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# ROD AND GUN AND \_\_\_\_\_ IN CANADA OTHER *Diversions*

Sylvain P. May 04  
OTTAWA, Ont.



*Moose and Deer from the Mississagua Country*

A MAGAZINE  
OF

**CANADIAN SPORT and EXPLORATION**

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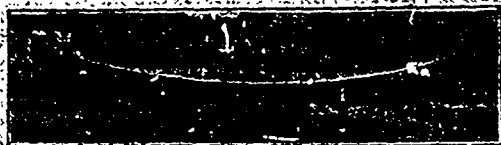


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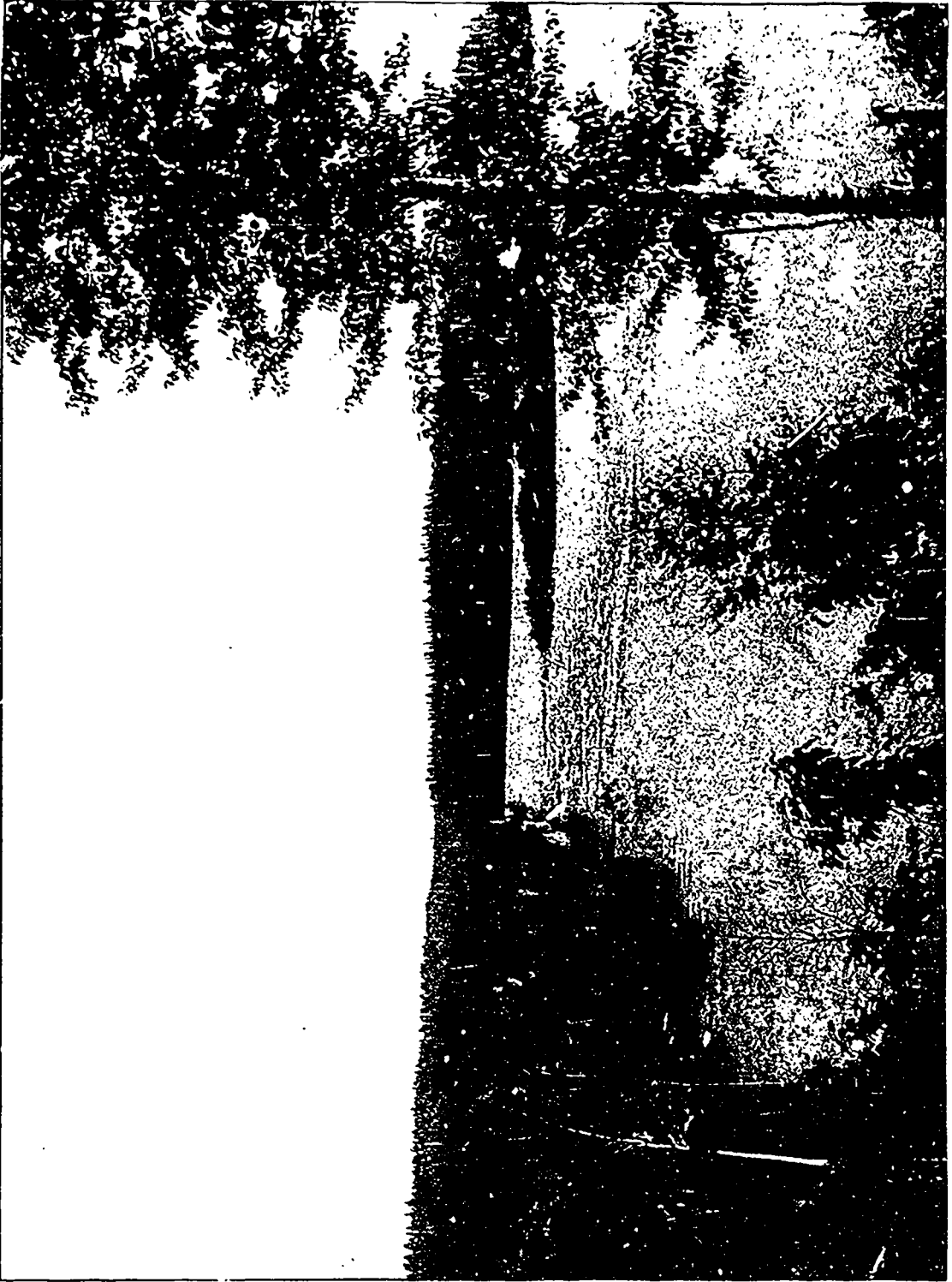
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# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. VI.

MAY, 1905.

No. 12

## Camping at Banff.—A Holiday Trip.

By MARY L. KENNEDY.

The rumble of the car wheels beneath and the sense of movement assure me that I have really bidden adieu to my responsive but unsympathetic ally of ten years, the type-writer, and am off from Winnipeg to Banff for a month's much needed rest. Mellow August weather, bright, strong countenances about me, and a well-filled luncheon basket to be supplemented by the good tea and coffee served in the dining car, seem the proper accompaniments to the all-pervading air of comfort of my travelling carriage and my glorious destination.

That happy trio yonder, a mother and two grown up daughters, bound for Victoria, furnishes a pleasing example of our Canadian womanhood, clear-browed, purposeful, and daintily neat. Over the way that stalwart young Manitoban who is half dozing, is probably dreaming of the splendid sport which he and his father will enjoy during the next three weeks on their trout fishing expedition up the Fraser River. He also is a good type of our sturdy young country,—plenty of individuality, pluck and capacity.

After an hour or so, one has mentally arranged and docketed the passengers: the warp is there, and it is imperative to my nature to weave in some of the woof of human sympathy. Accordingly, as the prairie view is limitless, and it seems 'always afternoon,' I attack my fellow countryman with observations. His birthplace and home are near Brandon, the 'Wheat City,' known to early trappers and traders of the prairie as 'Brandon House.' He

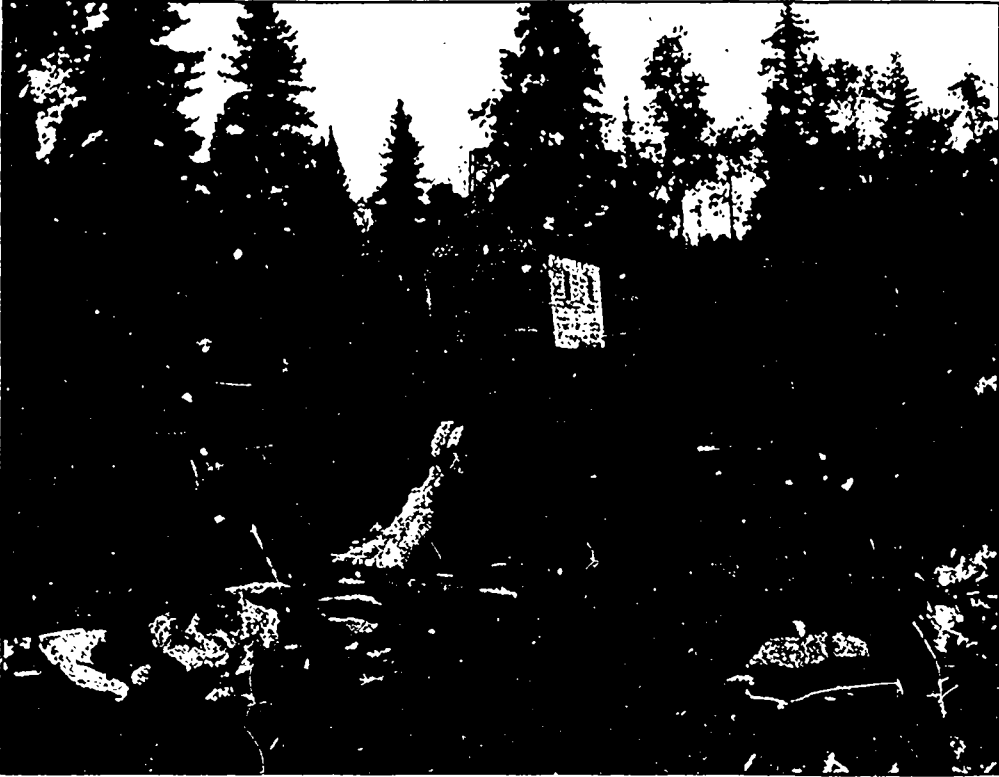
interests me greatly in describing the development of that part of the country. He dwells particularly on the advantage the Brandon Experimental Farm has proved to many a prairie hamlet and solitary homestead,—a veritable foster-mother. Year by year she gratuitously sends forth natural and acclimatized products from her nurseries and shrubberies, to enrich the interests and homes of our people. How many lonely hearts have been cheered and gladdened by the box of sturdy little shrubs and trees, which, when set out, seem to stand up to the world with brave front, determined to be and do their best in gratitude for the care they have received.

In turn, my companion enquires as to incidents in the early days of Red River Settlement, and dreamily my thoughts go back to some of the interesting 'old timers' of various nationalities who, during my childhood, were welcome and entertaining guests in our home. Those were strenuous men, and they were strenuous times, which tested and brought out a man's best. We both agreed that a Scotchman's best must be a very good thing indeed, for the early Scotch settlers implanted in the native population such simple and high principles of honesty and energy that to this day they are recognized by their descendants as the standards of the 'good old days.' Here we both sit up straight and confess that we are mostly Scotch ourselves! My friend has seen a Red River oxcart, one of the common conveyances of

the period. Perhaps my first recollection is of a train of these, coming, well laden and groaning industriously down the road by the riverside, bearing wonderful cases and bales which had come all the way from England,—the opening of which was a sort of Arabian Nights wonder to me. I can smell the London fog in them now. Oh! the thrill we experienced on hearing the freighters' narratives of the six weeks' journey over the prairie from St. Paul in

letters. When the last boat went out we felt that we were sealed in for the winter, and the provident householder turned to and got ready for it. In discussing these early recollections the monotony of late years is blotted out and I live over again those vivid youthful impressions.

The Riel Rebellion of '70? Yes,—those were the days when turmoil and unquiet reigned, and even in one's own house talk on current events was generally in whis-



#### DESERTED TRAPPER'S CABIN.

*Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January Issue.*

A Deserted Trapper's Cabin on the Spanish River, two day's travel from Biscotasing. A half tanned moose skin, and the pegs upon which hung his rifle were the only signs of occupancy. The cleared land around proved a long residence because of all the wood that had been cut and burned.

Minnesota! What heroes too the faithful old oxen were to us! They had all come from the great beyond, out of Paradise,—to our childish imaginations.

Another reminiscence is of the arrival of the 'York boats' coming up the river from Churchill and York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, bringing commodities and mail which had come over the sea by the yearly ship to Hudson's Bay, and later the departure of the same, bearing furs and

pers. At that critical time the sound common sense of the Scotch Commissioner came to the front. His wise counsel and force of character more than anything else influenced the natives to accept with dignity the new regime. My companion and I could not help being proud of the development of Manitoba during the last twenty years. Surely it is a striking tribute to the wisdom and far-sightedness of her pioneers, Mr. Donald A. Smith (now Lord

Strathcona) and her first great native statesman the Hon. John Norquay. Truly these were Lords of the North.

We try to picture the onrush of a buffalo herd before the dusky huntsmen of the plains, over these once silent, waving seas of prairie. This brings our consciousness back to the narrow steel line which belts our fertile land of promise, over which we are speeding towards the setting sun. It is difficult to realize that the little wayside stations where huge, hungry grain elevators are literally the 'lions' of the place, are each and all centres of commercial activity for the surrounding districts. Beside that pretty clump of trees is the neat little school house, where the future makers of Manitoba's history are being mentally equipped—physically they are right well endowed now.

But it is time for luncheon, and here comes the porter with offers of a table, hot water &c., for we are not wealthy and travel 'tourist.' Soon we have finished our repast, and, finding the train slowing up, we take a brisk walk on the platform, which is most refreshing. These Manitoba skies are grand, and the air exhilarating! As we rush by sloughs and creeks occasionally we see quantities of wild ducks. The friendly little prairie chicken too is plentifully in evidence. It must need some determination to level a gun at these little birds who trot along so confidently just ahead of one's conveyance for quite a distance, before rising. We generally consider, however, that as a *bonne bouche* they are hard to beat, and we try to reconcile ourselves to their fate.

The day is waning as we reach the divisional point, Broadview, and here we alter out timepieces to Mountain time, one hour slower. From here the rising grade noticeably increases.

Tomorrow at 6.08 we shall reach Banff. About five we shall catch the first glimpse of the Rockies, those giant ramparts of our continent, which since childhood have stood to me as all that is profoundly wonderful, the symbol of solitude, wealth and grandeur. The night is very chilly, but we rest beside open windows. The second day of our journey is somewhat like the first in regard to scenery, but it is inter-

esting to explore the minds and characteristics of our travelling companions. How closely we are all linked together in one way and another! The gentle kindness of the elderly coloured porter impresses us all, and he occasionally drops some very interesting information as he passes on his rounds.

The fresh morning air as we pause a short time at Medicine Hat is delightfully crisp and cool. We have been riding for hours over coal beds and natural gas, and in the centre of great ranching operations. Soon we are thundering over the new steel bridge which spans the South Saskatchewan River, and, when across, have a pretty view of the town opposite, backed by low-lying hills. Now the railway rises to the high prairie plateau which extends, gradually rising, to the base of the Mountains, and in a few hours we reach Calgary, the most important place between Brandon and Vancouver. This is a large business centre for mining and timber industries, and is an important station of the Mounted Police.

Is that a rising bank of clouds on the horizon, or,—Yes, it is indeed the Rocky Mountains, nearly a hundred miles away. For the next two hours we travel through the foothills, made famous by the graphic pen of Ralph Connor. I take up 'The Challenge of the Mountains' that I may observe understandingly. There comes back to me a little maiden of five summers, sitting at her mother's knee, in her home on the Red River of the north, with wide eyes and ears drinking in the description which an old friend, Mr. Robert Campbell, is giving to her father of his discovery of what is now known as the "Kicking Horse Pass." I recall too the experiences of an old lady-friend who, long before the days of railways and luxury, once crossed these Mountains on foot, with her baby strapped to her back. As we draw nearer the barrier seems impenetrable, but suddenly the train swerves and enters 'The Gap' between two almost vertical walls of dizzy height.

The scenery is endlessly changing and striking as we follow the valley of the Bow River. The Peaks of 'The Three Sisters' are unique amidst these great Mountains. At Canmore, a great coal mining

centre, we first observe the Hoodoos, giant pillar formations of clay. Five miles further we enter the Rocky Mountain National Park. This covers over five thousand square miles and is ninety-six miles long by seventy-five broad. All sorts of game abound here. Some hundreds of miles of splendid carriage roads and bridle paths have been laid in the most interesting localities and the North West Mounted Police exercise supervision over these from their headquarters in Banff. Surely an ideal locality for a National Park. After

going to behold the exquisitely beautiful Lake Louise, Paradise Valley, and later, the Coast.

We drive through the prettily wooded road to the little village of five hundred residents nestling among the lordly giants, Cascade, Stony, Squaw, Sulphur and Rundle Mountains. Oh! the delight of soap and water after two hot days in the train. We exhale a sigh of gratitude to Messrs. Pears, and retire to our couch feeling that we are newborn into a pure and ethereal world.



#### THE END OF THE PORTAGE.

*Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.*

One of the two small lakes on the Height o' Land plateau, north of Winnebago and Biscotasiag, Ontario, in the heart of a great game country.

passing Anthracite, which gains its name from its coal supply of that species, our attention is arrested by a herd of buffalo on the right hand side of the road,—the progeny of the celebrated 'Silver Heights' herd, which was presented to the Park by Lord Strathcona. These one-time animal Kings of the North, tho' now banished from their prairie home, seem to fit well into their present rugged surroundings.

We are all relieved to reach our destination, but bid adieu to our fellow travellers somewhat enviously, for are they not

The first breath of morning air is fairly intoxicating in its sweetness. Can we define the perfume of it?—balsam, spruce, red pine, yellow pine, Douglas Fir, Balm of Gilead, sweet briar, and all delicious odours combined. No one who has not experienced it can appreciate the uplifting bouyancy of the atmosphere and surroundings. As the sun tips the Mountains the glory spreads downwards, and a feeling of reverence overcomes me as I watch the pearly and silver grey take on opaline tints. Distance gives to the fur-



ther ranges the appearance of a silky gauze texture. Cascade Mountain with its turretted peaks looks down in solemn grey grandeur and dignity on the little habitations of men. The streaks and masses of perpetual snow give the touch of stillness and solitude which suggest eternity. About all, this sweet, pure atmosphere whispers of peace and spirituality.

Our party starts out early to locate a camping ground. We follow the wooden sidewalk down the one street of the village towards the Bow River Bridge. Entering the rustic little Museum, a model of handicraft in fir and cedar, we register our names in the visitor's book. From the bridge we take our bearings. Behind us to the north, nestling in the valley flat, lie the village and the wooded meadows of the animal paddock. Pre-eminent over all is Cascade Mountain. To the east, behind the village, is Tunnel Mountain, which almost suggests a haystack in the midst of its towering brethren. Beyond this the River Valley, above which Mount Rundle projects its mighty mass skyward. To the north west stand Vermillion Range and Stony Squaw, the latter a prettily wooded elevation. Up the Bow Valley westward in the distance are the snowy, central heights of the Main Range about Simpson's Pass, most prominently the square terraced crest of Mount Massive. On an eminence facing us southward stands the Sanitarium, set in a frame of green forestry against the dark grey background of Sulphur Mountain. A double flight of steps leads up to this terrace.

Running right and left from the bridge are two ideal carriage roadways, upper and lower, the latter lying close beside the stream. It begins at the little white boat house facing us at the bend of the river upstream, and follows its course past the falls to the bridge over the Spray below the C. P. R. Hotel. The upper road on the right terminates four miles from the bridge at Sundance Canyon. On the left, it leads upwards and branches into two sweeping driveways, one to the C. P. R. Hotel and the other ascending the gradual rise of Sulphur Mountain to the Hot Springs, and to Middle Springs.

How picturesque the life about us. There is a Princeton graduate in his buck-

skin shirt and cowboy hat who spends dollars more recklessly than I can spend cents. I am, not envious however because my cents are making me very happy and everybody says that the Princeton boy is a 'deuced' good fellow. There are a party of them "throwing the diamond hitch" as they call the process of squeezing the life out of the fat little pony who has a small mountain . of baggage on his back. The graduates are accompanying a prince of the blood-royal and another man bred in the purple, both of them stalwarts and good-looking upon whom we looked without the bated-breath I had read about as being the proper thing to have for the occasion. I confess however I did wish for a moment that I were a man. I heard long after that these men had all sorts of good-luck in killing grizzlies and other bear and caribou.

We choose a site for our camp on the side of Sulphur Mountain about a mile from the village, near Middle Springs, a charming spot,—ten feet off the roadway,—with a warm sulphur stream flowing about thirty feet to the left, and a short distance across the road a rivulet of clear spring water. Between some giant spruces we pitch our two tents and erect a long table made of packing case boards. An ancient apology for a stove is set up in a little clearing, and soon the smoke is curling upwards to the top of the highest pines. We sit down warm and happy after our exertions. Who could improve on the fried ham, baked potatoes, and tea, partaken under the shadow of this noble mountain amid the silences of the fragrant forest. Before the day is out bold little squirrels and chipmunks pay flying visits to our vicinity, curious to see what we have brought for them. Soon one sociable fellow assists himself to portions at the far end of the table, and scolds us diligently while endeavoring to compass an opening to our bag of cheese. Two strange looking birds also regard us from a low branch at near quarters, and we are evidently out of their favour.

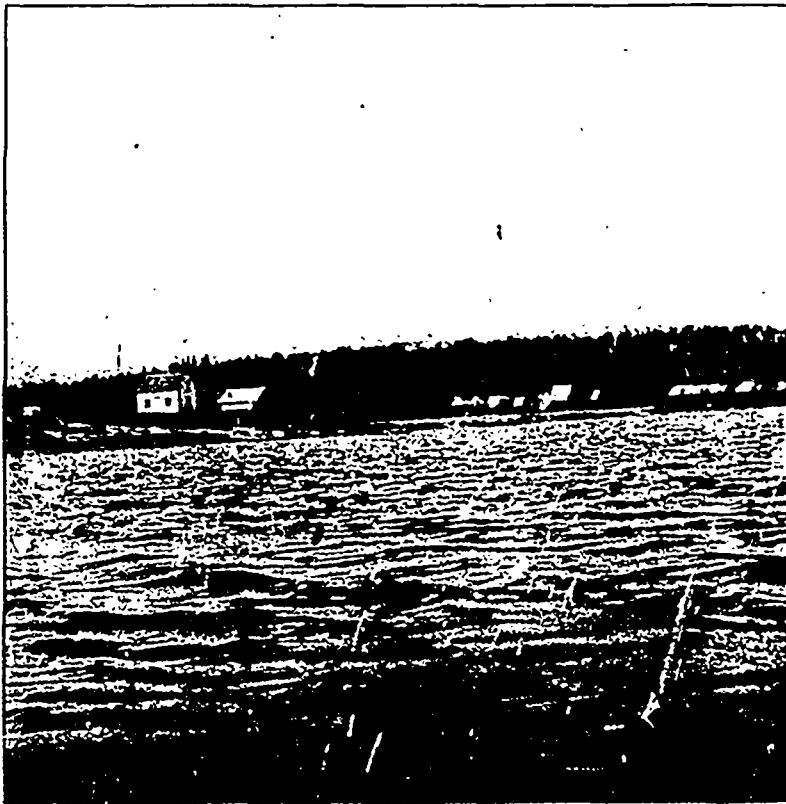
A sort of mysterious (almost superstitious) awe comes over me on sleeping the first night out on the side of Sulphur Mountain. The very name suggests necromancy, and one wonders how many gen-

erations and races of men have derived their legendary lore from the hidden working of the forces of nature in this locality. One also thinks curiously of the convulsions old Mother Earth must have experienced during the period when these giants sprung into being. For centuries this dark, verdure-clad mountain must have stood as the Mecca of healing to the Indian world within its ken.

The following morning we are up bright and early. A short steep climb brings us to the Middle Springs Cave, the approach to which is indicated by generous fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen. We pick our

dip. We are told that the valiant young Indian brave of olden days sat cross legged before this bubbling stream offering up sacrifices and making the medicine which he believed would give him strength to stand the terrible ordeal of the pole, thong and stick. This cave must have witnessed, many a time, a strong man's agony.

Some yards to the right, hidden by the brush, there is another cave with a larger opening. We also notice high up on the sheer rocky cliff a well defined pathway leading to the Sheep Cave, which runs into the solid rock, affording a shelter to wild sheep and goats during



FORT MATTAGAMI.

*Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.*

A trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Mattagami River, about one hundred miles north of Biscotasing, showing the Indian encampment.

way upwards over the stones in the out-flowing stream, into the low opening of the cave, and find that, once inside, we can stand upright. We step into water of delightfully warm bath heat, which comes bubbling up like aerated water into the basin. In twenty minutes we feel greatly refreshed, and promise ourselves a daily

stormy weather. Continuing over the crest of the mountain we should come to Sandance Canyon and Falls, but this we shall visit another day and by another route.

As two of our party on account of rheumatic suggestions prefer to take their daily dip in the Cave or Basin, we trudge

down to the bridge and follow the river road up for about a mile till we reach the tiny building enclosing the entrance to the Cave. The caretaker conducts us through a tunnelled pathway, carefully holding a candle aloft to light our steps. The weird glimmering rays only heighten the blackness and 'spooky' effect, and we keep our fingers at 'attention' in case of bats or dragons, and step gingerly. A few steps upward, and we are under a vaulted dome, thirty-six feet in width and forty-five feet high, with a small natural opening at the top which admits modicum daylight on to the water. The latter is enclosed in a huge railed basin of Portland cement and is about three feet deep. On account of its silent, uncanny atmosphere the Cave is not patronized as much as the Basin, which is a few rods further up the road. The caretaker gives us a history of the Cave and draws our attention to curious markings and projections of the rusty grey rock which seem to resemble the features of certain celebrities. A pretty little Chalet admits us to the Basin, and we find ourselves in a dainty, modern bath-house, which seems to transport us to the sea. There are two large open air swimming pools which are constantly thronged. At all seasons and in the lowest temperature bathers here disport themselves. No known waters possess more highly curative powers. They abound in sulphur together with other fragrant elements necessary to the healthy well being of man. The invigorating heat and buoyancy of the water makes this bath delightful experience. Most of the children wear little air-filled balloon wings, making them look like wet cherubs. Odd meetings sometimes occur here. A few days before our visit, a gentleman of my acquaintance, diving in the Basin, came up face to face with an old friend whom he had not seen for twenty-five years, and that was in England.

On our return to camp, we visit the famous Sanitarium. This imposing structure, like the Belleview Hospital, four miles further up the mountain, is owned and controlled by Dr. Brett, the pioneer of Banff. It has a commanding view of the river, and, viewed from the village opposite, is a most conspicuous and pictur-

esque building. It is usually full to overflowing of patients from all quarters of the globe, and large additions are being made to it.

We have ordered a 'gladstone' and pair of horses for the afternoon, so that we may reconnoitre and spy out the land preparatory to laying out our future programme for each day. It is an ideal afternoon, and the horses seem to enjoy it as much as we. Once more we make for the bridge, and, turning to the right, follow the river road down towards the magnificent hotel erected by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company on one of the most remarkable and beautiful sites in the world. We take the lower road, and soon find ourselves face to face with the Bow River Falls, the roar from which has been steadily increasing as we drew near. The milk white mass of churning water dashes over the spurs of rock into the steady stream below. It bends away to meet the sapphire blue waters of the Spray, though the two do not mingle for miles, the waters of the Bow retaining their soft greenish blue tints. Here Tunnel Mountain seems to have been sundered from the towering mass of Mount Rundle, and has drawn far back to allow these two mountain streams to clasp each other and pass on their way towards the distant ranges of mountains thus opened to view. We drink in the abounding beauty on all sides, and feel that amid such surroundings only poets and artists can adequately find a medium of interpretation and expression.

Coming back to our familiar everyday selves, we find we are standing beneath towering spruce and pine trees, which seem to spring out of perpendicular slabs of solid rock. Here and there rustic winding steps lead away upward to the height on which stands the great hotel. It is a unique world, and one thinks of the Forest of Arden and Rosalind. Surely it has taken master minds to plan and successfully carry out the elaborate details of access and convenience which abound on all sides.

The good old horses retrace their steps and take us across the Bow River Bridge, through the village and on to the animal enclosure beyond, a range of eight hundred

acres, under Cascade Mountain. Here we are allowed to drive among the Lords of Creation in Buffaloland. Mrs. Buffalo and her family are not accessible, but we observe them in an enclosure apart, and have no desire for a more intimate acquaintance. Her lord looks at us sideways out of his wicked little eyes, and tho' it is evidently a hard struggle, he lets us almost touch his flank in passing without tossing us into next week. We enquire for the patri-

en themselves to their woodland nooks for their afternoon siesta.

Now comes our inspection of the Sundance Canyon. Back through the village, over the bridge and up the river road to the right, past the Cave and Basin, on and on past endlessly changing points of interest. A turn to the left round the base of Sulphur Mountain and we cross a quick running mountain stream, up which we follow. A little distance ahead on our



PART OF INDIAN CAMP, FORT MATTAGAMI.

*Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.*

Each spring the Indians come to the Fort to trade their furs, usually remaining until August. They are the true woods Indians, and speak no language but their native Ojibway.

arch 'Sir. Donald,' but are told that he keeps very much to himself since his fight last summer with an aspiring young lord of the harem. We trust that the name of the celebrated donor of the buffalo to the Park will always continue to be bestowed on the leader of the herd.

Two little mountain lions lounge lazily out of their den to inspect us, and one, evidently not thinking us worthy of his distinguished consideration, yawns and retires. Two pretty little Angora goats were the only other animals we had the good fortune to see, the moose, elk, deer and other animals having evidently betak-

left we perceive a diagonal cut in the straight rocky side of the mountain. On reaching it, we observe the issue therefrom of the blue stream of water by which we have been driving. The road ends abruptly here, and we alight. We cross the log which serves as a bridge and enter the cleft. A picture of undreamed loveliness arrests us. An amphitheatre of rock opens inward, the outer wall overhanging in blocks and masses. Some of the party follow the little pathway leading round and upwards—some hundreds of feet to the left, and at the top they look like mosquitoes. From

this elevation and from various others in the descent issue graceful streams of crystal clear water among the crags and boulders. They rush merrily down over fallen timber and picturesque rockery, the glint of the sunlight on the silvery cascades forming many reflections and rainbows. One almost expects to see dainty little elves and fairies spring forth. It is said that in ancient times the Indians assembled at a spot just above these falls to hold their annual Sun dance, on which occasion young bucks were made full fledged braves and became attached to the following of some celebrated warrior. There still remain the stumps of the poles to which the ambitious young Indian hung his quivering body by a thong of buckskin passed through the chest muscles. There he was suspended until madness, frenzy and pain passed, and he fell into a semi unconscious state, from which he awoke claiming that the Great Spirit had visited him and told him of the wonders he would perform in his future career as a warrior. The few minutes spent at this point of interest are all too short. My thought goes forth to the busy toilers in great cities, to whom an hour spent here would prove such refreshment of mind and body.

Driving in the mountain air makes me overpoweringly sleepy. We return to camp well satisfied with the world and our present share in it.

A few days subsequently, two of our party decide to walk to the summit of Sulphur Mountain, where is situated the Observatory which registers and transmits to the Government Museum beside the bridge the weather reports for the bureau at Ottawa. We start at ten o'clock and two miles from our camp reach the Bellevue Hospital, the great resort for rheumatic patients, where we have a most kindly reception from the lady in charge. Here, the hot sulphur water, coming directly out of the living rock at a temperature of from 110 to 120 degrees of heat, flows straight into the bath. Many are the tributes which the genial, capable Doctor Brett has received from all parts of the world as to the completeness of his treatment.

A few yards beyond the hospital we

see a white tumbling stream of sulphur water coming over the hillside. We dip our fingers in and withdraw them in haste, for it is almost scalding. Soon this too will be imprisoned for the benefit of the Government baths, which are now under course of erection. At this point, we commence the ascent of the bridle path which zig-zags twenty-eight times to the summit. On the way up, various familiar flowers and shrubs smile a welcome to us from their soft green carpet. As we reach a higher altitude, lichens and mosses hang from the dead branches of trees, forming graceful draperies. This climbing is very hot, thirsty work. We rejoice greatly when we come to the lower of the two paths leading off to the great cleft in the face of the mountain, over which trickles a little stream of clear, cold water. We hold our mugs with grateful solicitude to catch the refreshing beverage, and here open our luncheon baskets, from which we feast, to the music of the dripping water, above the silences of the tree clad valley of the Spray. Here the physical and spiritual seem to call for silence, and we drink in some of the teachings of Nature, which hitherto have come to us as lessons from the Great Book. How convincing is experience! At the higher point, after our intervening tramp, the water issues much more grudgingly, but we hold the bottle to be filled drop by drop, well content to wait, that we may have some on reaching the mountain top.

At the summit, 7,455 feet above sea level, our eyes behold only the 'everlasting hills,' grey snow crowned giants rising out of seas of billowy green, and in reverence we involuntarily worship the Great Maker thereof. As we look around from this altitude to the peaks of other great mountains, we are filled with a sense of solitude and awful majesty. It is a sea of mountains, range upon range, towering away in every direction to the limit of the horizon. One thinks of the command 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' This first ascent marks a period in life. We rouse from our intoxication on being to cross the narrow ridge and climb the little crest to the Observatory. The wind is so strong here that

hats have to be well looked to. Seated on this point, we wonder how far a tumble would take us in any direction down this mountain side;—much further than we should ever know. This little Observatory is visited every Monday for clock winding purposes. One longs to spend days up here. On August 13th, 1903, a communication of Cascade, Bow River, and Perfection Masonic Lodges was held at the Observatory. Especially solemn and impressive must this occasion have been to all taking part in it.

The descent in the golden afternoon by the friendly little pathway under the tow-

ering pines and firs, and the thankfulness of achievement, who can describe!

Visiting American cousins have expressed profound astonishment that the Canadian National Park has been so little written about. Perhaps it is well for the few that it is so at present, for once the general public is aware of the vast wonders of interest and enjoyment to be found in 'the Rockies,' they will be over-run. At present, the solitude amidst the teeming animal and vegetable home life of these rocky fastnesses presents the greatest source of attraction to botanists, explorers and sportsmen. To art lovers and poets here is inspiration!

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## The Boy and the Big Brook Trout.

The boys in the country are already thinking of May 1st. and getting ready for the "Speckled Beauty" season. I shall always remember one little incident that occurred to me in the trout season about fifteen years ago.

I was only a small boy at the time but my home was at Thessalon, Ontario, which is about half way between Mississauga River and Desbarats. The small lakes and creeks around there were full of fish—and are yet as I have reason to know. I had a city cousin staying with me and we two spent the previous day getting our bait cans full and a good supply of hooks and sinkers ready.

We left very early in the morning of an elegant trout day and drove to the creek running out of Lake Waquekobing. It is a beautiful clear creek, and we boys decided to start at the head and fish down. We took to the middle of the stream, hoots on and all, and were having the time of our lives, when I came to a small clear pool and noticed under a large tree, lying about a foot above the water, and across the stream, a beauty about 18 inches long. Imagine me! We had been catching 10 and 12 inches up to this time and here was my big fellow. The sun had come out and he was lying quietly in the shade just mov-

ing his tail enough to keep from being carried down. First I stood still and dropped my hook gently in some distance from him and let it drift down, but I couldn't do very well that way, so I cut my line from the rod and crawled out on the tree till I was directly over him and then dropped my bait right at his nose. He just moved to one side and let it go by. I changed worms a couple of times, tried a grasshopper and then gave up. It was the hardest luck a boy ever had in my opinion just then.

I had brought some 'bass hooks of a large size in case we should go fishing in Waquekobing lake. So I cut the small trout hook off my line and put on the biggest bass hook I had; for I was bound to get that big one to take home, and to get the start of my cousin.

I dropped the big bare hook as far out as I could without showing my arm, and let it come right under the jaw of the fish, but I had to wait for the current to place the hook right and then!—well I took him home all right and he weighed just one pound and three quarters, and was the biggest fish ever taken out of that stream by a ten year old boy.

Draper Dobie.

## In the Woods of Nova Scotia.

By W. R. GILBERT.

By the light of birch bark torches, the phantom party wind their way through the woods. No sounds of footfalls disturb the silence of the night as they sink into the deep wet moss, now brushing through the bushes laden with dew, now stumbling over the granite boulders, lying in some dried up watercourse.

The extinction of the torches on hearing

sound which Louie, John, Peter or Paul emits from his birch bark horn. The wild notes of the Indian's call echo and re-echo through the woods, until they die faintly away in the distance.

Then comes an eager and intent interval of listening for some ten or fifteen minutes with ears strained to detect a response in reply to the luring notes of the



FORT MATTAGAMI INDIANS.

*Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.*

They do not believe in race suicide.

the vicinity of the barren is a necessity, lest the glare of light in the open should destroy all prospects of sport for the morning. The barren reached, the Indian selects his place for calling, and locates you—probably on a boulder—about one-hundred and fifty yards from the edge of the wood. Between the trunks of the trees all is black as night, and from these recesses your game may show itself.

Oou-ovou-wa ouu-oo-wa is the nearest approach to transcribing to paper the

caller, who, maybe, will suddenly disturb your attention by looking towards you and, with uplifted finger, puts the curdling query, "Hear him?" Of course you nod your head in assent. Oh, reader—gentle or otherwise—may you be forgiven, for you heard nothing—that is, nothing beyond the thumping of your own heart as you lay upon the rock. Ah! you think you did hear something that time—something like the distant breaking of a stick. That noise was made by the antler of a moose

striking defiance on a tree trunk at a distance probably of three miles.

Another long heart-beating wait, and the Indian's horn again disturbs the silence of the dawn, but this time the notes are rather subdued—and the call is shortened—the better to sustain the delusion that the amorous sound proceeds from the lungs of a lone female in search of a mate, than from a 14-inch roll of birch bark.

Sometimes if the responses are too long delayed the gruff grunt of a bull moose may with effect be imitated in order to accelerate the timid approach of the male. The fact of obtaining a single reply to a call is an easy accomplishment, as compared to the skill and experience required in keeping up the deception.

If, after the second call, the bull seems to be advancing, the horn may with advantage be laid aside, as the deception becomes more apparent according to the proximity of the moose, and serves rather to scare than to attract so wily an animal. By a musician the sound proceeding from a birch bark horn would be denounced as noise; but to a sportsman after moose, it is as the music of Mozart.

But to return to our moose, which has again announced his nearer approach by louder and more continuous taps against the trees, so near that it is well to let him come on without running the risk of arousing his suspicions by further recourse to the horn: so near that the top leaves of a birch sapling, a few yards from the edge of the wood, are seen to quiver from the blow delivered on its trunk by the approaching bull; occasionally too a low grunt is heard. The rifle is sighted and is at full cock—as it has been for the last half hour; the Indian lies buried in the moss; and over there, scarcely distinguishable from the dark background, stands the object responsible for your visit to the woods. His horns and grey muzzle are the most conspicuous marks, though between them and the adjacent birch trees, there is little in color to distinguish. As he stands with fore feet planted in the moss, his head is held straight out, and his huge ears are strained forward. The entire attitude of the animal is one of surprise at not perceiving the object of his search. Bang! The Indian has already covered the dis-

tance between where he lay and where the bull stood. He picks up the fragment of a broken branch, and points to the spot where a bullet has grazed a tree trunk. The swamp robins croak their morning chant, the laughing of the loons is heard on the distant lake, the sun shines over the tree tops, and we wend our mournful way to camp.

This evening, if you will, we can try a new ground for the moon is favorable for calling; and though shooting by night is not so simple an accomplishment as it is in the morning a miss is more pardonable than—well, we will say no more about missing the bull still striding through the timber at twenty miles an hour, we will dismiss the dreadful episode with the parting remark—the biggest fish are never landed nor the biggest moose slain. Still I have an idea that its head compared favorably with one I saw years ago, from tip to tip of horns measuring five feet six inches, the width of the frame portion being two feet one and one-half inches. A large cradle could easily have rested within the splay of the horns; what an appropriate idea for a moose hunting enthusiast.

If you wish for morning trout fishing in the lake your Micmac Indian within an hour will rig you up a raft, a rod, and tie a fly, which though of the dimensions of a small bird, and as many colored as the rainbow, will not fail to provide a good morning's sport, for trout in these remote waters are of the most unsophisticated nature, knowing nothing of "separate schools" or in fact education of any sort. I fear to mention some of my experiences in these woodland lakes, lest by arousing scepticism I may reduce the number of my readers in future rambles.

The Micmac cannot by his best friends be termed an industrious individual; in fact they are too lazy to cultivate their bit of land. He is a modernized Indian, gradually being bleached out by intermarriage with "whites", chiefly descendants of the French. The Micmacs are dull in disposition and so is a foxhound when basking in the sunshine, but put him on a hot scent, and see how his natural instincts revive. So with the Micmac, watch him on a trail in the woods, note his sagacity, his



craft, and his quickness ; you follow him in blind confidence, feeling that you have a dependable guide—if the whiskey is kept away. The race of Micmacs are modernized and object to be thought otherwise.

I remember an instance of one complaining most bitterly of his employer—a Royal Engineer from Halifax—that he would persist in taking sketches of him in various positions. So much did it worry him that he would have to leave the camp and return to the settlement if the insult continued.

The next afternoon he came again, but in better spirits, and narrated how the

captain insisted on learning how the red man obtained fire by rubbing two sticks together. In response to this demand, the Indian set out with the captain, ostensibly to search for the woods requisite for the operation and after a long weary tramp through the roughest country the Indian could select, and having induced the captain to assist in gathering woods for the fire, the modernized red man, producing a bottle from his pocket emptied some of the contents—which smelt uncommonly strong of coal-oil and set the heap ablaze with the light from a match, and a wax match at that!!

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## The Geneses of the Dog.

(Continued)

Although there is much obscurity as to the origin of the dog, it is almost universally held by naturalists that the shepherd's dog is the parent stock from which the endless varieties of the species have sprung. Naturalists have formed a genealogical table of thirty-seven distinct races, originating with and diverging in different lines from that dog, and although this table rests only on hypothesis yet there are strong grounds for believing it to be tolerably correct. Is it any more improbable that the shepherd's dog of all countries is the general parent, than it is that Adam was the father of all the diversified varieties of the human race?

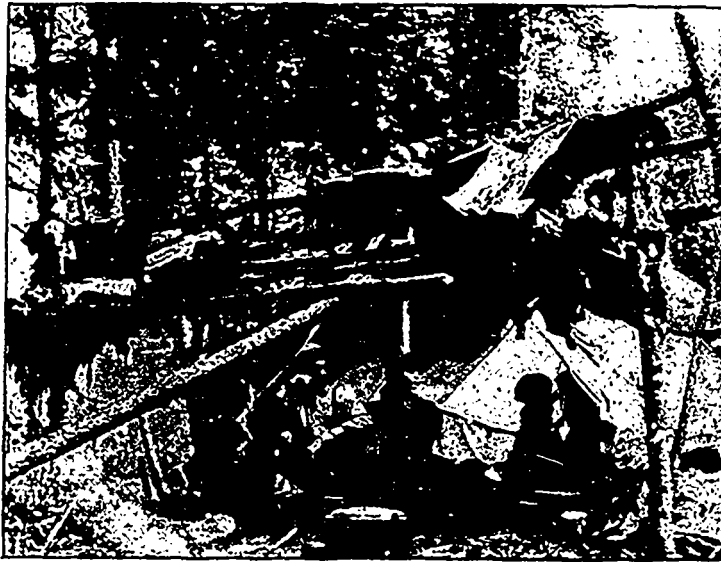
In seeking for a common progenitor for the dog, various authors have fixed on the wolf, the fox, and the jackall. This may be purely conjectural, but it seems pretty well authenticated that progenies have been produced between the wolf and dog and fox and dog, and that they were not hybrids, but capable of propagating their race. Explorers in the Arctic regions unite in stating that the native dogs have a strong resemblance to wolves. In the line of Franklin's route the dogs were observed to be similar, in their general physiognomy and in the prevailing markings of their fur, to the wolves of the same districts. In his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, the traveller James noticed

the resemblance which the Indian dogs of the Missouri bore to a species of wolf common in that quarter. But facts of this kind are not confined to the northern hemisphere. A well-known South African explorer remarked that the dogs bore the same general resemblance to the hyena that those of northern countries bear to the wolf. Therefore, it may be taken for granted, that the dog, the wolf, the fox, and the jackall are but modifications of the same species, so that the different races of domestic dogs ought to be referred, each in its proper country, to a corresponding indigenous wild species. Those who have become domesticated, in the course of their migrations in the train of man, have produced, by various crosses with each other, a still further increase of distinct races, of which there are over seventy at present cultivated.

In a wild state, dogs differ but little in character and manner from wolves, as they hunt in packs, and will attack wild cattle and boars and even lions and tigers. Some authors have affirmed that wild dogs evince an inclination to associate with man upon being approached in a conciliatory manner, and that a course of gentleness will subdue and render him tractable. I have strong doubts on this head, as the tendency of all wild animals is to fly from man, but if a wild dog was taken when

young, there is reason to believe he would become familiar, though there would always be suspicion on either side, and he would never become a voluntary servant. The Indian dogs of north-western Canada, from all accounts I have read, have little of the docility of the European races, possess no courage, hunt in packs and prey upon almost every kind of carrion. The Esquimaux dog, on the contrary, seems to be a more generous race, which may perhaps be ascribed to the greater kindness shown them and their intimate association with their masters for the greater part of the

all accounts, those dogs of every country which are very rough and ugly seem to have an instinctive propensity to be guardians of flocks, a circumstance indicating a strong affinity to the shepherd's dog. And when spaniels or other long and rough-haired dogs are taken to extremely warm climates they quickly deteriorate, and in the course of three or four years they lose their hair, and their bark changes to a howl; their progeny grow up hairless and anything but pretty. Thus it appears that the dog, in all its varieties, shapes, habits and propensities, and in whatever



INDIAN CAMP, OPISHINGUAGUA LAKE.

*Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.*

In August the Indians leave the trading posts for their winter trapping grounds, where they spend their early Fall, laying in a supply of moose meat for winter. The meat is cut in strips, and hung above the fire to smoke and dry—as shown in the picture.

year. Buffon, the naturalist, was of opinion that dogs in a wild state after many years will naturally return to their primitive form, but more recent investigation has proved the fallacy of this opinion, as those of the present day make a nearer approach to our common greyhound than to the shepherd's dog, having long and flat heads, with short ears. The short erect ears seems to be a characteristic of all wild dogs, those of Peru in addition being very ugly and having long coarse hair. The same characteristic is also found among the dogs of Lapland, Siberia, Iceland, and also of New Holland, the Cape of Good Hope and other warm climates. From

country he inhabits, seems to be but one species, under different modifications of form occasioned by the variety of climates in which he has been produced. When we consider the varieties in man himself, from the influence of climate, it is easy to conceive how an inferior animal may undergo still greater changes. We find that both the extremes of heat and cold have the effect of altering the human species; that as we approach both poles man diminishes in stature; and that it is in the more temperate regions where he is found most perfect, not only in physical symmetry and power, but also in mental capacity. The same influence exerts itself on dogs. One

thing is certain, that in a natural state every species of animal, with few exceptions, has a color, size and form peculiar to itself, which is the same through all generations; but experience teaches us that in the course of time, all animals which have been domesticated—from the birds of the air to the wild denizens of the forest—alter in their color, form and size.

The effect of climate on the dog is most striking. It is in the cooler regions alone that he retains all his natural ardor, courage and sagacity. When removed to a hot climate he quickly loses all those faculties for which he is so much esteemed in temperate countries, and we find also that it is but in the medium or cold climates that he reaches his greatest size and strength. This seems to be a fixed law of nature in the physical distribution of animals, and more particularly of plants, over the surface of the globe. It has been established beyond a doubt that, in the case of plants, all species have their existence under a certain range of latitude; hence, by the same process of reasoning we may conclude that similar results may be produced in the animal kingdom. Such is the difference of size in dogs that in some of the varieties he is found to measure about seven feet from the snout to the tip of the tail, while others are frequently met with only a few inches. In the museum at Dresden, it is said, there is a full grown and perfect specimen measuring only some five inches in length, and this dog had arrived at the age of over two years before he died. The dogs of Greece, Tartary, the Crimea, Denmark and Ireland are said to be the largest in the world.

There are in the known races of dogs various parent stocks. The Danish dog, Irish greyhound and common greyhound are of the same origin. Buffon is of opinion that the Danish dog is only a more corpulent greyhound, and that, had he been a native of France, he would have produced the common greyhound; and, he observes, experience teaches us this, for the Danish dog is brought from the north and the greyhound from the Levant and Constantinople. The hound, harrier, beagle, water-dog and spaniel are one and the same, their instinctive propensities being nearly allied and differing only in the length of

their legs, ears and bodies, but having all of them soft, pendulous ears. The Dalmatian is claimed, by some authors, to be descended from the same stock, although supposed to be a native of France. Spaniels and water-dogs are unquestionably natives of Spain and Barbary.

The great variety of dogs which are now to be seen in Great Britain may be accounted for by the intercourse of foreigners from all parts of the world with that country and also with its maritime connection with every quarter of the globe. From this cause and the constant mixture of the different races—crossed in endless ramifications by dogs of all sizes, colors and forms—proceeds the varieties which in that country abound: hence the impossibility of naturalists distinctly enumerating the various tribes. With these endless modifications of shape and size, the dog is found to differ nearly as much in point of intellect and intelligence. Mongrels seldom have the same sagacity as those of distinct races, and the more remote or impure the cross the more they seem to descend in the scale of intellect.

The unerring sagacity, faithful and unalterable attachment and other inherent virtues of the dog render him an agreeable companion for man; his actions indicate more than mere instinct, and some of those recorded evince no small degree of the faculty of reasoning. In course of time he acquires an intimate knowledge of the customs, manners and habits of all by whom he is surrounded, and, with a discrimination equal in many points to human intelligence accommodates himself to each. United to his mental capacity, his senses of hearing, smelling, and seeing are astonishingly acute, and that he can trace the footsteps of those with whom he is acquainted, or find his way back to his original home after removal to great distances, is well authenticated. The strict vigilance with which he guards property intrusted to his charge is not the least important feature in his character; in such cases there are no bounds to his courage and he will only desert his charge with his life. When strangers approach, he intimates his presence in a manner at once determined and threatening, and such is his fidelity that no amount of flattery can seduce him from his charge, or the direst threats drive

him to desert. It is no less surprising how soon dogs become acquainted with trading people or those having frequent intercourse with the family, and to distinguish them from the mendicant or tramp who prowls from door to door on the lookout for plunder; the latter he always regards with a suspicious eye, and keeps them at a proper distance. Without the vices of man, nature has formed the dog with an ardour and purity of attachment which, when once matured, remains unsullied and inviolable. His whole actions are marked by zeal, vigor, and gratitude for the little

kindnesses he receives, and he seems perfectly sensible of favours bestowed on him. Under correction, whether deserved or not, he in general displays a firmness by submitting to and not avoiding chastisement, while with conciliating looks he endeavors to allay the wrath of his chastiser, and will lick the hand by which the blows are inflicted. Every kindness he receives is remembered, while punishment, often undeserved, is speedily forgotten. With strangers it is quite different; he will boldly protect himself against an unmerited injury, and will seldom forget it.

## The Airedale in Canada.

By D. TAYLOR.

We are indebted for the presence of the Airedale terrier in Canada to Mr. Joseph A. Laurin, of Montreal. He was the first in this country to recognize the now generally acknowledged merits of the breed, and followed up his convictions by purchasing some of the best dogs and bitches obtainable in England for breeding purposes. This was in 1899 and since that time he has gone on importing and breeding, looking for improvement at every step taken. That he has been more than successful the annals of the most prominent dog shows both in Canada and in the States will bear witness. The natural result of mating only the best sires and dams was soon apparent in the large number of orders received for young stock from all over the United States, and although Mr. Laurin keeps quite a number of brood bitches he is unable at times to supply the demand.

The Kennels are located on a farm at Petite Cote, about three miles from the Papineau Road terminus of the Montreal Street Railway, and makes from there a pleasant walk on a fine morning. Mr. Alex. Smith is superintendent, and under his careful and intelligent management disease and mortality has been almost nil. What Alex. does not know about the nature, habits and treatment of dogs would not be worth knowing; in fact he is a pocket encyclopedia on everything relating to the canine race, and can give you off hand the

pedigree for four or five generations of every prize-winning dog of any consequence on both sides of the Atlantic. He is conceded to be an authority on any breed, but is especially at home with terriers and collies, which may be said to be his favorites.

Acting on a pressing invitation, one morning last fall found me, at the end of the first part of my journey, seated in a primitive buggy, behind a steed constructed on the early pointed gothic style of architecture which, although not much to look at, was, as my host solemnly averred, equalled only by Lou Dillon as a trotter. Under the guiding hand of Alex. the animal did not on this occasion belie his character, and soon the white-washed walls and red-colored roofs of the superintendent's house and kennels came in sight. They stand back from the road, some five hundred yards, on high and dry ground, and looked very pretty in the bright November sunlight. On reaching the house I was received by the hostess, Mrs. Smith, with that quiet, unostentatious hospitality which has made her and her home so popular with visitors, of whom the Colne Kennels have many from all quarters, for they enjoy much more than a local reputation. Being a lady of refinement and many accomplishments, Mrs. Smith makes an excellent entertainer. She is a cultured musician and a brilliant conversationalist,

with a keen wit and ready repartee that makes an hour or two spent in her society an occasion to be remembered, and no visitor who has ever crossed the threshold of her always open door has anything but praise for the courteous treatment received at the hands of the kindly and genial hostess of the Colne Kennels. In her efforts to please Mrs. Smith is ably seconded by her husband, a versatile singer with a fine tenor voice, and her charming daughter, a little maid of sweet sixteen, who bids fair to rival her mother in musical ability.

The Airedale is the largest of the terrier breed, the male weighing from 40 to 45 lbs. and the female somewhat less, and is a most useful dog in various capacities, very obedient, a close companion and firm friend. His admirers claim, and not without reason, that the Airedale can be trained to almost any kind of work, as his intelligence is of a very high order. Few dogs can equal him in the water, and his dense wiry jacket is proof against cold and wet. He is a natural hunter, has a keen nose, a good retriever, is easily brok-



CH. MASTER BRIAR.

A Typical Airedale.

After a pleasant lunch, which was very acceptable after the drive through the keen appetizing air, I was invited to look around the kennels. And right here it may as well be stated that everything was in apple-pie order, both the kennels proper and the runs attached being clean and free from any taint of smell. The situation of the kennels is favorable to this condition of affairs, still it was evident that every sanitary precaution to preserve the health of the dogs and ensure their comfort was used. Indeed it is rather remarkable that, notwithstanding the large number of puppies reared during the two years Mr. Smith has been in charge, he has never had a single case of distemper or any sickness of a serious nature.

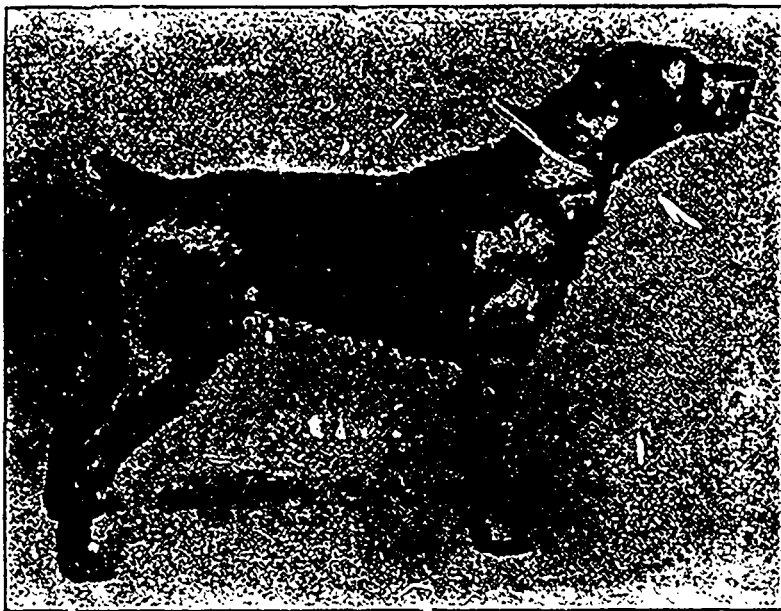
en to the gun and can be taught to drive cattle like a collie. His courage and tenacity of purpose are of the highest order, so that if a badger is to be induced to come out of his box the Airedale either brings him out or is a dead dog. Favored with a hardy constitution he is able to withstand ailments to which all puppies are liable and to which those of other breeds frequently succumb, but when he attains full growth his capacity for rough wear and tear is unlimited. His rearing during the earlier period of his career is thus reduced to a minimum of risk and trouble. In disposition the Airedale is anything but quarrelsome, at the same time he will not turn tail to any dog or any kind of wild animal that roams our for-

ests. He has been tried against bear and stood the test admirably. Mr. James Brewster, the well-known C. P. R. guide at Banff, N.W.T., is the authority for this statement. He wrote a very enthusiastic letter to Mr. Laurin in which he says:—"They will tackle any grizzly that walks. I have never seen any other dogs that would do that. I think that a dog that will go after a grizzly before he is one year old does not need any further recommendation in regard to grit. I have hunted these dogs all summer and find that they take to almost any game, and are very obedient."

Mr. James Mortimer, one of the most

possessing enough affection to make him attractive around the house." And there are a good many who will agree with Mr. Mortimer.

The breed derives its name from the valley of the Aire in Yorkshire, Eng., where it has been known for many years, and is supposed to be derived from a cross between the Otter hound and a larger dog. Mr. Laurin has some of the best specimens of the breed to be found anywhere in his kennels today, the head of the kennel being the famous Colne Lucky Baldwin, who created quite a sensation on his arrival in this country two years ago, when he gained his championship by defeating all com-



CH. COLNE DUMBARTON LASS.

A Typical Airedale.

popular, as he is one of the best, all-round judges in America, in answer to a question as to which breed he considered best for general purposes, replied: "There is no general utility dog." "If you were to select one whose build and traits seem likely to make it of real use in a country place, and a companion as well, which would it be?" was further asked. "That is almost as hard a question as the first," he replied, "though, off-hand, I would say the Airedale terrier. Little is known about him in many parts of America, but he is a thoroughly satisfactory animal, capable of learning nearly anything within reason and

ers at New York, Newark and Boston. Another grand stud dog is a more recent importation, Colne Rooley Toff, who was an extensive winner in Great Britain, where he was awarded fourteen firsts besides specials at five shows. The matrons are nearly all imported and chosen from the best kennels in England. Among them are Ch. Colne Princess Briar, Colne Consort, Colne Lady Marjorie, Colne Miss Previous, Colne Mistress, Colne Lady Jane Grey, Colne Walton Flyaway, and others which have been the proud mothers of many winners and others in prospective. One of the most notable puppies reared by Mr.

Laurin is Ch. Colne Nut Brown Maiden, who when only six and a-half months old was awarded the special for the best American bred bitch at New York 1904. Although only eighteen months old she has gained over thirty firsts and specials.

But the most interesting feature of the show was the young stock, of which there was close upon one hundred, ranging all the way from two or three weeks to three or four months old, and were, without exception, the most level lot of puppies I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. There was scarcely a coarse one in the whole outfit, the great majority having wonderful color and head properties, good wiry coats and exceptional terrier style. I saw in one of the runs the remnant of what was a remarkably fine litter ex Colne Consort by Lucky Baldwin. They were named the Four Maries, but alas! like their namesakes I was led to understand that in a day or two they would be separated, a Worcester, Mass., fancier having purchased two for what I believe is the record price paid in Canada for puppies: As the old ballad says:

“Yestreen there were four Maries,  
This night there'll be but three,  
There was Mary Beaton, an' Mary Seaton,  
An' Mary Carmichael an' me.”

The sad fate of Mary Hamilton, the last of the quartette of maids of honor to Mary Queen of Scots, let me hope would

not be repeated in her namesake. In another run were three dogs and four maidens, full brothers and sisters to Ch. Nut Brown Maiden, which were very promising, one especially—a dog puppy—could not be overlooked, and I should say it would take a good price to tempt Mr. Laurin to part company with this dog. In another run were four run out of Lady Nellie and Walton Flyaway, all about three months old, and a prettier lot at that age it would be hard to conceive. Beside this run is another containing seven, their dam being Miss Previous, a bitch of rare quality though lacking in show properties. She is a good mother and her puppies have the substance and bone, the color and coat of their sire, Lucky Baldwin.

But I have not space to particularize further, suffice it to say that, to anyone who desires to see the Airedale as he should be, there can be no better opportunity than by paying a visit to his home in Canada at the Colne Kennels, where all visitors intent on gaining knowledge of the breed are made welcome. After spending a pleasant day I came away impressed with the fact that, while Mr. Laurin has made many sacrifices and spent a lot of money in introducing this breed of dog to the people of Canada, he has never wavered in his purpose to get only the best, and the standing of his kennels in the canine world today is ample proof that he has succeeded.

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## My First Deer Hunt.

By HANK.

I had bought a 30.30 Winchester carbine, discarding my 44 Winchester repeater, and decided that with a little practice, which I managed to obtain, I could perhaps drop a deer if I had the opportunity.

Dick, Jack, and I therefore decided that we would get our packs together, and try our luck back of Fox Lake, and around the Big John Swamp, which is situated about eighteen miles west-south-west of Cartier, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We boarded No. 2, the East

bound Transcontinental Express, at Chapeau, and made the journey east, 137 miles to Cartier, arriving there at 2.45 a. m. We stretched ourselves out for a two hours nap on the floor of the station, not caring to go to the boarding house as we intended making an early start for our hunting grounds. We awoke at five, and went over to Vic's to get stocked with the necessary provisions, and received the best of treatment. We also got the loan of a pack horse, put our load on him and away we

started about a quarter before eight. We used an old wagon road that had been made by lumbermen some years before for hauling supplies in to camp. We came across several creeks, and on different occasions we had to repair the corduroy bridges, placed across them as they had become a little the worse for wear and age, and were not then sufficiently strong for our horse and his load. This of course delayed us considerably, but we did not grumble at it too much. At noon we had a meal, filled our pipes, and with the philosophy which comes at such times consoled ourselves with the reflection that if we did not get any deer, we would certainly get some experience. As a matter of fact before the end we got lots of it.

they had the tent up, and a supply of wood cut, I had the fire going, and three partridges cleaned and in the pot, with a little salt pork, onions, and hard tack. I had the whole going very nicely when along comes Dick, and says he, "Say, Hank, what's the matter with a smoke?" "Where's Jack?" says I. "Gone to fix up Mr. Horse." Well we waited until Jack had fixed up Mr. Horse, and then we filled our pipes and got to discussing the methods, etc., of deer hunting. Jack said he never had had any practice with a rifle, he having a 44 Winchester with him. I tell you however he certainly is a cracker with a double barrelled small bore at blue rocks or ducks on the wing. Indeed anything on the wing seldom gets away when



#### OUT OF SEASON

*Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.*

A two hundred pound buck killed on the shore of Kop-a-kai-og-a-mog Lake, in the heart of a big game country has never been hunted by a white man

Dick, good big hearted soul, soon wanted to be up and doing. So away we go, and four o'clock found us with two more of those bridges made passable, and six miles from our hunting grounds, making camp for the night. You know a fellow in this locality has got to have his eye open for a suitable place to lay his head about three o'clock in the afternoon at this time of the year (2nd of November) as it gets dark quite early. Dick and Jack put up the tent, and I turned to as chef. By the time

he draws a bead. Dick is no slouch with a shot gun either, but his ideal is a .303 Savage, and his motto is "Never pull until you are sure of what you are pulling at." When you see that big good natured lump take a bead with that .303 you can bet your last drop of Scotch Emulsion that it is his. We also talked of the 30.30 I had, and decided that it looked a little light. I said "yes." But by all accounts however if I managed to get the right bead I thought they would come down."



"Oh, yes, don't let us forget all about our partridge stew, Hank," chipped in Jack, and with that we dropped our pipes and prepared for the banquet. I tried the soup and found it lovely, as was also the rest of the meal. We were about to start eating, when Dick remarked that as we had got our feet wet several times that day he thought that it would be a preventive against cold to each take a table spoonful of Scotch Emulsion, and he, being the eldest, we naturally took his advice. I don't think we found it hard to take. You could actually feel it driving the cold out of the heels of your boots. We certainly did justice to that feed, the first hot meal since we started out, and we brought hungry appetites to its discussion. The next move was to light our pipes again, and have another talk. I being chef had Dick and Jack to wash the dishes, and I put them away handy for the morning meal.

At five next morning I hustled on the fire, put on the balance of the partridges, made a pot of tea, and called the lads. We had all done and were on our way by a quarter past seven. At noon we arrived at the camp of our old friend Williams, and he would hear of nothing else but that we should be his guests while we were in the neighbourhood. Our friend Billy Williams is a hunter and trapper, and was at this business when we (lucky for us) happened to run across him. Anything and everything he had was at our disposal, and he used us as only a man of the woods, with the experience he has had, could use us. He fixed us up with bunks, and we unloaded Mr. Horse, tethered him, and proceeded to explain to Billy why we were out his way. When we had heard us he expressed the opinion that he could "fix us up all right."

We had dinner, and taking our rifles had a look around. Running across a couple of partridges, we bagged them and returned to camp. Billy asked us what we thought of what we had seen, and we all decided that things looked favourable for the success of our expedition. Billy then advised us to have supper and turn in early so as to be able to make an early start in the morning. We followed this advice, and bright and early next morning found us astir. But early as we were we found that

Billy had been before us, and had breakfast waiting. It was a dandy one too—fried deer steak and other things. It was all grand, and I fancy I could tackle it yet, and tackle it often. Then we had to make our dispositions for the hunt.

Dick and I followed a gully, Jack and our friend Billy going in another direction south of Fox Lake. I took the bush at the head of the gully, and Dick did the same about midway. We were travelling on parallel lines, when lo. and behold I saw my first deer, a nice little one about one hundred pounds, feeding about 120 yards straight ahead of me. I took a second glance to make sure of what I was pulling at, and then my little 30.30 carbine spoke. You talk about a jump, say, that was the quickest jump that deer ever gave. He simply made one jump upwards and came down a cropper. Well I was not long before I was over there alongside, and there he was, my first deer, stone dead, with a soft nose metal patch bullet clean through two ribs, the bottom portion of his heart, and out the other side. The hole made by the bullet in emerging was sufficiently large to place in a hen's egg. By this time my old standby Dick was alongside. We bled and dressed him and placed him in a convenient spot so as to be handy to get when going back to camp. It was then noon, and we had arranged to meet at a log slide at the head of Fox Lake for lunch. It was a quarter to one when we reached the place, and we found Jack and Bill there before us. Over our after dinner pipes I related my experience with my first deer, and the beautiful work my little 30.30 had done.

For the afternoon Friend Bill had some traps he wanted to overhaul. He therefore told us to "go it alone," and he would meet us at camp about dusk. Dick and Jack decided to go in a direction which would take them about one and a half miles beyond the head of Fox Lake, turn and work back to camp; while I meant to work straight back west from the lake, turn, and hit the spot about where I had left my deer. I travelled along as quietly as possible, but neither heard nor saw anything, until all at once three shots were fired in succession, and then eight more, fired rapidly. Judging by the

reports I thought they came from the 44, and sure enough I was right. I stood and kept a sharp look around thinking it possible that if anything got away I might get a running shot, and sure enough I did. In a short time I spotted a streak of grey going by on my right hand side, about forty yards away. "Well," I said to myself, "there's my meat," never thinking I would get it. I drew a bead and another time that little 30.30 spoke, and down comes as nice a buck, weighing 300 lbs., as you ever saw. By good luck I just happened to fire

still. The moment I saw the deer I raised it, and then seemed to take the ague, or shivers, or something of the kind. I could not hold the gun steady, and that's all there is to it." We had heard a lot of talk about the "buck fever" and decided Jack must have taken it badly. There we were with the second deer down and not a drop of Scotch Emulsion to go down with it, though our feet were terribly damp at the time. We treed this deer till the next day, taking the little one which I had shot in the forenoon back with us to Camp.



#### FLYING POST.

*Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.*

The second objective point of the trip. A typical fur post of the north, on the headwaters of the Ground Hog River. The Factor and his family receive their mail four times a year.

as he was in the act of jumping over a tremendous big log, catching him through the hind quarters. Ah, that's where you could see the terrific work that little 30.30 did. Jack and Dick then came up, and Jack asked "Did you get him?" I pointed to the buck, and with that he says "Boys I may be all right with a shot gun, but I am no good with a rifle. Why the blooming thing. I don't know what was the matter with it. I could not keep it

AS usual Friend William was there ahead of us, and had a grand spread prepared—roast partridge, fried rabbit legs, fried pork, and a bowl of good tea—a meal fit for any king. We all agreed that we never had a more enjoyable meal. After supper I had to give Bill a full and particular account of my luck. When he had heard all about the work of that little 30.30 Winchester (he favoring a single shot Remington) he says "Hank, I took that

gun of yours to be nothing but a popgun, and by Jove it has turned out to be a regular cannon." Well, he wanted that gun badly, but I could not part with such a friend. "Say, Bill," says Jack, "just you wait till you see that other fellow we have strung up out there, and you will say you never saw such smashing work for a small bore in all your life. Your black powder guns aren't in it." We smoked, cleaned our guns, and turned in and slept the sleep of the weary, until we had to be awakened by our host.

When we scrambled up sure enough there was breakfast ready for us again. To all our remonstrances for not calling us before and allowing us to assist him he answered "I knew you boys would be clean tired out, and I thought I would let you enjoy your sleep." We did not allow this incient to interfere with our enjoyment of our breakfast, and afterwards our arrangements were speedily made. Friend Bill and Jack went together this time, and Dick went with me. "Well, Hank," says Dick, "I must get something today. Jack's along with Bill, and they are sure to run on to something." Dick was no false prophet this time, and I will give his experience first place.

After leaving us they crossed what is known as the Johnston Creek, going in a northerly direction, and had travelled for about an hour without seeing anything. Close to a long narrow beaver marsh or meadow they decided to sit and wait awhile. Before long Bill thought he saw something moving across the upper end of the meadow. Jack could not see clearly but there appeared to be three or four objects moving, and Bill decided to go towards them. They circled round the upper end of the meadow, having as Bill said to be very careful not to get beyond them as the wind was blowing from them. They edged nearer and nearer to them, going out occasionally to the meadow to see if they were near enough. They found that the deer had stopped about the middle of the meadow, and they were then about 200 yards away. Bill asked "Do you think you can get the buck?" (there being one buck and two does.) Jack said he would prefer to get closer, for if there was any chance he did not want to miss again and get the laugh. Bill remarked that they did

not appear likely to move, providing no noise was made to disturb them, and so very cautiously and anxiously they crept up to within about 80 yards. "Now, Jack," says Bill, "don't get excited. Keep cool. Take steady aim at the buck's front quarters, and when you have a dead bead, pull, and you will get that buck sure." Well Jack did as he was told, and he said that the deer standing there quite unconscious of danger seemed to steady him. The gun rang out and the shot went straight through the left shoulder. Well, you talk about a surprised lot of deer. They certainly were surprised. The buck tried hard to get up, and Jack wanted to go out and stop him. But Bill kept him back, knowing as he well did that the does would make a few bounds and stop, curiosity getting the better of them. When this happened Bill's Remington spoke, and down came one of the does at a distance of 125 yards, shot clean through the heart. Bill told Jack afterwards that he had covered the buck in case he missed him, but Jack did not do so. Jack's first buck weighed 200 lbs. and Bill's doe 135 lbs., two nice deer, and best of all no "buck fever" as Jack remarked.

"Now Dick," says Jack, "What luck did you have?" "Well, boys, luck was certainly against me today," replied Dick. "After Hank and I left you we decided to go over to that big hill, Hank taking with the wind, and I against it, so that he would drive anything he might raise towards me. Well away we goes, and mind you I had not left Hank twenty minutes when up starts a lovely big buck. I fired but he was too far away and going like the wind. After a three hours tramp. I found myself just where I started and no deer. But, Hank, I feel it in my bones I am going to bring down a peach to-morrow."

After having supper we turned in early, and by half past five the following morning we were up and at breakfast, and waiting until it was light enough to shoot. Again Dick and I went across the lake, and Jack and our friend Bill made tracks for the Big John. When we landed on the south side of the lake Dick says, "Now Hank you take the south side of that big hill, and I will go up the ravine, and if you start anything it may come my way." I had travelled about half an hour when

the silence was broken by sharp reports, which I knew to come from Dick's Savage—one,—two—three—four—five—six, and a pause for about a minute, and then the welcome signal was fired, so I knew he had got something. I hurried over the hill, across the gully, to the old timber road, when I stopped and heard Dick singing out "This way Hank; I have a pair of dandies." I ran over, and sure enough there lay a fine buck of about 250 lbs. weight, and about fifty yards further on was a doe. I said "Good, old boy; how did you get

down." He pulled out a small leather covered flask of Scotch Emulsion. "I brought this," he says, "to christen my first buck." Christen him we did most royally. "Say, Hank," says Dick, "you may talk about that cannon of yours (meaning the 30.30 Winchester) but this .303 Savage beats all the cannon ever made." "Well," says our friend Williams, "you certainly have had great luck. Hank, you have a nice buck and doe; Dick you also have the same; and Jack you have a nice buck."

"I think Mr. Williams," says I, "I



#### FLYING POST INDIANS

*Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.*

They speak no English, and were very unwilling to be photographed.

them?" "Well," says Dick, "I am sure there was four, but at first I thought there was a dozen. I pulled on Mr. Buck who got away first. I knew I had missed, and I says to myself 'steady your nerves old boy' and then directed my attention to this one. I missed again, but at the third shot he was mine. The doe over there had come towards me, and I waited for I knew she would have to cross the road. Sure enough she did and I pulled, and down she came. She gave a nound, but I gave her a second shot which brought her down to stay. But, say, Hank, help me to put this

will turn my attention to getting a few partridges to-morrow." Dick thought he would do the same. Jack however said, "I will try my hand at a wing shot at some ducks which I have noticed are usually feeding down in the Bay over the other side of the Lake." Accordingly we started off next day, Dick with his .303 and I with my 30.30, each using the miniature cartridges which are just the thing for partridges and small game. Jack took Friend Williams' No. 12 shot gun. Our luck in this line of sport was fine. Dick got seventeen partridges, and I got twelve

Jack was of course at home with a shot gun, and he dropped two fine black ducks, and three mallards. He was so enthusiastic over his experiences that he wanted to take us along the following day and show us how it was done.

But it seemed to me that we had all done sufficiently well, and that it was high time for us to get back to our regular employment—railroading. After a full discussion we all decided this was the best, and so the following day saw us all packed up and on our way out. We had made so sure of having something to bring back that before going in we had arranged with the railway agent at Cartier (Mr. W. B. Robinson) to have a wagon and team sent in to us. We found the team at the east end of Fox Lake, and were thus enabled to take out our trophies to show our friends.

When we left our good friend, Bill Williams, we decided not to take any more provisions than necessary. We boiled a large piece of deer meat the previous night, and also made a large scone in a frying pan, thinking we should thus have ample supplies for the outward trip. When we bade good bye to Mr. Williams, he invited us to repeat our visit whenever we might feel inclined. In the morning we made good progress, and at noon were about half way out. We called a halt, made

a fire for the tea, and then found that we had left tea, sugar, and salt at the landing at the lake. No tea was to be had, and so we made preparations to be content with the scone and the deer meat. Then we found that we were altogether wrong. In boiling the deer meat the previous evening we had omitted, after draining off the water, to leave the cover off the pot. In consequence the meat had soured and was so bad that we could not eat it. There we were nine miles from the railroad, four hungry men and one scone to divide between us. Well, it might have been worse, and the only thing was to look pleasant and make the best of it. In this spirit we ate our little snack, had a drink from the creek, filled our pipes, and started out on the home stretch. It seemed a very long stretch to us, and I do not think I ever experienced anything like it before so far as hunger is concerned. I thought we never would reach that railroad track, and, worse luck just when we were about a stone's throw from the track, didn't that Dick hunt his pockets over and find a hard tack! Of course we were then too near a hot supper to think of eating that. We arrived home at last, and my first experience of deer-hunting was nothing more than a glorious memory, which I shall always cherish.

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## Mississagua, French River and Timagami.

(Continued.)

The photograph of our Camp is very beautiful, but not nearly as fine as the Camp itself—the magnificent coloring of the red pine, the bark of the trees, the green of the needles, and the perennial blue of the water, the whole making a combination which photography can reproduce only very imperfectly. We left Timagami by the Timagami River, and found the fishing both above and below Timagami Falls better than anywhere else in the Lake. I was sorry to hear from my friend, Mr. W. M. Fuller, of New York, to whom I recommended the neighbourhood of the Falls as the best fishing ground, that

he had not the success there I had led him to anticipate, in fact that the fishing was no good. Is this to be attributed to the dam the Sturgeon Falls Pulp and Paper Company built, and which was afterwards blown up by the Government? I am told that the damage done by the dam during the short time it was there was very great in the way of killing trees along the shores, and that the spawning ground of the fish was hurt. I hope however this is not true. It would be a sin to allow any commercial interest to hurt this beautiful lake.

The portages are pretty hard going down

Timagami, so that those who object to fairly hard work on a canoe trip had better go back to the North East Arm, and either go north to Haileybury, and take the steamer down to Timiskaming; or the railway to North Bay. These new routes of travel will both I believe be in good working order by the time this story goes to press. To make an advent to Timagami now is a singularly easy matter and a most enjoyable experience. None of the matchless Timiskaming scenery is lost by

oldest and most valued contributors. We quote from the "Haileyburian":—

"We have heard, on good authority, that the C.P.R. have made arrangements for a round trip ticket. It practically covers the wonderful canoe route, which has become so famous. Leaving the main line of the C.P.R. at Mattawa the tourist will be able to take the branch line, from there to Timiskaming station following along the historic route of the Ottawa. From there he will travel by steamer, up



#### INDIAN CHURCH, FLYING POST.

*Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January Issue.*

A twelve by fifteen foot structure, built of hewn logs, with a roof of cedar bark. Inside, on the walls, painted in the Indian Characters, are a few of the well known hymns, which have been translated into the Ojibway language. The last minister died two years ago, and there have been no services since.

this route to Timagami. A round trip ticket is being arranged by Lake Timiskaming to Haileybury, rail and boat; thence down by rail from Haileybury to Timagami at the North East Arm; a trip round Timagami, and back to the North East Arm; and then by rail south from Timagami Station to North Bay. This makes a very comfortable and an exceedingly picturesque trip. A very readable paper is being published by C. C. Farr at Haileybury, Ont. Mr. Farr is one of our

to Haileybury passing through the most wonderful scenery that the upper Ottawa affords, which has been pronounced by some, to exceed that of the Saguenay, for Lake Timiskaming is a noble sheet of water, enclosed by forest clad mountains, which for ages to come will have no other inhabitants than the bear, the moose, and the rabbit, apart from the numerous spots, along those shores, that are inextricably bound up with the history and legends of an almost forgotten past. The air

is health laden and redolent of the forest. The very spray of Lake Timiskaming is suggestive of all that is wild and unconventional so that men that have once sailed upon its bosom, can never forget it, and long to be back again, where the waters dance so free, and ozone is so cheap. At Haileybury the new railway, known as the T. & N. O. Ry. comes out to the lake, passing through miles and miles of otherwise trackless forest, filled with game and unsophisticated fish, a veritable sportsman's and tourist's Paradise, the most wonderful fishing grounds in the universe. The beautiful Timagami system of lakes is something to dream about, impossible to describe, and a conception of which can only be gained by a personal investigation. After revelling days, weeks, or even months in the heart of this fairy like creation of Nature, the train can be caught at Timagami, or other stations, which brings the tourist back to the main line of the C.P.R. at North Bay, probably regretting that the train travels so fast. The order of the route can be reversed, the same tickets being available for either way, that is starting from North Bay, and out at Haileybury, a short or long time spent in the play ground of the continent, and the trip from Haileybury down the lake, to Timiskaming Station kept for the last, as the tit bit, the piece de resistance, something to be remembered for a lifetime."

In leaving Timagami I very much prefer personally to paddle across Lake Timagami to Obabika Bay, down the Sturgeon and Wanapitei Rivers to Wanapitei Station. From that point the trip can be continued by canoe to the lower end of the French River; or one may go east by train to Sturgeon Falls and take the comfortable steamer that plies from there across Lake Nipissing to the French River, and then take our canoes and paddle down that wonderful river, which for one hundred and fifty years was the great highway to the west, and which has since for over one hundred years only been travelled by an occasional explorer or Government agent.

A railway is being built from Toronto to the French River, and Sudbury, and when it is completed in December next it will be possible to reach that district from Toronto in three or four hours. This will

make the French River country the most accessible district where real virgin fishing, and very good big game hunting is to be found. There are about two hundred miles or more of this river, which is really not a river at all but Lake Nipissing divided into many channels, and leading from Sturgeon Falls to Lake Huron. There are hundreds of islands in the river, some of them very large and many small ones. For bass and maskinonge fishing, and moose, deer, and bear hunting I know of no better region. The Government realizes the value of this fishing, and is determined to preserve it very effectively.

Even preferable however, from the canoeist's point of view, is the canoe trip down the Mississagua. This is the most exciting and the most beautiful of them all. For two hundred and fifty miles, or more at will in the shape of its side-streams and lakes, amidst scenery of the most varied character, and with swift water, this trip can be made. In order to do this in the best possible way the train is taken to Winnebago Siding. There, with canoes, tents, and outfits, a start is made. There is a paddle of one half day up stream, which passes close to the Siding, to Lake Wakamagaming, then a portage over the Height of Land into Lake Kabiskushing. Thence all is down stream. On reaching the Wennebegon River we turn to the right or west a mile or so to visit Lake Wennebegon, with its many islands and good fishing; and then continue our course down the majestic Mississagua. There are nine miles of one rapid, and there are days when we spend most of the time in the rapids. So good however is the supply of water, and so skilful the guides, that I have yet to hear of a wreck though many canoes have made the journey. It is true the river is new, and not many people have done the trip, but amongst them have been some who were strange to the canoeing experience of this river, which is in many respects unique, and some upsets would not therefore have been a matter of surprise. We have seen no canoeing pictures better than those taken on the Mississagua.

About thirty miles from the mouth of this river a short portage brings one into Lake Waquekobing—a beautiful bit of pure, cold, clear, water, well stocked with bass and salmon trout. At the western end a

little stream runs into the the lake, and here brook trout can be obtained. There is brook trout also in the outlet to the Lake. Great catches have been made at this point. We have come out of the absolute wild into semi-civilization at Waquekoning, and a drive of five miles will bring us to the station at Dayton, and forty-five minutes by rail westward will take us to Desbarats, where there are summer camps, and another headquarters for guides. There are lakes in the interior

favourable conditions. It is sixteen miles to Bass Lake, and the country is interesting all the way. North of Bass Lake are Island Lake, Patton Lake, and Stewart Lake, and here we are not far from the Echo River.

From Stewart Lake I am told that a short portage to the Echo brings us to swift water in which there is good trout fishing and that any fisherman who makes a trip to this point will be well rewarded. Following the River Echo to its source in



#### GOD'S HOUSE.

*Illustrating "A Pictorial Canoe Trip" by G. M. Richards, in the January issue.*

Permanent Indian Camp on Sah-katawichtah Lake, between Flying Post and Biscotasing. The Chief of the encampment is known as God.

from here that have been fished very little, and some not at all. Of these some are bass lakes, and some are trout lakes. They can be reached either by canoe or by driving. One of the drivers when I was there had contrived a very ingenious rack by means of which he could arrange four canoes on a wagon, and accommodate from six to eight people on comfortable spring seats beneath the canoes. A pair of good horses can draw such a load, and the pretty drive can thus be made under the most

an easterly direction we come to a township in which are the headquarters of three locally important rivers—the Garden, the Echo, and the Thessalon. One can almost throw a stone from the source of the Echo to the source of the Garden. Then a chain of lakes, not all connected by water, brings one, by nice and easy routes, to the Mississagua River again. In Otter township trout are found in nearly every lake and stream.

In this rapid transit trip I think I have



brought before my readers the best of the fishing waters of Ontario. I should be willing to spend my own holiday on any of these waters, and it would be difficult to choose between these four districts—Desharats, Mississagua, French River, and Timiskaming—Timagami. These are two

different Lakes—Timiskaming is an expansion of the Upper Ottawa River and it leads us into the great North-Western Quebec region, with its moose, deer, bass and trout. Mattawa and Kippewa are its supply points.

## Bass Fishing.

By THOS A. DUFF.

In recent issues of Rod and Gun I have observed justifiable complaints about the netting of black bass, which in some localities has so diminished the number of this splendid game fish that a good catch is out of the question. What a pity people are so shortsighted, so unsportsmanlike, and so greedy for a big haul that they will violate the law and thus "kill the goose that lays the golden egg." As a rule, sportsmen are liberal minded men and are ever ready to pay a guide a goodly sum for his services and reasonable prices for supplies. All of this ceases as the fish disappear.

Probably the writer has during the last fifteen years, angled in about as many localities in Ontar., as the average man, and can corroborate what other contributors have said with regard to the scarcity of bass in the Bay of Quinte district. The same condition of affairs exists in many other localities, notably in Lake Simcoe. Formerly one could spend a day on this beautiful sheet of water and return home with a well-filled basket; but now all is changed. The net has done its work, and a good catch is out of the question. On account of the excellent fishing formerly found at this Lake, a large number of summer cottages were erected on its shores and the occupants paid liberally for guides and supplies, but as the fishing is now so poor several cottagers are seriously contemplating deserting these summer homes and going elsewhere. But where are they to go? That is the question!

There is certainly splendid fishing in the Manitoulin Island Lakes; the bass are large and good fighters. I have visited many

different Lakes on this island with excellent results, 'but the best one was, of course, in a most out of the way place where ice and fresh supplies were practically out of the question. One could easily get the limit of big fish in a couple of hours. In August, 1903, I had the great pleasure of landing a beauty which weighed five pounds eight ounces, and I shall never forget the battle royal we had with my eight-ounce rod and automatic reel. But as one has to take at least two or three weeks from business to go to Manitoulin the writer looked about for a good place fairly close to Toronto, and is convinced he has found one, and one that will be good for many years to come, provided the netting is not indulged in; and right here I want to make it plain that the law will be set in motion on all offenders.

Upon my return, in August last, from a trip to British Columbia, I went from Toronto to Honey Harbor—a summer resort on the Georgian Bay, about twelve miles from Midland. The resort is "among the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay," and I have no hesitation in saying it is one of the most beautiful spots in Ontario. The scenery is grand and the air delightfully cool and invigorating. Boating may be indulged in at all times, as the many Islands afford shelter from the prevailing North-West winds.

But the fishing! It is good. I engaged a half-breed boy as a guide, and he could on any day place me where the limit allowed by law could easily be caught, and all were genuine small mouth black bass, game to the last, and weighing from one and a

quarter to four pounds. An abundance of large mouth black bass may be taken with a troll, and those who enjoy mascalunge fishing can have excellent sport. The bulk of my angling was done in the Georgian Bay, but there are many small lakes in the township where I am informed even better fishing may be had and, on the average, larger fish secured.

Honey Harbor is located in the Township of Baxter, District of Muskoka, and may be reached by G. T. R. to Midland, and then by steamer "City Queen," or by G.T.R. to Penetanguishene and then by the Northern Navigation Company's steamer, "City of Toronto." The time occupied in making the trip from Toronto is under seven hours. Should one miss the steamer there are any number of gasoline launches which may be hired.

Four summer resorts provide excellent accommodation at reasonable rates, viz:—Pleasant Point Resort, Royal Hotel, Victoria House, and "The Resort." These places were well patronized by guests, many coming from United States cities. There are a large number of beautiful cottages, and many more are being built. So well pleased was the writer with the beauties and temperature of Honey Harbor, and the prospects for excellent fishing, that he purchased forty-one acres and has built a substantial summer dwelling; and hopes for many years to come to be able on any suitable day to land his limit of that King of all Ontario fish—the small mouth black bass. In the Fall there is splendid duck and partridge shooting, and also quite a number of deer.

## Preparing for the Trouting Season.

By WALTER GREAVES.

The recent mild, sunny days have caused me, and no doubt many other anglers, to begin to think of overhauling rods and tackle and preparing lists of sundry articles required for the approaching trouting season. To me, this is one of the numerous pleasures of fly fishing, and I know several other enthusiastic anglers who take the same delight in going over their stock and making out orders for the coming season after examining various catalogues. The anticipation of the sport has a great deal to do with angling. There is considerable uncertainty in fly fishing for trout in lakes, that is where one has only a few days fishing, for it occasionally happens that fish will not rise well to the fly for a day or two at a time, even in well-stocked waters, and this may be the case when you are there; whereas, during the few previous days and the days immediately following your departure, they would take anything in the shape of a fly. To my thinking, this makes the sport all the more fascinating, for I do not want, during an outing of this kind, to take many fish, but am satisfied with a few of the fair-sized

ones taken on the fly, with a light rod and fine tackle, and it affords me just about as much pleasure too to see the friend with me cast, play and land trout, provided, of course, that he is fishing with the fly.

Brother anglers, begin to re-wrap, re-varnish and repair your rods, oil your reels, make your casting lines and re-arrange and re-stock your fly books for the delightful sport on both lake and stream will soon commence. As to the salmon and bass fishing I may have something to say later on.

I am pleased to say that I have, during the past two or three years, noticed a very great improvement in the quality of the fishing tackle offered for sale in some of the stores here where they sell sporting goods, especially in the rods and flies, and I know one firm who will have an excellent stock of rods and flies from England shortly that they say they will be able to offer for sale at very reasonable prices. I have seen some of the samples of the flies and if the ones for sale come up to the samples they will be the best trout

flies I have seen for sale in any establishment in this city. It is, however, true that that is not, necessarily saying very much. Although I make near: all my own flies, I am glad to see that anglers, generally, will be able to procure a really good article here and I am pleased also to note an improvement in the quality of both rods and flies placed on the market here and at prices within the reach of people of moderate means. It is surprising

the number of people in Ottawa who have within the past few years taken up fly fishing for both trout and bass compared with the fly fishermen four or five years ago. They are getting educated to it chiefly, I think, through the excellent facilities afforded for transportation to the numerous lakes and streams by the four or five railways that radiate from Ottawa.

Ottawa, 1st March, 1905.

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## Exploring The Nipigon Country.

In January of the present year a Canadian Pacific Railway exploration party set out to traverse the country between Lake Superior and Lake Nipigon. The party was under the management and conduct of Mr. A. W. McDonald, of Pembroke, Ont., who has done much similar work in various parts of Canada, including the British Columbia coast, for both railway and syndicate enterprises. Mr. McDonald was accompanied by Mr. James B. Cassidy, and they took with them as cook a half-breed named Paul Timouski, of Golden Lake, Ont. They left Montreal on January 13th last, and went to Pembroke where they made their preparations for the journey. That town was left on the 16th, and on the following day they were at Nipigon Station, a place 926 miles from Montreal on the main line. Three more days were consumed in further preparations, and then with a horse team drawing their baggage, they set out for South Bay, Lake Nipigon. There was a good sleigh road, and at night they reached the Halfway House, known as Alexander, where they remained for the night. Next morning they were early astir, and before daylight appeared had covered two-thirds of the twenty two miles that intervenes between Alexander and South Bay. Arriving there by dinner time they established their camp, at which they remained for a week, and therefore had time to make themselves comfortable. Included in their outfit was a tent capable of accommodating six men, and they

had also a stove. Wood was plentiful, and with provisions in abundance they had a good time. On the morning of the second day their horses were sent back to Nipigon, and Mr. McDonald and Mr. Cassidy busied themselves during the week in exploring the country south and west, and examining the timber nearly to McIntyre Bay. When they were ready to make another move they found an Indian, Walter Applson by name, who had a dog team, consisting of five dogs of the Husky breed, which breed it is said was originally imported from England by Hudson's Bay officials. At McIntyre Bay they found a Church of England mission to the Indians. A little log church had been built and near by resided the missionary, an Englishman named Fuller, with his wife and family. They have a comfortable house and the church is neatly arranged and evidently well cared for. A great deal of the labour of love has been expended upon it. There is also a good general store here, and some of the comforts of civilization are to be obtained. Mr. McDonald's party were so well supplied at the start that no new stores were needed; nevertheless they obtained a few small articles at this place as a sort of return for courtesies extended to them at this station in the woods. After a stay of four days, wholly passed in exploration work, they worked round the Bay to the west and north to the Black Sturgeon, and went as far west as the Poshkokagan River. The country is all wild, and they found none but Indians inhabiting

this district. About half a century ago the whole district was burned over, and the explorers found an excellent and hardy second growth of poplar, birch, spruce, and tamarac, with scattered bunches of pine over a great area. The land is flat and good for agricultural purposes. After working round Black Sturgeon Lake the party moved down to Calm Lake, and after a week of exploration in that district went up to the little Sturgeon, and back to the south of Sturgeon Lake, from there back again to Calm Lake, down by the river, where the Sucker River joins the Sturgeon, then east and back up the Sturgeon to Fraser Lake, from Fraser Lake south east to Nipigon, where they struck the route to Sucker Creek, three miles south of Alexander, from whence a speedy and easy return was made to Nipigon station and civilization again. The whole of the exploring work was done on snowshoes, and during the entire fifty seven days the party were out they were enabled to carry on their work every day. During this period five inches of snow fell, but all came in the night, and work was not interfered with for a single hour. The dogs were kept for twenty-eight days, but by that time their stock of provisions had so decreased that no inconvenience was felt in moving the whole of their paraphernalia on hand sleighs. With plenty of dry wood and green birch about they had no difficulty in keeping themselves warm, and as provisions were in abundance all the time they had a very pleasant outing. Mr. McDonald would have no gun—he does not believe in “fooling around” with firearms in the woods—and the party were intent upon their own work of timber

exploration. They came in contact with Indian hunters on many occasions, and never lacked for fresh meat and fresh fish. They also saw red deer, moose, caribou, and bear; while wolves, foxes, mink, marten, fisher, otter, are also abundant. They were shown a pelt of the black fox caught in the neighbourhood, and heard that the lucky hunter obtained \$250.00 for the same. In fish they had trout, bass, pike, and maskinonge, and Mr. McDonald brought home two of the latter, three feet long, as curiosities. All these were caught at air holes made through the ice. The whole expedition was most successful, passing off without any incident out of the common, and so careful had the calculations been made that only about one day's supplies were left when the party returned to Nipigon. Only one melancholy incident disturbed the members, and that was the death of a young Indian woman at South Bay.

The expedition was well managed, and if matters were run a little close in the way of provisions there was no doubt the party could have obtained food in the shape of meat and fish in abundance had they been weather bound at any point for a few days. As it was good fortune in the way of weather attended upon good management and foresight, and the expedition was most successful in accomplishing the aims with which the party set out and some good results are likely to ensue in the future. The country is rich in timber, and fish and game, and with common prudence the Ontario Government should do a great deal to preserve it as a portion of our great national assets.

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## Beware How You Follow This Advice.

The Spring restlessness comes upon me very strongly as I open up the new map sent me by the Ontario Government in order to follow McDonald's trip. It is the map of the Lake Nipigon. Lake Nipigon is north of Lake Superior. On it I see a canoe route, of the exploration kind, that tempts me almost irresistibly to leave the sanctum of “Rod and Gun” to deputies,

after having made the necessary arrangements with the Hudson's Bay Co.'s Agent at Dinorwic, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, or with Mr. McKirdy at Nipigon Station, for canoes and guides, to go to Lac Seul which appears to be the headwaters of the English River, and which in its turn falls into the Winnipeg River, and thence into Lake Winnipeg. The route that

I wish to take goes the other way, however, i. e., east to the eastern end of Lac Seul, thence I would portage into Lake Joseph, one of the big mother lakes of the Albany River, which is the northern boundary of the Province of Ontario. I would then paddle through Lake Joseph, eastward to Osnaburgh House, the Hudson's Bay Company's Post, through the island-dotted Albany River, past many beautiful points, spring fed streams and lake expansions, to Abazotikitchewan Lake: then southward through Eagle Rock Lake, Sucker Lake, Kagcinagami Lake to Mahamosogomi Lake, whence two portages would take me to Ogoke River. Surely these Ojibways are descendants of the Japanese! From there I should go south-westerly to the Otter River, where it runs into the Ogoke, down the Otter River, to the portage running eastward to the Makoke River, up the Makoke to Summit Lake, the lake which is a great cleft in the Height of Land, and which seems to have two outlets, one being into the Ombabika River, which falls into Ombabika Bay in Lake Nipigon. What more glorious distribution of river, lake, and stream can be found than in the eastern part of that lake. Arrived at that point I would paddle down the east side of the lake to the Hudson's Bay Company's Post at Poplar Lodge at the mouth of Sandy River, thence down the Nipigon River, the most justly and

widely famed of all the trout rivers in the world, to Nipigon Station on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

There is another road a little shorter by which we take a branch of the Albany River near Osnaburgh House up to Pushkokogon Lake, Green Bush Lake, Wood Lake, to the Height of Land between the Albany River and the Ogoke, thence going down the Ogoke to White Earth Lake, portaging into Smooth Lake, and Island Lake (suggesting all kinds of geologically interesting features) then south east by an almost continuous chain of lakes into Wabinosh Bay in Lake Nipigon, just a little north of Nipigon House. On either of these routes we make acquaintance with a number of bona fide P<sub>3</sub>an Indians and I like them. I like a good Christian Indian as well, however.

There is still a third route by which we follow the Ogoke River to White Clay Lake, then go almost due south into Windigo Bay by the Pitikigouching River.

The second route is the shortest; the first the longest and most interesting probably; and the third the easiest.

Strong as is the temptation I may have to resist it. If so "Rod and Gun" would be very glad to help any one who may wish to take it, with information, with the proviso that "Rod and Gun" may have the sole privilege of publishing an illustrated account of the trip.—Editor.

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## Our Vacation.—Moose Hunt near the Mississagua.

Our vacation as it is called, is a topic of interest in the village of Thessalon, when moose season is at hand and the enthusiastic hunters begin to long for the trail. It was the last week of the hunting season and we were making ready to start on Monday morning—Jim Berry, Fred Sander-son and myself—never any more, but always we three.

Leaving Thessalon at dawn, we drove to McClennan's camp on the Little Thessalon river, and then packed our stuff to a lake, quite small in size, but grassy and heavily timbered, and an ideal place for moose—and that was what we were after, as the

party of older fellows had been out the week before and got plenty of red deer, and it was our aim to beat them. We got there in the evening after an easy pack and made supper and then discussed what tactics we would use against the wonderful craftiness of the moose. Next morning we were pleased to find that it had snowed about an inch, although it was pretty cold in our thin tents; but the fresh air and excitement quite overcame that. We left the camp at daylight and had only gone about a quarter of a mile when Fred caught sight of a deer loping along easily. He was armed with an old Snider-Enfield

rifle, which hurts the shooter nearly as badly as the game, and instead of shooting he turned to us and asked if we saw a soft place for him to light, which seemed funny to us and we laughed, which was all the deer needed to make him run. But Fred was there and after a terrific report and an immense cloud of smoke we found the poor animal with a bullet in his shoulder, which shows that Fred although only sixteen at the time was not green at the business. We dressed the deer and went to camp just an hour and ten minutes away, and we thought we had done enough for half a day, so made some improvements around the camp until noon. After dinner we went to another lake a little larger and with very clear water. A trapper told me it was alive with trout, but we did not want trout, and anyway it was out of season and we always abide by the game laws. We got there about four and saw fresh sign of moose, and tried a couple of calls; but we were only amateurs at that time and the wise old moose were not going to be fooled by any sixteen-year old boys blowing through a birch bark horn, so we had to come back empty-handed, except for a couple of partridge and a rabbit that we shot after deciding to give up big game for that day.

The next morning we decided to take different directions and still-hunt and not to come back for dinner. We walked about a mile together when we came on a fresh moose track leading up an old lumber road, so we decided to all go after him as he was moving slowly and eating as he went. We started very slowly, careful not to make any noise, but still we were not quiet enough, for when we had gone only a little distance we saw something black against a boulder, and Jim whispered, "A moose!" It was our first, and although

he had heard us coming he had not seen us yet. Jim, the oldest, and recognized as the best shot and hunter, said, "we will all shoot at once", so he counted,—at three there was a bang, the leaves flew and so did the ground, but the moose only walked away. Jim turned to us angrily and said, "buck fever eh!" We spread out and started after him on the run. Jim was sure he had hit him. Fred was on the left, I on the right and Jim in the centre. Fred was a little ahead and the moose saw him first and made for him, but Jim shot him in the hip and brought his hind-quarters down, but did not stop him charging Fred. Jim rose to the occasion again and put a bullet fair between the eyes, which gave us the victory and the big moose, which is a prize worth winning. We put Jim's license on the moose, but all claimed equal glory in his capture.

Next morning Jim went to the village to get a waggon, he said, but I think it was something else took him in. Fred and I took a walk and after an hour's still hunting I caught a glimpse of a deer about three hundred yards up a ravine from me, which I bagged in one shot from my 30.30 Savage. That gave us an animal apiece, and we were satisfied, so when the waggon came we were ready to go home and it was great to get back after such a successful hunt and we were surrounded with other boys, all asking where and how we got them. "We know and don't intend to tell" was all the answer they could get.

The next year we had a lot of applications to join our party, but we decided that our vacation would be spent the same as usual,—we three together and we intend to spend every one that way as long as we can.

Joe. Dobe.



# Sports Afloat!

BEING A SECTION DEVOTED TO THOSE WHO  
BRAVE WIND AND WAVE, IN WHITE-  
WINGED YACHT OR DAINTY CANOE,  
IN FRAGILE SHELL OR SWIFT  
POWER BOAT.

EDITED BY LOUIS MARAIS.

## My Little Bow.

Let me introduce myself.

I am one of Rod and Gun's new ideas—one of the many children of the managing-editor's brain, crystallized into concrete being.

Look me over and see how you like me.

If I look good to you, pass along the kindly word.

If I don't—well, swat me with pen and ink, and perhaps the exercise I get in the combat may do me more good than a boost.

But don't clout me when my back is turned.

Give it to me straight.

Write the editor of this department, care Rod and Gun in Canada, Woodstock, if you see anything you think is wrong—

Or if you have any kick coming—

Or if you want to tell somebody something that is within the province of this section.

That is what I want

Tell it to me, or tell it to some one else but tell it through Rod & Gun.

This is your department—and mine,—power boat man!

Paddlers!

Oarsmen!!

Sailors, too!!!

Come on, with your complaints, your little items of information, your stories, and incidents of cruise and competition.

If you don't—or can't—I lick 'em into shape.

And the photographs!

Don't forget them.

Send us interesting photos.

Don't be bashful.

Keep in touch with me and let us have a corner here that will make the hunters and fishermen, astern and ahead, sit up and gasp.

THAT'S ALL.



## Scholes versus Greer.

The determination of Lou Scholes, not to defend his title of amateur single sculling champion of the world, is questionable.

There is much to be said on all sides of the issue.

Frank B. Greer of Boston, and his inti-

mates, make lurid remarks about "quitter" and "four-flushers". Greer's friends assert that Scholes is afraid to meet the husky Boston man, and, Greer himself offers to row Scholes, anywhere, at any time. All he wants is a chance to prove the superiority he claims to possess.

Scholes and "Company" come back at Mr. Greer, et al, this wise:—"Go across the water and win the Diamond Sculls for yourself, Greer. Go and do like I have done. Work and slave and train for four years,—deprive yourself of luxuries, and spend your own money getting into shape, in travelling expenses, and buying costly shells, and then stack up against the cracks of the light little Isle, and if you can win out, come and talk race to me. Win your reputation in the way I have won mine, and then talk. When I was looking for reputation in 1903 you turned me down at Worcester. Wouldn't race me, until I got a reputation. Now take some of your own medicine. Wouldn't I be foolish to take a chance on surrendering all I have won to you as the result of one race? I'm through with the single sculling game, unless I can meet a man who has won at Henley. Now go away, and leave me alone. That decision is final."

But Mr. Third Party in a monologue soliloquy remarks thusly:—"A champion is a champion until he is deposed. How can a champion be deposed unless he gives bat-

tle? Those who are in the front flight of any sport have a right to cast the gauntlet down to the "head-liner." If he is a true champion he will accept all defiances in reason and pit his skill and strength to the absolute test. Greer's challenge seems reasonable. He has the reputation and his fame was not lightly won either. Greer has worked himself up in the way Scholes did, and is worthy of attention, surely. He is in fact more than a dangerous man. Is Scholes afraid of him? Would the big Canadian take on any less doughty opponent? Or is he sincere in his announced retirement from the singles?"

Those are the three points from which the Scholes-Greer proposition is being discussed.

I know Scholes personally. He told me last fall that he would never step into a single again to race outside of club, or possibly city, championships. He repeated it this spring, and now he is busy sweating out a winter's accumulation of fat, in preparation for a season's work in doubles and fours. He will pull double with Frank Smith and will stroke the Toronto Rowing Clubs four and eight.



## Which is the Faster?

Will the boats of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association's new class—the 16-foot ballasted knockabout class—surpass in speed that fleet, able, class of 16-foot racing skiffs which was brought to perfection under the protection of the Association?

That is a question puzzling not a few.

The skiff men stretch their lungs in a laugh of good natured derision, when the question is put to them.

The very idea!

No chance!!

Why the 16-foot skiffs are the faster things, foot for foot, afloat and, given them just time allowances, will—in respectable weather,—beat anything afloat on the lake.

This if you would believe the men who sail the skiff.

At the same time, while their claim seems a bit extravagant, skiffs have, granted their official time allowances made faster trips over racing courses than the big fellows.

However those who sail the new 16-foot ballasted boats,—for the benefit of the uninitiated it may be explained, that these are cabined craft, usually of deep draft or of compromise build, carrying the same amount of canvas, but being from two to three feet longer on the water line and five feet over all, than the skiffs,—say that their craft will beat the skiffs out. Going to windward they assert that they will both outpoint and outsail the skiffs.

Well! they may, but at that, I'll wager all I can dig up that, on a three-cornered course, the skiffs will gather up enough spare space, reaching and running,



to win out on the scurry for the finishing flag.

What's the matter with a mixed race?

It is up to some of the clubs to put on a mixed event at once on their open dates or regattas. Such an event would add zest to the sport in both classes. Those 16-foot ballasted boats are handy little "punts", and they are gradually growing more popular every year, but the growth will be stultified unless some of the Skiff Association clubs give the class more encouragement. The class was virtually made for the Queen City Yacht club, and yet, this year, they are only giving them two races. Three or four should have been scheduled at least. No harm would be

done even if the events did not fill, but the encouragement of club attention might result in the construction of a boat or two more next season. They are a cheap handy craft with a turn of speed and are seaworthy. I made two trips across the lake in the first one built on the lake, and though we hammered throughout one good breezy day in mid-lake there was no thought of danger, and the same boat safely made her way across the lake in a gale, so fierce that steamers came into port damaged by buffeting. She was superbly handled in this sea-fight but at that she proved the claim of the founders of the class that the restrictions and requirements would produce good seaboats



## Reduced Centerboarders Beam.

That an attempt to place schooners on a more equal racing footing with single stickers, by allowing them to increase their sail area, without payment therefore in racing measurement, should result in the abolition of the extra beam, made compulsory for centerboard boats, is a trifle strange, but that is exactly what has happened in the Yacht Racing Union, the governing body of the Great Lakes, and the Lake Yacht Racing Association, of Lake Ontario.

A year ago at the Y. R. U. meeting a motion was made to allow extra canvas for schooner rigged craft. The matter was referred to a sub-committee and the recommendation to eliminate special beam and freeboard requirements for centerboarders was forthcoming. It passed there and in order that the Canada Cup contest might not be affected the L. Y. R. A. adopted the amended rule.

The result is readily apparent!

A centerboard boat built under the new rule must go so much deeper to get the required immersed midship area, and the result will be a worse boat than before.

Just while we are handling this ques-

tion of restriction, it might be remarked, that the new regulations, compelling the construction of a beamy, roomy boat are not regarded, by all yachtsmen, the panacea for all yachting evils.

A great big husky boat is produced but these new boats won't work to weather in a seaway like the old-plank-on-edge craft.

Stack Strathcona, the Canada's Cup defender of 1903, up against Vreda of Toronto, the Watson steel cutter, in an easterly sea and send them dead to weather.

What would happen?

Why! the deep, thin Vreda would split her way through the seas while the Strathcona, though by no means a scow, or even approaching closely the skimming-disk type, would pound. Her bulky sections would shoulder into the cotton tops and every smash would check her progress.

This immersed cross section area demand compels the designers to carry the boat out too far. There is more than a chance that a resolution will be introduced at the Association meeting calling for a reduction in the area of the immersed midship section for deep drafts.



## In The Proper Spirit.

The agreement between the Rochester men and the Royal Canadians, anent the challenge for Canada's Cup, to utilize the services of amateur skippers only, and to select them from bona fide club members, is an admirable one, if the spirit is lived up to by both parties.

The sting of the Canadian defeat of 1903 was neutralized by the fact that Skipper Jarvis of Toronto—an amateur of course,—made James Barr, the professional brought up from Long Island Sound to sail the challenger, look like a selling plater in a stake race, and that the Rochester contingent had to send for Addison G. Hanan, another New Yorker, though an amateur, to sail their craft to victory.

This year it looks like a contest between racing skippers whose fame has hardly yet spread beyond the confines of their respective clubs.

In Toronto, now that Mr. Jarvis has pointed out that his summer's programme

will not permit of him handling the challenger, even if he were selected by the committee, new men are coming to the front.

Eddie Wedd has already been selected for the command in the "Temeraire" the Fife boat, built for Frederic Nicholls, and Norman Gooderham will sail Invader, the cup winner of 1901, in the trial races. Wedd is only a young man—under thirty,—while Gooderham is still an Upper Canada College boy. Both are graduates of the 16-foot skiff school. Gooderham sailed on Strathcona in 1903, and Wedd spent last summer sailing 20 and 25 footers. Both are good, tricky, fearless stick-handlers and have displayed the keen judgment of wind and weather conditions, that are the earmarks of the good racing man.

At Rochester, too, L. S. Mabbett, and other young men, who have served their apprenticeship in small boats will be in the fray, which will weed out the cup defenders and their skippers.



## A Retrogression.

The agreement between the Rochester Yacht club and the Royal Canadian Yacht club, which allows the contest to take place between 30-foot racing craft is not to the best interests of the sport. Canada's Cup was donated to foster the interest in the big classes and 30-footers are not in that category. The stipulation was expressly made that it should be for boats of 35-foot racing measurement or over or boats equivalent to the old 35-foot class under existing rules. The new 30-foot class are even larger boats than the old 35-footers, but still at that it was a mistake to let the contest get away from yachts of the class of Strathcona and Irondequoit, the cup boats of 1903. They are grand big cruising boats, and a credit to any club. Another contest for 40-footers, and the Lake Ontario would have had four boats, if not more, that would have produced magnificent racing for ten years to come. Of course it might be argued that the Ro-

chester Club has not got yachtsmen who will bother with such large boats, and the fact, that Irondequoit laid on the ways all last summer, might be brought forth to support the argument that smaller boats in commission are of more advantage than large yachts that do all their sailing in a dockyard basin, or spend the summer on the ways breasting nothing more material than waves of sun heat.

Still, now that the class has dropped to thirty footers, it is but another short step to 25-footers. Every step downward cheapens the cup. The traditions of Canada's Cup should be just as precious to Great Lake yachtsmen as those of the America's Cup are to the millionaire yachtsmen of the Atlantic. They stick to their highwater mark with admirable persistence.

So should we.

Look at the battering the America's Cup contest gets because of the regu-

lations which allow the utmost attitude in model. Build them any way, of anything, as long as they will measure in, the deed says in effect, but no matter how "unwholesome," and "dangerous" a "skimming dish" is

turned out by the American defenders of the trophy no change is made to secure a more wholesome type. This is not a criticism of the restrictions placed upon cup boats on the Great Lakes. They are wise. The only protest is because of the reduction in size



## Boom in War Canoe Paddling.

War canoe paddling promises to reach the zenith of its popularity this summer. Dean of Toronto has built new racing war canoes for the Grand Trunks and Lachines in the east, the Orillias in the north, and the Island Amateur Aquatic Association of Toronto, and all the other clubs have good fair boats.

The advent of the new war canoe boat on the Island has stiffened up the racing men of the Toronto Canoe Club and they will make a desperate effort to retrieve the laurels lost during the past two years. Reg. Blomfield, the club champion, will steer the Toronto canoe club's No. 1 crew and the "Red Ring" boys are panting to take Orillia's unbeaten northern crew, and the new I.A.A.A. braves into camp at the Dominion Day Regatta, where all three will meet.

Blomfield is in excellent place in the stern of the boat for while he is the most powerful blade pusher in the club, he puts such a peculiar body twist in his work that he disconcerts the men behind him. Blomfield has the true Indian stroke. He works his body from the hips, with a half turn, instead of the almost purely fore and aft motion of the club paddlers.

This year the Toronto Canoe Club intend to specialize in racing work. Instead of having six or seven men in all the events, two or three will be trained for singles, double blades and pairs, while others are developed for fours and tandems. This will bring each man into a couple of events only and will not wear him out.

M. Shea of Shea's Theatre has given the Toronto Canoe Club medals for a junior fours race.

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## The Head Waters of the Fraser.

By P. A. MOORE.

### A TEA DANCE IN THE YELLOW HEAD PASS, B. C.

The Yellow Head Pass is one of the best known passes over the continental divide through the Rocky Mountains which forms a passage way from the head of the Fraser River down to the Athabasca at a point about seventy-five miles from its head and is the shortest way through the mountains from Edmonton, in Alberta, to all points on the Columbia River, B.C. It is a heavily wooded, low pass of about twenty-nine hundred feet and on its eastern slope the Miette River slowly winds its tortuous course down a gentle grade and

over the old "Buffalo Plains" into the Athabasca. On the Western slope the Fraser rises and the Yellow Head, or Jasper Lake forms its principal source. This lake is about seven miles long and a mile and a half in width and out of its lower end the Fraser flows uninterruptedly for about eighteen miles when it spreads out into Moose Lake, a body of water eleven miles in length and two in width. Just above the lake a deep, swift stream called Moose River flows into the Fraser from the north and about a mile from its junction with the Fraser are its beautiful falls.

At this point the river narrows into a space thirty feet wide and plunges down seventy-five feet into a narrow rock-walled canyon, roaring over the boulders and filling the air with a cool spray. These falls and Mount Robson, twenty miles further on form the two most impressive bits of scenery on the trip through the pass. Sixty miles west by trail from the divide or about thirty from the lower end of Moose Lake lies the "Tete Jaune Cache" where a few years

north bank of the Fraser and a depression in the ground marks the place of Tete Jaune's cache. A couple of graves back of the post show the last resting place of two white men whose names have long been forgotten. On both sides of and well elevated above the river are broad, spacious flats covered with a long thick grass affording plenty of feed for the horses of the little Indian encampment which at present is made up of a few scattered teepees containing but three men and about ten



By courtesy of Mr. F. B. Hussey

#### KID PRICE SPEARING SALMON.

*Illustrating "The Head Waters of the Fraser" by P. A. Moore*

ago Mr. F. B. Hussey, Mr. L. H. Williams of Pittsburgh, Jim Brewster, guide, and I were camped after a trip from Banff. The Pass, Lake and Cache derive their names through the French as in the early part of the last century Tete Jaune, (Yellow Head) the chief of a band of Iroquois halfbreeds, who were there engaged in trapping for the Hudson's Bay Company, had a cache or hiding place for their furs at this spot. The outlines of the fireplace and walls of the old post can still be traced among the weeds and brush on the

squaws and children. The day we reached the Cache the men of the village were several miles down the river spearing salmon of which there are an immense number during the August "run", but by evening they had returned and the "Ti-ee" or head of the village—"Johnny Mauise" by name—came across the river in his twenty-five foot dugout to pay us a visit. He was a short thick set Shuswap halfbreed with an intelligent face and spoke very good Cree. With him came his tribe of two, and "Kid" Price, an old prospector and trap-

per, and our first meeting with human beings was properly celebrated by a large dinner of salmon and blueberries. After this extensive menu had been served we sat around the fire and swapped yarns in Cree for several hours when Chief Johnny invited us to come across to the village for a "Tea Dance" or welcome to the strangers who had made the long journey to

out howls from a host of Indian dogs made the night hideous and announced our arrival in a most effective manner, whereupon the fires were replenished and all things gotten in readiness for our reception. Several visiting bucks and squaws added an element of unexpected gaiety to the village, and all hands received us with great solemnity as Johnny ushered us into



By courtesy of Mr. F. B. Hussey

FALLS OF THE MOOSE RIVER.

*Illustrating "The Head Waters of the Fraser," by P. A. Moore.*

their town. We successfully hid our eagerness to accept and with the dignity and deliberation due to such a formal affair put on all our buckskin clothes together with our "loudest" handkerchiefs and walked down to the river bank where the dugout awaited us. We were soon across as the river is but about fifty yards wide at this point, and as we arose above the banks on the opposite side a chorus of long drawn

his twelve foot teepee and we arranged ourselves as best we could wherever a space presented itself among the bucks, squaws, blankets and dogs. Of the last there was countless numbers, being in the usual Indian village ratio of ten or more to each teepee and as all had "their exits and their entrances" under the bottom of the teepee one very often received a sharp, vicious nip on the arm or back and "uld

turn just in time to see a mangy tail disappearing under the skin covering of the lodge. In the middle of the teepee a bright fire of pine sticks was burning upon which was placed a pail of tea. As the village possessed no "peace pipe" each one drew out his own, and we sat around smoking, talking and drinking tea so as to further the acquaintances just made. One of the

dance. Belts were tightened, mocassins replaced and Albert launched himself out into the dance. All rose to their feet facing the fire and slowly circled around it from right to left, the dance consisting of advancing the left foot ten or twelve inches parallel with the fire and at the same time dropping slightly in the knees. Then the right foot is brought forward at right



By courtesy of Mr. F. B. Hussey

#### ONE OF OUR TROPHIES.

(Male Salmon)

*Illustrating "The Head Waters of the Fraser" by P. A. Moore.*

visiting Crees—Albert—went out of the teepee and in a short time returned with his favorite "tom-tom" which he held near the fire to tighten its head of green deer skin, thus making it more resonant. After it seemed to his critical ear to be "in tune" he gave it a few preliminary beats and let a few "ki yis" roll from out his chest as an introduction or prelude to the

angles to the left, so that the instep is at a point directly back of the left heel and in the same motion the knees are straightened with a quick snap. The "tom-tom" is beaten at each movement and the second beat, which comes at the time when the knees are straightened, seeming almost like the echo of the first, while the musician's voice is raised in a continual varying chant

sung from the throat and chest. Among the Crees the person who keeps up the dance for the longest period is considered the best dancer, and there are instances known where the dance has continued for three whole days without a stop. The squaws usually excel in these dances as they are more inured to hard work. We kept doggedly at it for about a half hour, and then we began to drop out one by one until the Indians alone were left. As a special dispensation we were allowed these resting spells of which we were badly in

of a chief to engage in a dance, during our resting spells we talked with Johnny, who told us tales of his prowess in the hunt and in salmon spearing and he promised to take us down the river the next day for the latter sport. The dance went tunefully along, and as we rested we had a good chance to observe the faces and poses of all the participants. The bucks wore a mixture of civilized and savage clothes, some being dressed in a full white man "lay-out" with the exception of a bright handkerchief, a necklace, a medal or two and



By courtesy of Mr. F. B. Hussey.

#### YELLOW HEAD LAKE.

*Illustrating "The Head Waters of the Fraser," by P. A. Moore.*

need, as the monotony, smoke from the fire, and unaccustomed muscular exertion soon told on us; but the bucks and squaws went on without a break, and one little squaw about five years old showed no sign of weariness at all, though almost scared out of her life at the presence of so many white men. The music of this dance as played by the Indians has a remarkably attractive rhythm, while the bodies of the dancers brought out in full relief by the glow of the fire form a most picturesque and novel sight. As it was beneath the dignity

the ever present moccasins which an Indian never abandons. Others were a bit more picturesque with buckskin leggings, breechclout and fringed hunting shirt. A few feathers did duty as a headdress. The squaws were dressed in calico dresses of a distinctly aboriginal pattern and of most striking coloring, and these together with beaded moccasins, leggings, shell, bead, and feather ornaments added much color and brightness to the dance. As the day broke we said good-bye to our hosts and recrossed the river to our tents and a much

needed rest. It seemed as if we had hardly fallen asleep when Johnny and "Kid" walked into our tent and dragged us out of bed, and without the preliminary of breakfast paddled us down the river several miles to the salmon shallows in which we were soon wading with our spears on the lookout for the big fish. The spears are patterned after a harpoon and have a detachable head which is fastened to the pole by a thong of buckskin and so when the spear is sent through the body of a salmon the head remains on the opposite side of the body and one is thus enabled to drag the fish to shore. It is necessary to pick the "good" fish as in a "run" of this kind the fish are continually crowding each other and their back and tails are either bitten or bruised against the sand or rocks and the action of the fresh water causes these raw spots to decompose resulting in the death of the fish in a short time and the Indians assert that none of the incoming salmon ever get back to the ocean but die up around the Cache on the shallows. This statement can be easily believed as we saw large numbers of dead fish along the banks of the river below the shallows and attracted by this bait large num-

bers of bear come down to the river to feed on the carcasses. The male salmon is easily distinguished by his size, flatter shape and his deep "salmon color" sides with a black stripe running down his back, while the female is a bit rounder in the body and of a deep grey color with a darker strip along the back. Its eggs are the size of buckshot and are red in color forming an irresistible bait to all kinds of fish. It is an exciting moment when one of these big fish come swimming slowly along and with spear poised you wait until the moment to strike has come, you lunge, feel the spear pass through and then the water is splashed about and churned into foam as you with difficulty drag your struggling prize to land. We kept up this sport until we had about twenty salmon, which we dressed, hung up and dried so that we might have a change of food on our journey south through British Columbia. The next day we said good-bye to our Indian friends and to the Cache and set out over the old Indian trail which leads south-east through the large cedar forests bordering on the Canoe River to the "Big Bend" of the Columbia.

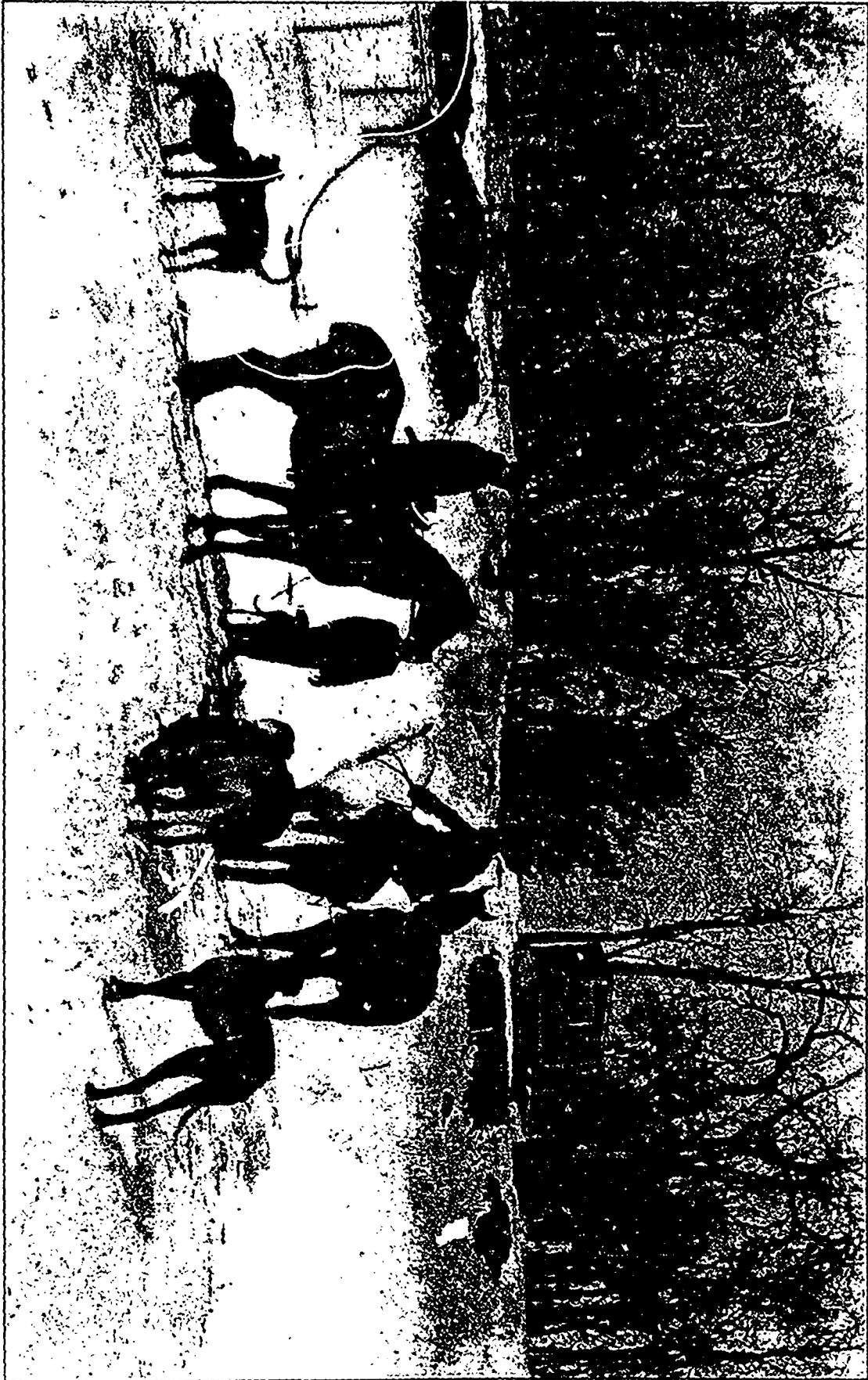
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## Destruction of Wolves.

We would like to get information of the most effective ways of poisoning wolves. We know something of the matter and have done a little in that way ourselves. The wolves, however, seem to be growing in wisdom faster than we do. To destroy wolves on the prairie is a pleasant occupation, easy, exciting, and pleasurable to a degree. In the northern woods the wolves have greater advantages, and it is exceedingly difficult to get a shot at him. We have enjoyed one or two wolf hunts on the prairies, and we trust it may be our good fortune again to have the experience. In this connection the following account of a successful wolf hunt, taken from Winnipeg "Town Topics" may prove of interest to many readers:—"On a recent morning Messrs. Merrick, Barker, and Evans set out on a wolf hunt. A few miles out they met Mr. Wilford Wallace, of Niverville, accompanied by four wolf hounds. Mr. Barker

had two, and so the pack numbered six. When about four hours from town a fine big prairie wolf was sighted and a rattling run of thirty minutes followed, the wolf doubling here and there in a vain effort to distance his fleet footed pursuers. As the quarry began to show signs of distress two of Mr. Wallace's hounds and one of Mr. Barker's rushed him, and in a few minutes all that was left of the wolf was his skin. Mr. Wallace's mare got a bad fall in a ditch hidden by snow, horse and rider sliding some distance together, over the frozen ground, but Mr. Wallace scarcely seemed to leave the saddle, getting his mare up and going again like a flash. Charlie Barker was just behind and came down at the same ditch. His fall was a little more severe, but it did not prevent him from being in at the death, to assist at the obsequies. The party afterwards returned to Winnipeg."





IN AT THE PRIZE — WOLF HUNTING IN MANITOBA.

## Our Medicine Bag.

With the passing of the winter, stories of exploits in the woods begin to come in. They are all told with much circumstantiality. From Bangor, (Me.) comes a tale of a youthful hunter who while out on a partridge shoot met a bull moose which showed fight, when the hunter of course was unprepared for the encounter. According to the story, however, the youth proved himself equal to the occasion. He had a double barrel shot gun with him, but no ball cartridges. He possessed a pocket knife, and found an old table fork in one of his pockets. He put these two weapons in the respective barrels of his gun on the top of shot cartridge, and then gave the moose the contents of both barrels. The one in which the knife had been rammed burst, but the hunter himself escaped injury. Not so the moose. Either the knife or the fork (and it matters not which) struck a vital part, and accordingly a moose head, with an antler spread of 58 inches and carrying 16 points is proudly exhibited as a testimony to the deadliness of a knife and fork when shot from a gun, and not used in the ordinary civilised way.

A second moose story had perhaps better be given in the words of the "St. John Sun" in which it appears:—"One of the many moose stories floating about the country just now comes from the River Herbert district. It appears that a few days ago a party of young people went from that place on a snowshoe tramp. They had not gone very far when they came across a yard in which were two moose, one of them being a full grown bull. The snow at this place was six or seven feet deep, and the moose were unable to move about. Besides they seemed quite tame, so the male members of the party took the old bull and tied him to a tree, after which they all in turn climbed upon his back and had their pictures taken. While this was being done the horns of the moose fell off, it being the proper time of year for this to happen, and the animal presented such a peculiar appearance that he had to have his picture taken as well. After this the moose was released, but did

not seem at all inclined to go away. He was perfectly at home among the young people, and during the time they spent in that district he became quite a pet. Then they hit upon another device. It is the custom in that part of the country, as elsewhere, to put tags upon cattle and calves before turning them out to pasture. A couple of these tags were procured and fastened to the two moose. There will be some interest in the River Herbert district next moose hunting season when the hunters carefully examine every animal killed to see if it bears the tag. The discarded antlers were carried home as souvenirs of the chase." What better evidence of the truth of this story can even the most skeptical require?

What is thought to be one of the best moose heads in the world is reported to belong to John Richardson, of Glenwood Springs. In his life time the animal was the leader of a large herd in Alaska, and it took a hunt of several days' duration before he was finally run down and killed by Frank Woods, of Copper River. The big bull weighed approximately 2,000 lbs. and the head and antlers when mounted weighed 275 lbs. The head measured seventy-two and a half inches from tip to tip without split or block. It is exactly as nature made it, and could be spread several inches by various devices.

A story of the shooting of an eagle comes from British Columbia. The crew of the Canadian Pacific Railway steamer *Nakusp* while passing through the Narrows on the Lower Arrow Lake saw an eagle perched near the top of a tree over 200 yards away from the vessel. The Captain armed with a .303 rifle fired at the great bird which immediately arose. The purser, with a 22 rifle fired almost simultaneously and the eagle dropped. Every member of the crew was interested in the shooting, and the Captain, as one of those most nearly concerned, had the steamer stopped, the crew as soon as possible scrambled ashore, and after a search they discovered the bird, about 150 yards from

the shore, and 300 from where it was shot. The bird showed fight, and coats had to be thrown over its head and wings before it could be transferred to the boat. Here no injury could be found, and it was ultimately agreed to have the bird stuffed and mounted by a taxidermist, who found a 22 calibre bullet embedded in the muscles of the left wing. This was proof that the bird, which was a fine specimen measuring over six feet from tip to tip, had fallen to the unerring aim of the purser and his 22.

Women have invaded many spheres of life which in days not far gone by were considered as sacred to man. An exceptional case, however, in which the female invasion is not greatly to be feared, is that of Mrs. Libbie Bigruff, who is reported to have made a success out of the business of trapping. Mrs. Bigruff resides in the Adirondack country, and having had the misfortune to lose her husband by death during the trapping season, she thought she would continue the work for the remainder of the season. Success attended her so well in her experiment that she has ever since continued the work, and it is said makes a very good living out of this unusual occupation for a woman. During one winter she came across a big black bear which having got his forepaw fast in a hunter's trap, had escaped from the clog of wood, and was making his way towards a swamp. We quote the remainder of the story:—"The big brute was wild with pain, and rearing upon his hind legs started towards the woman, brandishing the seventy-five lb. trap as though it had been a bracelet upon his great paw. Taking deliberate aim, Mrs. Bigruff sent a bullet through the brute's brain and he fell dead at her feet. Had she made a miss shot she would have been struck down by the great claw-armed paw before she could have fired a second shot."

Even when a man does a fool-hardy trick and displays personal bravery in the interests of humanity, we cannot altogether withhold commendation or admiration. A tame goose belonging to William Kemper, of Oxford, N.J., by some accident the other day got down to the bottom of an abandoned mine shaft 700 feet deep. To rescue

the bird, Lewis Albert, an engineer, had himself lowered down by a rope held at the other end by seven sturdy miners. He returned to the surface in safety, bearing the goose with him and restored it to its owner, and the crowd, which always collects in such cases, indulged in vociferous cheering for the man who had risked his life to save a goose.

At a time when forest destruction is by no means uncommon in Canada, despite the fact that timber values are increasing and are bound to increase, an experiment furnished by Dr. S. B. Caldwell, of Paducah, Ky., is well worth quoting as it shows that in addition to carrying on a national work it is also personally profitable:—"In 1847 I sold timber from a tract of land at \$1 per acre, the purchaser having the privilege of removing what he wanted and leaving what he did not want. He took the choice trees but left a considerable amount standing. In 1870 I sold the timber from the same tract, and got for it \$2 per tree. The purchaser removed an average of three trees per acre. In 1884 I sold the timber from the same tract for the third time, and got for it as much as I had received at the second sale." Dr. Caldwell was sufficiently foresighted to allow no trees to be cut except those which he selected. He went about in the woods and picked out trees whose tops and general appearance showed they had passed their period of greatest vigor, and trees which interfered with promising young growth. His forest has been culled a number of times in the past thirty years, but so wisely has the cutting been done that today the land will average from 10,000 to 15,000 board feet per acre. This experiment shows how a shrewd far sighted man may even without technical advice secure good returns from his woodland without impairing its productive value.

Proposed amendments to the game laws are constantly coming before the members of the Provincial Parliaments of Canada. In British Columbia a measure is now before the House proposing to give a close time of six years to beaver; to further protect elk, which is said to be fast disappearing, and to appoint game wardens. At the same time a sugges-

tion is made in favour of setting apart a tract of land as a special game reserve. This is a further instance of the growth of public sentiment in favour of the protection of fish and game, and soon it will be possible to secure a fairly efficient system throughout the Dominion.

The Governor-General of Canada is said to be deeply interested in an organization in England having for its object the formation of rifle clubs. The idea is to familiarize men with the use of the rifle, and to secure for them such practice as will make them fairly good shots, without waiting for some public calamity to befall, and then rely upon men who know nothing of "the business end of a gun." His Excellency is credited with the wish to extend the movement to Canada. There is no doubt a wide field of usefulness for such an organization in Canada. The Canadian towns are growing, and with the constant influx of colonists, the Dominion, although not likely to fail in having a large proportion of men used to shooting and fairly good shots, can yet find plenty of room for improvement, and for extending the teaching of rifle shooting.

"Rod and Gun" has received inquiries from a large party of gentlemen whose work lies in India, and who are anxious to visit Canada for the purpose of hunting moose and caribou. Their idea is to spend three or four months in the woods. We would like correspondents to send us information of a reliable kind about this game, giving us the names of good guides, and the exact locality they can recommend for big game.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of a report by the Secretary of the Commission (Mr. Joseph Kalbfus) on bird life in Pennsylvania. It is printed under the title of "Save our Birds," an object with which we are in full sympathy, and from the little booklet we make the following quotation: "Six times to my certain knowledge quail have become almost extinct in Pennsylvania. Our legislation has saved it. But we must keep up the protection strictly, unflinchingly, persistently, and in spite of all manner of opposition, if we would not have them entirely killed out." Mr. Kalbfus

gives several ways of placing out quail so that they may be successfully reared. He also describes how poison can be used to destroy the enemies of quail, partridge, and rabbits, showing that it can be so placed that there will be no danger to dogs.

The good work goes on. Public opinion is being aroused to the necessity of protecting game. I am glad to see that the local people of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., have had a meeting with a view to perfecting a protective organization of this character, and appointed the following officers:—W. N. Sawyer, Honorary President; U. McFadden, President; J. Mauglen, Secretary - Treasurer; Councillor Knapp, Col. Elliott, and Mr. G. Rosebroom, committee. The Society will appoint wardens, who will take measures to protect both fish and game in the district. As the law is regularly broken in both particulars it is felt that it must be a matter of the near future for both forests and streams to be depleted if such courses are any longer tolerated. The police appear to have been stimulated by this action on the part of the public, and they recently found that J. R. Booth had in his possession in a shanty in the township of Awaries some moose and other heads, the animals having been killed out of season. The man was practically caught red-handed, and the police took possession of two or three heads, and pieces of carcass. Three charges were laid against the defendant—shooting out of season, Sabbath breaking, and tampering with witnesses. Good for you, oh Soo, Ont. ! Keep up the good work ! You will receive the support of all sensible settlers in the community who know that these men are injuring them by wasting the resources of the country, and driving away those who come to Canada and spend their money freely on guides, teams, hotels, and the purchase of provisions

We often come across examples more or less authentic of "English as she is wrote." The following however written by one of the Stoney Indians is an example of which many men with more pretensions might not be ashamed. The writer at least knows what he wants, and is per-

sistent in his efforts to make his correspondent understand it as well. We give the letter just as written:—"March 16th, 1905. Billy Bruester, Dear Sir, I will ask you about the watch that We left with you. Please let me know What you do with it. We wont that watch received soon. I hope you will sent it soon. You Remember the time We took the horses up to Banff last Spring. We wont it soon. Please tell me what you do with it. Your truly, John Bears Paw."



The protection of game is fast becoming a burning question not merely in Canada but throughout the Empire. An influential deputation recently waited upon the Colonial Secretary asking him "equally in the interests of science and sport" to schedule certain animals, and make it an offence to kill them anywhere. Some restrictions it was also urged should be placed upon the importation of cheap rifles and ammunition into South Africa and the Crown Colonies, and strict regulations adopted with respect to the sale of skins of wild game and undersized ivory. The Government was further requested to regularly collect returns of all game killed by sportsmen. "The game preserves should be as strictly protected as the National Park at Wyoming in the United States. There no shooting whatever is allowed with the result that the game is overflowing into all the surrounding country furnishing excellent legitimate sport." Mr. Lyttleton expressed sympathy with the objects of the deputation, and promised a full consideration of the points which had been laid before him.



In consequences of representations made at Ottawa to the effect that unless summer fishing (commercial fishing we suppose) is prohibited in a number of the smaller lakes of Manitoba they will be depleted of their supply of fish, which would result in much hardship to the settlers, the Governor-General in Council has ordered that "no fishing be allowed in Lakes Manitoba, St. Martin, Portage Bay, Water Hen, Dog, and Shoal from the first day of April to the 30th day of November of each year, both days inclusive."



A successful fox farm is said to be run about forty miles back from Bangor,

Maine. A portion of a tract of three hundred acres is enclosed by a wire fence ten feet high. It was found that the foxes can climb to that height, so that the top of the fence was turned in so that it projected inward about two feet and the plan proved an effective barrier. The foxes next tried to burrow out, but the owner dug a trench and filled it with stone, so that there is a stone wall underneath the fence for its entire length. The field is divided into several lots with a well-built kennel in each lot. In the summer the foxes remain in burrows, but at the first arrival of cold weather they take to the kennels. The foxes are of the somewhat rare blue variety, the six original ones of the stock having been brought from Alaska. There are now more than fifty in the farm. The fur from this variety of fox is much more valuable than from the common varieties. The care of the fox presents no special difficulty. They are fed about the same as dogs, and are even less particular than dogs in regard to the condition and variety of their diet. After remaining on the farm for a time they become partly tame, and are readily caught when needed.



A correspondent writes from Bristol (N. B.).—"We have a fine section of fishing and hunting country reached from here by taking train for twenty three miles. There is then a good wagon road, and teams are always ready to take parties in. Guides can be procured in advance for either fishing or hunting. Several parties have camps on the Miramichi. Last year about 25 or 30 sets of antlers came out this way, one set measuring sixty-eight inches. About July 20th the run of salmon come up the river. There is good trout fishing from June 1st until July 20th. Some parties come in this way and sail down the river and go out at Bonstown, N.B. I have myself hunted and fished in the district, and got some fine speckled trout and salmon."



The Northland Canoe Club has been formed, with headquarters at Desbarats, Ont. The club will be prepared to furnish canoes, guides and outfit of every kind to those wishing to fish the virgin lakes north of Desbarats, Ont., or to take the more extended trip into the trout waters near the

mother lakes of the Echo, Garden and Thessalon Rivers, which lakes are all found in one Township close to the Mississagua River.

The personnel of the club is everything that could be desired and "Rod and Gun" has much pleasure in recommending it as supplying a much needed want. Canada is short of trained guides. The training is, however, going on apace and such a contribution as will be offered by the Northland Canoe Club is warmly welcomed. It is formed much on the lines of the Keewadin Club which will also operate with Desbarats as a terminus.

Mr. Joseph Reid, of collie fame, has donated the Canadian Collie Club trophy, which he won outright a few years ago, back to the club, to be held by them as a challenge cup. The trophy is a beautiful work of art and is valued at \$150. At a meeting of the club held in Montreal on the 22nd inst. the gift was accepted and a vote of thanks tendered Mr. Reid for his generosity. On motion of Mr. W. Ormiston Roy it was decided to call it "The Reid Challenge Trophy" to be awarded to the best American bred dog or bitch (collie) at the principal shows held in Canada. It was also decided to give a cup or medal to commemorate the win, which will be emblematic of the championship of Canada.

The Coila Collie Kennels, Montreal, did a lot of winning at the American Collie Club's show in Boston last month. The Kennels had a string of eight dogs and won the open event with Ch. Balmoral Baron, beating Southport Sculptor, a dog imported specially by Samuel Untermeyer of New York, at a cost of \$3,500. The Kennels also won the team prize for the best four. Altogether the winnings amounted to over \$150 in cash, 14 valuable cups, (including the Van Shaick Challenge Cup, emblematic of the collie championship of America), two medals and special in merchandise. Not bad for Canada.

Mr. C. G. Cowan's attention has been drawn to the new species of bear which has been discovered lately on the coast north of the Skeena river, British Columbia; it is a dwarf white bear. Mr. Kem-

ode, the curator of the Provincial museum, is at present trying to secure a good specimen. Mr. C. G. Cowan will stay off on his way north to Alaska and hunt for this bear. Our readers know Mr. Cowan by his interesting contributions to Rod and Gun.

A recent booklet issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway is one dealing with the resources and climate of Southern British Columbia. It is well got up, beautifully printed on good paper, and finely illustrated. In a general and popular way it gives a description of the country, its resources and the means by which the settler can make a home, and something more than a living for himself and family. The whole is accompanied by an excellent map, and Mr. J. S. Dennis, British Columbia Land Commissioner, at Calgary, offers to give detailed information upon any point dealt with in the book to all who may require it. The publication ought to do a good deal for the development of one of the most promising provinces in the Dominion.

Mr. T. E. Bambrick, of Ridout, Ont., sends us some interesting notes about the upper Mississagua country. He says:

"There are the finest of speckled trout at Nemegos which is called Nemegosenda on the Railway map. Nemegos is west of Winnebago. These trout weigh from one to four pounds. The trail to Pishkinogama Lake is by water with a few portages. The river is within one hundred yards of the Station. The map is wrong about the Ridout, which runs west on south side of track instead of east."

"There is a lake at Kinogama Siding, which is full of red pike, and is a very good place for bears. There are a few good places for deer near here. You can reach them by taking the hand-car in the morning with the section men."

"The Indians here do not speak a word of English. I have heard it said that there was good fishing near the lakes you mention south of Winnebago. There is even better trout fishing at Lake Como, a few miles west of Chapleau, than at Nemegos. There is lots of fish and good hunting at Pishkinogama."

Our readers who want good hunting will

do well to reach Winnebago about Oct. 13th and take the trail from there through the chain of lakes to Lake Pishkinogama, or to Flying Post, H.B.C. There is good duck-shooting up there. This is entirely off the beaten track and we do not think any white men have been there since 1867. Then about the end of October they could come back to Winnebago and start down the Mississagua. The climate is just suitable for the hunting season. The decrease in altitude and the distance one would make southward would keep one out of the danger of being frozen up before the end of the season.

The Hiawatha play will be given at Desbarats this year under better auspices than ever, but the play-season will be shorter. There will be only one other place in America where it will be given. It will not be taken to any of the cities, but it will be given on Father Marquette's old route across Michigan from Traverse Bay to Cheboygan, which was one of the most frequently used portages of the Ojibways and Ottawas as it saved a long detour round by the straits of Mackinaw. The place selected is Yahwaygamug, or Round Lake near Petoskey. This always was considered in the old days the best hunting ground of the Ojibways. Today more summer tourists assemble there, perhaps, than anywhere else in America. The city of Petoskey is essentially a summer city. The great assembly of Bay View is near by, and countless other resorts are not far off,

in the woods and the waters of Michigan. The Petoskey people have gone to more trouble in the way of affording entertainment to their visitors than other cities; hence its great and growing popularity. The new historical Indian play of Michilimakinaw will be given on the site of the old Fort of that name, which is to be restored exactly as it was on the King's birthday, June 4th, 1763. The famous lacrosse match which figured in the Pontiac conspiracy will be played upon the same spot where it was played on that day by the descendants of the same Indians who took part then, while the British soldiers will look on dressed in the military fashion of the period. All the thrilling scenes will be re-enacted with great realism. We bespeak for this play a cordial welcome, and prophesy for it a large measure of success.

A splendid caterer has been secured for the Hiawatha Camp, Desbarats. Those canoeists and campers who are fond of good things to eat either before or after their trip northwards into the woods will find it at the Hiawatha Camp. Several new camps have now been finished at Desbarats, some to rent and some to be occupied by their owners. All are hidden in the woods, and so arranged as not to take away from the wildness of the place. Each camp has an average of fifteen hundred acres for grounds, so that there is no danger of our crowding. The love of the wild grows apace.

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We find a few Savage rifles are being offered by certain catalogue houses who are not customers of ours, at prices, which at a glance, seem cheaper than our regular schedule, but investigation shows that the rifles they are delivering have been altered since leaving the factory, including changing or obliterating the serial numbers, which are stamped on every genuine Savage rifle.

As it is impossible for us to ascertain to what extent these rifles have been used

or altered and probably injured, we take this opportunity of advising the public that we assume no responsibility whatsoever for any rifles on which the serial number has been obliterated or changed in any way. For your own protection refuse to accept rifles tendered you as above described.

Your dealer can give you lowest prices on genuine Savage rifles which carry with them an honest guarantee. If your dealer won't accommodate you, write us direct.

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**THE PUBLISHER'S  
DEPARTMENT**



On March 17th at Larned, Kansas, an amateur standing at 20 yards shooting his Lefever ejector gun won high average over both professionals and amateurs. The Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N.Y., will send their 1905 catalogues free for the asking.

Messrs. R. & W. Kerr, of Montreal, have issued their summer catalogue of sporting goods. The publication is a very creditable one. Their tents and carrying bags are excellent, and they excel in their reels, and fishing tackle generally. They have long been known as the headquarters for golf supplies of every description.

One of the most complete Fishing Tackle catalogues ever issued is that of Clark, Horrocks Co., of Utica, N. Y. The catalogue illustrates and describes the famous fishing rods and tackle made by this concern, and all goods are priced at very low figures. The catalogue contains 172 pages and will be sent upon receipt of 6 cts. in stamps by Clark, Horrocks Co., Utica, N. Y.

In the advertisement of the Canadian Kodak Company in our April issue the cost of the Screen Focus Kodak was, by error, stated to be \$300. This should have read \$30, the selling price of these kodaks, which are being received with such general favor at the present time. It is an instrument which combines all the advantages of the Kodak Film System with ground glass focusing, instantly convertible into a compact plate camera, and mechanically and optically it is a perfect machine.

To sportsmen looking for suitable decorations for the walls of their dens, clubrooms or camps, we would call attention to the set of duck and goose shooting pictures in water color published by E. Hendrich of New York. The pictures,

nine in number, are something new in the line of sporting pictures. They are 16 in. x 20 in. in size, colored brilliantly in water color. The scenes portray exciting moments with ducks and geese over decoys and from sneak boats. Mention this magazine and he will send you free, sample half tone reproductions 5 in. x 7 in. Address, E. Hendrich, 218 East 18th street, New York, U. S. A.

**A CLEAN SWEEP.**

Mr. Thomas of Tampa, Fla., won every event and prize at the two days shoot held at Bellaire, Fla., March 15th and 16th. He not only won the cup offered for the high average for the entire tournament, but also won the championship of south Florida. This is the second time Mr. Thomas has shot his Lefever gun. Lefever guns are bound to give satisfaction. They cannot shoot loose and are so guaranteed and especially bored to give the least possible recoil and maxim penetration and most even distribution of shot. Send to the Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, for one of their free catalogues, and mention Rod and Gun in Canada when so doing.

**THE DUCHESS KNEW A GOOD  
THING WHEN SHE SAW IT.**

The celebrated Duke and Duchess of Wanchester paid a visit to Detroit on the 10th of April to buy steel boats for use on the lakes of their Irish Estate. They came to Detroit to inspect the boats made by the Michigan Steel Boat Co. and, after being shown through the plant, left an order for two of the finest boats made by that company, to be sent to Tanderagee Castle, Tanderagee, Ireland. This speaks volumes for this boat industry, as the freight to Ireland amounts to nearly as much as the cost of the boats; but the practicability and absolute safety—because these boats are non-sinkable—struck the fancy of the busi-



ness-like duchess, and hence the order left with this Detroit Company.



The Hunter Arms Co. of Fulton, N. Y., have excelled in issuing their latest catalogue, thus giving the sportsmen something a little finer than they have ever seen before. It shows their full line of guns from \$740.00 list to \$25.00 net. Every grade is shown in the catalogue just as it really looks—the cuts all taken from photographs of the original guns—so that a man may know just what he can expect in a beautiful L. C. Smith gun.

A full description is given of their One-trigger Mechanism which can be attached to any L. C. Smith hammerless gun new or old. This is quite a departure in the gun line and is meeting with earnest approval.

Any sportsman may have one of these catalogues for the asking.



#### AN ENTERPRISING FIRM.

We welcome to our advertising department the old established and well-known firm of the Alcock, Laight & Westwood Co., Limited, of Toronto. and Redditch, England, one of the oldest fishing tackle firms in the trade, and one of the largest manufacturing concerns of its kind, having been established in Redditch, England, in the year 1800, its extensive factory covering several acres and employing over 500 hands and shipping to all parts of the world. Alcock's stag brand goods in fishing tackle are known to every follower of Isaac Walton. This firm has branch houses all over the world, including France, Australia, Austria and South Africa, as well as Toronto. The firm has received gold and silver medals and diplomas and special prizes from numberless exhibitions. Since the big Toronto fire, when their new warehouse was destroyed with all its contents, they have rebuilt on the old stand at 78 Bay street a five-story warehouse of the most approved style and are now occupying it. Their new building is considered one of the best equipped fishing tackle establishments on this continent.



#### RAMBLER CLUB FORMED.

At a meeting attended by many of the prominent automobilists of New Haven, Connecticut, an automobile club has just been formed which marks an innovation in organizations of this character. The membership is confined to owners and operators of Rambler cars. So far as is known this is the only organization of motorists anywhere for which ownership of a certain make of machine is the chief question of eligibility. Officers pro tem were elected, and the club will at once be put upon a substantial footing. F. E. Bowers was elected temporary President. Mr. Bowers has recently rebuilt his single cylinder Rambler as a racer, and has a standing challenge to back it as the fastest single cylinder car in the city.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company have just shipped one of their big Rambler Surries to C. R. Mengel, a hardwood dealer in Louisville, Kentucky. This is the automobile chosen by the Louisville Automobile Club for President Roosevelt's use during his visit in that city, April 4, en route to the Rough Riders Re-union in Texas. Inasmuch as automobiles are to head a procession in the President's honor, this event will afford the first opportunity to identify the President with this new method of transportation, for while King Edward, King Alfonso and other foreign rulers are enthusiastic motorists, President Roosevelt seems not to have followed their example in this particular.



#### CAN BOYS BE TRUSTED WITH GUNS?

At a meeting of the Benedicts' Club in Philadelphia the other day, a heated discussion arose over the question of whether boys should be allowed to handle firearms. The argument was precipitated by one of the members, who owned a country residence, remarking that he would not trust his youngsters with guns. This brought an energetic looking member to his feet with the reply, "I can't say I agree with my friend . . . I wouldn't give a snap for a boy that couldn't be trusted with a gun. As for me, I want to see my boys grow up into men—responsible, clear-eyed and steady of nerve, and I don't believe there is

anything more potent to this end than to give a boy a good, reliable gun and turn him loose in the open country. I have three boys, ranging in years from 8 to 15, and each has his rifle and shotgun. The oldest has used his for five years and has not done any damage yet, and in that time, my acres have never required a scare-crow."

This point of view is on a line with the educational movement being carried on by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass., Manufacturers of the famous Stevens Rifles, Shotguns and Pistols. We have just received a copy of their "Book on Firearms," which deals not only with Stevens Arms, but contains many valuable articles on various subjects of interest to lovers of shooting. We understand these people are charging nothing for the book, but send it to applicants upon receipt of four cents in stamps to cover postage.

#### A SIMPLE WAY OF CONVERTING A ROWBOAT INTO A LAUNCH.

The description given below is of a novel marine gasoline motor of a design that promises to make it possible for most every person of moderate means to enjoy the pleasures of power boating. The motor is of the two cycle type and its simplicity enables the manufacturers to produce it at nominal cost, and its power is claimed to be very great on account of the high speed, and its not being subject to the disadvantage of having an abnormal amount of piston travel. The bore is three inches and the stroke only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and the advantage claimed by the maker in the short stroke is that more strokes per minute without additional piston travel increases the power to a great extent. It is claimed that the latter part of the piston stroke is of very little benefit on any motor. In other words, the power is in the initial explosion or blow, and the oftener the piston can return for that impulse the greater will be the power.

The three port system is used, which does away entirely with valves and springs in the construction of this motor, which not only reduces the cost of production but makes it as nearly fool-proof as is possible. There are only three moving parts to this motor—the piston, connect-

ing rod, and crank shaft.

The motor is well water-jacketed. The shaft which carries the propeller wheel is only  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch, which makes it possible to use it through the stern post of any rowboat. The circulating pump is centrifugal and the shaft goes through the centre of it, and being below the water line is always primed.

The motor above mentioned weighs only  $37\frac{1}{2}$  pounds and sells for \$1.00 per pound. At 750 R.P.M. this motor swings a 10-inch propeller with 10-inch pitch and develops nearly 2 H. P. This motor installed in a 15 foot rowboat has made 7 1-10 miles per hour over a measured course. They are now being placed on the market by the Detroit-Auto-Marine Company, 82 Congress St., East, Detroit, Mich.

The Malcolm Rifle Telescope Manufacturing Co. of Syracuse, N. Y., are in receipt of the following very flattering testimonial of their rifle telescopes:—

Vicksburg, Miss., Feb. 13, 1905.

Dear Sirs.—It is a pleasure to speak a good word for your rifle telescopes. I bought my first "scope" of Wm. Malcolm about seventeen years ago. This scope, with three others purchased for friends about the same time, have seen much service and given entire satisfaction. They are apparently as good today as when bought, with no repairs having been made.

The later scopes made by you, one of which I bought one year ago, are shorter, have a much larger field or view and appear to be equally as substantial. The increased field is a great improvement, as it enables the sportsman to get a quick aim and to follow moving game more readily. This feature should do away with the objection of some hunters, that the scope, as formerly made, cannot be handled efficiently on such game.

In most uses I consider the telescope sight much superior to the sights in common use. It is far more accurate as it eliminates guess work. The view is magnified and distinct; the whole object is visible and not a half or more concealed as with the common sight. The eye end being a half inch aperture, there is but the cross hair to bring into position, and the difficulty of aligning two sights on an object is practically dispensed with. With

these advantages the hunter, if attending strictly to business, can tell all the time where he is "at." Furthermore, with failing eye-sight, (and how few of us that grow old do not experience this?) the telescope sight is the only one that can be used with general success. It makes bad eyes good and good eyes better. As a field glass, it is often a great aid in searching in


cover for game. I use my scope a great deal that way. Even in the open it is often an aid. I am getting a little old myself, but, with your telescope and a pair of sound legs, I hope to continue for some years, my annual trips after wild turkeys, etc.

Yours truly,  
(Signed) W. L. POLK.

## Rod and Gun's List of Guides.

We give below our first list of guides, and trust in future to make this a valuable feature of the Magazine. It is our intention to eliminate from this list the name of any guide whose name may be accidentally inserted and who may prove untrustworthy; and to admit to it only the names of those men who are of proved integrity, thus making it a worthy ambition on the part of any man to have his name registered in our list, and also to assure to sportsmen, as far as it is possible to do so, the capabilities and trustworthiness of the men whose names appear below:—

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Banff (Alta.)—Brewster Bros.<br>Bill Peyto.   | Maniwaki, (Que.)—Jocko McDougall.<br>Dan Sweeney.  |
| Biscotasing, (Ont.)—A. Clement.   | Mattawa, (Ont.)—Bernard Bastien, Ignace Bastien, Joseph Bastien, Paul Bernard, Matt. Bernard, Peter Brown, Francis Chevrier, jr., Joseph Clement, George Crawford, Ant. Colton, Alex. Dorion, Frank Dupius, Sam Dicaire, Sam Dubois, John Dubois, William Dufault, Joseph England, Joseph Ferris, John Ferris, Walter Ferris, Frank Green, John Green, John Jacko, W. C. Lchenp, Andrew Landon, Joseph Lavigne, Joseph Leclair, Frank Leclair, Frank Lamoureux, Fred Lamoureux, Leon Montreuil, Frank McCracken, Archie Millar, Louis Muskey, William McKenzie, William Moore, Sandy Moore, Joseph Moore, Joseph Parent, Benjamin Parent, Thomas Pierre, Baptiste Paquette, David Populace, Steve Rider, Hyacinthe Simon, Xavier Simon, Joseph Tenasco, Jacko Tickinonse, Sam Tongue, John Tongue, Thomas Turner, Sandy Turner, Joseph Turner. |
| Beaufort (N. B.)—Charles McEwan.<br>Ben Lee.<br>Hiram Biggar.   | Thessalon, Ont.—John J. Huston. The Desbarats-Mississagua route a specialty.   |
| Blind River (Ont.)—Joe Saugeen.<br>Shemaghan, Sr.<br>Shemaghan, Jr.                                       | Timagami, (Ont.)—Friday the Indian,<br>Bear Island.  |
| Burrows Lake (Thornccliffe, Ont.)—Will Burrows.   | Wharncliffe, (Ont.)—Robert Foster.   |
| Clinton (B. C.)—J. W. Pearson.  |  |
| Day Mills (Ont.)—William Harris, Jr.  |  |
| Desbarats (Ont.)—George Linklater.<br>Sam McClellan.<br>Cariboo Jack McLeod,<br>Rydal Bank.<br>John Reid. |  |
| Desbarats (Ont.)—Richardson.<br>Shuttleworth.<br>H. Spurway, Portlock,<br>P. O.                           |  |
| Field, (B. C.)—J. H. Martin and William Oak.  |  |
| Fredericton, (N. B.)—Adam Moore.  |  |
| Glassville, (N. B.)—M. McKenzie.  |  |
| Garden River (Ont.)—D. M. Roberts.  |  |
| Golden, (B. C.)—H. G. Low.<br>R. B. Prust.<br>H. B. Richardson.   |  |
| Laggan (B. C.)—R. E. Campbell.  |  |



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

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

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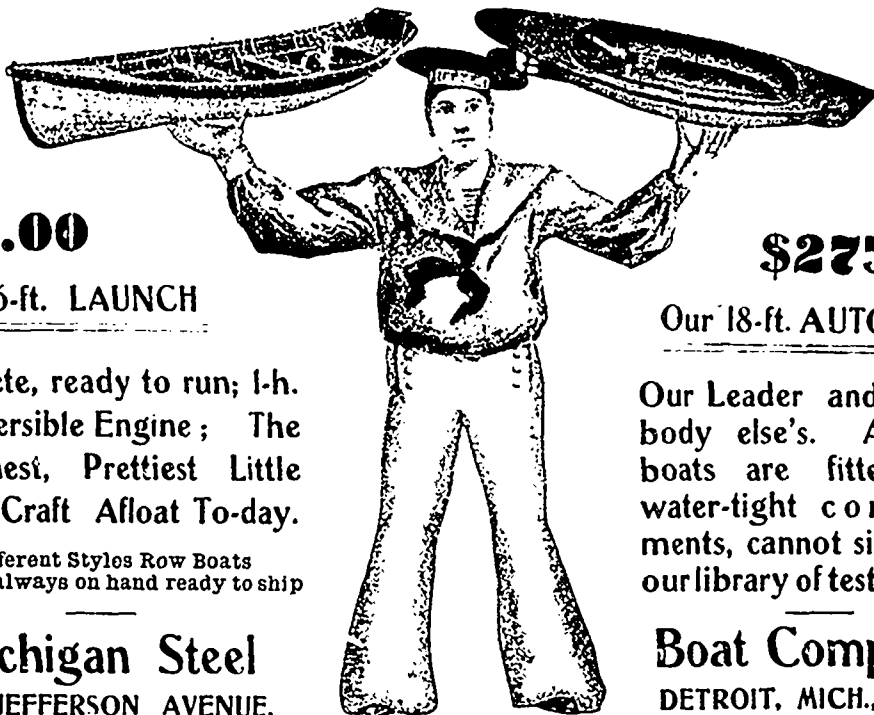
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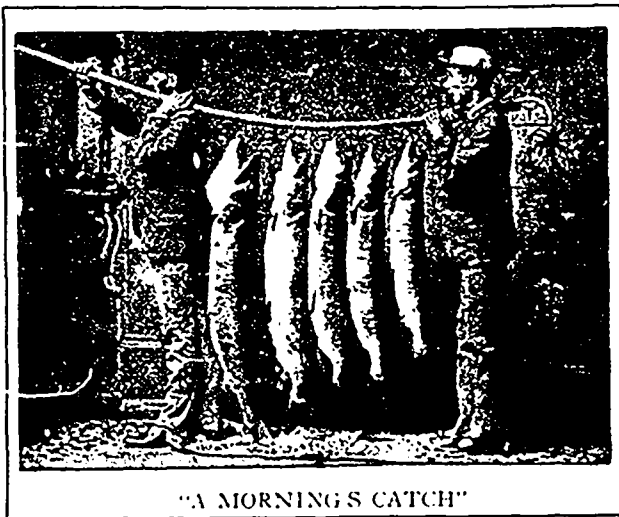
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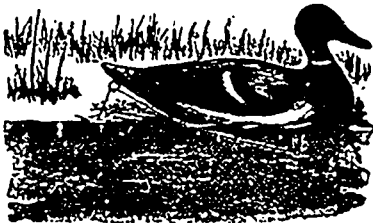
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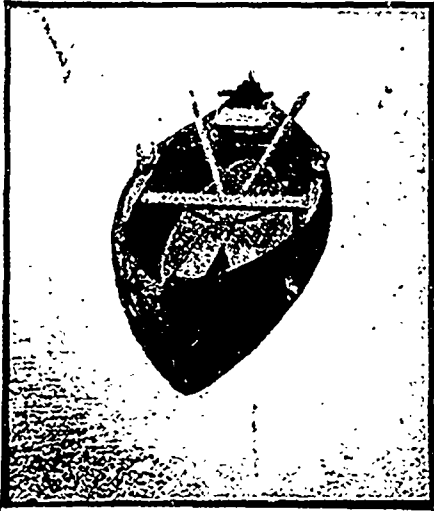
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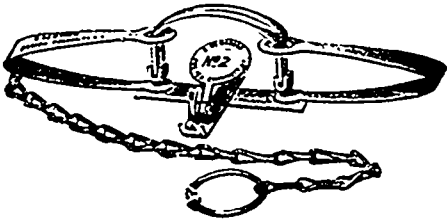


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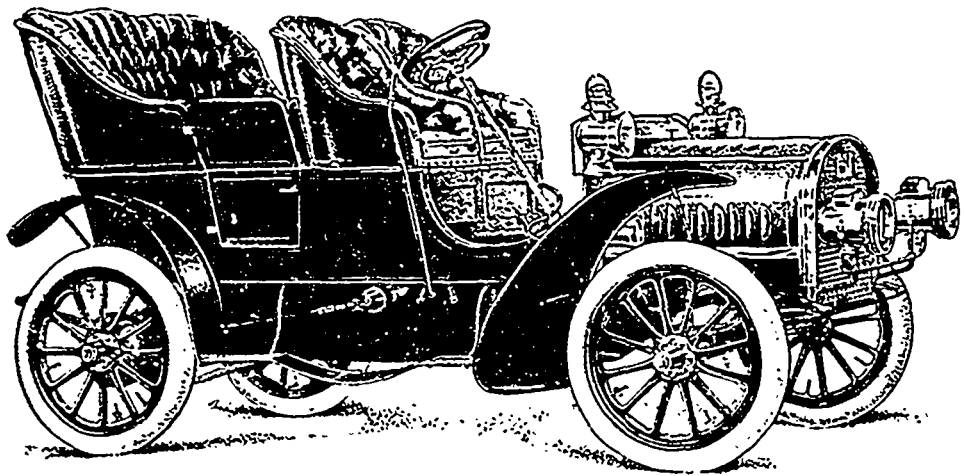
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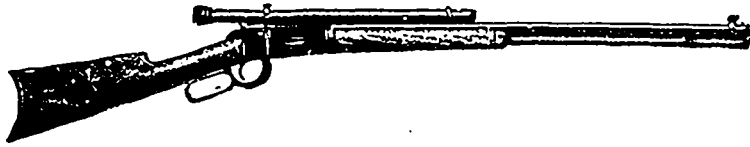
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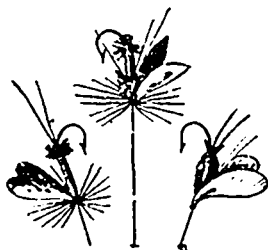
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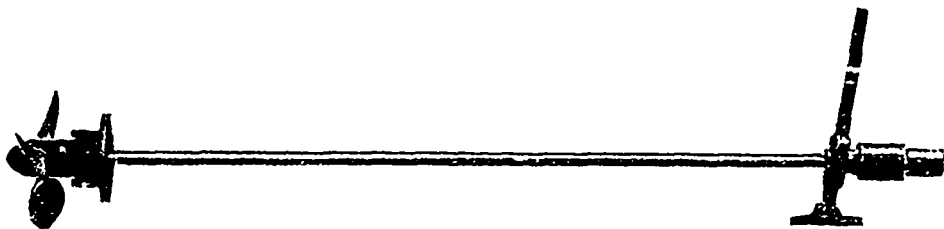
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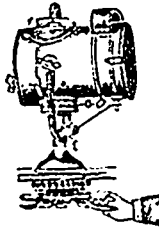
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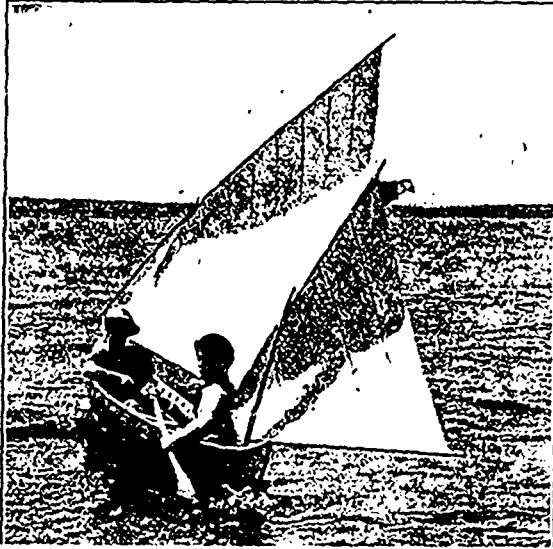


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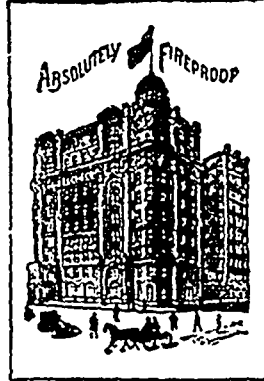


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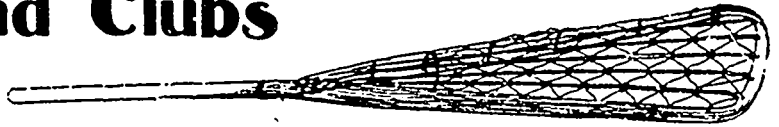
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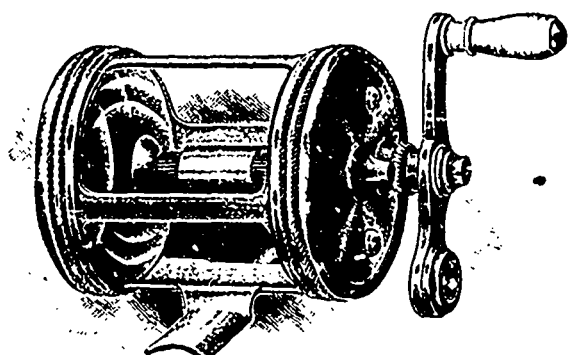
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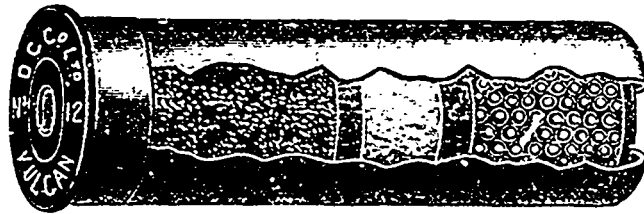
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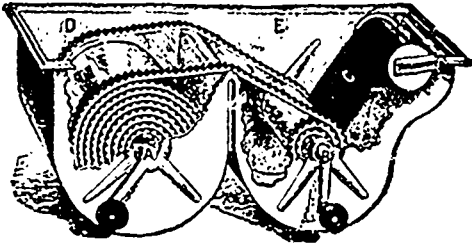
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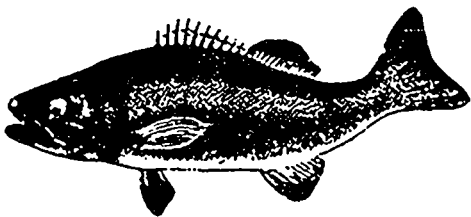
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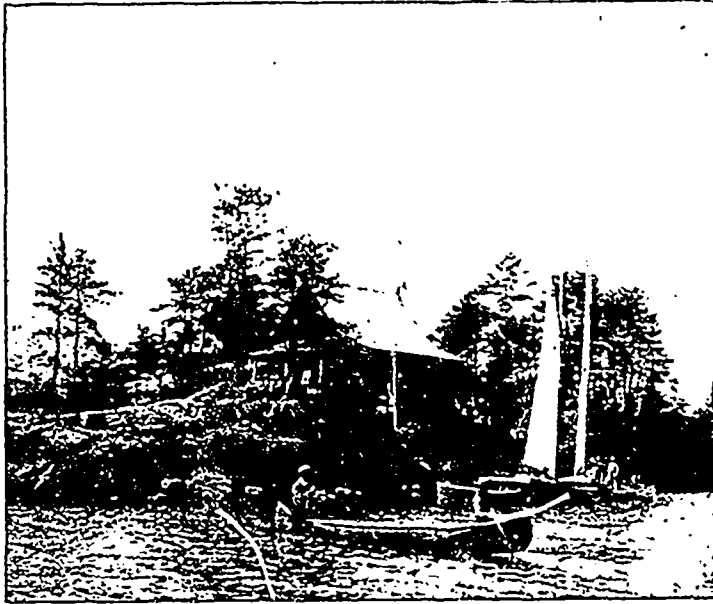
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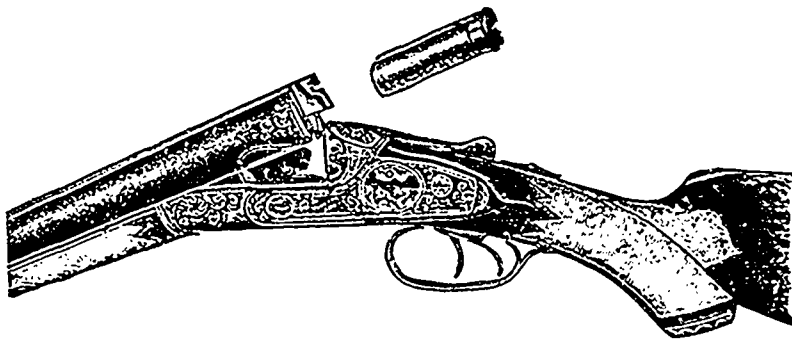
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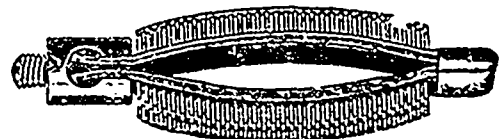
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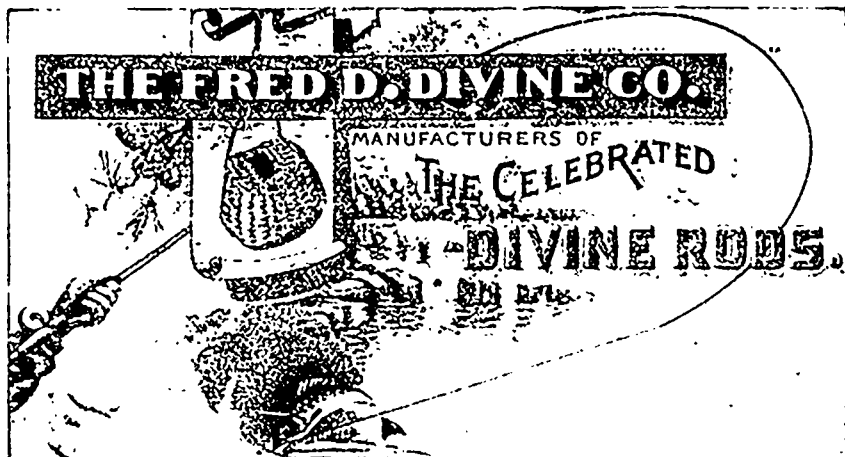
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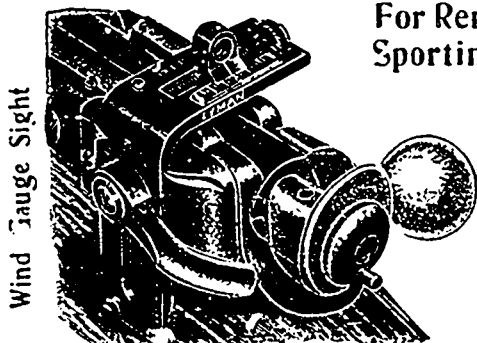
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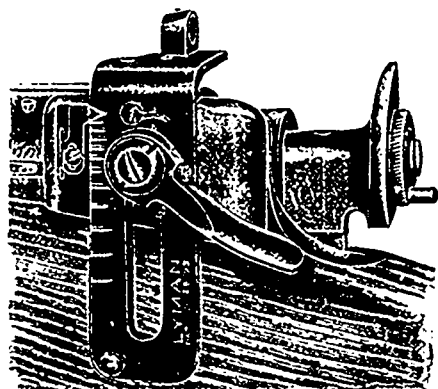
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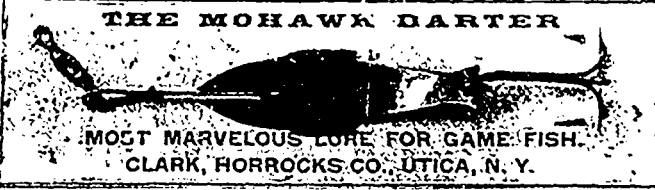
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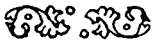
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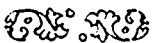
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