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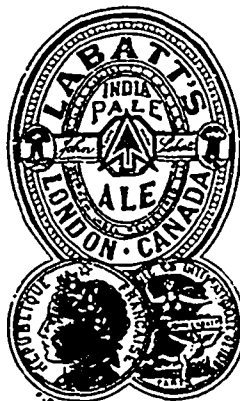


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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Frontispiece—Natural Canal, Lake Kippewa, Quebec.	
Editorial .....	387
A Woman's Trip to the Laurentides, by Mary Harvey Drummond. ....	388-389
Oddities of the Bear, by Frank H. Risteen. ....	389-392
The Blue Laurentians, by Mary W. Alloway .....	392
Forestry Department. ....	393-397
Kennel Department, conducted by D. Taylor. ....	398-403
The Gun, conducted by "Bob White" .....	401-403
Correspondence—Ontario Game Laws. ....	404
The Rifles of the Forest, by "St. Croix" .....	404-405
Amateur Photography, conducted by H. McBean Johnstone .....	406-413
New York and other Horse Shows .....	410



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The committee appointed by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association at its first meeting to report at the next annual meeting on the possibilities of harmonizing the fish and game laws of the Provinces and States represented in the Association will meet in Montreal, Dec. 13th. It is a strong and representative committee, and being for the most part composed of practical government officials of the fish and game departments, its members should know fairly well to what extent their respective governments will be prepared to accept their recommendations. While the resolution appointing the committee does not specifically require the members to approach the several State and Provincial powers, as a body, it is generally understood that the findings of the committee will undoubtedly be also the recommendations of its members to their respective governments. The task before the committee is an arduous one. The close seasons not only vary considerably, but the climatic and settlement conditions are so different that no one set of dates can be agreed upon to cover all Provinces and States, and we are of the opinion that it would be well to consider very carefully the propriety of making the dates of the open seasons in the more northerly portions of Ontario sufficiently early and of duration enough for the sportsman to visit those regions before there is any danger of frost cutting off his retreat by canoe. Quebec's dates are so arranged now, and we hope will not be interfered with.

We suggest to the committee that they should first lay down the principle "that we believe it is desirable to encourage the visits of non-resident sportsmen," and having so decided proceed on fixing dates and conditions that will go as far as consistent in so doing. Limit the number of deer, caribou and moose, etc., each man may kill, as closely as necessary, but do not make short seasons that require thousands to go into the woods within two weeks. One animal per man with a one month

season is preferable to two per man with a two weeks' limit and the danger of the sportsman being shot by mistake is thereby lessened. Furthermore, do not decide to prohibit shooting altogether in immense areas where the game wardens never penetrate. It keeps out the non-residents who disburse money in those districts, and it brings the laws into contempt.

The fire-rangers of Quebec Province in all cases hereafter will act also as fishery overseers and gamekeepers. This appears to be an excellent idea, but it should be followed by the licensing of guides, each guide to be a fire-ranger and fishery overseer and game-warden in any territory he may be travelling in. The guides are interested in preventing fires and in preserving fish and game, and a proper knowledge of their responsibilities will have a good effect.

The mighty hunter and celebrated author and naturalist, Frederick C. Selous, having heard of Canada's big game, paid a visit to Quebec Province from Sept. 25 to Oct. 21, and hunted in the Kippewa region, from which he secured two fine moose heads. After leaving Canada Mr. Selous intended to hunt caribou in Newfoundland. Mr. Selous is well known on account of his writings and his eighteen years' hunting in Africa.

The committee of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, to prepare a constitution and by-laws for adoption at the next annual meeting, will meet in Montreal, Dec. 13th.

The Lacey Act passed by the U. S. Congress (referred to in our July issue) is stated to be having an excellent effect in preserving game. Briefly, it prohibits interstate traffic in the game from any state whose laws prohibit its export. Illegal market hunters, therefore, find it very difficult to dispose of their game.

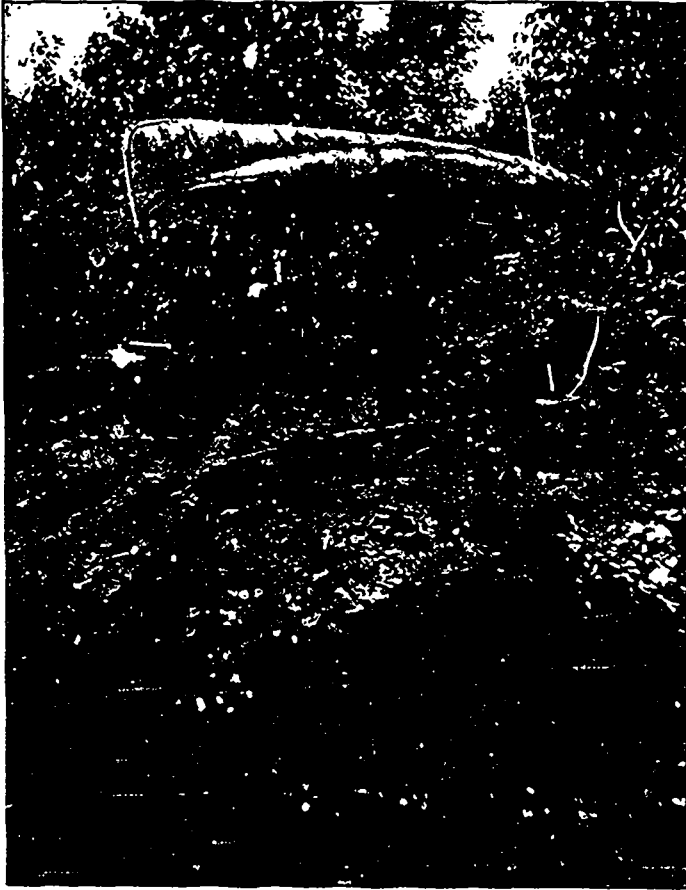
The United States Department of Agriculture, Division of Biological Survey, issued Circular 31 on Oct. 25th, giving a *résumé* of state laws concerning game. From it we learn that twenty-eight States prohibit trade in certain game and forty-one States prohibit the export of various game. Fifteen States require the issue of licenses to hunters, usually at \$10.00 to \$25.00, and one State, Missouri, makes it a misdemeanor for a non-resident to hunt therein.

We have been able to secure several articles, written not long before his death, by our lamented and valued contributor, Frank H. Risteen, the first of which appears in this issue.

## A WOMAN'S TRIP TO THE LAURENTIDES.

By Mary Harvey Drummond.

A tropical night had dropped from the skies into the midst of a northern city and kept us tossing on our scorching beds till the small hours of the morning, when a light wind arose



End of the Portage to Sandy Inlet, Lake Temagaming, Ontario

and coming through the open windows, fanned us to sleep. We did not rest long, however, and dressed and breakfasted in time to catch the 8.45 train at the Canadian Pacific Railway station. At Three Rivers we made the only change in our railroad journey, and were soon whirled by the "loca." within sight of the round white brick ovens of Les Piles, with the turbulent St. Maurice river rushing by. On the platform, Cyprien, the mail carrier, met and escorted us to the river bank, where a heavily laden raft waited to take us over. The crossing was slow work, but just then time was of little consequence, and the scenery of unsurpassed grandeur, so it was with something like regret that we felt the raft touch the landing, and saw Cyprien jump nimbly ashore, "working with hands and tongue alike, he soon had his cargo safely on terra firma. We walked up a steep hill to a small house, where we sat down and waited, though for what, I, at any rate, did not know. "Tiens! Arrête done!" It was the voice of Cyprien ushering in the next feature of the programme, a mud-spattered buckboard drawn by a big Canadian horse of ancient and honorable lineage. We scrambled into the back seat of the wondrous vehicle, and began the most memorable drive I ever took in my life. Through ruts, over trunks of fallen trees

and corduroy bridges for nine immortal miles, till we were black and blue. Any caution to our jehu only made his face expand in a wonderful smile; he was too busy jumping now up to his seat in front, now down again as we came to a gentle rising, like a playful kitten. At last we stopped with a sudden jerk, which threw me up against the front seat and added some new tints to my colour collection. "Where are we now?" I asked anxiously, seeing only a small shed standing by the shores of a large lake, and hoping I wasn't expected to share its straw-thatched roof with jehu and his steed. "Voilà le Club House over dere?" Cyprien volunteered, and to my immense relief I saw on the other side of the lake a small red house standing alone, with suggestions of others through the trees. After making his horse comfortable for the night, Cyprien stowed us and our luggage away in a flat-bottomed boat. This time I had nothing to say against the mode of travelling; it was simply delightful to sit there quietly and be rowed over this beautiful sheet of water, calm as the proverbial mill pond, and made picturesque beyond description by the lofty mountains rising sheer out of its depth on our left, and on our right the pretty group of houses owned by the club. All too soon we pulled up at the wharf, where the genial manager stood with outstretched hand to greet us. Dinner would not be ready for an hour, he said, so we were shown to our room at the top of a little red house on a hill, and proceeded to get out a change of apparel, made more than necessary by the mail carrier's reckless drive. Short skirts were the rule in camp, and I felt as I donned mine that the new woman was after all no curiosity of mushroom growth, but a clear glimpse of the true woman yet to come. Our toilets completed, we made our way over to the dining-room, which stood alone in the middle of the camp, and was by way of variation painted green. Taking the only two vacant seats at the table, we did full justice to a delicious dinner of boiled lake trout. I never enjoyed anything more, unless it was the big nine pounder that fell a victim to my skill later on. After breakfasting next morning, fishing parties were organized, any of which I felt too tired to join, and sitting down in a quiet nook by the lake shore gave myself up to restful dreaming. What a silence rules over woods and water alike! Those grey clouds stand before Sol's genial face like a semi-transparent screen through a hole in which he every now and then peeps to wink his wicked old eye at the nodding world below. Then the wind wakes up with a start, sending a long shiver through the gentle silver birches, and making the stately pine trees wave their dark heads to and fro; then rustling over the placid waters, disappears through the narrow opening over yonder where the big lake passes to join her little sister. Close to shore two tame black ducks are paddling lazily by, and the wild goose on the wharf is too weary to move; but is it possible that the morning has slipped by, and that I hear the clang of the luncheon bell? Yes, sure enough, that brazen tongue does not lend itself to dreamland, and I must leave my nook to mingle with the stream which flows towards the dining room. All meals at the Club were sans ceremony, and each one got up as he or she had finished and walked off in whatever direction the spirit led them. I elected with one or two others to feed the bear, and watch her gambols with Pratique, one of the guides, who played with Brunhilda like a child with a kitten. She thoroughly enjoyed the sport, which never grew too rough for her, and once or twice Pratique was forced to damp her spirits with a stick, which made the lady beat a speedy retreat. But she was forgiving, and easily induced to leave her wooden hut for some more play. Just at dusk the fishers returned. "What luck?" some one shouted,

as they came in sight. "O fair!" was the reply, and an immense string of true salmon *fontinalis* lay shimmering before our envious eyes. In weight they varied from one-half to three and a half pounds, and when three more strings were added to the first one, I resolve to waste no more time in ideal dreaming; so the following morning found me the first arrival at the breakfast table, my light bamboo rod lying on the bench outside, and my fly book on the table beside me, just to let folks know I meant business. A neat little parcel of lunch, and a fine looking French-Canadian guide completed the outfit. Then a few whispered words of kindly advice from the manager, and I was off. Up the steep mountain side, over boulders and fallen trees, through swampy places and beds of dry leaves, with the blood coursing through my veins as never it coursed before, and my hungry lungs drinking in the pure sweet air, redolent of pine and balsam, so healthful and invigorating to the weary city dweller. Ah, me! shall I ever forget that experience of a tramp through the woods, or the wild excitement of playing my first speckled trout? "Mademoiselle can fish better than some of les messieurs;" my guide remarked, when at least a dozen fish lay in the bottom of the boat. No doubt he thought he had paid me a great compliment, but my womanly pride was up in arms.

"Some of les messieurs can't fish at all, can they?" I queried a trifle scornfully.

"Non, mademoiselle, for sure you're right! Only las' week I go out wit' one monsieur an' every tam he cas' de mouche he ketch somet'ing. But not fish, for sure! Some tam my jersey, some tam hees hat, an' noder tam de boat, and all de tam he talk 'bout de big salmon he was ketch las' year!" and Madore laughed heartily at the remembrance.

The last beam of light had just disappeared behind the horizon when we returned to camp, I to be congratulated on my catch, and Madore to display the same with visible pride.

The fatigue of backwoods life is a very different thing to the weariness engendered by city toil. I was tired, it is true, but only enough to make rest a luxury, not a necessity; and my delight knew no bounds when it was announced that that same evening a "caribou dance" would be held in the big Club room. I had long wished to see a specimen of this terpsichorean pantomime, said to have come down through a long line of Canadian hunters from the Huron warriors of old. The guests formed a circle round the room leaving the centre clear for the performers, and when all was ready and a cheerful fire crackling in the huge chimney place, the nimblest among the guides came in and seated themselves in a group near the door. At a signal from the actors, the orchestra, composed of one fiddler and two jig dancers to keep time, struck up a peculiar rhythmical tune and the dance began; Tancrede Beausejour, the hunter, advancing cautiously in the direction of the unconscious caribou, (Pierre Leblanc), who was quietly grazing in a corner of the room, while during this mimic stalking of the woodland quarry, the hunter's companions kept up a low muttering form of vocal incantation, which added to the grotesqueness of the occasion. Now advancing now retreating, Tancrede the relentless, gradually approached the unsuspecting animal, and when near enough for a "pot shot," drew trigger, which operation was followed by the clicking tongues of the hunter's followers. There on the ground, kicking in the agonies of death, lay the unfortunate caribou. Another shot proves a veritable *coup de grace*, and the monarch of the forest moaned no longer. Then the room rings with the jubilant voices of the chasseurs, as they sing in chorus one of the old chansons du pays, at the conclusion of which Tancrede the successful, executes a sort of

triumphal solo dance upon the floor, and a few minutes later the whole company join him in a grand walk around, and the ceremony is over, barring the inevitable "deoch an doris" or parting cup of native usquebaugh, of which all partake with a graceful and dignified salutation of "a votre bonne santé, mesdames et messieurs."

We women of to-day talk much of our rights, and while our tongues wag, we are letting slip by us the very things we clamour for. In the woods of Canada, equality with our brothers and husbands awaits us, and a share in the sports that give health to body and mind. But how many of us avail ourselves of such privileges? Too few indeed. The seaside resort with its second-rate bands, euchre parties, and boundless opportunities for the display of diamonds and dress, still reigns supreme favourite of the gentler sex, proving more strongly than anything else, that the day of emancipation has not yet dawned for women.

### ODDITIES OF THE BEAR.

By Frank H. Risteen.

There are two kinds of bears in this country, the sure enough bear and the fiction bear (*Ursus Ananias*). The stump bear is a harmless variety of the latter. The bush bear, which



Making the Tepee

has a habit of revealing himself along the side of country roads on moonlight nights, is now believed to be identical with the jag bear that disturbs the sleep of sportsmen. The funniest, queerest bear of the lot is the sure enough bear. People

who place implicit faith in all the weird legends told of the Ananias bear find the plain, unvarnished facts in regard to the sure enough bear a difficult dose to swallow. The renowned hunter, Henry Braithwaite, who has killed about 250 bears in the last twenty years, says that almost every bear is a species by himself. He says the longer he lives the less he knows about bears.

"There is as much variety in the make-up of bears as there is in people at a circus. Some bears are short, chunky and cheerful; others long, gaunt and dyspeptic. Some are like one of those narrow-gauge hogs in their habits, feeding mostly on roots, grass and berries, while others are fond of game. During the open season the bear has the longest bill of fare of any animal to be found in our northern woods. It is harder to find out what he doesn't eat than what he does. He will load up with grass, mud, roots and insects of every description, even to hornets, bees and caterpillars. There is only one thing that makes him happier than finding a big nest of ants and that is to strike a hornet's nest. While the hornets are letting off their fire-works around him, he just grins and yards them away with his long red tongue. You'd think they'd put him right out of business in a jiffy but it seems to be solid comfort for the bear. He is not so fond of bees' honey as is commonly supposed, but likes to tear the combs to pieces and scoop up the young bees. He has got to have a mighty hungry stomach before he'll touch tainted meat. When he finds a moose or caribou carcass that's a little over proof, he pulls it to pieces, dragging out the choice cuts and throwing the rest away. There is one more thing he ought to get credit for: he never kills any more that what he needs at the time. Of course he has been known to climb into a sheep-pen and lay out a number of sheep, but that is because the sheep were tearing and jumping all around him so he got kind of rattled and went it blind. When he kills a sheep in the field he will not bother himself with the rest of the flock. He is very fond of fresh fish, and I have often seen him in hot weather sitting on a stone patiently watching for trout and suckers at the outlets and inlets of lakes, which he scoops ashore with a sudden stroke of the paw.

"Bears have a great reputation for killing sheep, but they get credit for many that are killed by dogs. After a bear has killed a sheep he seems to know instinctively that either a loaded gun or a trap will be prepared for him. He never approaches the sheep for a second meal without scouting around the spot, and getting squarely to windward so as to detect the scent of his enemies. About the only way to make sure of him with a gun is to climb a tree within easy range of the bait. In trapping in the deep woods the steel trap is far superior to the deadfall. It takes a lot of time to construct the latter properly, the bear will often go shy of it, and if you get a very large bear he is almost sure to work out. Most deadfalls I have seen are not built half heavy enough. A bear can lift a great weight with his back, and the Indians tell of cases where bears have been found standing up in this kind of trap that had held up the weight of the deadfall all night. I have often caught big bears in the steel trap that had the marks of the deadfall on them.

"Bears are more than sociably inclined with regard to lumber camps in the summer season. If the supplies are not properly guarded the bears are apt to make sad work of them. They will seldom enter a lumber camp through the door, preferring to dig a passage through the roof or side of the camp. Sometimes the first thing a bear will do on reaching the camp is to break every pane of glass in the windows. Perhaps he

sees his picture in the glass and wants to have it out with his imaginary enemy. They always have a great fancy for paraffine oil. On the Clearwater stream recently a bear went into a camp, climbed on the table, took down a swinging lamp, lugged it out in the dooryard, took off the chimney without breaking it, removed the top and poured the oil on the ground, which showed signs of his having remained there for several days. They are very fond of rolling about where any paraffine has been spilled, perhaps because it destroys the vermin in their fur. There is a place on the Miramichi portage where, some years ago, some oil leaked out of a can at the foot of a trail. For two years afterwards bears used to come and roll at that spot. A bear will take the hoops off a barrel of pork and then remove the head as neatly as a cooper could do it.

"You can never tell what a bear will do when he strikes a camp. I was travelling over my trapping line one day the spring before last and when I got back to the camp I found that a bear had been there. He had carried away my towel and soap and never touched a round of pork that was hung up on a nail not three feet away. I set a gun trap for him near the camp, using fresh meat for bait, and laid awake most of that night waiting to hear the gun go off. He never went near the bait, but when I got up in the morning I discovered that he had carried off an old pair of moose-shanks that I had thrown out in the yard.

"I have never known a bear to show fight unless cornered. Even a she bear will run off and leave her cubs to shift for themselves unless she is taken by surprise. I once had an adventure with a she bear, though, that I didn't get over for quite a spell. I was running a line up the Nashwaak, and in going through a thick alder swale almost stepped on a she bear with her two cubs before I saw them. I had no weapon of any kind. She made right for me, snarling and snapping her teeth together most viciously. All I could do was back up slowly and keep my eyes upon her. Sometimes she got so close that I thought my last moment had come, and then I would make a move towards her cubs, which were a few yards away, and that seemed to distract her attention. She followed me up mighty sharp, though, and it seemed like an hour before I reached a kind of clearing on the edge of the swale. As soon as I got out in the opening she dropped her forepaws down and made off through the woods with her cubs like a flash. I didn't feel much afraid while the thing lasted, but after it was over I sat down on a log and I guess it was twenty minutes or so before I was able to walk.

"Some of the Indians say that June is the mating time of the black bear, because in that month they scratch the tree trunks in their wanderings. The fact is they will commence to strip the bark that way as soon as they come out of their dens, and keep it up till they den again in the fall. The idea is to sharpen or clean their claws, I guess, the same as in the case of the domestic cat. Other Indians claim that the mating time is July and August. I think there is no regular mating time, because the cubs are born at all times through the winter. New-born cubs, with their eyes unopened have been found in the den in January, and also in March. As a rule the litter is composed of two or three cubs, though I caught a bear last spring that had four cubs with her. The female only breeds once in two years, which I suppose is nature's way of preserving the balance of power. The muskrat breeds six times to the bear's once.

"There is more diversity in the weight of full grown bears than of any other animal. They will run from 150 to 350 pounds, averaging rather less than over 250. A 400 pound bear

is a very rare specimen. The biggest one I ever saw measured a trifle under eight feet from tip to tip. A bear with a long nose is generally a tough customer. Some bears are distinguished by a white spot on their breasts, and I have noticed that these have the best fur.

"The time of year when bears take to their dens depends on the food supply. If the beechnut crop is poor and grub scarce in general, they will commence to den in October. The usual time, however, is after the first snows, about the latter part of November. The old rangers stay out as long as they can find anything to eat. As a rule, if a captive bear is well supplied with food and shelter, he will show no signs of wanting to den in the winter. A bear will sometimes roam for weeks in search of a suitable place for his den. Then he will select a hollow log or tree, a leaning root, the edge of a cedar swamp, or even the shelter of a bush. When the weather gets soft he is liable to come out and ramble around, and perhaps change his quarters. In these rambles he will sometimes gather up new moss and lark for the purpose of repairing his bed. He greatly dislikes a wet bed and is apt to come out because he is flooded by rain or melting snow. As a rule he is very careful to select a dry site for his den.

"In early springs I have known bears to leave their dens as early as the 10th of April, but the latter part of the month is the usual time. They travel very little at first, sometimes picking out warm sunny places where they can take a sun-bath during the day, returning to their dens at night. When the bear comes out of the den in the spring he is fully as fat, if not fatter, than when he went in, but he loses from 20 to 50 pounds of flesh in the next week or two. The first drive he makes is for a spring hole or water course where he can fill himself up with mud and grass. I think he loafs around for as much as a fortnight before he tackles any solid food. I have never known a bear to touch a bait until he has been out of the den at least a fortnight.

"The cubs follow the mother about two years and I think mate in their third year. I am satisfied, after carefully examining the subject, that the old bears sometimes devour their cubs. I have opened she bears that had recently cubbed and found the hair of the cubs in their stomachs. The cubs might have died by accident, but that is unlikely. I have trapped a good many she bears in the spring that had lost their cubs somehow. The mother, of course, might have wandered off and left them. We know that partridge will often travel their young to death in wet weather, when the chicks are unable to follow from being chilled and tired out.

"The black bear is responsible for the death of a great many young moose and caribou. It is no doubt because of their fear of the bear that the cows of these animals, when bringing forth their young, retire to islands in the lakes and other secluded spots. Last spring when trapping bears on Bathurst waters I found plenty of signs, in the stomach and droppings, that the animals destroy the moose calves at that season. If the moose calf escapes until he is three or four years old he is too lively on his feet for the bear to catch him, and is one of the warriest animals to be found in our woods. A good sized moose will now and then fall a victim to a bear. Some years ago I heard a moose roaring and bellowing in a swamp. When I got there I found that a bear had broken the moose's back and had him down chewing away at his neck. This moose was a yearling bull. The bear was so busy he didn't notice my approach and I piled him on top of the moose with my rifle. Two of my assistants, Hughie McDermott and Dan Flynn, witnessed a big fight between a large bear and a three

year old bull moose, in which the bear killed the moose by jumping on his back. Unless a bull moose is taken off his guard, though, he is usually too much for the bear to handle.

"In all my hunting I have only shot 11 bears that were not fast in the trap. It is quite a common thing to find a loose bear in company with the one that has been trapped. The queerest experience I ever had with bears was in the year 1885, when I shot six bears on one trip in six shots. I have never shot a loose bear since and it don't seem to me as if I ever would.

"I was going up the Burnt Hill stream, taking in a man named Bill Patchell to look after the provisions in some lumber camps belonging to Guy, Bevan & Co. We went out from Stanley by the portage road to the Sou-west Miramichi. It was about the middle of the afternoon when we reached a camp called 'Hold the Fort,' ten miles up the stream. There I saw two bears in the dooryard, one feeding at the sink, and the other at a pile of old bones near the end of the camp. We found out later that they had been in the camp and mauled over the stuff considerably. I had a double-barrelled gun loaded with buck-shot. The bears were not more than 40 yards away. I keeled over the chap at the bone-pile, and then gave the gent at the sink the left barrel. Neither of them travelled over 30 feet. Both of these were male bears, weighing about 200 pounds each. Patchell at the time was a little ways back on the trail and arrived just in time to attend the funeral. We stopped there that night, skinned the bears, stretched the skins on poles and hung them up in the camp.

"The next morning we struck out for the camp at the head of Burnt Hill about seven miles away, reached there shortly before noon and found the supplies all right. We turned over the oats that afternoon and stayed all night. The following day I struck out for Clearwater alone, to have a look at Harry Turnbull's camp. It was eight miles across and I got there about noon. As I came around the corner of the camp I saw a big bear in the dooryard rolling around in the chips. I gave him a dose of lead in the bread-room and he clapped his paws to his head and doubled up with his feet in the air. As soon as I fired I heard a rumpus across the yard and saw another bear climbing out of the oat bin that was attached to the hovel. He jumped up on the wall, dropped down the other side and made off under full steam through the hay shed. I ran around to the other side of the hovel. When the bear came out on the road he stopped and looked around to see what the racket was, so I served another Habeas Corpus on him that minute. This was a yearling bear; the one in the dooryard weighed over 200 pounds. I stripped off the skins right away and lugged them back to the main depot camp, where Patchell, was that same afternoon.

"We stretched the skins on poles that evening and next morning started down stream, where I intended to join a salmon fishing party from Fredericton at the Burnt Hill pool. There was one more camp to examine about three miles from the main river. When I got about 20 rods from this camp I saw a bear at the sink. There was a small brook between us and I had to cross over a corduroy bridge to get close enough to shoot. Just before I stepped on the bridge I caught sight of a large she bear about fifteen feet above, rolling around, cooling herself in the brook. I tumbled this bear in the brook, and with that the bear at the sink sprung out in the middle of the dooryard and looked around to see where the noise came from. When I fired at him, he turned a complete somersault in the chips, came down on the palms of his feet and took down the portage road as if the devil had kicked him endways. He only ran about thirty rods. When I came up to him he undertook to

get out of the road over a log, but fell back with his paws fanning the air. His head was all knocked to pieces by the buckshot. I didn't particularly notice at the time that this was much of a week for bears, but I have seen a good many weeks since that and I haven't shot a bear since except in a trap. It seemed to put a hoodoo on me so far as shooting bears on the wing is concerned.

"But did I ever tell you about the white bear that Turnbull shot at this same camp on the Clearwater, about two weeks afterwards? Of course, you don't believe that just because it's true. Nobody ever believes a true bear story. Well, Turnbull went over there to look after his stuff, and when he reached the camp he could see through the back window and from that through the door out in the yard, and there he saw a bear as white as snow, with his head in a barrel! Turnbull had an old Snider rifle that he swiped from the Government somehow, and he fired through the window and barrelled the bear up right there. It appears that the bear had been in the camp and taken out a barrel about half full of flour and he had been eating the flour and rolling around in it till Turnbull thought he must have strolled in from the Polar regions sure.

"I have often been sorry I didn't keep a regular count of all the bears, beavers, otters, lucifees, etc., I have killed since I took to the woods. I have been trapping bears more or less for 43 years, but never made a business of it till about 20 years ago. I feel safe in saying I have killed on an average 15 bears a year. I know one time I got 16 lucifees on my trapping line in one trip, and got about 40 that winter altogether. Lucifee hides, of course, are almost worthless now, but I catch all I can because they are wiping out the deer."

### THE BLUE LAURENTIANS.

By Mary W. Alloway.

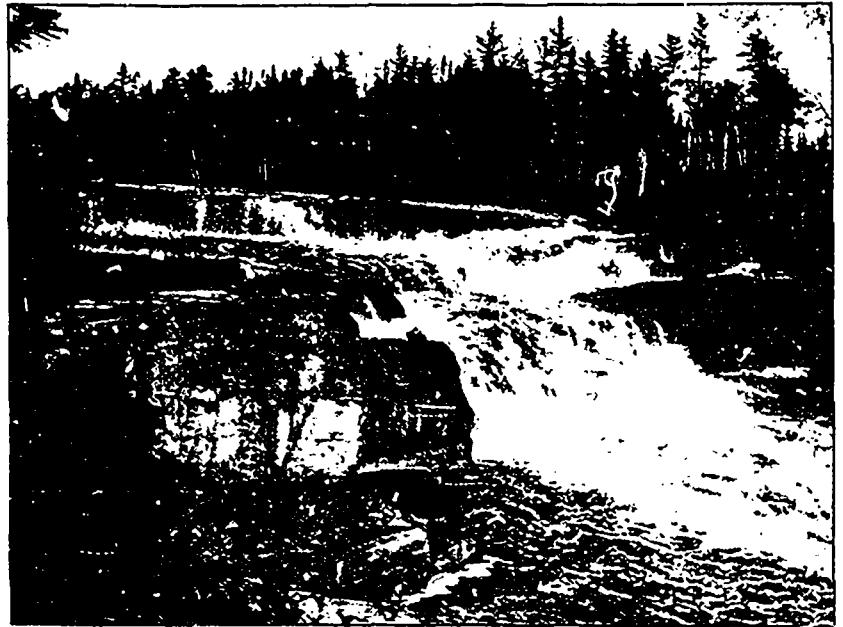
As we admire the autumn beauty of what we proudly call Mount Royal, we are too often unmindful of the fact that its solitary peak is but an isolated member of the great Laurentian range, which lies to our Northeast, stretching from Labrador to the shores of Lake Superior. What is a remarkable fact in the history of our city is that it is scarcely more than 20 years since, as a community, we became aware of the exquisite charm of this lake and mountain region. We were wont, on the first approach of summer, to betake ourselves to American beaches and mountain retreats, ignorant of the fact that within a few miles of our City Hall nature has produced her most happy effects in wood and water, rock and flower, under our own Canadian skies. The reason must have been, forsooth, that points south of us were more easily accessible by rail or boat. We scarcely sufficiently appreciate the debt we owe those whose enterprise opened up to us these beautiful by-ways of our country. It is true that a Thoreau might penetrate the woods of Canada and tell us of his wanderings in their solitudes, but we cannot all share in his dreamy life. We find a comfortable ear window a far better point of observation than the threshold of a hut, and though he proved that he could enjoy life in the woods and live on one hundred dollars a year, we are willing to pay fares and reasonable board bills in the more

prosaic and certainly more comfortable method afforded by the facilities of the Place Viger and Windsor stations.

July and August among the spirey pines—chains of lakes, cool and often unfathomed—roads that wind among them presenting a fresh picture at every turn—rocks and mosses, ferns and flower-bells—are months of ideal rest and recreation; but even the verdancy of summer is not comparable to September and October, when but few can remain to witness their glories in flaming forest, reflected sunset, dawn and moonrise.

We took umbrage at Canada's being called the "Lady of the Snows," but it aptly suggests the beauty of these Northern hills in the witchery of snow and icy landscape, when the wild grandeur of a white storm sweeps over them, or they lie under bare boughs and bending evergreens in the cold starlight of Christmastide.

Society has almost exhausted its ingenuity to afford something new in the way of entertainment. We have teas to satiety, luncheons, cards, dances, dinners, theatrical and even



Slide Falls, Upper Kippewa River, Quebec

Sunday concerts to repletion. Why cannot some leader of fashion inaugurate house parties, with gentle mother nature as the hostess? Dinner parties with the same expected menu from soup to cheese, with electric lights, gas fires and inevitable indigestion are becoming abnormally familiar. Let us imagine a Christmas morning among these mountains, in great rooms, lighted by log fires, with vistas of fir trees, white valleys, and the track of wild creatures on the snow. The twilight unstained by factory smoke, moonlight untroubled by its incandescent usurper, balm of virgin woods, rest and peace and dreams of childhood.

Cannot the railway add to its other philanthropies by some special arrangement to allure people away from the tyranny of telephones, holiday extravagance and artificial hospitality, and invite us to break the social shackles that bind us and try Christmas in the Laurentides. Other roads have filled American cities for Easter time, until this season out of New York is



considered by some to be insupportable. Atlantic City, a town of mammoth hotels, cannot accommodate the great influx of guests, sixty thousand people often to be seen on the promenade at a time. The very thought of it is too exhausting to entertain for more than a moment, and makes one long, in the words of Gray, to fly :-

“ Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,  
Our sober wishes never learn to stray,  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,  
To keep the noiseless tenor of our way.”

#### Precautious Time for Lobsters.

It is probably news to the majority of people to know that the red or rock codfish is a bitter enemy of the lobster that has just crawled out of his shell and is soft and unable to protect himself. During shedding time these lobsters crawl up under projecting rocks where the seaweed and kelp are thick and where they find protected places in which to go through the process of slipping out of their old shells and taking on a new coat of mail, so to speak. For some days after shedding the lobsters are weak and unable to cope with those fish that wage war upon them. This fact the codfish seem intuitively to know, and they will swarm around those retreats in great numbers and wait for the shedders to crawl out. An old lobster fisherman said recently that many times he had stopped his dory over a large number of these red codfish and watched their operations. He had even dropped his line down and dangled tempting bait within a few feet of them. Unless it happened to fall directly in front of their noses, however, they would seldom take it, as they were after the lobster meat. When the thin-shelled lobsters would crawl out from beneath the protecting seaweed the codfish would dart at them and strike them fierce blows with their tails, disabling them completely. They would then fall to and devour the helpless crustaceans. This performance the lobster fisherman said he had witnessed many times.—*Lawiston Journal*.

#### A Cave Discovered by Sportsmen.

A party of hunters in Kansas discovered a natural cave about one and a-half miles north of Wimpot, on the line of the Frisco railway. The party were out on a hunt for chickens, rabbits and other game. Attention was attracted to the cave by the dogs. The aperture to the cave was simply a small hole in the surface of the high rolling prairie. The young fellows noticed that the aperture would admit the passage of a man’s body and decided to explore the bowels of the earth if necessary. They slid down the opening, which was solid rock from the slight fringe of grass on top, passed through a narrow niche in the stone below, then slid further down, alighting on firm foundation about thirty feet from the surface of the earth. When the boys reached the bottom of the shaft they experienced a decided change of climate. They had half anticipated a snake or scorpion crevasse, but suddenly discovered that no snake or scorpion could live in such temperature. They found plenty of room. They had entered a cavern containing nature’s finest wonders. The temperature was icy. The breath of the young explorers froze as it was wafted to icy walls on either side. Stalactites hung from the ceiling, and there were most beautiful representations of lamps, fishes, etc. Some of the explorers claim that they went at least a quarter of a mile, and that the cave became larger as they progressed.—*Forest and Stream*.

## FORESTRY

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

Editor—E. Stewart, Chief Inspector of Forestry for the Dominion and Secretary Canadian Forestry Association, Ottawa, Ont.  
Sub-Editor—R. H. Campbell, Treasurer and Asst. Secretary Canadian Forestry Association, Ottawa, Ont.

#### TREES AS FACTORS OF CULTURE AND WEALTH.

By G. U. Hay, St. John, N.B.

A few years ago I drove through one of the newest and least prosperous settlements in Northern New Brunswick. Beyond, to the north, east and south, lay unbroken forests. To the west was the valley of the St. John River from which stream I had just diverged to seek the sources of the Restigouche River.

The settlement was typical of those that have been recently carved out from the wilderness. The older portion boasted of tolerably comfortable houses and barns; then followed newer dwellings, with tottering remains of an old log cabin near, “where the rude forefathers of the hamlet” dwelt, a picture of ruin and distress; and finally near the edge of the forest the log huts with their pioneer settlers. Throughout that whole settlement there was not a shade tree worthy of the name—but instead, a mournful line of dwellings, tapering off into wretched levels, strung along the dusty highway. How the picture would have been relieved by generous shade trees! How much better is man intellectually, morally and physically, with trees as neighbors and companions, beneath whose cool shade he can rest himself, survey his growing acres, and thank God for them all!

But the man here had been swallowed up in the wood-chopper; and he thinks only of cutting down the native growth, clearing up the vines and trees and shrubbery, and sacrificing everything to present utility. He begrudges a few inches of soil to the rightful owners, who would thankfully bless him every day of his busy life for sparing them. But instead of thinking of the shade tree as a friend, the settler looks upon it as an enemy, one that must be rooted out and destroyed, and tree murderers are not confined to the back settlements.

It is not to be wondered at that I bade good-bye to civilization(?) on that hot July day and betook myself to the grateful shade of the forest with the liveliest relief and satisfaction. A great city is not the only place where one meets with extremes of wealth and poverty, of high life and low life. As I entered the woods and saw those aristocratic elms and maples and pines, I was impressed with their stately magnificence, and could not help thinking that if those poor settlers when they carved out homes for themselves in the wilderness had remembered that they had other wants to satisfy than mere physical wants, they would have left standing a few of those forest trees and reared their humble roofs under their grateful shade. It seems to me that the Giver of all good would look down upon such a habitation as that and pronounce it good.

Two years after, I ascended the Nepisiguit River to its source, a chain of lakes embosomed in mountains some of which are the highest in the Province. This river, in its course of

eighty miles to the sea, is one of the roughest in New Brunswick, making a descent from its source to its mouth of about a thousand feet. Its channel, winding among hills and mountains, and its waters dashing amid boulders and through swirling rapids, are the delight of the canoe man. But too often in his course he sees a wilderness of blackened and dead tree trunks, a melancholy picture of the ruin worked by forest fires, the result of wasteful lumbering and the carelessness of those who light fires in the woods in summer. What a pity it is that thousands of square miles of our wilderness lands are blighted by this scourge of fire! As one stands on some mountain top in Northern New Brunswick and looks over an extent of wilderness, he sees great spaces of vivid and healthy green (surely a pleasant thing for the eye to look upon); and he sees, too, great brown stretches, studded with run-pikes, hideous in their ugliness, great blots on the face of nature. The one view takes in the virgin forest, a vast storehouse of the wealth of the country, with its accumulation of

their truthfulness. I leave my readers to draw their conclusions. The wholesale cutting down of trees by settlers, the neglect to spare a few of the finest for shade and ornament, the burning of the forests adjacent to these settlements by carelessness in setting fires, are evils that are being slowly overcome by education and wise restrictive laws. A greater danger lies in the fact that every year vast quantities of material left by lumbermen on the ground, dried to tinder, await only the match of the too-careless woodsman to burst into a conflagration which destroys not only vast lumber areas, but makes the ground unfit for ages to come for forest or agricultural purposes, and is a menace to neighboring areas in times of freshet and drought.

Is it not time to realize more fully the necessity of preserving our forests; to study and put into intelligent practice the laws which older nations are adopting to preserve and increase their forest products; to put forth efforts to educate our people to more intelligent ideas about trees as living beings and helpers to man; and what is even more important, to have those who are entrusted with the care of forests trained in the knowledge of the growth, health and preservation of trees?

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#### The Ontario Forestry Commission Report.

The report of the Ontario Forestry Commission, to which reference was made last month, is both timely and valuable, and the conclusions reached by the Commissioners merit the very careful consideration of the members of the Canadian Forestry Association. In these conclusions are laid down in precise terms what the members of the Commission, after a careful study of the conditions on the ground, consider should be the principles to govern the policy of the Government of the Province of Ontario in dealing with the forests under its control. The Commissioners are not mere visionaries who have approached the question with preconceived ideas and theories, but they are practical men desirous of ascertaining the best means of managing the timber resources of the Province, so that they should not be unnecessarily wasted and that they should be made to yield the largest possible return, both for the present and the future. The few simple and definite principles laid down by them demonstrate this clearly.

And now the question arises, are these principles to be put in practice? Is the Canadian Forestry Association prepared to support them and to use its influence to that end?

Here it should be pointed out that this question is not of interest to Ontario alone. While some modifications will have to be made to suit the conditions in different provinces, the general lines of policy will in many respects be similar, and the Forestry Association should not confine its interest to any one province, but should make an effort to have adopted generally throughout Canada any regulation which has been found to be of substantial benefit in any part, of course always having regard to the local conditions. The people of every section of the country are interested in the preservation of the lumber supply; those living in the timber districts and those



*Pete Reno's Home*

leaf mould beneath, the product of centuries of decay, the moss and other vegetation receiving the moisture as it trickles down from the leaves and branches above and packing it away amid the pores of leaf mould and soil for distribution in times of drought. The other view tells of the growth and accumulations of centuries gone in an hour, the wealth of the country lessened by thousands, perhaps millions of dollars; the rich soil, the product of ages of slow and steady growth in nature's laboratory, eaten down perhaps to the foundation rocks; the vast reservoirs for the retention of moisture gone; the muddy and swollen streams in times of freshet destined to denude the ground more completely and become a constant menace to the dwellers in the valleys below; and the bare water courses in times of drought complete the picture of desolation.

The two pictures that I have here drawn of the causes that are lessening our forest products are not imaginary. Every new settlement, every mountain top in Canada, bears witness to

who require to make use of the produce of such districts in any way. The settlers on the western plains should be not less interested, for, however much of the smaller class of timber they may be able to get they will always have to look largely to outside sources for their supply of sawn lumber.

In the report there are two recommendations in regard to prevention of fires, one being a suggestion that fire notices in different languages should be posted along the canoe routes north of the height of land, and the other favoring the appointment of forest fire rangers. The printing and posting of notices on cloth or parchment paper does not entail any very great expense and has been found useful in calling attention to the provisions of the Fire Acts, and so frequently preventing the careless use of fire. Ignorance of the law does not excuse a breach of it, but ignorance of the law may lead to many infractions which a knowledge of it would prevent. There is no reason why this plan should not be carried out at all points where there is likely to be danger to the forest from fire.

A system of fire rangers controlled by the Government has been found to work most satisfactorily in Ontario. There is no question as to the desirability of such a system where there is danger to valuable timber, and the expense is the only difficulty which stands in the way of its general adoption, but the lumbermen who have had experience with fire ranging are usually willing to bear a share of such expense, and if the forests are of any value at all,—and they are increasingly so,—the actual wealth represented by the trees preserved and their enhanced value from their greater safety, will give a fair return for the expenditure involved. During the season of 1898, 195 rangers were on duty in Ontario on licensed lands, with the result that, notwithstanding the long continued drought which prevailed, the losses by fire on the territory under their supervision were insignificant. Eleven fire rangers were also employed on the crown domain, whose services proved equally effective, as no extensive fires occurred on the area thus protected. The timber thus saved would represent an immense value, while the high bonuses received by the Ontario Government for timber lands, running up to \$50,000 per square mile, are due in no inconsiderable degree to the fact that the forests are thus protected. Why should not such a system be adopted in every district where there is valuable timber to be protected, and where there is danger from fire?

Additions to the forest reserves are recommended from the lands unfitted for agriculture, which are now under license and upon which the ground rent is in arrears, and also of such lands in the central division of the Province where are the head-waters of the principal streams. This recommendation looks towards a gradual but increasing control of forest areas by the State. Under private ownership there is always a tendency, probably natural enough, to sacrifice the future good to the present need, and the Government will continually have coming back on its hands areas that have been denuded of timber, and thus almost inevitably and without effort on its part must take control of them, if they are to be made use of at

all. But the conclusion referred to urges a more active policy and a distinct effort to increase the forest reserves. This may mean that the Province should undertake the whole work of handling the timber crops on these lands, or it may mean only that the Government should protect the timber and regulate the cutting with a view to ensuring a forest covering and a steady timber supply.

The preservation of the forest covering, in order that the supply of waters to the rivers and streams may be retained at a constant volume, is of the utmost importance, and a government ownership is the only possible condition on which there could be a certainty of the forests being kept with that object in view, for a private individual must of necessity look to his own interests and could not be expected to refrain from making use of his forest wealth, when necessary to do so, even if it should be to the detriment of some distant portion of the country, especially while the possibility remained of his generous efforts being nullified by the action of other holders



*Awaiting the Steamer at Mouth of Metabetchewan River*

of such lands. In every Province of the Dominion there are watersheds dominated by forests. There is the great Laurentian ridge running through Ontario and Quebec and extending into New Brunswick. There are high lands in Nova Scotia fitted for little else than tree growing, which should be of the greatest value as regulators of the water supply. In Manitoba and the North West Territories the reservation of such districts as the Riding Mountain, the Foothills of the Rockies, and other tracts, is of the utmost importance. In British Columbia the Provincial Forestry Association have been far-sighted enough to recognize the intimate connection between the protection of the forests and the success of their great fishing industry, and are urging that both should be under the same management. The protection of the timber on the watersheds should be given careful attention by every government in Canada. The great value of water powers for manufacturing and the generation of electricity, in addition to the other

services rendered by the streams to agriculture, commerce and health, demand it. The question of increasing the area of timber lands under direct control of the Government is one worthy of full discussion, and opens up the whole subject of the future of the lumber trade, the system of management to be adopted, training of forest officials, etc. Though the recommendation of the Commission is only that the Government should take over such lands, in addition to the water-heds, as the holders have shown by failure to pay the ground rent that they do not wish to retain, yet this practically covers the greater portion of the white pine lands. If the Government would show its faith in forestry by its works, and demonstrate by the management of some of the tracts under its control the practicability as a business proposition of the adoption of a system which would give more consideration to the preservation of a future supply than those now generally followed do, it would take a long step forward towards convincing the public that a large government control would be the most beneficial and in the end the most profitable. It would also give some ground for urging the lumbermen to adopt a similar system. No government in Canada has so far made sufficient effort in this direction to give a clear view of the situation. General experience points to the conclusion that government ownership gives the best permanent results, but the interests of those now holding timber lands should not be overlooked in any policy that is adopted.

The other conclusions relate to lands under license and recommend that suitable regulations should be enforced to prevent too rapid or too close cutting on such lands, and that license holders should not be allowed to cut any trees for logs smaller than would measure twelve inches across the stump two feet from the ground, except by special permission from the Department of Crown Lands and under supervision of the district forest ranger. In the preliminary report of 1895 the Commissioners called attention to the advantages of allowing the trees to reach a fair maturity before cutting, and made the following comparison:

"A young tree which would cut only one log eight inches in diameter and sixteen feet long, measuring sixteen feet board measure, would, if allowed to stand for thirty years, grow in diameter at the rate of one inch in five years—in some cases growth is as rapid as an inch in two years—and hence would give a butt log of fourteen inches diameter sixteen feet long, or one hundred feet of lumber, board measure. In addition to this, however, this tree would have grown in height sufficient to give two more logs, one say of eleven inches and one of eight inches diameter, both sixteen feet long, and measuring respectively forty-nine feet and sixteen feet board measure. Thus a tree that requires, perhaps, forty years to make its first sixteen feet of merchantable timber would in thirty years more have increased to one hundred and sixty-four feet. This may be considered the period of greatest relative growth; after attaining a diameter sufficient to make a fourteen inch butt log, your Commissioners estimate that the tree would continue to gain at the rate of three and one-half per cent per annum. This bare statement of the case shows the necessity of protecting the young growth of pine in the interests of the Province. The advantage to the lumberman in holding his trees till they have reached the larger diameter is still more marked because of the greater price per thousand feet commanded by lumber cut from the larger logs."

The investigations of the Division of Forestry in the United States, in connection with certain spruce areas in the Adirondacks, which were placed under their management, led them to decide upon a diameter of twelve inches as the most

profitable for cutting, and to that extent the conclusion of the Ontario Commissioners is fortified.

The production of seed in profusion also depends on the trees reaching a considerable development—about a diameter of six inches in the pine—and as the pine does not produce seed every year the reproduction of the crop may be very seriously hindered by too early cutting. The observations of the Commissioners as to the area of distribution of the seed from pine trees did not lead to any definite conclusion. It was found that seed had probably been carried a mile or two from trees in exposed or elevated situations, while in other cases the distance was evidently very much less. The provision of the seed supply should not be overlooked in the cutting of timber, and this phase of the forestry problem is deserving of very careful study.

One of the points mentioned in the preliminary report as under investigation was that of a remunerative market for the waste and refuse of lumber operations, as well as for trees not at present commercially valuable, which it might be well to remove. It was thought that much of this material could be utilized in the manufacture of pulp and small wood goods, or for the production of charcoal for smelting ores, etc., but in the final report there is only a hint that the future may bring about such conditions as to make what is now useless of some value, so that apparently no satisfactory method of dealing with such products was found to be feasible at present. If this refuse could be made of value, one of the causes which assist in the propagation of fires would be removed.

We again submit to the members of the Canadian Forestry Association the question as to how far they are prepared to advocate the adoption for the Province of Ontario or for the other Provinces of the Dominion, of the principles laid down by the Ontario Forestry Commission. An old Malagasy proverb says, "One tree does not make a forest, but the thoughts of many make a government," or, we may add, an Association. We will be glad to have the opinions of any of the members on the question raised by this report.

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#### Forestry in British Columbia.

At the meeting of the British Columbia Forestry Association on the 7th of August last a paper was read by Mr. J. R. Anderson, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Victoria, a portion of which is as follows:—

"The question of the proper conservation of the forest wealth of a country has long since engaged the attention of the older governments in Europe, with the consequence that the forests of those countries are now engaging the paternal solicitude of the governments and, instead of diminishing, are actually in many instances increasing. The wasteful policy pursued in the Eastern States of America and in our own country is now being made apparent, and frantic efforts are being made to recover lost ground. We in British Columbia have been accustomed to look upon our forests as practically inexhaustible, and every effort has been put forth to destroy them, to get rid of the timber at any price so as to make room for other purposes, agriculture and so on. Now, however laudable it is for the struggling settler, and I say emphatically he should be assisted in every way possible, to clear his land, the means employed should be such as not to endanger the neighboring forest. The loss through the agency of fire every year is beyond calculation, and whilst the provisions of the Bush Fire Act are good as far as they go, they do not go far enough and, like those of many other Acts, the difficulties of enforcing them are so great that

the Act is practically a dead letter. This is a question which should engage the attention of every one who has the conservation of this, one of our principal assets, a source of untold wealth, at heart. An association should be formed, or we might all join the Canadian Forestry Association and by co-operation devise ways and means for the protection of our forests. I believe I am right in saying that we in British Columbia have the largest extent of primeval forest in compact masses of any country in the world. We have an enormous extent of forest, forests the magnitude of which is unsurpassable not only as regards their commercial value, but for beauty and grandeur. But, gentlemen, they are not inexhaustible; the encroachments on them by the lumberman, the woodman, the settler, and above all by forest fires, will sooner or later exhaust them, and unless we now grapple with this question and inaugurate a proper system of forestry conservation, we shall even in our generation be confronted with the problem that is now, and has been for a long time, engaging the attention of the people in the East, viz., how to regain our lost wealth. Vast extents of our lands are of a character only suited for the production of forest trees. Vast areas of such lands have been denuded of their timber by fires, started, I fear, in many cases wilfully, and certainly in many, carelessly. These lands are now practically valueless; the young growth is often destroyed a second time through the same agency; streams are dried up, and instead of the eye being feasted on the rich green of the forest trees, it is distressed on every side by the spectacle of blackened stumps and bare rocks.

"There are many phases of this question of forestry, and it is well nigh inexhaustible. I had the pleasure a few nights ago of listening to an address given by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor before the Natural History Society, on the subject of tree planting and his experience with the cultivation of the Black Walnut, and I assure you that after hearing him no one could help being convinced of the practicability of reforesting our denuded areas in and about our cities with trees of that description, which perhaps not in our time) will become of commercial value, but which, in the time of, I hope, all who are honoring me with a hearing, will become "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

At the meeting of the Ontario Entomological Society held at London on the 15th of November, a very instructive paper

was read by Professor Lochead, entitled, "A Plea for the Systematic and Economic Study of the Forest Insects of Ontario." An interesting statement made by him, and one showing alike the importance of his subject and the resources of our Province, was that of the 142,000 square miles comprised by the Province, 120,000 square miles, or six-sevenths of the Province, are still Crown lands, either still unworked or under lease by lumbermen. Professor Lochead pointed out that the recent report of the Royal Commission appointed to consider the subject of forest preservation in Ontario contained no reference to the injury wrought by insects. Insects, he said, were responsible in a great many ways for damage to the forests. Forest regions injured by insect depredations were more easily set on fire than regions of healthy trees. On the other hand, weak and unhealthy trees invited the attacks and proved prolific breeding grounds for the insects. Professor Lochead advocated a system of forest rangers, who knew something of the insect pests of the forest, and who could take

measures to contro them as far as possible. To this end, however, it was necessary that more accurate information be obtained as to the nature of the various insects found in the forest regions and on this he based his plea for their thorough study. Professor Lochead's paper was followed by an interesting discussion, in the course of which Dr. Fletcher made the statement that the lumbermen of the Ottawa valley alone estimated their yearly loss from insect depredators at \$1,000,000.



Mouth of the White Pine River, Quebec.

The Mattawin Fish and Game Club at its annual meeting in Westmount, Que., November 15th, elected officers as follows, viz.:—President, James Gardner; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Stevenson Brown; Committee, E. B. Hibotson, Smeaton White and H. Magor. After the business meeting the members were entertained by the retiring President, J. G. Ross.

While a British angler was fishing on the river Teviot, his attention was attracted by the roundness of a stone which had afforded him footing in making a difficult cast. The stone was more than half embedded in the bank, and on being dug out was found to be entirely round, and it bore marks showing that it had been chipped into shape. The ball, which is of sandstone, measured 42 inches in circumference, and its weight is 9 pounds. It is supposed to have been used in warfare. The missile is of the same dimensions as the stone balls deposited at the side of Mons Meg at Edinburgh Castle, and date from 1496.—*Forest and Stream.*

## KENNEL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by D. Taylor

The annual general meeting of the Montreal Canine Association was called for Tuesday, 27th November, in the Natural History Rooms, University street. There was quite a large number of shareholders present, and Mr. Joseph Reid occupied the chair. The Secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were confirmed, after which the chairman announced that through the serious illness of the treasurer, Mr. Jos. A. Laurin, a statement of the financial affairs of the Association could not be obtained at the present time. A motion to adjourn until such time as the statement was forthcoming (the meeting to be at the call of the President) was adopted. No other business was transacted.

\*

English doggy men are at present greatly exercised over the proper division of dogs into sporting and non-sporting classes, the incident of special prizes for the two classes having been offered at a recent show being sufficient to again rouse public opinion on the subject. Beyond question the subject is a difficult one and it lies with the Kennel Club, which is the recognized parliament in kennel affairs, to give an official pronouncement in the matter, a duty which it has been accused of shirking, either through dread of arriving at a solution satisfactory to the majority of breeders or through a general disinclination to tackle such a vexed question without being under pressure to do so by being brought to adjudicate upon the entry of a certain breed of dog in both classes. Our Dogs, of which it may be said there is probably no better authority on all matters relating to the Kennel in Great Britain, lays down the principle, which seems to us a perfectly sound one, that should operate in a separation of the various breeds and varieties of breeds and classification of them into the two divisions, which is not whether such breeds are, or are not, actually used for sport, but whether such breeds have been evolved for purposes of legitimate sport either in Great Britain or in the country to which they belong. A great many people would question the inclusion of fox terriers in the sporting division, from the fact that they are more frequently held by dwellers in cities and towns as pets and companions, yet their usefulness in the hunting field and in other forms of sport is admitted and by consent of the best authorities they are universally placed in the sporting column. Yet have they not a title, from the reason stated above, to enter and compete in the non-sporting division? That is the question which British fanciers would like to see settled definitely with this as with other breeds, in particular a near relation of the fox terrier—the black and tan terrier, which in the majority of cases has all the qualities of a sporting dog and will hunt and kill vermin, and are as game as any fox terrier to be found. This breed is invariably reckoned amongst non-sporting dogs. The question of a proper and authoritative classification is equally interesting to breeders on this side the Atlantic and we hope to see the matter taken up by the A.K.C. and the C.K.C.

\*

Mr. McAllister, of the Laurel Kennels, Peterborough, seems to be in hard luck. He was importing a fine young dog to take the place of Laurel Laddie which unfortunately died on the voyage out. Mr. McAllister has been in pretty hard lines

lately, but we have no doubt his indomitable pluck and enterprise will ultimately get rid of the hoodoo that seems at present to hang around his kennels. The collie fanciers of Canada would regret to hear that Mr. McAllister had any intention of giving up the breed.

\*

Mr. Isaac Stewart's Kennels at Amherst Park are temporarily dispersed through the accident of a fire which occurred at his residence there the end of last month. The house and contents were totally destroyed, but the dogs in the kennels were saved and are at present taken charge of by sympathizing neighbors until Mr. Stewart can arrange for permanent quarters.

\*

In a former issue a hint was given that Mr. Jos. A. Laurin, the well-known fancier and admirer of the Airedale terrier, was negotiating for a cracker-jack of that breed and we are pleased to learn that he has been successful. Mr. Laurin has secured the noted English winner, Willow Nut, a dog which has a reputation not only as a prize-winner himself, but also as a sire of many who have made their mark on the show bench, such fine dogs as Champion Arthington, Hyndman Briar and Tinner being amongst his get. Willow Nut in the course of his career has annexed no less than 133 first prizes, and his progeny is credited with something like 73—an enviable record in a country like England where competition is usually so keen. To keep this famous dog company, Mr. Laurin also imported Princess Briar, a bitch which has also achieved distinction as a prize-winner at important shows, and is at present in whelp to her mate. Both dogs are undoubtedly grand examples of the Airedale, and we trust that the enterprise exhibited by Mr. Laurin in his efforts to introduce this breed will meet with fitting recognition from admirers of a game, affectionate and useful dog.

\*

Newmarket Kennels has more than a Canadian reputation as breeders of bull terriers and they have at present two, a dog and bitch, which give promise of still further increasing the fame of their kennels, viz.: Newmarket Hero (Norwood Hero—Norwood Queen), and Newmarket Kit (Lord Minto—Newmarket Beauty).

\*

One of the tiniest of the canine race is known by the name of "sleeve" dog, a product of China, that land of oddities and small feet. A specimen of the breed recently brought to America is thus described by an exchange. "This breed was reserved for the royal family and women of the court at Peking, and was carefully guarded from the outside world. They were carried in the wide loose sleeves of the dress worn by the women of China, and derive their name from this fact. They were allowed to run on the ground but very little, and consequently the hair growing from the tips of their toes was of extraordinary length; on Morgan, when he first reached America this hair was over four inches long, and in his first attempts at walking, he would trip and fall over by stepping with his fore feet on the long hair of his hind toes. In appearance this breed slightly resembles the Peking poodle, which is somewhat like a Japanese pug; the "sleeve" dog is much smaller and his fore legs are widely bowed, while he stands higher at the hips than at the shoulders. Morgan has a long and glossy coat of fine black hair. He seems above the average small dog in intelligence, and his ear is quick for all sounds, and he readily distinguishes the footsteps of the different members of the family. He is two years old, five inches high at the shoulders and six inches at the hips. He is nine inches long and weighs one pound and a half."

The London County Council have voted a sum of £289 for the formation of a pond for dog bathing and model yachting at Tooting Common.

\*

The son of a famous New York architect is building a luxurious two-storied dog-house, which is to be the finest in the city. It has brick walls and iron framework, and will be steam-heated and otherwise elegantly appointed.

\*

The Royal Dublin Society has recommended the Council to vote £300 towards the prizes at the forthcoming dog show, to be held at Ball's Bridge, in April next. This, of course, is independent of "specials," offered for competition by clubs and fanciers.

\*

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. Harry R. McLellan's celebrated *dogue de Bordeaux*, La Goule, which took place at St. John, N.B., on December 3rd. La Goule was the mate of Sans Peur, and both were purchased by Mr. McLellan in England about a year and a-half ago, being exhibited for the first time in Canada at the last Montreal show, where special stalls had to be fitted up for their reception. They were then seen and admired by thousands for their size, courage, intelligence, and active appearance. Among fanciers on both sides of the Atlantic Sans Peur and La Goule were considered the finest specimens of a somewhat unique breed ever shown, and the death of the female is a distinct loss to Mr. McLellan's kennels. The accompanying photograph of Sans Peur was taken at the Arena during the show.

\*

The citizens of St. Thomas, Ont., are entering with spirit into canine matters, a new Kennel Club having been formed. A meeting was held in Dr. Kay's office, October 31st, at which over fifty members were enrolled, and the new Association is receiving the support of all the city fanciers and many in the district besides. The following officers were elected:

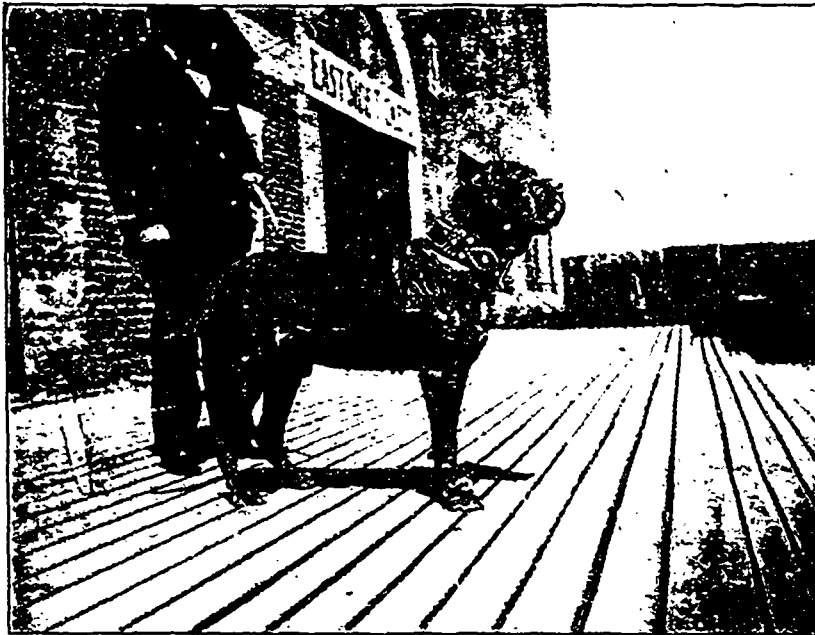
Honorary president, Judge Hughes; president, Dr. Teskey; 1st vice, John Boughner; 2nd vice, M. J. Baker, 3rd vice, Chas. Waters; secretary, W. T. Collins; treasurer, Dr. Lipsey. Executive committee, Dr. King, Joseph Ferguson, Ed. Langan, R. Emslie, W. H. Sanderson, Ed. Boughner, J. H. Price, Walter Ross, Joe Coffee. Honorary Veterinary Surgeon, A. H. King.

A pathetic dog story comes from Southampton, Eng. When the troops were leaving the port early in the year a dog followed an officer on to one of the transports, and was twice driven off; he returned again, and had to be ejected after the vessel had left the quay. Since then he has never left the docks, and it is said the disconsolate animal meets every incoming transport, and watches every man leave the ship. It is further averred that the dog takes no notice of ordinary arrivals, and only ceases his wanderings about the dock, where he picks up a precarious living, when a transport comes in sight.

\*

The use of medicines in homeopathic form for dogs is now very general in England, where their value as curative agents are fully recognized, as well as their handiness and ease of application. In a recent number of *Our Dogs* the writer of "Notes for Novices" has this to say about them: "There is one thing about homeopathic medicines that is

greatly in their favor, and that is the comparative safety there is in using them. Many are strong poisons, but they are reduced to so precise a form that there need be no risk whatever in using them if the explicit directions be carried out. The pilules are always to be preferred for administration to dogs. Take, for instance, the case of arsenic, of which large quantities are constantly being prescribed for skin diseases; it is a chemical by no means to be trifled with and must be given cautiously. Who would trust



*A dogue de Bordeaux*

a kennelman with liquid, of which so many drops must be given? In the pilule form, however—a pilule corresponding to a drop of tincture—it is so easy to count out an accurate dose that, however unsteady a man's hand may be, he need not make a mistake here.

"Arsenic, then, is a specific for skin diseases, and it is also an excellent general tonic. It is somewhat curious in its actions, being known as a 'cumulative' poison; it must be commenced in small doses, which may be gradually increased, and it must also be gradually discontinued, not left off suddenly. Nux Vomica is a very commonly approved tonic for dogs, and in the homeopathic pilule form it is very convenient. It needs to be given cautiously, and it has to be borne in mind that the active principle of nux vomica is strychnine, which acts in comparison more powerfully upon dogs than upon human beings—so much so that what would be a safe dose for a man might act disastrously upon a dog. The dose given

should, therefore, be small accordingly. In cases of chorea, nux vomica often has a wonderful effect in causing a cessation of the nervous twitchings so painful to witness.

"In Belladonna (Deadly Nightshade), we have another powerful poison brought into a comparatively safe form by the homœopathist. Belladonna is a sedative. It is frequently of service in cases of distemper, and is given in conjunction with nux vomica in paralysis of the limbs. As a medicine for dogs it must be given with caution, and due regard should be paid to the strength of its homœopathic preparation in accordance with the scale of strengths.

"Aconite.—The alkaloidal extractive of the "Monkshood" plant (*Aconitum Napellus*), is one of the best remedies that can be given to dogs when feverish, or when they have contracted a cold. Again a deadly poison if administered incautiously, it is yet one of the finest requirements of a canine medicine chest; a dose given to a dog immediately upon the appearance of a cold will often act like magic. Still dealing with the poisons, we find in *Digitalis* (Foxglove), a remedy often useful, but one which, acting as it does upon the heart, should only be given under competent advice. It is often of value in the cases of distemper, especially those of "chest" distemper, which are recognized by lung trouble, which frequently affects the action of the heart—and, of course, this is highly dangerous.

"Amongst non-poisonous homœopathic medicines, we have *Podophyllin*, the value of which in liver complaint cannot be over-estimated. Dogs, as is well-known, are martyrs to liver trouble in as pronounced a degree as we ourselves are, and for a medicine *podophyllin* is excellent. The homœopathic form is preferable to little pills such as are sold under the title of "little pills for the liver," because the latter are prepared from various other formulæ, and are not always simple *podophyllin*, such as would be found in the homœopathic preparation of pills. *Ipecacuanha* has its use as an expectorant; for coughs and lung troubles it is a safe and reliable "first-aid" remedy, often enough to prevent serious developments. In fact, many cases of throat and breath ailments may be cured entirely by its use without any other medicine.

"We ought not to overlook the virtues of *Phosphorus* as a tonic. It is a powerful medicament, but may often be given in the homœopathic form to dogs suffering from debility, bad doers, or those recovering from severe illness. Its use must not be continued too long; in point of fact, occasional doses at wide intervals are best. Sulphur is another valuable specific in the category, and its value as a blood purifier needs not to be dwelt upon. We may remark, however, that if those knowing people who put lumps of sulphur into their dogs' water under false impression that it will dissolve in the water and do their dogs good, would spend 25 cents for a bottle of the homœopathic sulphur pills, and administer those instead, they would do much more wisely."

Mr. J. G. Reid's (St. Lambert) young bitch, Broadlin Lily, has thrown a litter of six to Parkhill Galopin, the dog recently imported by Mr. Watson, secretary of the American Collie Club, which carried off the blue ribbon when exhibited shortly after his arrival at Danbury. Mr. Reid has the honor of owning the first litter sired by this celebrated dog in this country.

Mr. W. Elliott, St. Lambert, recently became the owner of a nice litter of nine from his tri-color bitch. The sire is Auchcairnie Gun.

#### International Field Trials.

The Derby stake in the international field trials, opened at Mitchell's Bay, Ont., Tuesday, Nov. 13th, and closed the following evening, after two days of busy work. The weather, which was cold and cheerless, was against the canines. Scent was poor, and the birds kept well under cover. In ranging and speed work, however, an excellent showing was made. A few beavies were pointed, but stray birds were the principal stands. Judgment was given on the Derby stake as follows:—1st, Tony Boy's Daisy, owned by E. Shelby, Clare, Mich.; 2nd, Selkirk Hope, W. B. Wells, Chatham; 3rd, Hidden Mystery II, Marshall Graydon, London; 4th, Nell's Dash, Chas. Mills, Mitchell's Bay. There were eleven entries in this stake. The winner of the Derby recently carried off the honors at the Michigan field trials. The All Age Stakes was won by Selkirk Freda, 1st; Selkirk Dan, 2nd; Brighton Tobe II, 3rd.

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#### International Field Trials Association.

The International Field Trials Association held its annual meeting at Chatham, Monday evening, Nov. 12th. Vice-president J. P. Dale, Petrolea, occupied the chair. The following officers were elected:—President, Montague Smith, Forest; 1st vice-president, T. C. Stegman, Chatham; 2nd vice-president, J. B. Dale, Petrolea; secretary-treasurer, W. B. Wells, Chatham. Executive committee, Geo. Kline, Mitchell's Bay; J. H. Smith, Strathroy; Alphonse Wells, Chatham; Thomas Guttridge, Chatham; J. L. Nichol, Chatham; A. C. McKay, Chatham; W. D. Tristem, Chatham; Dr. Totten, Forest; J. G. Armstrong, Detroit; H. M. Graydon, London. This was the only business before the meeting, and at the invitation of Judge Wells, the members of the club enjoyed an oyster supper.

\*

Hands Up, the American wire-haired fox terrier which was sent to England to compete at the late Crystal Palace Show, only got 1st in novice, 2nd limit, and 4th in open classes. At the New York Show he was placed in the front rank by Mr. Astley, the well-known English judge.

\*

The Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth Annual Dog Show will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, February 19, 20, 21 and 22.

\*

The Scottish Terrier Club of America has been organized and will do all it can to increase the popularity of the "diehards."

\*

The Rhode Island Kennel Club will hold its third annual show in Music Hall, Providence, February 13th and 14th, 1901.

\*

The Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia has recently shown a great fondness for dogs, and is very keen to possess a kennel. His partiality lies in the direction of fox terriers and greyhounds, having expressed a strong desire to obtain specimens of these two breeds from England. Captain J. L. Harrington, British Resident at the Emperor's Court, has just taken out with him a number of valuable dogs sent by the Queen as a present to Menelik and his Empress. Captain Harrington expects to reach his destination and resume his duties about December 15th.



# THE GUN

Conducted by "Bob White"

## ST. THOMAS TOURNAMENT.

Tom Donly's fourth annual handicap tournament at live birds and targets was held at St. Thomas, Ont., on November 13, 14, 15 and 16, under the management of Jack Parker, Detroit, Mich. Nobody was barred, but every event, both at live birds and targets, was a handicap. The result was an increased attendance, especially by the amateur. Such stars in the shooting world as W. R. Crosby, Jack Fanning, J. A. R. Elliott, Fulford, and our own Canadian champion H. D. Bates, were among those who took part. C. J. Mitchell, of Brantford, was on hand, talking up a three-day shoot in that city for January.

The weather was rather against big scores, being cold and windy, with snow flurries.

The chief events of the shoot were the contest for the international trophy, the Gilman & Barnes medal, and the Canadian championship event for the Donly Cup, both being at live birds. Each went to a Canadian shooter, Mr. Joseph Coffey, St. Thomas, winning the international medal with 25 straight, while Mr. G. W. Price, St. Williams, captured the Donly cup with 19 ex 20, after shooting off a tie with the donor, Mr. Tom Donly.

Altogether Mr. Donly is to be congratulated on the splendid success of his shoot, a success his untiring efforts to give Canadian sportsmen a thoroughly up-to-date shoot richly deserves.

Below we give the scores and handicap of each shooter.

### THE SCORE.

#### FIRST DAY.

Event No. 1.—7 live birds; \$5 entrance. Two moneys, 60 and 40.

Norton, - 28 yards, 5.	Bates, - - 31 yards, 7.
Donly, - 29 yards, 7.	Courtney, - 30 yards, 7.
Kirkover, - 30 yards, 6.	Daniels, - 27 yards, 5.
Elliott, - 32 yards, 7.	Parker, - 30 yards, 7.
Fanning, - 32 yards, 7.	Westbrooke, 27 yards, 7.
Werkes, - 25 yards, 6.	Cox, - - 28 yards, 7.

Event No. 2.—15 targets; entrance \$1.50. \$25 guaranteed; four moneys.

Fulford, - 22 yards, 9.	Cox, - - 17 yards, 14.
Crosby, - 22 yards, 14.	Elliott, - 22 yards, 14.
Fanning, - 22 yards, 13.	Bent, - - 16 yards, 10.
Kirkover, 20 yards, 14.	Westbrooke, 16 yards, 14.
Parker, - 20 yards, 12.	Daniels, - 16 yards, 13.
Courtney, 20 yards, 12.	George, - 16 yards, 15.
Bates, - - 18 yards, 13.	Mitchell, - 16 yards, 8.
Norton, - 18 yards, 6.	MacPherson, 16 yards, 14.
Emslie, - 16 yards, 11.	

Event No. 3.—20 targets; entrance \$2. \$25 guaranteed; four moneys.

Fulford, - 22 yards, 14.	Kirkover, 20 yards, 14.
Crosby, - 22 yards, 13.	Bent, - - 16 yards, 18.
Fanning, - 22 yards, 15.	Westbrooke, 16 yards, 17.

Elliott, - 22 yards, 19.	Daniels, - 16 yards, 8.
Parker, - 20 yards, 15.	George, - 16 yards, 19.
Courtney, 20 yards, 17.	Mitchell, - 16 yards, 15.
Bates, - - 18 yards, 17.	MacPherson, 16 yards, 19.
Norton, - 18 yards, 9.	Emslie, - 16 yards, 17.
Cox, - - 18 yards, 15.	Coffey, - - 16 yards, 16.

Event No. 4.—10 live birds; entrance \$7. Three moneys.

Elliott, - - 9.	Courtney, - 9.
Emslie, - - 10.	Norton, - - 9.
Parker, - - 9.	Fanning, - 10.
Kirkover, - 8.	Cox, - - - 8.
Crosby, - - 10.	Westbrooke, 10.
Werkes, - - 7.	Daniels, - - 9.
Donly, - - 9.	Bates, - - 10.
Mitchell, - - 10.	

Event No. 5.—20 targets; entrance \$2. \$25 guaranteed; four moneys.

Fulford, - - 10.	Cox, - - - 12.
Crosby, - - 19.	Kirkover, - 9.
Fanning, - - 17.	Bent, - - - 13.
Elliott, - - 17.	Westbrooke, 17.
Parker, - 15.	Daniels, - - 7.
Courtney, - 17.	MacPherson, 18.
Bates, - - 10.	Mitchell, - 17.
Norton, - - 15.	George, - - 13.
Emslie, - - - 15.	



Bernard Wabe, a Young Indian Guide

Event No. 6.—10 singles and 5 pairs; entrance \$1.50.  
\$25 guaranteed; four moneys.

Fulford, - - 16.	Cox, - - - 14.
Crosby, - - 15.	Kirkover, - 15.
Fanning, - - 17.	Bent, - - - 17.
Elliott, - - 14.	Westbrooke, 16.
Parker, - - 15.	George, - - 13.
Courtney, - 18.	Emslie, - - 16.
Bates, - - - 15.	Coffey, - - 19.
Norton, - - - 11.	MacPherson, 11.

## SECOND DAY.

Event No. 7.—10 single, 5 pair; \$3 entrance. Four moneys.

Fulford, - - 7.	Bates, - - - 13.
Crosby, - - 17.	Emslie, - - 11.
Fanning, - - 15.	Westbrooke, 10.
Elliott, - - 17.	Wilson, - - 16.
Parker, - - 14.	Bent, - - - 15.
Courtney, - 14.	Daniels, - - 10.
Kirkover, - 13.	Mitchell, - - 11.
Fletcher, - - - 16.	

Event No. 5.—20 targets. Four moneys.

Fulford, - - 15.	Westbrooke, 9.
Crosby, - - 14.	Wilson, - - 10.
Fanning, - - 17.	Bent, - - - 13.
Elliott, - - 17.	Daniels, - - 9.
Parker, - - 16.	Mitchell, - - 16.
Courtney, - 16.	Fletcher, - - 10.
Kirkover, - 17.	Cox, - - - 11.
Bates, - - - 16.	D. Bates, - - 14.
Emslie, - - 11.	MacPherson, 13.

Event No. 3.—20 targets; \$2 entrance. Four moneys.

Fulford, - - 13.	Coffey, - - 12.
Crosby, - - 18.	Westbrooke, 9.
Fanning, - - 17.	Wilson, - - 10.
Elliott, - - 19.	Bent, - - - 15.
Parker, - - 15.	Daniels, - - 14.
Courtney, - 18.	Mitchell, - - 13.
Kirkover, - 15.	Fletcher, - - 15.
Bates, - - - 11.	George, - - 10.
MacPherson, - - 17.	

Event No. 2.—\$1.50 entrance. Four moneys.

Fulford, - 22 yards, 11.	Wilson, - 18 yards, 11.
Crosby, - 22 yards, 9.	Bent, - - 16 yards, 11.
Fanning, - 22 yards, 12.	Daniels, - 15 yards, 10.
Elliott, - 22 yards, 11.	Mitchell, - 15 yards, 10.
Parker, - 20 yards, 12.	Fletcher, - 16 yards, 13.
Courtney, 20 yards, 10.	MacPherson, 18 yards, 10.
Kirkover, 20 yards, 8.	Coffey, - 18 yards, 12.
Bates, - - 18 yards, 11.	Emslie, - 16 yards, 12.
George, - 18 yards, 9.	D. Bates, - 15 yards, 9.
Westbrooke, 18 yards, 10.	Cox, - - 18 yards, 12.

Event No. 1.—7 live birds; \$5 entrance. Two moneys.

Parker, - 30 yards, 5.	Donly, - 28 yards, 5.
Crosby, - 32 yards, 7.	Werkes, - 28 yards, 7.
Courtney, 30 yards, 7.	Kirkover, 30 yards, 5.
Norton, - 28 yards, 6.	Daniels, - 27 yards, 4.
Elliott, - 32 yards, 5.	Cox, - - 28 yards, 5.
Fanning, - 32 yards, 5.	Westbrooke, 27 yards, 6.
Wilson, - 28 yards, 6.	Bates, - - 31 yards, 7.

## THIRD DAY.

Grand International handicap.—25 live birds; \$25 entrance  
Purse \$400 guaranteed.

Crosby, - 32 yards, 21.	Parker - 30 yards, 23.
Elliott, - 32 yards, 24.	Donly, - 28 yards, 18.
Werke, - 28 yards, 18.	Fulford, - 30 yards, 21.
Fanning, - 32 yards, 21.	Westbrooke, 28 yards, 21.
Wilson, - 28 yards, 19.	Fletcher, - 28 yards, 23.
George, - 28 yds, withdrawn	Emslie, - 28 yards, 19.
Bates, - 31 yards, 21.	D. Bates, - 26 yards, 22.
Courtney - 30 yards, 20.	J. Coffey, 28 yards, 25.
Kirkwood - 30 yards, 23.	Barnes, - 27 yards, 17.
Norton - 28 yards, 22.	Price, - 28 yards, 17.
Abbott, 27 yards, 21.	

Event No. 2.—15 targets, \$1.50 entrance; four moneys.

Courtney, - 13.	Strong, - - 11.
Crosby, - - 11.	Coffey, - - 12.
Fanning, - - 13.	Price, - - 12.
Elliott, - - 8.	Reed, - - 13.
Parker, - - 12.	Emslie, - - 10.
Kirkover, - 11.	Cox, - - 12.
Bent, - - 15.	Dart, - - 14.
Wilson, - - 13.	George, - - 9.
Westbrooke, - 14.	Fulford, - - 10.

Event No. 3.—20 targets; \$2 entrance; four moneys.

Courtney, - 16.	Strong, - - 13.
Crosby, - - 15.	Coffey, - - 13.
Fanning, - - 17.	Emslie, - - 15.
Elliott, - - 17.	Cox, - - 15.
Parker, - - 15.	Reed, - - 11.
Kirkover, - - 15.	Price, - - 15.
Bent, - - 18.	Fulford, - - 19.
Wilson, - - 11.	Dart, - - 16.
Westbrooke, - 15.	MacPherson, 12.

Event No. 5.—20 targets; \$2 entrance; four moneys.

Courtney, - 17.	Wilson, - - 14.
Crosby, - - 17.	Westbrooke, - 16.
Fanning, - - 17.	Fulford, - - 14.
Elliott, - - 18.	Coffey, - - 13.
Parker, - - 19.	Price, - - 18.
Kirkover, - 18.	Emslie, - - 10.
Bent, - - 18.	Dart, - - 16.

Event No. 6.—10 singles and 5 pairs; \$2 entrance.

Courtney, - 14.	Kirkover, - 13.
Crosby, - - 14.	Bent, - - 14.
Fanning, - - 15.	Wilson, - - 16.
Elliott, - - 12.	Westbrooke, - 14.
Parker, - - 11.	Fulford - - 10.

Coffey, withdrawn.

Event No. 7.—20 live birds; \$15 entrance. Was not finished.

Event No. 6 of yesterday was shot off to-day; 20 live birds;  
\$20 entrance, for the Donly trophy.

H. Bates, - 18.	Coffey, - - 17.
Wilson, - - 17.	D. Bates, - - 16.
Donly, - - 19.	Price, - - 19.
Emslie, - - 15.	Barnes, - - 14.
Westbrooke, - 17.	George, - - 13.
Fletcher, withdrawn	MacPherson, withdrawn
Bent, 17.	

On shooting off the tie, Donly missed his first bird, while Price killed his, thereby winning the Canadian Championship Cup.

FOURTH DAY.

No. 1 event of yesterday was finished to-day.—7 live birds; \$5 entrance. Two moneys.

Norton, - - 7.	Crosby, withdrawn.
Werkes, - - 6.	Bates, - - - 6.
Marks, - - 7.	Donly, - - - 5.
Bent, - - - 6.	Fulford, - - 7.
Kirkover, - - 5.	Fanning, - - 7.

Yesterday's No. 7 event was also finished to-day.—20 live birds; \$20 entrance. Four moneys.

Crosby, - 32 yards, 17.	Fulford, - 30 yards, 19.
Elliott, - 32 yards, 18.	Kirkover, 30 yards, 16.
Werkes, - 28 yards, 19.	Norton, - 28 yards, 20.
Fanning, 32 yards, 18.	Donly, - 28 yards, 18.
Parker, - 30 yards, 16.	H. Bates, 31 yards, 20.
Courtney, 30 yards, 17.	Marks, - 29 yards, 17.

No. 1 event.—7 live birds; \$5 entrance. Two moneys

Norton, - - - 6.	Elliott, - - - 7.
Bates, - - - 7.	Kirkover, - - 7.
Crosby, - - 6.	Marks, - - - 5.
Werkes, withdrawn.	Donly, - - - 7.
Fanning, - - 7.	Price, - - - 7.
Courtney, - - 6.	Fulford, - - 6.
Westbrooke, - - 5.	

Event No. 2.—15 targets; entrance \$1.50. \$25 guaranteed. Four moneys.

Courtney, - 12.	Kirkover, - 15.
Crosby, - - 14.	Bent, - - - 12.
Fanning, - - 12.	Westbrooke, 14.
Elliott, - - 13.	Fulford, - - 11.
Parker, - - 7.	Price, - - - 7.
Marks, - - 11.	Reed, - - - 12.

Event No. 3.—20 targets; entrance \$2. \$25 guaranteed. Four moneys

Courtney, - 15.	Kirkover, - 18.
Crosby, - - 18.	Bent, - - - 15.
Fanning, - - 17.	Westbrooke, 17.
Elliott, - - 15.	Fulford, - - 14.
Parker, - - 16.	MacPherson, 18.
Marks, - - 15.	Reed, - - - 19.

Event No. 4.—12 live birds; \$10 entrance. \$75 guaranteed. Four moneys.

Norton, - - 8.	Kirkover, - 12.
Bates, - - - 11.	Marks, - - - 12.
Crosby, - - 11.	Donly, - - - 10.
Werkes, withdrawn.	Price, - - - 11.
Fanning, - - 11.	Cox, - - - 10.
Courtney, - - 9.	Parker, - - 11.
Elliott, - - 12.	Fulford, - - 12.
Westbrooke, withdrawn.	

No. 5 event.—Same conditions as No. 3.

Courtney, - 15.	Kirkover, - 18.
Crosby, - - 14.	Bent, - - - 16.
Fanning, - - 16.	Westbrooke, 14.
Elliott, - - 15.	Fulford, - - 15.
Parker, - - 13.	MacPherson, 15.
Marks, - - 18.	Reed, - - - 15.

Event No. 6, 10 singles, 5 pairs; entrance \$2. \$25 guaranteed; four moneys:—

Courtney - - 19	Kirkover - - 13
Crosby - - - 19	Bent - - - 12
Fanning - - 14	Westbrooke - 12
Elliott - - - 17	Fulford - - - 15

Parker - - - 14	Coffey - - - 10
Marks - - - 16	Dart - - - 15
Reed - - - 12	

Event No. 7—20 live birds; entrance \$15; \$100 guaranteed. Four moneys.

Kirkover - - 20	Fanning - - 20
Norton - - - 15	Elliott - - - 20
Bates - - - 19	Donly - - - 18
Werkes - - - 13	Price - - - 20
Crosby - - - 20	Fulford - - - 19
Parker - - - 20	Cox - - - - 20
Marks - - - 20	

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Toronto Traps.

The annual pigeon match of the Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, held on Friday and Saturday, November 23rd and 24th, was in every way a success. The strong north-west wind blew directly across the traps, causing in nearly every instance a hard driving left quartering bird, and a gale blowing from the east on Saturday nearly all the birds went straight away, consequently the scores are not nearly as good as might be had the weather been more favourable. The shooters were classified into three classes, viz., A, B, C, distance 30 yards rise, 15 birds per man, and 34 of the members competed. At the close of the contest the prizes were presented to the winners by the president of the club at Mr. Chas. Ayre's hotel. Following are the scores:

Class A:—

D. Blea - - - 15	D. Chapman - 11
A. Stoll - - - 13	Buchanan - - 11
C. Chapman - 13	W. Hulme - 10
G. McGill - - 13	Briggs - - - 10
S. Williamson 12	Sanderson - - 10
R. Fleming - 12	Felstead - - 9
C. Crewe - - 11	Kemp - - - 9
J. Townson - 11	Burgess - - 9
Douglas - - - 9	

Class B:—

Dey - - - - 13	Zeidler - - - 7
Ayre - - - - 10	H. Townson - 6
White - - - - 8	Ellis - - - - 6
G. Platt - - - 6	

Class C:—

Mohegan - - - 9	Meyers - - - 7
Logan - - - - 8	Stewart - - - 7
J. Platt - - - 8	C. Wilson - - 7
Harrison - - - 8	Howard - - - 6
Kerr - - - - 8	Thomas - - - 5

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The Dutton (Ont.) Gun Club held a successful live bird shoot on November 28th.

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Notes by E. E.

The silverspoon handicap of the Westmount Gun Club was shot off on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 24th, and was won by Mr. C. Strangman. It proved very interesting as the score will show. The match for the Challenge Cup between Mr. W. Galbraith and Mr. R. Lewis, was won by the former, who has now eight wins to his credit. Score:—

Strangman - 14	Elliott - - - 12
Kennedy - - 14	Nash - - - 11
Galbraith - 13	Routh - - - 10
Lewis - - - 13	Hall - - - - 5

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## The Ontario Game Laws.

To THE EDITOR OF ROD AND GUN :

I join heartily with your correspondents of last month in the general condemnation of the Ontario Game Law. I have thought very strongly on this subject for a long time, and am pleased to know that the sportsmen of Ontario will have an opportunity given them in your columns, of expressing themselves in this matter.

The difficulty, with us in Ontario, is and has been, that we have no association of sportsmen and until now no Canadian journal sufficiently interested in the wants of Ontario sportsmen, through whom they could make their wants, as a body, known. Those who have assumed to mould our game laws, have done so, apparently, in entire ignorance of what sportsmen required, or in direct disregard of their wishes in the matter. When I say "sportsmen" I mean what that word should always imply, namely, a body of men whose first care is for the preservation and propagation of the game, and with whom the sport of killing the game is a secondary consideration. Further, I think, the Ontario Game Commission, which must be looked upon as the step-father of Ontario game legislation, displays in the numerous game laws we are afflicted with a marvellous ignorance of the best methods of game preservation.

No better instance of this is necessary than in the laws on the statute book regulating the killing of deer, which has been so emphatically condemned by all your correspondents last month. The idea of allowing only two weeks of moose hunting, every three years, with the immense moose territory possessed by Ontario, is too absurd for argument. Then why, in the name of common sense, is the hunting of red deer, as well as the moose, confined to only two weeks. If the number each licensee is limited to kill, as it is, what difference does it make whether a hunter gets his legal amount during the first week of October or the last week in November. Cut the limit down to one red deer each, if such is necessary to keep up the supply, but give a man an opportunity to do his hunting at a time most convenient for himself, and when the weather is most favorable. Not every one who would like to take a week in the woods can get away from business at the particular fortnight fixed for him by statute, and sometimes the weather during that particular two weeks is, as it was in mooseland this year, too stormy for any decent hunting, in fact too bad most of the time to allow any hunting at all.

In regard to other game birds and animal, the law might be not only made clearer, so that it would not require a Philadelphia lawyer to understand it, but might be improved in many respects. It should be made clear that the use of a gun in hunting cotton-tail rabbits during the close season of other game is prohibited. The present law may mean this, but it does not say so. It says: "Notwithstanding anything in this Act, any person may during close season take or kill the wood hare or cotton-tail rabbit by any other means than by the use of guns or other firearms"; and yet, in the whole Act, there is no close season on this animal, and the sub-section could certainly not be construed to refer to the close season on any other game.

The open season on grouse and quail might properly be put two weeks later and the sale of all game birds and animals should be absolutely prohibited. It is, in my opinion, simply saving at the spigot and losing at the bung hole, to place such narrow restrictions on the hunting of game and allow the market hunter to get in his deadly work. "BLUEBIRD."

## THE RIFLES OF THE FOREST.

As we lay on the damp, sweet-smelling fir boughs, feet to the fire, my esteemed friend Bernard Wabis, whose winter address is, by-the-by, sixty miles from nowhere, up there in the frozen north, beyond Temiskaming, gave me his opinion upon rifles and the shooting thereof.

"Forty-four (W.C.F.) big enough for anything. Hit moose in right place, him dead, sure; kill him 300, 400 yards. Forty-five (45-70-405) make too much row; hurt too much."

Now, Bernard, though young in years, is old, very old, in experience. He may not know much, but what he does know was taught him in a school kept by Dame Nature, and in her establishment mistakes have to be paid for, and are not often repeated by apt pupils. As for the pupils who are not apt, they simply die, and there is an end to them. Knowing these things, I always treat Bernard's opinions on matters connected with the noble art of hunting, with respect, though I do not believe he is sound in his geology; because he says stones grew where they are, and laughed cynically at my claims for his recognition of an ice age, and of a great continental glacier. The "Old Indians," as he calls his ancestors, handed down no traditions of such things, which is proof conclusive in Bernard's mind that I am mistaken. Neither is he an evolutionist; on the contrary, he holds stoutly to a liberal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, and believes that there were never any red trout in Temiskaming Lake, nor White Fish in Sucker Lake, simply because they were not put there. But Bernard has many a time when he was learning, seen his dinner walk away from him on account of a poor shot, and often in later years feasted on moose mullig as a reward for burning straight powder, so when he says that 44 W.C.F. is good enough for any moose, you may take my word for it he knows what he is talking about. There is but one condition he imposes, and you would have blood on the black knife you must hit the moose in the right place. This I confess is not always easy. Moose have a most reprehensible habit of moving just as the trigger is being pulled, sometimes, indeed, they are so wantonly depraved as to decline to await a fellow's convenience, and one must shoot with a pulse fluttering from bad conditions and excitement, and then, of course, even a 17 pound elephant rifle might fail to bag. After making some hits and many misses, I am forced to conclude, picking the shot and taking pains is a surer way to moose steak pie, or venison pasty, than lugging about a great, clumsy weapon whose only claim to preference is that it could probably rake a big bull from stem to stern, and make a hole big enough to put your fist in.

To-day most of our forest Indians are using the 44 W.C.F. on moose, caribou, deer and bear, and are quite satisfied with their rifles; in the mountains and on the prairie where the ranges are longer, the old reliable 45-70-405, or the newer 30-30 W.C.F. have the call, hence we may conclude, safely, that as a rib tickler, the W.C.F. is a success, and as far as power goes, sufficient for our wants; not that I advocate the 44, or use it myself; its advantages do not appeal to me as much as they do to the Indian hunters, and I am willing to sacrifice something for a rifle that will simplify the ever difficult problem of range finding, and to do the business, even when the shot has not been placed just where it should have been. The point I would make is simply this: there is no absolute need to carry a heavy rifle of big calibre into the woods, seeing that a lighter one will do all that is needful, if held tolerably straight.

For years my favorite rifle was a double .450 express. It was a magnificent weapon; quite accurate up to 150 yards, and

fairly so for an additional hundred and beyond that it was no use trying to hit anything smaller than a haystack. It came up like a shot gun and was just the thing for running game, but its weight, 9½ lbs. and the terrific explosion each time its 120 grain cartridge was fired, made it anything but an ideal rifle. Compared with a neat little 30-30 carbine I used last autumn it was a blunderbuss. With this carbine I could hit a blacktail at 200 yards, either standing or running, and its stopping power was more than equal to that of the express. There have been many complaints as to the effect of the 30-30 and even of the 30-40 on game, but in every case that has come to my notice, the failure was over a long quartering shot, and under those circumstances bagging big game in a forest country is improbable. If the rifle had sufficient power to drop an animal in its tracks, except by a fluke, when presenting its hindquarters only as a mark, the trajectory would be so high that shooting at a long, estimated range would be very unlikely to be crowned with success.

Of course, the modern 30 calibre, with a steel clad bullet, will go through a moose or bear from end to end, but as to stopping either, that is quite another matter. The rapier-like thrust of a jacketed picket, having a speed on striking of perhaps 1,500 feet a second, gives no shock whatever, and unless brain or spine be struck the animal may be unaware of any serious injury, and run for miles after being mortally wounded. The old fashioned express, with its usual light bullet—275 grains for a .450 and 340 grains for a .500—too often failed for want of penetration; the modern small bore fails from want of striking force, unless the soft point bullet is used, when admirable work may be expected, though not impossibilities.

One rather unexpected result of using these small-bore pickets, having an enormous initial speed, is their explosive effect at short ranges. Whenever a tissue contains a certain proportion of water, the liquid is forced aside with such violence (being incompressible) as to act explosively. To illustrate this: fill a small barrel with water and head it down. Fire at it with a Lee-Enfield, Mauser or any similar weapon from a range of, say, 25 yards. You will blow the barrel to pieces; the staves will fly apart with tremendous force, and there should be nothing but one tiny hole to show where the bullet entered. In this connection, some remarks by Dr. G. S. Ryerson, of the Canadian Red Cross Commission, made before the Medical Association at Ottawa on his return from South Africa, are interesting. Speaking of the effects of the Mauser bullet, he said:—

"The Mauser bullet has justly been described as a merciful one. Its action upon human tissues depends, however, upon the range at which it is fired. It has been noticed that when it is fired at short ranges, within two hundred yards, it has an explosive character. The nickel case seems to expand and become detached, causing a severe lacerated and contused wound, which heals but slowly. If it strikes bone it crushes and destroys it. If fired at long ranges it makes a clear drilled hole in the bone, and if it strikes soft parts only, a very small wound is made, there being little difference between the wound of entrance and that of exit, which bleeds but little, unless an important vessel is injured.

"In the case of the soft nose or dum-dum bullet, the wound is much more severe, for even where the soft parts only are injured the expansion of the lead causes great destruction of parts and a huge wound of exit, the wound of entrance being small. When it strikes bone it pulverizes and disintegrates.

If the range is very long, two thousand yards or more, the soft nosed bullet, 'mushrooms' and causes an extensive flesh wound."

ST. CROIX.

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NOTES.

One often sees mention of "juicy moose steaks" in the sporting press, but as shooting cow moose or calves is forbidden, and that paragon of perfection and M.V. master of virtue, the "true sportsman," is not supposed to pull a trigger on *Alces* except during September, October or November, the said steak must in most cases have come from a bull moose shot during or shortly after rut. Verily ye sporting life giveth a strong stomach and a famous appetite.

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The wolf is supposed to be a hard beast to trap, but this is how one of my Indian friends got ahead of these pests of the northern forests. The bait, a tempting piece of venison, was hidden under a steel bear trap. The wolves did not appear to dread so obvious a snare, and in the attempt to scratch it aside, to get at the meat lying underneath, three were caught during the winter.

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"And how did you know it was a silver fox," I asked. The Indian lad started in astonishment at so simple a question. "I found some of him fur frozen in snow where him sleep." You may be certain that fox was soon gathered in. This is how the deed was done. Sure now that there was a silver fox on the hillside, the Indian made a trap similar to those dead-falls in which martin or sable come to grief, and which foxes are accustomed to rob with impunity, but of larger size. This was baited with the carcass of a beaver; and two days later, a silver fox pelt worth \$75.00 was one of the most valuable assets of a certain member of the Chippewa tribe.

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The native name for beautiful Lady Evelyn Lake (I can't write it without working in at least one adjective) was Monzka-nwanang; which being interpreted means "the place where we eat moose meat." And hereto hangs a tale. According to Indian tradition there were many moose, long, long ago, all around beau—I mean Lady Evelyn Lake (just as there are now). Then they disappeared, and a generation grew up, knowing not the savory odor of roasted moose mufles nor steaming haunch; when, lo and behold, a hunter ran up against a new kind of beast, and, of course, shot it. And as this happened to be near b—hang this habit—Lady Evelyn Lake they called it Monzka-nwanang. By the way, moose disappeared almost totally from New Brunswick for 25 years, during the early part of the century, and then became abundant—is not the true explanation that they are nearly exterminated by a murrain when they become over numerous? This is the case with the northern hare in the west, which increases during a four-year cycle, and then suffers extinction except for a very few head in isolated situations.

ST. CROIX.

The "1900" moose season in the Kippewa region has been very successful. A large number of heads have been taken out, the majority of them being of good size, and one exceptionally fine specimen by Mr. J. C. Bates Dana, of Worcester, Mass., has a spread of 62 inches.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

Conducted by H. McBean Johnstone

### ON PHOTOGRAPHING THE NUDE.

Among the numerous classes into which art is divided, there is one which receives from photographers far less attention than is its due. This is the photography of the nude. For some reason when classing the different branches of art, a painter would at once give this division a leading place, but nine out of every ten photographers would, if they named it at all, give it a very subordinate position. Undoubtedly there is no possibility of this ever becoming a fact for the great army of amateurs, unless by it we mean such scenes as boys in bathing, and even in such cases as this, their work can be much surpassed by those who have given the matter some thought. Only the earnest student, be he amateur or professional, can hope to succeed in this branch, as indeed in any other department of photography.

Very often the choice of a well-formed model presents the first obstacle to be overcome. As a rule painters have lists from which they can choose, as well as a more or less constant flow of applicants from various other sources, and though photographers also are able to do this in some cases, as a general rule the amateur model has to be relied on in small towns. Again even where professional sitters are obtainable, there is often difficulty experienced owing to a dislike that the class seem to have to posing before the camera. To what this dislike is due, would be hard to say for certain, but in some cases it is acknowledged that an objection is felt to an unidealized portrayal of their features going down to posterity. Probably there are other reasons as well, but suffice it to note the existence of the feeling. It is at once obvious that among amateur models one sex is shut out by social convention, and even the most enthusiastic of us could hardly wish it to be otherwise. It is also well worthy of note, that nowhere is that curiously false modesty more strongly marked than among the laboring classes. Those, whom one would imagine from what is seen of them, to have entirely dispensed with all delicacy of feeling, are usually inclined to rank nudity as a deadly sin, and for one

of their class to allow himself to be photographed so, would very likely result in his shameful disgrace. More broad minded are athletes, and allowed that conventional remnant of clothing, a loin cloth, it is possible to obtain good figures well developed by many sports and exercises. Still, in spite of all amateur models, anyone going to make more than a superficial study of this branch of photography must regard the professional model as the only one who can be relied on at all times. From their experience before painters, most professional models are burdened with the defect of having a deep rooted tendency to pose, and as a result they fall into the attitudes they have been taught, with a peculiar ungraceful rigidity that at once marks them. By the instantaneous process, photograms of rapid action may be secured from even the most inveterate poseur, but for all ordinary purposes where a careful arrangement is desired, this so-called artistic model is almost certain to betray himself. This brings up the question of out or in doors' exposure. The former is undoubtedly the best and most popular,

but climatic reasons, the difficulty in thickly populated districts of securing the necessary privacy, and the scarcity of unprofessional models bring the latter more within the reach of those who have not unlimited time and money at their disposal for experiments.

Very often the difficulty is that when aiming to secure an impression of nudity a distinct idea of nakedness is far more easily obtained, and once printed, is too apt to be retouched and allowed to pass as a studied result, when by right, the photogram should

be only used as a means to an end and never go outside the studio walls. Ideal nudity possesses a charm which is entirely lacking in the other, but how to obtain this effect which depends almost entirely on suggestion is not at all an easy matter. Although some argue it to be beyond the power of the camera, there should be no reason, with our powers of suppression and accentuation, why something might not be accomplished, and here the saying, "Nothing venture, nothing have," hangs good.

Not only are we denied the painter's coloring to cover defects, but also, unlike him, we are entirely unable to choose a number of models and from them take the best points. Another difficulty is the lighting, on which the graceful curves and modellings of the body are so dependent; and also the complications of perspective which make a graceful pose so difficult to obtain, and which are apt to transform a nicely rounded and well lighted elbow, into a harsh and jagged point,



*Obabika Lake, Ontario*

that bears no semblance whatever to any part of the human body. For far too long a time the profession have regarded drapery so much in the same light as retouching—an excellent covering for defects—that to suggest to an old photographer that an ambitious attempt at an impression of nudity would secure him some wonderful and striking results, would probably bring forth the inquiry: "Why try at the nude, when drapery minimises the risks and difficulties and secures just as effective pictures, though perhaps of a different class?" The answer be in the form of another query: "Is not the representation of the 'human form divine' unadorned the highest point at which we can aim?" It certainly is. Surely then when this is considered, even a slight success in this branch is well worth trying for, and notwithstanding much trouble and disappointment when our photograms fall short of the original ideals, we are slowly but surely paving the way to greater successes.

It must be again emphasized that nudity relies on idyllic suggestion, vagueness, suppression of useless detail and other undefinable subtleties to distinguish it from the common nakedness we are too often shown. Half the so-called nude photograms, sensual looking, naked women, that we see in the average magazine and illustrated paper, creates the impression rather of a model in a painter's studio than that which their fancy titles would have them represent. Greek, Gothic and pre-Raphaelite art, all teach us that all beauty must be organic and that of necessity, outside embellishment is deformity. Often a

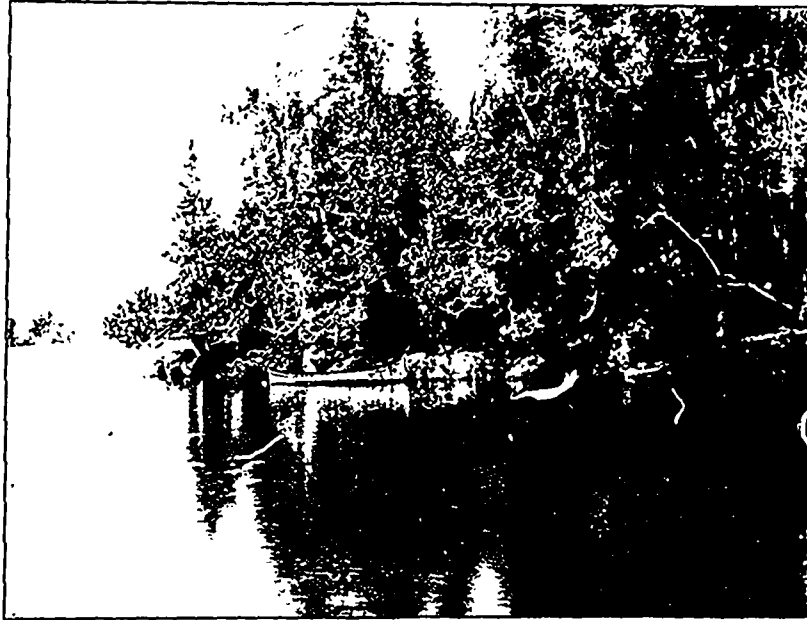
model may be taken right into nature, and the drapery be the only offender to the eye. Model, water, trees and flowers are all in harmony but the covering, though gauzy and almost transparent, irritates one by its superfluous appearance. It is the cultivated class, not the ignorant, that we are trying to reach, and we must bear in mind that the really artistic eye is exacting. If we strive earnestly to win its approbation we must endeavor to suppress every jarring superfluous detail that detracts from the easy restful impression of our photogram, and remember that "the line of beauty is the result of perfect economy."

In studying such a picture on the ground glass we will find that we are too apt to be led astray by color, and many of our most sylvan fairies may develop into awkward people, minus clothes; too much care cannot be taken to avoid such an objectionable effect. The camera has a knack of emphasizing the wrong points and frequently misinterpreting expression

completely so that intense excitement appears stolidity, grief more grotesque than pathetic, and adoration, rapt and ecstatic, looks like boredom. Such criticism as this would probably kill eleven out of a dozen photograms, but is it not better so? Only the best will endure, and why not cut the others out at once without waiting for Father Time to do it. Look at any but the best pictures of the world, and you will see how the fine dramatic movement and individuality of the subject has escaped the painter. It is the artist that is able to show this soulfulness in his work, that will make an enduring name for himself, and while other work may be catchy and run into a larger sale the chances are that in a few years all but its author will have forgotten it.

Again there should appear in a real picture some individuality of the artist. In looking at a photogram it is not always easy to explain just where the charm or beauty lies. Sometimes, though every detail of composition and lighting is perfect, for some unaccountable reason the result is deadly

uninteresting, and reminds one somewhat of a person who, though teeming with good qualities, is more or less of a bore. Then at other times, though feeling the charm of the photogram we find it hard to define the points of beauty. Lazy people rid themselves of the trouble by saying: "It appeals to me," when it would be nearer the truth to say that there is some half-hidden individuality of the artist lurking in it, which appeals to everyone. Not only should the personality of the artist appear in photograms of the nude,



*View on Lady Evelyn Lake, Ontario*

but if it were paid more attention to by the profession, how soon would the great bulk of the work turned out rise in average excellence. Take for example those portraits of some of our most celebrated men and women photographed by the best artists of the camera, and we find them to be studies that compel our attention and lead us into all kinds of intricate speculation on the personality of the sitter. Contrast these with the regulation commercial article, that is still turned out of too large a percentage of our galleries. Here we have the shiny, smiling countenance that Kipling speaks of in his *Mandalay* as "beefy face," and about as much individuality shown in either the sitter's appearance or the artist's work, as one might well expect to find in a wooden Indian tobacco sign, or a painted tailor's dummy.

Though we all vaunt the beauty of the ideal human form, it must be acknowledged that from the experience of artists, the average human being is a long way from perfection.

Indeed it is not quite certain that, in the whole population of the earth, there is to be found one individual, perfect enough to be satisfactory, as a well-proportioned figure as a whole, and also perfect in each individual part. The use of boots and clothing demanded by civilization, all produce deformities more or less marked, and even the very carriage of the body is altered in unfamiliar nudity, when walking on even a carpeted surface. How much more is it reasonable to suppose it will be distorted, when the unusual sensation of the bare foot treading on pebbly shores, or the stubble of the fields is encountered. Also the exposed parts of the body are apt to become redder while the rest of the figure has a white and bleached appearance, which the subtle tones of the photogram will record only too vividly. It is probably owing to frequent sun baths that tan the skin to a uniform depth of color, that the chief success of Italian nude photographs is due.

There is a side to this subject so disreputable and so full of danger that any impression that we are speaking on other than purely artistic grounds must be at once vigorously denied, and the firm statement made that the whole question is approached absolutely as a department of the study of art. The study of the human figure may, with the most jealous regard for propriety, be found of utility to art without being in the remotest degree an offence to morals. The question of whether these photograms should be placed on sale must in every case be answered by the artist, though if the question were put to me, my answer would be a decided negative. Such studies should be exercises in technical skill done by artists for their own and their fellow artists' enjoyment, and not for the public, which is incapable of appreciating their real beauties and only too ready to be interested from very different motives. Should it be decided that they may be offered for sale, care should be taken that their character is well above suspicion. The average prejudice against the nude is represented by the action of the Glasgow authorities, who have forbidden the public display of photogravures after some of our most celebrated modern artists. Those of us who are constantly in an atmosphere of art and literature are apt to ignore this old Puritanical dislike to the human form, but while such people must of course be narrow and uncultured, it is hardly fair to label them as purient people of nasty ideas, as some critics do. While one would think that nude studies taken for personal reasons are allowable, on the plea of photographers' license, many, though conscious of absolutely clean motives, would hesitate before exposing themselves to legal action, which, however unjustified, would be an indignity in itself. To sum up, the photographer, be he amateur or professional, will find that as studies, and as a means of increasing his technical skill, he can find nothing better, than a close study of photography of the nude.

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#### A Photographic Diary.

Did you ever keep a diary? Lots of people do—for about three days. Then they commence to find that they can't think of anything to put down in it, and to wonder why on earth they ever thought of starting such a thing. Well, now, you amateur photographers, did you ever think of keeping a photographic diary? Get an album, preferably one of the "snapshot type," that will admit of enlargement from time to time as may be necessary, and insert in it photograms of all events in which you may be interested. At first you may not be able to see much fun in it, but as page after page keeps filling up it will grow more and more fascinating and not only yourself but also

all your friends and relations will be able to pass many a pleasant hour, reading this illustrated story of your life. Try it. You'll find it a success.

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#### An Excellent Idea.

The G. Cramer Dry Plate Co., of St. Louis, are making a new departure in plate manufacture, by dating their plate boxes with a time limit. The public is warned that the company will not guarantee their Crown or Banner Brands of earlier emulsion than B.180 or Isochromatics further back than 3.916. The action of the Cramer Co. in this matter is to be highly commended, for whilst plates will actually keep for many years, snap and brilliancy can only be expected on the fresh ones, and Isochromatics are, of course, more subject to decomposition than the ordinary ones.

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#### The Photographic Journals for November.

Anthony's Photographic Bulletin for November contains "The Negative as a Factor in the Finished Print," "Honor to Whom Honor," "Professional Errors" by Martin Frommell, a continuation of "Advertising and Displays" by Edward W. Newcomb, "Intensification" by Fritz Hansen, a very interesting article on "Aerial Perspective" by E. Albin, "Some Useful Stains for Photographers" by J. B. Haggart, and various other interesting matter, chiefly translations from the German.

The Photo Era is particularly rich in illustrations. The contents are "William B. Dyer," "Wild Cat in a Studio," "Notes on Aristo Platino," "Drawing on Negatives," "Photography and Art," "Street Pictures with a Folding Camera," "How the Flyer took Its Own Picture" and "The Zero Photographic Plate." The illustration, "The Day's Work Done" by Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr., is a particularly fine piece of work.

The St. Louis and Canadian Photographer, edited by Mrs. Fitzgibbon-Clark, contains its usual amount of bright and interesting, miscellaneous photographic matter.

The Photographic Times also keeps up to its average high standard with numerous articles and reproductions of photograms of an interesting nature.

The Professional and Amateur Photographer heads its list of contents with a practical article on "Wastes" by Edward W. Newcomb, who is also represented by his "Chat Here and There." Edmund Ernst is responsible for "A few Things I Have Noticed," and Fritz Hanson takes the blame for a very able article on "A New Method of Intensification," while other articles are "Imogen, a New Developing Substance," by G. Gaedickel, a lecture by Prof. Griffith, "Retouching and the Use of the Knife" by John T. Brushwood, and various reprints. The illustrations appear to have been selected for quality rather than quantity, for there are just enough to make one wish for more.

In the Photo-American the article of probably most interest, is the one dealing with the identity of "A. Smiler," whose clever humorous articles convulsed the photographic world a short time ago. Contrary to expectation the responsibility is taken by Mr. Osborne I. Yellott. "A Convenient Light Meter" by Edward W. Newcomb, "Landscape Photography—the Arrangement of Mass" by H. McBean Johnstone, "Red Spots on P.O.P." by G. A. Stanberry, "Colored Transparencies by Absorption," by R. Defays, "Velox for Amateurs" by Richard Hines, Jr., and various other regular departments form the balance of the issue. The trimming, conducted by the Editor, are a valuable feature of this journal.



**Green-Tinted Bromides.<sup>1</sup>**

Now that the green oak is the vogue in framing, some amateurs might be interested to know that they may obtain green-tinted bromide prints at small trouble. A contributor to a foreign contemporary recommends the following, says the *British Amateur*:

Immerse for a minute in potassium ferrocyanide 30 grains; water 2 ounces. Remove and rinse for a second or two and immerse in iron sulphate, 20 grains; water 2 ounces. When deep blue remove and well wash. Then immerse in sodium chromate, 10 grains; water 2 ounces, and again wash.

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**Landscape vs. Portrait.**

The Salon and Exhibit of the Royal Society recently held in London are of special interest to us on account of the American contributors. Their work is described as "most daring" by our English contemporaries, as in general it does not resemble the English schools. The bulk of the English exhibits seem to be pictorial landscapes, while the American workers seem to lend their energies toward the portrait school.—*Photo Era*.

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**Correspondence.**

Correspondence should be addressed to Box 651, Sarnia, Ont.

Pyrol—Pyrol is a name given to a modification of pyrogallie acid, when the bulk is reduced by the heavy crystals, as it occupies but one-sixteenth of the bulk of the feathery ones. No change in formula is necessary in using this new form. The name is logically correct as pyrogallie acid is not an acid at all.

J.H.C.—You might try the "Agfa" reducer made by the Anilin Co. of Germany. They also put out a ready-made intensifier, and their goods are reliable. Yes.

Montreal Camera Club.—We are always glad to hear from the different camera clubs and are sorry the secretaries do not send us reports of their meetings. The secretary of the Toronto Camera Club is Mr. John J. Woolnough, 32 Cottingham St., Toronto. Galt, Ont., also has a very progressive club.

Otho.—It is said that meto-hydroquinone as a developer, renders the most correct color-value. It is also said to make retouching easier, as the color of the negative produced matches the retouching lead. Your other query was answered by mail a day or two ago.

Student.—Really I have not the faintest idea where it would be possible for you to secure a position to do nothing but landscape work. Such openings as that are very rare. In fact I only know of two that I have ever heard about, and they are both well filled.

"Nodarts."—Probably you did not know it, but your non-de-plume is the name of a camera that is intended to abolish the dark room. Prof. Francis E. Nipher, of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., contributed an article on this subject to last month's *Photo Era* which I think will interest you. This problem of doing without a dark room seems to be approaching its solution in the direction of "reversal," a subject which has received some attention in the past.

Prize Competition.—The *Photographic Times* gives a table of all the prize competitions on at the time, but is too long for publication here. The *Amateur Pointer*, of 122 Fifth Ave., New York, announces one to close January 31st, 1901, in which \$100 in gold will be distributed. Write them for particulars.

R. N., England.—Janolin, a product obtained from the wool of sheep, is said to be an excellent remedy for bichromate or phosphoric poison. Buy it in the original 1 lb. packages or can, so that it is in its full strength, and then use it freely as salve.

"Photogram."—We cannot answer this question any more. It has already been answered several times.

Velox.—No, velox is not a bromide paper. It is a chloride of silver emulsion.

No. 5490. To remove varnish from a negative for reduction or intensification, soak it in a solution of ammonia, one ounce; alcohol, twenty ounces, and rub gently with a tuft of cotton wool to assist the process. Allow the negative to dry, which it will do quickly, and then soak in water till the film is uniformly swelled.

Wobbly Edges.—You will find a shoemaker's knife, a steel rule and a sheet of zinc an excellent outfit for trimming prints. Scissors are extremely unsatisfactory in results as well as very slow.

Bromide Paper.—Vineo is a slow bromide paper, five or six times faster than velox. Use a yellow light to develop by.

J. Always dust your negative before printing with a camel's hair brush, if you expect to get good photograms. The dust caused those white specks.

N. Y. Z.—Carbutt's Ortho plates are guaranteed for two years.

Harry.—One of the quotations was from Ruskin, the other from H. P. Robinson.

**Personal Sketch of Henry Braithwaite.**

By F. M. Sateen.

I was 57 years old last January. My first hunting was with old Chief Gabe. I was about 12 years old the first time I went out with him. My trips with him were principally short ones, none longer than a few weeks. He used to hunt on Bull Pasture plains, Little River, Bear Brook and Burpee Millstream. I was about 16 years old when I started in for myself to make a business of trapping and hunting. I went to the same sections of country where Gabe used to hunt but went further in. I was hunting part of the time nearly every year. As a rule I worked in the lumber woods in winter and hunted and trapped in the fall and spring. I shifted to the Miramichi country about the year 1870. The first year I had Louis Sabattis, of Oldtown, Me., hired as assistant; the second season I had him as partner, and the next year had him hired again. That was in the Miramichi Lake and McKeil Lake country. I learned a great deal of practical woodcraft from Louis Sabattis, including the art of moose-calling. The call I use now is one that I learned from Sabattis, with some modifications of my own, gained from many years' observation of moose. I never knew any other Indian caller to use the call Sabattis had. He used the low call a great deal, but would not call in the day time. He and I were hunting and trapping together for three years. After that I concluded I was Indian enough myself and generally had white assistants. One very good woodman I had employed for some time was John Price, of Grand Falls. As early as 1885 I undertook a lumber operation for myself. Before that I was with Guy, Bevan & Co. for, I think, three years, as lumber cruiser, and for about four years after that as overseer, having full charge of their operations, chiefly on the Miramichi. From 1885 to 1887 I lumbered on my own account, hunting and trapping between times. Of late years I have done nothing else but hunt and trap, except an occasional job of lumber cruising.

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**THE NEW YORK AND OTHER HORSE SHOWS.**

By Dr. C. J. Alloway.

The Madison Square Garden Horse Show has been held, and being the last of the century it was meant that it should surpass all its predecessors in the style, elegance and merit of its appointments. Gotham's wealth and beauty graced the occasion, the latter heightened by the accessories of magnificent costumes and jewels which an ultra-fashionable New York concourse displays on occasions it desires to honor, such as this, the grandest Horse Show in the Western Hemisphere.

The number and quality of the exhibits exceeded in excellence those of former years, and the popularity of the event was beyond dispute, as evidenced by the largely increased attendance of the elite of New York and its neighboring cities.

In its management and the conduct of its various details many improvements were apparent, and none was more noticeable than the horsemanship of those competing for honors in the jumping class. Competitive exhibitions of this kind, by arousing a commendable emulation, have worked wonders in the matter of raising the standard of equitation among lovers of the horse on this continent. Every American city, worthy of the name, aspires to have such annual exhibitions. Their benefits and advantages are so well recognized that almost every municipality of any considerable size, from Montreal to New Orleans, takes part in the succession of horse shows which rapidly follow each other throughout the entire year.

Nothing tends more to improve the different breeds than trials of their mettle and qualities such as these events afford, and they certainly are worthy of encouragement and support. The horseless age, so confidently prophesied during the past few years, has not yet arrived, and from the signs of the times is unlikely ever to become a reality; on the contrary the horse has never been more valued, more highly priced, or more difficult to procure than at the moment. The local Horse Show held in this city last May was really a creditable affair, considering that it was the first undertaking of the kind ever attempted in the province, at the same time a few detrimental features, which were painfully apparent, should not be lost sight of in anticipation of the coming Horse Show. The chief of these may be mentioned as the inferior condition and performances of local contestants as compared with those from Toronto, London and other western cities. It is the intention to hold at the Arena Rink a Horse Show on a very much improved scale during the early spring of the coming year, and it would be well for intending competitors to make their selections in the near future and to keep their horses' condition up during the winter. It would also be a great advantage if the building could be placed at the disposal of

those intending to participate two or three weeks in advance of the opening, to afford an opportunity for practice, and enable both men and horses to become accustomed to the ring, jumps and surroundings generally.

It is highly desirable that no time should be lost in interesting the Government in this most laudable enterprise and appropriating means to insure its success. The time is certainly opportune to call the attention of our local representatives to the fact that the demands of this locality upon the Government for agricultural purposes have for some years been slight, no industrial exhibition having been held here for a number of seasons.

A liberal donation would be of immense value towards the continuance of this much appreciated institution. Other localities by substantial support practically endorse its usefulness, and Montreal as the Canadian Metropolis should not prove herself less alive to the claims of the community in this regard than are other less important points.

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NEW BRUNSWICK :

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ONTARIO :

November 1st to November 15th.

MANITOBA :

September 16th to November 30th.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES :

November 2nd to December 14th.

BRITISH COLUMBIA :

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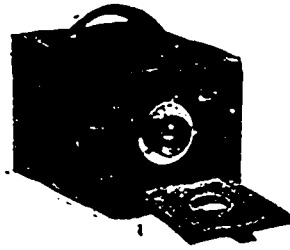
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