the same period, or from the Druids, in whose time the houses were decked with branches in order that the spirits of the forest might seek shelter from them during the bleak winds and frosts of winter. Whatever be the exact origin, the decoration of houses and churches has become firmly connected with Christmastide, and has had wrought into it, sometimes most fancifully, a Christian significance. Holly, Rosemary, Laurel, Bay, Arbor Vite and Ivy are hung in churches and houses, but the Mistletoe is interdicted from places of worship on account of its connection with the Druidic religion. There may possibly be other reasons also why the presence of the Mistletoe would not be compatible with that spirit of reverence which is proper to a sacred edifice.

The Holly was soon designated the Holy-tree, although the derivation of the two words is entirely different, and around it grew up traditions of special virtues it possessed from its associations. In Germany the Holly is known as *Christdorn*—the thorn woven into the crown placed upon our Saviour's head at the time of the Crucifixion, and the thorny foliage and blood-red berries are suggestive of the most Christian associations.

The Mistletoe, which grows as a parasite on the oak and other trees, was from very ancient times considered as a plant having magical properties, and it was specially prominent in the ceremonies of the Druidic worship.

A legend of the old Scandinavian mythology explains the origin of the particular privilege which the Mistletoe permits. Baldur, the Apollo of the North, was rendered by his mother Freya, proof against all injury by the four elements, fire, air, earth and water. Loki, the evil spirit, however, being at enmity with him, fashioned an arrow out of Mistletoe, which proceeded from none of these elements, and placed it in the hands of Hödur, the blind deity, who launched the fatal dart at Baldur and struck him to the earth. The gods decided to restore Baldur to life, and as a reparation for his injury the Mistletoe was dedicated to his mother Freya, whilst, to prevent its being used again adversely to her the plant was placed under her sole control so long as it did not touch the earth, the empire of Loki. On this account it has always been customary to suspend Mistletoe from ceilings, and so, whenever persons of opposite sexes pass under it, they give one another the kiss of peace and love, in the full assurance that the plant is no longer an instrument of mischief.

The Yule Log was the special feature of Christmas eve. On that evening a log of wood, usually of Ash, was brought in

with great rejoicing and cast upon the open hearth, whence it spread its joyous light and warmth over the scene of happiness and merriment with which the occasion was always celebrated.

But the contribution to the Christmas cheer which makes the greatest drain upon the forests of the present day is the furnishing of Christmas trees. When the first faint echoes of the Christmas chimes send out their message on the throbbing air, the youth of the forests, obedient to the signal, take up their march citywards, there to make happy the youth of the human race. And how many bright memories cling about the Christmas tree!

The tree which is employed for this purpose is the Fir, usually the Balsam Fir (*Abies Balsamea*), which is easily distinguished by its small, flat evergreen leaves, with a white under surface, cut across by a green midrib. But we may, perhaps, since we have already wandered away from the domain of science, be permitted to leave a more technical description of the fir tree to some future occasion.

And so we bid you a Merry Christmas!

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MEETING OF THE FORESTRY ASSOCIATION BOARD.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Canadian Forestry Association, held at Ottawa, on the 27th September, a resolution of sympathy with the family of the late Hon. C. W. Allan, who had been a member of the Board, was passed. Mr. C. E. E. Usher, General Passenger Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, was elected to the vacant position on the Board. The following resolutions were also carried:—

Resolved, That the Committee desires to call attention to the great loss sustained by certain of the provinces through forest fires, and especially to that caused by the recent fire in the Temiscamingue district, in the Province of Quebec, which apparently owed its origin to the settlements in the vicinity, and would urge upon both the Provincial and the Dominion authorities the wisdom of withholding from settlement land which is better adapted for timber than for agriculture, and of increased efforts to guard the valuable timber districts.

Resolved, That the Committee desires to draw attention to the necessity for a revision of the "Bush Fire Act," of British Columbia, and especially with reference to Section 9 of said Act. They are of the opinion that the penalties therein mentioned are too light, and would suggest that all after the word "exceeding," in the fourth line thereof, be struck out and the following substituted therefor: "Two hundred dollars nor less than twenty dollars, and in default of payment thereof shall be imprisoned for a term not exceeding six months, and in addition to such penalty shall be liable to civil action for damages at the suit of any person whose property has been injured or destroyed by any such fire; and any railway company permitting a locomotive engine to be run in violation of Sections 7, of this Act, shall be liable to a penalty of two hundred dollars for each offence, to be recovered with costs at any court of competent jurisdiction, and shall also be liable to civil action for any damages that may have resulted from negligence in this regard.

Resolved also, That a copy of this Resolution be sent to the local Forestry Association of British Columbia, asking their co-operation in the matter, also to the Honorable the Commissioner of Lands and Works for that province, and to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

White River, Ont., September 9th, 2001.

In looking over the old records of this important district we have happened upon the following newspaper paragraph, which is of interest as illustrating the careless habits of the somewhat primitive people of that day:—

White River, Sept. 9th, 1901.

"This village has been in considerable jeopardy for a week past from bush fires. No rain of any importance has fallen for a month, and a spark from a locomotive started a fire about the west end mile board several days ago. This fire, *not receiving any attention*, crossed the White River and travelled round till it took in the wooded slope which overlooks the settlement from the south. Southerly winds, ranging from 12 to 20 miles per hour, occurred daily through the week, and despite all effort the fire crossed the river on Thursday last and captured the stock-yard of the C.P.R., destroying some fencing. The sheds and hay building were only saved by persistent hard work and careful watch. By continued vigilance and labor the fire has up to the present been prevented from crossing at other points, but to all intents and purposes we are hemmed in. No immediate danger is apprehended except in case of high winds, the district being to some extent cleared. There is a large acreage of small pine of about five years' growth on the edge of the village to the north, which may be reached before another day passes, but which can be easily fought off."

It may seem strange to us that such fires should "not receive any attention" in their inception, but that they should have been left to meander over the country at their own sweet will, with no one to give them the courtesy of consideration until they forced themselves upon the attention of the indifferent inhabitants by an uncontrollable desire to make of themselves unwelcome guests, whose chief purpose was to possess themselves of the homes and goods of their unwilling hosts. Yet the records of that time are from year to year filled with reports of such fires in almost every part of Canada, threatening and destroying villages and towns. Some of these fires may not have been preventible, but the great majority of them were treated by a policy of masterly inactivity whose principle is propounded in the words "not receiving any attention." It seems incomprehensible that an intelligent people, such as were the people of Canada at that time, should have failed so signally to deal effectively with this matter, but it is a clear evidence of the primitive state of civilization of the period that, in spite of the immense loss and suffering entailed by frequently recurring conflagrations,—in spite of the fact that the Governments were making strenuous efforts to attract immigrants to their unsettled districts,—in spite of the fact that to most of the provinces the forests were the principal sources of revenue, neither Governments nor people appear to have awakened to an idea that anything but a *laissez-faire* policy could be adopted. The individualistic theory was carried to an absurd length. No man felt it his duty to take action until his own property was endangered. And so fires "received no attention" until they were past control, and the beautiful clear days of autumn, which we now enjoy, were shrouded in a smoky pall of mourning for the ruin they had looked upon, till at last the agriculturists suddenly awoke to the fact that they had no longer the control of their fuel supply, but, to use the picturesque language then characteristic of the stump orator, must bind themselves to the chariot wheels of yet another of the combines which they so strongly denounced, and become tributary to the coal barons as well as the coal oil magnates, till at last it burned itself in upon the minds of the legislators that Canada had been pursuing a policy so short-sighted that, in the face of

an increasing demand upon her timber resources, from which she had drawn such vast wealth, she found her forests depleted and destroyed to such an extent that it is only at the present day that by painful effort we are beginning to recover the lost ground, and to make useful and valuable the land which was swept clear so unceasingly and so unprofitably. Perhaps we should not be too harsh in our judgment of our forefathers, but we could have pronounced our blessings on their memory with greater fervor if their policy of "paying no attention" had not created so many unnecessary difficulties to vex succeeding generations.

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RESOURCES OF NORTHERN ONTARIO.

It may, perhaps, be considered that we are a little late in reviewing the Report of the Survey and Exploration of Northern Ontario, issued by the Government of that Province, but there is so much information of a permanent nature in the report that it will probably furnish material for reviews for a long time to come, and the knowledge of the northern districts which has been gained by these expeditions has such a direct bearing upon the future of the forestry policy, primarily for that district, but also for Canada in general, that it would be an unpardonable oversight not to bring it to the notice of our readers.

The field of explorations covered practically the whole of the Province of Ontario north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending to Albany River and James Bay, and ten expeditions were started out from different points along the railway to work north over this vast territory. The principal officers in each party were a surveyor, a land and timber estimator, and a geologist, and the method of exploration followed was to run a base line, sufficiently defined by observations, from which an examination of the country was made up to fifty miles on each side. A conservative estimate of the result shows that north of the height of land in the districts of Nipissing, Algoma and Thunder Bay there is an area of good, mostly clay, soil, covering an area of 15,680,000 acres, or about 25,000 square miles, which is as well suited for agricultural purposes as the Province of Manitoba, as is well evidenced by the results of the efforts in this line made at the Hudson Bay Company's posts throughout that region. The most eastern and southerly outline of this belt is along the Blanche River, at the northern end of Lake Temiskaming, where there is already a considerable settlement. Running north-westerly, at a distance of about forty-two miles, this tract joins the great clay belt, the southern limit of which takes a westerly direction, but tending north, coming within a distance of a little over twenty miles of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Grasett Station, which is about forty miles north of Michipicoten Harbor, on Lake Superior, and near where the Algoma Central Railway proposes to connect with the Canadian Pacific. From there it bends more northerly till it passes north of Lake Nipigon. The eastern portion of this district is low and wet, and as it is consequently covered by moss, which keeps the ground cold, the timber is not of a large average productiveness, while the land would need to be well drained in order to ensure the successful growing of crops. Spruce and tamarac, averaging eight inches in diameter, are the prevailing trees, but there are also poplar, balm of gilead, white birch, cedar and banksian pine. The average of pulpwood it would be possible to obtain in that district is estimated at seven cords

per acre, cutting to four inches in diameter. Farther west the land rises and fewer muskegs are found, so that there would be no difficulty in commencing agricultural operations on perhaps seventy-five per cent. of this land as soon as it is cleared, while the pulpwood on the average timbered area rises to forty or fifty cords. Practically no pine was found, although there was evidence in some small scattered patches that a large pine forest may have existed before it was swept away by the fires, signs of which are everywhere seen. The quantity of pulpwood for the whole district is estimated at 288,000,000 cords.

But this still leaves two regions of great extent which are found to be mainly of a nature unfit for agriculture. There is, first, the Lake Temagaming region, west of Lake Temiskaming, which has an area of pine equalling about three billion feet. The soil is mainly rocky and agriculturally unproductive, and is clearly best suited for timber. A very similar district as to soil is that lying west from Lake Nipigon, but the timber at present on the land is not nearly of as great value as that in the Lake Temagami district, though at the western extremity there is a considerable area of pine. Small and large game, including moose, caribou and deer, are found in all these districts, and the waters yield to the sportsman's harvest salmon, trout, bass, pickerel and pike.

The great objects gained by this examination from a forestry point of view are, first, that we are in a position to know more definitely what our timber resources are, and it shows that, though we have a very large quantity of pulpwood yet available, we have practically no further areas of pine, our most valuable timber, beyond those already in reach, and we can therefore estimate with some degree of certainty what the future of this industry will be.

The second object gained is that we are in a position to direct settlement to the districts best suited to it, and to hold for timber production the lands unfitted for agriculture. The Government has already taken an important step in this direction, by setting apart the pine lands in the Lake Temagaming district as a forest reserve. Indeed, the Government has evidently adopted definitely this policy—and it is one in which they should be strongly supported—for they have refused to open for settlement the Township of Lorraine, on the west side of Lake Temiscamingue, although strongly urged to do so, as an inspection made by officers of the Government showed that not twenty per cent. of its area was good agricultural land.

The country lying to the east of Lake Temiskaming, in the Province of Quebec, is very like that reserved by the Ontario Government to the west, and if an examination of its northern districts were made by the Quebec authorities, it might be found advisable to adopt a somewhat similar policy. The whole question is one worthy of the serious consideration of all the Governments. If lands are best productive when devoted to agriculture, he would be lacking in sagacity who would not use them for that purpose. But if, on the other hand, there are—and we are prepared to maintain that such is the case—lands that are best fitted for timber production, and which are only settled upon to the destruction of the timber and the disappointment and poverty of the settler after the timber is swept away, then surely it is the part of wisdom that such lands should be devoted to the purpose for which they are best suited. And if settlement is to be properly directed, the Government must know where her good lands and her poor lands are.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

Conducted by Hubert McBean Johnstone

NEXT TO GODLINESS.

H. McBean Johnstone.

There was once a certain wise old king who, among other numerous wise utterances, said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness"; and it always seems to me on looking at this little phrase, that Solomon must have been even more than we give him credit for, for have we not here almost proof positive that he foresaw the ultimate discovery of photography? Certain it is, at all events, that in no kind of work is it more essential that absolute cleanliness prevail. From A to Z, from the most important to the minor details upon which the attainment of success may turn, is purity necessary, for filth of one sort or another, sometimes in one place and sometimes somewhere else, and oftenest everywhere, is responsible for at least half of the difficulties that beset the amateur. Dust gets in every part of his apparatus, from the carrying case to the dry-plate itself; gets on the lens and reflects just enough light to cause a faint general fog, which, while not amounting to much of itself, destroys most effectually any possibility of brilliancy; gets in the bellows and dark-slide, and settling on the surface of the plate, makes millions of pin-holes; gets in the trays and graduates and causes chemical fog; gets on his fingers and thence to the dry-plate itself, or perhaps on the print, and gives us those charmingly exact reproductions of the human skin so frequently to be found in amateur work; gets between the negative and paper and leaves mysterious and unaccountable little white spots on our deepest and densest shadows, or mars the incomparable gradation of some carefully handled half-tone; gets in the toning bath and sends the gold down in a black precipitate that causes the formula to be wrongfully found guilty of failure to do its work; gets on the mount or in the paste, and punches holes through or raises mountains on the surface of the mounted print; gets into a dozen other different places and does things it has no right to do, or rather, has no right to be done. In fact, the description of dirt that is given in the dictionary—matter in the wrong place—while occasionally to be doubted as to correctness, is in the art-science of photography as nearly right as can be, for it is invariably in the wrong place. And that wrong place is almost everywhere, a statement which may be easily proved by taking a small spirit lamp and setting it on a table at some little distance; then take some object that belongs to the place and gently tap it against the wall, when the passage of the dust from it with the sodium it contains will at once cause the flame to temporarily burn yellow.

Yet, with all its faults, there is about filth one great redeeming feature—the comparative ease with which it may be abolished. In spite of the fact that like vice, it "to be hated, needs but to be seen," no laboriously acquired technical education, no familiarity with geometry or anything else, is needed to assist in obviating it. Once its power is neutralized by a realization of its greatness, nothing more than a slight manual dexterity with soap and brush and the ability to properly manipulate a dusting cloth, is needed to be rid of it.

First there is the equipment to attend to and, for a start, suppose you set your camera upon the table in front of you and

make ready to take it apart. To begin with, look inside your carrying case. It is a curious little fact that even those workers who are most careful about the other parts of their paraphernalia are usually found to be lax in this direction. They never stop to think that whenever the camera is set up outside, the case is left on the ground and standing wide open, so that every stray breath of air may blow coating after coating of dust into it, to catch and lodge on the fuzzy lining that is commonly used. Then, in due time, this dust finds its way into every crack and crevice of the apparatus, and no matter how carefully it be looked after, it is more or less a waste of time, unless the inside of the carrying case be gone over regularly with a whisk-broom.

The next important point to be looked after is the bellows, for it is inside its folds that the most dangerous dust collects and finds rest until the critical moment when it is drawn out to focus. Then it rises in a fine cloud, and as the light rays find their way through the lens to the surface of the plate, dims their lustre in no slight degree. Particularly is dust to be found here when the camera is stored in the dark-room,—a most improper place, by the way,—where such chemicals as hypo., etc., are constantly evaporating and leaving in their place a fine dust which the slightest jar will stir up and send floating through the air. Some workers advocate the smearing of the inside of the bellows with a thin coating of vaseline to catch and retain all these particles, and, so long as the vaseline will stay, the plan is an excellent one. The trouble is, however, that it will not stay. Like any other substance of a similar nature, it evaporates, and then there is merely a resumption of the old complaint, and owing to the time it has had and the amount that has gathered, the dust is even thicker than before. It is to be regretted that vaseline evaporates so, but until there is invented something of the kind that is equally harmless to the leather and that will stay permanently sticky, the only really safe method is to go over the bellows periodically and get rid of the accumulation in a good old-fashioned way. A very efficient manner of doing this is to take an ordinary household blower or bellows, and tying a piece of cotton-wool over the nozzle, run it through the lens opening and turn it this way and that, so that every remote corner, no matter how inaccessible, is effectually cleaned out. The object of the cotton-wool over the nozzle is to prevent the dust that is put in circulation from being sucked back in when the bellows are opened, and then blown out again and lodged as before. An examination of the quantity of dust on the cotton-wool after the operation will prove this. Then, though the dark-slide should be gone over regularly with the dusting brush, it is well to subject it also to this wind cure occasionally, to remove any particles that the bristles may have been unable to reach.

After going over all this caution about keeping clear of dust, it ought to be superfluous to mention the brushing off of the plate before putting it in the holder, though perhaps it might be safer to just mention the proper way of doing it. Very frequently the dusting off does more harm than good, for it is done quickly, and the rapid passing of the brush across the sensitive emulsion of the film so electrifies it that it causes any particles which may chance to be floating nearby to be immediately attracted and to adhere to its surface. The operation ought to be performed slowly and evenly. Again, in nine cases out of ten, when the brush is not in use, it is left lying on a nearby shelf, no apparent thought being given to the fact that there is probably more or less dust there and more settling

every minute. When it is used, that is all transferred to the plate—every grain of it. A fine grain on a negative is a nice thing and to be sought after, but not the kind that dust leaves, where half the time each spot, comet-like, has a long tail to it. The way out of the difficulty is to hang the dusting brush up by a string.

Dust on the shelves seems somehow to be as natural to a dark-room as stars to the heavens on a June night, and very largely it comes from the drippings of the various bottles that are set there after using. There is no excuse for dripping from bottles, anyway, any more than there is spilling in pouring. A thin coating of the vaseline previously referred to, if smeared round the top, will prevent a drip and make your labels last and preserve their slightly appearance much longer. Before starting to clean the dark-room, if it has been left for any time, a slightly dampened duster ought to be passed along the surface of the shelves and benches where there is any possibility of dust accumulating; and if the room be used daily, this should be done every morning. And be sure to remember to wash your dusters occasionally, else the cure is likely to become worse than the disease. White-washed ceilings in such places are an abomination, not alone from the fact that they are strong reflectors, but also because they are apt to precipitate small particles, which, being of a strongly alkaline nature, will invariably cause spots if they fall on a plate or print during development. This, however, is a comparatively uncommon trouble, and it is to be advised that you look rather to dirty tables and shelves for the cause of the many mysterious troubles that are prone to vex the worker. Hypo., pyro., and innumerable other kinds of chemicals evaporate and leave dust, which accumulates invariably where it is most dangerous,—just above the work table and sink, for that is where the bottles are most frequently kept. Only the slightest disturbance, either from a draught or moving a bottle, stirs it up, and then, with the perversity of inanimate objects, down it comes right where it is not wanted. To again state the remedy is unnecessary. You know it.

Now for just one word on the care and cleaning of the most important part of the outfit—the lens. If there was a case provided with yours, you are lucky; if there was not, you must get one, for it is absolutely essential that you have a covering of some sort for it. Something stiff, that will serve as a protection against chance knocks, is best; but in default of procuring that, a small leather pouch lined with soft chamois will answer very well. This, of course, ought to be turned wrong side out and cleaned from time to time. If the tube be fitted with Waterhouse stops, more dust will find its way in than if it have an Iris diaphragm, and it will be more often necessary to take it apart to clean. For this purpose a very soft cotton cloth is preferable to chamois on account of the grease that the latter is apt to leave on the surface, though it is true that the use of rectified oil of turpentine will remedy this trouble. Care must be observed in the use of the oil, however, on account of the Canada balsam with which the lens glass is cemented together being soluble in it. In polishing the lens surface be careful to always dust it off carefully first, else a small particle of dust or grit is apt to be drawn across the surface and more or less impair its usefulness. Hours were probably spent in finishing that little bit of glass, but it is astonishing how quickly you may spoil it.

Regarding clean chemicals and dishes, it ought to be necessary to say but little. Their importance cannot be overestimated. Hydrochloric acid diluted with an equal volume of

water, is a most excellent solvent, and dishes, measures, bottles, etc., if once rinsed out with this solution are, as a rule, quite clean. Do not, however, spill any of it on clothes or furniture, for it leaves a rotten patch wherever it falls as well as making a nasty stain. To cleanse a dish that has been used for hypo. it is pre-excellent.

To avoid all the evils that have been enumerated here, nothing short of scrupulous cleanliness is sufficient: cleanliness in washing and dusting, in pure chemicals and pure, fresh water. There is no trouble more common than those that can be traced to dust and dirt, and at the same time none so easily remedied; as a consequence of which there is none for which it is so difficult to excuse failures.

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STRENGTH AND SIMPLICITY.

In the pursuit of landscape photography, when it is desired that the results be something more than mere photographs, that they possess a pictorial value that will render them valuable for decorative purposes, and that they will have in them that subtle quality which makes them worthy of study for hours at a time, and then over again, an important element in the attainment of success is that the picture possess, in degrees as large as possible, simplicity and strength. In fact, these two qualities are absolutely necessary to the success of the picture, for without them a photogram will hardly be worth the paper on which it is printed.

Perhaps the meaning that you are wanted to catch will be clearer, and the idea more forcibly impressed, if an exact analysis of these two words be given: though to set forth in cold, hard words, how the *spiritual* quality of a picture has been evolved, is no mean task. In considering the subject, simplicity ought to come first, for unless the picture have this quality it cannot well amount to anything. And to show you more clearly what is meant, it will be necessary to ask that you turn from the subject of photography and bend your thoughts toward the works that the great masters of poetry and prose have given to the world. It is not necessary to particularize—any really great work will do; only take it and consider for yourself wherein lies its peculiar charm that has endeared it to the minds of a hundred thousand people. You will not find it is a work that amuses, for there may be many that will do that much better; it is not that it be sad, for there may be a great many that are more sad; and it is not a dozen other things that would only appeal to a certain minority and not touch the rest. The secret lies in the fact that in every one of its little details the great work comes right down to the every day life of the people, and gives them something they themselves have realized from experience to be truth, and something they are thoroughly capable of understanding and appreciating. Tell me, do you think the laughing verses of—say, well, Lewis Carroll or Gillett Burgess, for instance, would ever, could ever, have touched that inner hidden chord of sympathy and feeling in the breast of the masses that was reached when "The Man with the Hoe" was published? Yet, not that Carroll did not do his work well. But he only reached a few; only the percentage of the people who were able to laugh with him. He did not come right down to the soil that the people live on; talk to them of those things they knew, and feel with them as they felt.

Now, why not put that simplicity of purpose into a photogram; come right to the very thing that we are looking for, photograph it as the people see it, and in the exact atmosphere

that they understand it. I used to think that when a "simple" picture was referred to, it was meant that that photogram must have very little in it; and that, for instance, in a landscape there could not be more than two, or at the outside, three trees, and that these three must be set well apart and not on any account allowed to overlap. Why, to overlap would have made the subject very complex! But since then the realization has come to me that my trees and bushes may be bunched in just as thick a mass as they grow,—if they grow that way in the scene that is being depicted; and to attempt to take them in any other manner would not only be no improvement to the simplicity, but would be a positive detraction. The main point to bear in mind in looking for this quality, which I am afraid I have defined but badly, is that your aim is to get on the plate, not the actualities of the prospect spread before you, but the soul of it, if you can understand what is meant by that.

In defining the other word, strength, it is almost necessary to fall back on simplicity, for a picture that is not simple can not be strong. On the other hand, it is possible that the photogram may be simple and not have the strength it ought; for bear in mind that strength in a picture is, after all, only the excellence of the manner in which you express its simplicity. Supposing Markham had had his idea for his famous poem, "The Man with the Hoe," without having the ability to put it properly into words,—had felt the great thought come surging through his brain, without being able to give proper utterance to it (and we feel that way at times), what would have been the result? Certainly no one else was capable of taking his idea from him and making anything of it; perhaps no one even knew that he had the great thought in mind, and the world would never have had it. He simply had to be able to finish it off himself, and in the strongest way ability could do it. And he did it. Now, that is what you all have to be able to do with your photograms in order to make successes of them. You must take the germ of the idea and conceive for yourself the picture that is going to express it to others, so that they will see it as you see it, and so that they can feel it as you feel it.

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The Scrap Bag.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU.—This is December; astonishing, isn't it, how old Father Time does hustle the years along? Why, this little photographic department has its second birthday this month, and here's "ROD AND GUN IN CANADA" itself, attaining the ripe age of two and a half! Well, I wish you all a very Merry Christmas, and trust that when old St. Nicholas comes down your chimney he will drop into each and every child's stocking a camera of the finest make, and to the elders who don't know of it, an order from some of those who do, of a year's subscription to this Canadian sporting publication. "Here's lookin' at ye!"

TRAYS THAT WILL STAND ACID.—When you are buying a tray for photographic purposes, it is always best to inquire whether or not it will stand acid. Some trays won't, though it is a fact that this is a trouble met with less frequently to-day than it was several years ago.

A REMEDY FOR CRINKLING.—When the prints that you want to use for slip-in mounting show a tendency to crinkling, you may avoid the difficulty by first mounting them on a thin piece of pliable cardboard, and then mount them in the slip-in mount.

THE "KALA-TECH-NO-SCOPE."—Went to an entertainment the other evening where they advertised that they would show some moving pictures with a "Kala-tech-no-scope." That's a new one on me. I've heard it called a "Biograph," a "Cinematograph," a "Vitascope," and almost everything else that different combinations of letters will form, but I must say that this is the first time I ever ran up against a "Kala-tech-no-scope." What's coming next?

ON FINDING ONE'S WAY ABOUT.—Amateur photographers when visiting a strange city are often handicapped by not knowing where the principal points of local interest are, and as a consequence their pictures are frequently sadly lacking in those distinctive features which people familiar with the place usually associate with it in their minds. This is not only the case in the larger cities and towns, but holds good anywhere. Now, I think you will find that the easiest way is to go direct to one of the leading photographic dealers and have a little talk with him (of course, it may be necessary to buy a roll of film or something), and in nine cases out of ten he will be able to put you next, not only to the places you ought to see, but also to the best light to get them under and the quickest way to get there. Don't be shy; he can help you.

HALATION AND ITS CURE.—Sometime ago one of the journals advocated the use of putty dabbed on the back of a plate as a means of curing halation. This advice has to be taken with a grain of caution. As linseed oil, one of the constituents of putty, has been proved to have the power of fogging plates, together with turpentine and various other oils and extracts, the plate must not be so treated very long before use. Again, the majority of careful workers who back their plates as a preventive of reflection from the glass side, seem to be unaware that much of the halation obtained on both backed and unbacked plates is very largely due to the method of development. If the image is kept well on the surface of the plate and not allowed to penetrate to the back, halation is almost entirely eliminated. The "density first" method of development will have this effect, or a preliminary soak in the restrainer alone, followed by the usual development, will be found effective.

A CHEAP RETOUCHING DESK.—To those readers who want a retouching desk and are unwilling to go to the really unnecessary expense of purchasing one before they have learned anything about its use, the following little scheme may be of more than passing interest. Secure a printing frame that is somewhat larger than the size of plate you are using, say a five by eight for a four by five negative, and a sheet of clean ground glass to go in it. Sit at a table facing the window, and place the frame in front of you at an angle of about forty-five degrees, supporting it by props of some sort. Then lean your negative in it, and lay on it a piece of black paper with a hole an inch in diameter, in the center. Now you are ready for business.

THE POINT OF VIEW.—The young amateur who starts in to photograph nature just as he finds her, and desires to catch those phases of her that will best convey to others the impression of the scene as it really is, will find that the first thing which must be considered is the point of view from which he is going to work. After he has made a couple of exposures he will come rapidly to a realization of the fact that two feet one way or two feet the other, or a raising or lowering of the instrument, even only six inches, is going to produce on the dry plate results so different, and some so much better than others, that it would be almost hard to believe that the standpoint was

not altered by yards and rods instead of only feet and inches. While I am writing this there comes to my mind a picture of a swampy bit of ground that I have many times crossed and re-crossed and pictured in a dozen different ways, where the whole thing consists of merely water broken in every direction by tufts of long rank grasses and surmounted by a broad expanse of clear sky, unless, perchance, it be spotted by an occasional duck or mud hen. When first I went to photograph it, I took the picture from the ordinary height of the tripod, and secured a very ordinary looking thing such as anyone might get by merely setting the instrument in place and blazing away. I was not satisfied. Then I took it again, and this time I lowered the camera to almost two feet from the ground, so that a broad stretch of uninteresting water was cut off and with it a lot of superfluous foreground, while at the same time there was a small stream left in the lower part of the picture which was effectively broken by a tall tuft of bulrushes. Then, too, the distance is thrown farther back by the bold foreground. In fact, water fenland and meadows may often be dealt with to advantage in the same way, for the foreshortening turns all but the widest of these streams into effective lines for the foreground, and by a very little thought they can be made to take strangely parallel courses, which by their harmonious blending are an inestimable benefit to the composition. But this, I think, will show you what I mean when I say that a difference of a very few inches will make a vast improvement in the print.

A SUITABLE CAMERA FOR CARRYING PURPOSES.—During the winter the amateur who is desirous of snow-shoeing around the mountain, skating across the bosom of the lake, wandering down beside the ice-lung hedgerow, or where not, is presented with the question of which camera is best suited to his purpose and easiest to carry. He knows there are many that will answer, but that there must be one best, and that one he wants to find. It must not be bulky; it must be compact. This is what makes so many amateurs use a magazine, fixed-focus, hand-instrument. Now, there is really no reason for using a fixed focus or a hand camera in landscape work; certainly no advantage; fact is, I contend, that it is a positive disadvantage, for to have a camera in one's hand seems somehow to inspire a desire to take shots at everything that comes along. Instead, suppose you take with you one of those instruments of the "cycle" variety; one that fills half a flat sole-leather case, and leaves the other half to accommodate three or four double plate-holders. One seldom wants to take more than six photographs in one day's outing. As to the size of picture, I prefer a 5x7, though if you think that the extra weight is too much, a 4x5 will answer very nicely. Another thing, it is possible nowadays to get cameras that are so made that the front combination of the lens may be removed at will, and the bellows being so made that they will pull out to about three times the usual length, you have a long-focus instrument with a long-focus lens. This takes up no more room, weighs only a couple of ounces more, and costs so little extra as to be well worth having. It is true you will require a tripod to get the very best that is to be had with this style of camera (though it is possible to work without one), but that may be put in a tripod case and strapped right to the carrying case. Then, when the whole thing is slung over the shoulder the bother of carrying it is almost entirely obviated, and the additional weight amounts to so little as to be beneath consideration. With such an instrument one feels no inclination to be forever making exposures on subjects of no account, for with the necessity of setting it up

for each shot there comes a closer studying of the picture contemplated, and half the time a decision to leave it alone.

So far I have been assuming that you only wanted to picture inanimate nature as you found her. But perhaps you want to do more: to photograph the poise of the hound; the running deer; the convulsive dying leap of the bull-moose; the quick rush of the sportsman, or a dozen other hurried movements that necessitate speed and dexterity of action. There is no time to go through a lengthy operation of setting up the tripod, screwing the camera on top, focussing under a black cloth, putting a plate in and then drawing the slide. It takes too long. Why, by the time you are ready to make the exposure your subject is miles away. Here it is necessary to use a hand-camera, and the best is of the very type that I have just been warning you against for simple landscape work. You do not want one to make photograms larger than 4x5, else it will be too heavy and bulky. For quick action you want it to be fitted with one of those magazines that require only the turning of a little handle half round and back to have another plate in position; that has a brilliant view-finder (not ordinary, but brilliant); and to have a pneumatic release for the shutter. This last is important, in fact, I might even say more important, for everything I have mentioned is important. You have no idea of the number of good photograms that have been hopelessly ruined and blurred by pressing the button a little too hard when one is all aquiver with the excitement of the chase. Be sure to have a pneumatic release. This camera, of course, can be carried just as easily as any other type, by a strap over the shoulder. But, on the other hand, the idea that it is more easily carried just because it is a "hand" camera, is erroneous; and I want it most emphatically understood, because of the careless style of work it leads to, that I advise against its use except where absolutely necessary.

CHRISTMAS POST CARDS.—To those desirous of sending pretty little remembrances to their friends at this "Peace on earth" season, the idea of the sensitised postal ought to appeal particularly, for by its use it is possible to let our acquaintances see those spots with which they are familiar, instead of merely sending to them some insignificant card that has no earthly use, unless it be to act as a reminder that we are alive, and which in all probability is only consigned to the W.P.B. after being looked at. A photographic Xmas card not only fills all the conventional uses and meanings of the regular card, but does something more. It recalls pleasant memories. Why not use it?

A WHITE EDGE ON PRINTS FROM FILMS.—Frequently there is trouble experienced in getting a white edge on a print where film has been used instead of glass plates in the taking. In the fact that a print is improved in appearance by a white edge, there is little room for doubt. But it is difficult to get the mask on the film straight, owing to the tendency to curl. To get round the difficulty, take four pieces of black paper and cut a straight edge on them; then paste them on a sheet of glass—preferably an old negative that has been well cleaned off. Take care to have the corners perfectly square. The result is a nice mask. By putting this in the printing frame with the negative on top, prints can be made in the usual way. Several of these masks of varying sizes may be made, the one which best suits the negative being employed.

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL.—An amateur photographer is one who makes money by the pursuit of the art; a professional, one who tries to.

THOSE — STOPPERS!—More poor results than one would think for can be traced to the using of the wrong stopper in the wrong bottle, when you are through in the dark room. Tie the stopper to the bottle it belongs to, and you will not notice all the unique results in the chemicals that you have been growing accustomed to. Hypo. as a developer will not produce much of anything, you know, unless we count language. As a developer of the vocabulary it is, perhaps, unexcelled.

*

Correspondence.

Correspondence should be addressed to H. McBean Johnstone, P.O. Box 651, Sarnia, Ontario.

Horace MacPherson, Camlachie, Ont.—You say that you are trying to do enlarging with a long-focus camera by removing the front combination of the lens, and that it will not work as you want it to. Now, tell me, will you, why you want to remove the front of your lens? Did anyone tell you that that was necessary to make copies. If they did they are wrong. Try it by using the lens just as it is and drawing the bellows out as far as they will go. Then focus by moving the whole camera back or forward, and not by shifting the bellows. Of course, when you have secured an approximate focus by this method, it will be necessary to use the bellows for fine focussing. Regarding your difficulty in securing an even focus, pin your copy to a bit of board or the wall, or anywhere you like, but be sure you have something for a backing that is perfectly horizontal, or rather that both plate and copy be on precisely the same angle. You may pin the copy upside down for convenience in focussing; this will make it right side up on the ground glass.

C. O. S., Allentown, Pa.—Your specialty appears to be railroad studies, and, so far as I have seen, your powers of selection and the judgment you display in handling appear to be fairly well developed. Your Pan-American work is also fair, though bearing evidence of hasty execution, possibly the result of failing to rest your instrument on something when you made the shots. I think you will find that if you confine your attention more exclusively to those subjects with which you are familiar, instead of dividing it here and there, the chances are that you will have more to show in the end for your labour. Concentration, you know, is what makes a man. You must keep pounding away in one spot to achieve anything.

"What Plate?"—I do not like the plate you refer to as the one you have been using, for I find that owing to some fault in the emulsion it is so very frequently full of pinholes. Stop using a fast plate as you are doing. Plates of medium speed have a thicker coating of emulsion and give negatives with much fuller gradation in the half tones and shadows. Use the developer recommended by the maker of the plate for the very best results. He ought to know better than you or I what his own plate requires.

A BRITISH COLUMBIAN WATER.

The beauty of Shuswap Lake in British Columbia is not its only charm. This mountain water has a great attraction for the angler, for here during May and June fly-fishing that is not excelled elsewhere can be enjoyed. The waters teem with rainbow trout, which rank amongst the gamest of fish, and at the mouths of the numerous creeks and streams flowing into the lake the fisherman is always in these months rewarded by

excellent catches. A favorite spot is at the mouth of Eagle River, a short distance from the Hotel Sicamous, which forms an ideal headquarters for sportsmen, being located on the water's edge, and affording the most comfortable quarters imaginable.

During last June, two English clergymen, Rev. Mr. Arncliffe, of London, and Rev. Mr. Marshall, of Cambridge, stopped over for a day, and being ardent anglers remained a week. In a few hours each day they caught from twenty-five to thirty trout which averaged two pounds. Amongst the catch were some that went as high as five and six pounds. But this is not regarded as anything particularly extraordinary. Anyone can rival it, and eight and ten pounders have been landed.

There is a fish story which is not fishy, but is actually vouched for by Mr. Padmore, the host of Hotel Sicamous; and he knows it is true, because he partook of the victim himself for lunch. In crossing the lake in September last, Mr. Irvine, a miner, who was not on a fishing expedition, captured a three-pound beauty. It jumped out of the water about three feet, and landed fairly in his boat. He managed to secure it before it could jump out again, and no angler was ever prouder of his catch.

During July and August, when the salmon run, the trout disappear; but in the fall they are again pretty plentiful. It is then that trolling replaces fly-fishing.

Sicamous is on the Canadian Pacific Railway, where a branch line runs down the Okanagan valley to Okanagan Lake, by which the best hunting grounds of this great game country can be reached. Around about Sicamous is excellent wild fowl shooting—ducks, geese, swan, grouse, etc.—and there is big game in the mountains, but the lack of trails makes it difficult to reach the caribou, bear and deer, which, however, can be easily got at by a trip to Vernon, near Okanagan Lake, where Indian guides and complete outfits can be procured.

Sicamous itself is a delightful resort, never overcrowded, and the fishing being within easy distance of the hotel by row boat will attract those disciples of Izaak Walton who thoroughly enjoy the sport for the sport's sake.

SIWASH.

Vancouver, B.C.

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THE "WOOD" BUFFALO.

TO THE EDITOR ROD AND GUN:

A recent item of North-West news makes reference to the "wood" buffalo in the Mackenzie River country, stating that they are multiplying, a band of 250 having been seen lately, according to this account. But that to which I wish to call your interested attention, is the further statement that the close season for "wood" buffalo is about to expire, or has actually expired. Surely this "remnant" of noble game should be protected, for many years to come, from any attack on their numbers from all and sundry of head, pelt and pot-hunters? The close season for this peculiarly valuable stock of wild animals should be indefinitely prolonged. They should receive as complete and rigorous protection as the cattle on any of the Government Experimental Farms in the North-West.

Again bespeaking your interest and that of all Canadian sportsmen in this matter.

JOHN McARTHUR.

Rat Portage, Ont.

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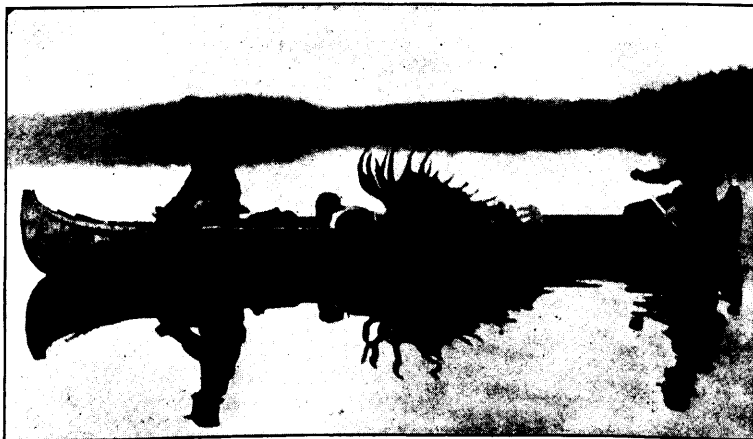
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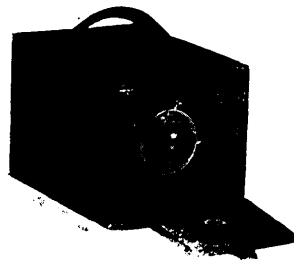
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