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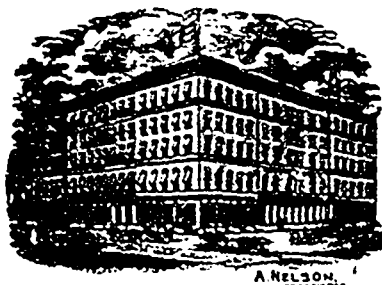
Can you send over some Trap? I don't mean to flatter but it is ahead of anything we get here.—A. W. W., Batavia, N. Y.

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LABRADOR AS A COUNTRY FOR CRUISING.

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, Medical Supt., Labrador Mission.

Nine years ago we made our first expedition to Labrador. We sailed from Yarmouth, England, to St. John's, Newfoundland, in order to get a pilot who would recognize at least some of the headlands, when eventually we should find the land of our destination. For our vessel was only 97 tons burden—ketch rigged—and none of us had ever put foot in the country before. We had been warned, moreover, that from Belle Isle to Cape Chidley at the south side of the entrance to the Hudson Bay Straits, there were no lights, no landmarks, no buoys or sea marks, no artificial harbours, and no advantageous aids to navigation of any kind. We had expected a warm welcome in St. John's—which we literally received, for that unfortunate city was on fire when we arrived—and the heat in that magnificent natural basin, surrounded by its wonderful cliffs, was phenomenal. The crossing had taken us 17 days from the Fastnet rock—not a bad record considering we had lost three days in fog, and had run south as far as the Flemish Cape. But the best crossing we ever made was the succeeding year on the homeward passage. Leaving St. John's, Newfoundland, on the 28th of November, we heaved to off Great Yarmouth pier-head, on the east coast of England, in exactly 12½ days—six hours had been spent with our head hove to the westward in the channel—except for that we had a fair wind varying from one quarter to the other the whole way across—and this small sailing vessel had maintained an average speed of 7.1 knots per hour from start to finish. It is easy enough to cross the Atlantic in a small boat, for after all, owing to the deep water, the seas are true, but the danger comes in trying to do it quickly. If any one wants a new sensation let him run in a small sailing boat with a low freeboard, of say three feet, for days together as we did, at times getting 240 knots out of the ship in 24 hours. The "fate" of the ship seems occasionally unavoidable as the towering green mountains rise behind, but they subside again, melting with a final rush under the stern, though the ship is apt to give very uncomfortable "yaws" from side to side, and unless you have two stout men at your wheel, and they well used to it, you are apt to let the ship broach-to, especially in the dark, and then—the Deluge.

Looking back on the various cruises we have made since then—which include journeys round England, West Scotland, West Ireland, and Wales—round the Shetlands—Orkneys—Farøes—and all round Iceland, I can only say none have greater capacities for a summer cruise for pleasure (mine have been in the capacity of a medical missionary among fishermen) than the rugged coasts of Labrador. If one looks out Labrador in an Encyclopædia, one finds its character so shockingly

destroyed, one would fancy it was the natural home of the Furies, and that incessant gales hurled mountainous seas in unbroken succession through a network of icebergs against unknown, death-dealing crags. Now, being a Master Mariner and Captain of my own boat, which has now developed into an 84-ton steel (unsheathed) schooner-rigged steamboat, and having cruised so many times the whole coast, I am in a position to say this is very far from being the true state of affairs—that I was able to cruise one year from St. John's, Nfld., the whole coast to Okkak (north of Cape Mugford) in a small launch 45 feet long by 8 feet wide, arriving back on November 13th, shows how different is the real state of affairs; indeed, one year having had an accident to my steamer, I was able to continue my peregrinations without much risk in an open 16-foot-lugged-rigged dingy.

I have been tempted, Mr. Editor, to write you a first article on these lines because I feel sure if some of your readers, who own yachts or who make summer trips together in hired vessels, were to know how easy it is to get a pilot among the Newfoundland fishermen who knows the Labrador coast, and who has himself taken a small and often poor and ill-formed vessel year after year with perfect equanimity along that coast in search of codfish, I am sure many more would visit the coast for a summer cruise. There are a great many attractions which very few other coasts offer in these days, and a run down on the outside Newfoundland, say from Halifax, or if preferable through the Gulf along the west coast of Newfoundland, is only a matter of a few days. Every year numbers of small fishing and trading schooners go down this very trip. My advice is to any one going down, go north along the Newfoundland west coast. It is a lovely coast, exquisite scenery, and plenty of free salmon and trout fishing. Pass through the Straits of Belle Isle, a perfectly easy matter for the water is *all* deep, to along the north shore, and you can run your bowsprit around there practically the whole way, before you would touch your keel. But *return by the east coast* of Newfoundland without any doubt, for the prevailing winds, when September once comes in, are westerly, and this is still truer of October and November. This gives you a weather shore and smooth water the whole way. But beyond that, beautiful natural harbours are so numerous you can, if you wish to do things comfortably, make a harbour every night. This is what the fishing craft do. It is well to remember you would not have even the risk of a lonely tour. On both your journeys north and south, you find plenty of sailing craft of every description running north or south with you, and this is a great source of relief, if one has never cruised the coast before. For these men have the ripe ex-

perience of a life-time at this work, and one can trust them absolutely. The actual losses of life from schooners in breezes of wind outside harbours on Labrador is an absolutely negligible quantity. Collisions are the rarest things, we may say, even with ice; the boats seldom collide to do themselves any damage and there are no ocean racers to run over you in the night. I cannot call to mind in all these years one life lost or one schooner after June from breezes of wind, unless it has been by having poor holding gear and poor holding ground, or the upsetting of small boats overloaded or by squalls. Have plenty of chain, two good anchors and a mooring rope for emergencies, and I see no danger whatever in cruising the Labrador coast in summer. Some of the chief attractions are the exquisite icebergs, the finest in the world so near civilization, and really not a source of danger unless one runs foolishly, or on dark nights, or in heavy fog. Fog north of the Straits of Belle Isle is much less common than further south and on the banks. Then the wonderful long "runs," that is, stretches of navigable water shut off from the sea by islands. Between Hopedale and Port Manners one can cruise a good 100 miles of coast, never going into the open Atlantic, and that among countless islands, scarcely ever trodden by the foot of man, and where wildfowl of all sorts abound.

There are long bays and indraughts which have never been explored, and weeks of pleasurable hunting, fishing and exploring could be had from a yacht, or the small boat, in that region alone. There is field there for the prospector, botanist, geologist, antiquary, ornithologist, and sportsman. There are beautiful wooded islands inside Davis Inlet, and elsewhere, where no man dwells, and where one enjoys the sensations of Robinson Crusoe when he first took possession of his island. There are caribou and black bear, and every year one or two white bear are shot on the outside, I know of six last year. Spruce partridge and willow grouse are to be found, besides the waterfowl.

There are Indians of the Montaignais tribe occasionally to be met, and always some of that extremely interesting race, the Eskimo, who here come further south than anywhere else. The deep sea fishing is splendid, and the trout in virgin rivers are naturally quite unsophisticated, and are extremely abundant. The salmon will rise well in some of the rivers. One gentleman has now been two summers all the way from England for salmon-fishing in a river on the east coast. There are many un-fished entirely, but whether the salmon in them would take a fly I can't say. I have little time in summer for sport of that sort. Of late years tourists have been "talking" of coming down, and a stray expedition from Harvard, Brown and Bowdoin's, have come and spent a summer in small schooners exploring, etc. All these have been thoroughly satisfied, as far as they have let us know, with the abundant capacities the coast offers, and none have found really any special dangers peculiar to Labrador.

One ought not to forget one great attraction, and that is the Grand Falls of Labrador. At the bottom of an exquisite bay called Hamilton Inlet, 130 miles up from the sea, there runs out the great Hamilton River, and 200 miles up that river is a wonderful fall called "Grand Falls," half as high again as Niagara, with an immense body of water going over it, and only on three occasions visited (so far as is known) in all history by civilized man.

The addition of a little permanganate of potass to the usual tar, oil and pennyroyal mixture is said to act as an extra repellent to the black fly and mosquito.

FISHING IN A GREAT LONE LAND.

By L. H. Smith.

Continued.

Immediately above the rapids are three miles of still water, at the head of which is the "Bay Pool." Here the river widens out, and forms a little bay, beyond which is a gorge, through which the river tears and rushes in wild fury. Navigation stops here, and the distance from this to Mountain Lake must be done on foot.

"Simpson's Stretch" is just above the gorge; I named it after a friend, the best angler I ever fished with. The stretch was about one hundred yards of smooth water gliding along on a gravelly bottom, not more than two to four feet deep. I always passed it, not thinking it likely water for fish. The first time my friend saw it, it took his eye, and he tried it. I saw him take and basket three or four three to five-pound fish without moving from his position in the river. How he would strike, play and gaff a fish, and put him in his basket! From his tail fly to his wrist his tackle worked as though automatically. He would fight a five-pounder with his 8 oz. spliced greenheart in such a way that if I attempted to do the same thing I should smash my rod into splinters. Not he, he was a born fisherman, and could basket his fish in a style that I never saw equalled by any other man. He is as much at home in a birch-bark as an Indian, and from tying a fly, striking and basketing a five-pound speckled trout to a right and left on the sharp-tailed grouse of the prairies, he is the best all-round sportsman I ever knew.

"Telford's Pool" is just above Simpson's Stretch, and this I named after another of my fishing companions. It is a good pool, with a good piece of water just above it. Some distance above these good waters are the two lovely falls, and above the last one only a short distance have you to go, when you are looking on Mountain Lake.

My "chapter of accidents" is the biography of a snelled hook and five old flies which I have carefully preserved on the first page of my fly-book. No. 1 is a No. 2 Sproat hook which I took out of the maw of a fish. He had, two weeks before, in the same stretch in the river, taken a minnow, and in striking him I snapped the gut. No. 2 is a No. 4 Seth Green fly, with which I took a fish that weighed 5½ lbs. in a little divergence from the river, not two feet deep; a most unlikely place for so big a fish to lie in. No. 4 is a small old salmon-fly, given me by an old salmon fisher in Scotland. I struck a heavy fish with it, and snapped the leader just where the fly was tied on. I had a duplicate, a "Silver Doctor," which, without moving from the spot where I was wading, I tied on and tried in the same place; at the second cast he took it, and I had him, with the first fly solid in his mouth; it is my No. 3. No. 4 is a much water-worn "Parmachene Belle." A fish carried that for a week or two as a kind of artificial belly-pin. I must have struck him foul, and there it stayed till I had the luck to have him take a fly in the proper manner, and so gave me No. 4 in my chapter. No. 5 is a "White Miller" hackle. An Indian in the winter season brought to my old friend the captain at the tank-house, and sold him, a speckled trout. When cleaning it, he took from his mouth this fly, which he sent to me. It was a fly I had lost in him the previous summer, and was another case of poor snells, which snap at sight. Moral: Don't use snelled flies; use flies tied on Pennel-eyed hooks, and a good stout six-foot leader, one that will stand a 6 lb. strain. I have long discarded snelled hooks for heavy fish. This trout weighed 6½ lbs., and, had I taken him, which I certainly should

have done with an eyed hook, he would have been my record fish. My No. 6 is a No. 4 Seth Green fly, with two feet leader attached. My daughter, fishing from the rocks on the lake shore one day, broke this in a fish; some days after, I took the same fish, and thus my No. 6 in my "Chapter of Accidents."

Whilst I believe the rivers along the north shore of Lake Superior to be among the best trout streams in the world, and that the species *Salmo fontinalis* is the best of all fresh water fish, it must not be forgotten that he has his whims and perplexing fancies. Some seasons the fishing is all that an angler could wish, and others so poor that he wishes he had stayed at home. This idiosyncrasy in trout I do not understand. When they are taking well, they may prefer certain flies, but I have seen them rise to almost anything that could be called a fly; again, I have seen a shoal of three to five pound fish lying in the stream, lazily working their fins only enough to keep them in position in the water. You might try every fly in your book, minnow, spoon bait, anything, everything, they would simply take nothing. I daresay fish in a river that has never been fished are more easily taken than after they have been educated to know what lures and artificial flies are; for this reason, unless I use more skill or go further up the rivers, I may never again take fish as easily as I have done.

My lamented friend Grant went one season to St. Ignace Island. It is a good place for trout, and is spoken of in "Fishing with the Fly," Orvis and Cheney Collection. This island is in Lake Superior, only a few miles from the shore, and to get to it Mr. G. and his friends hired fishermen at Rossport to take them in their safe Mackinac sailboat. Their catch was great, all with fly. They built a corral, and were saving their big fish to take away with them; an accident happened their dam the last night, and they lost all but one or two five-pounders. The next season they took no fish in the same water.

I have had similar experiences both in the rivers and in the lake. From off the rocks some seasons I have fought big fish after big fish, and by night my creel would be a load to carry; other seasons my catch has been so light that things would not be well had the camp to depend on it for a supply. I do not know the biography of a trout; I do not know what it is that, in such waters as I am speaking of, makes him some seasons easily takeable, and in others almost untakeable. I have tried, and tried well too, when I thought that all conditions were favorable, and my creel would be very light. I would watch the reports from the Nepigon—not always reliable, as the guides want customers. When these red canoe-men have sometimes told me of the catch of five and six pounders, my question "Were they taken with the fly?" sometimes disconcerted them—that is if an Indian can be disconcerted.

I would conclude by saying to those who like a summer outing for trout, that a few weeks with a good camp outfit will be well spent in the "Great Lone Land" I have written of, but the expectant angler must not forget that even there, the greatest of all trout regions, the fish have their off seasons.

A SPRING OUTING.

By A. Henrage Finch, Lidstone, Man.

It was the closing days of March. A wandering "chinook" had spent its vacation amid the hills and plains of Idaho, Montana, and Dakota, making all nature lovely—rolling up "earth's winding sheet" and spreading a beautiful emerald robe, veneered with silver threads in its place. Homeward bound it turned northward along the valley of the Red River of the North, where

"Out and in its course is winding,
"The links of its long red chain,
"Through dusky depths of Pineland
"And gusty leagues of plain."

Halting for a breathing spell at the "Heart of the Dominion" it sped westward along the beautiful Assiniboine, "with a rollicking, madcap, galloping chase," and old Boreas, who had held undisputed sway since last November over the fertile "Portage Plains," quickly and quietly slunk away northward. "And not a moment stopped or stayed he" till, behind the Duck Mountains among the tangled woods to the north and west of Lake Winnipegosis and Swan Valley, he halted "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," and awaiting an opportunity for revenge.

The dirt-laden snow had all disappeared, filling the sloughs and streams to overflowing with a discoloured fluid. For many days the industrious farmers had been seeding. Here and there a venturesome gopher, a harmless creature, with his beautiful striped coat, would be seen standing erect viewing the passer-by and scampering off to his burrow at his too near approach. Along the roads and across the newly harrowed fields an occasional eddy of wind would whirl up dust, leaves, and dried grass, increasing in speed and size till, like a huge hour-glass, it would break and dissolve on the distant horizon in a dense dust cloud. Anon a "mirage," so common here, would convert the whole plain into a beautiful shimmering lake, or suspend it inverted in the sky. *But hark!*

"Is it the clang of the wild geese,
"Or is it the Indian's yell,
"That gives to the voice of the chinook wind
"The sound of a far off bell?"

Yes, all day, and all night, the air is vocal with the musical "clang of the wild geese," mingled with the sharp, rapid "swish" of the mallard's wing. Northward to the marshy stretches, and adjacent wheat fields south of Lake Manitoba they were speeding there to rest and feed, and wait till winter had crept still farther northward.

How I longed to leave dull care behind and hie away to those northern wheat fields and

"Send high in air the death hail,
"Where the wild goose wings his flight."

Out on the plains, right in the midst of the best feeding grounds, lived a particular friend of mine, friend H—, with his new-made bride, who was also a particular friend of the partner of my joys and sorrows. So, on the morning of March 31st, a soft, balmy air blowing from the south, meekly and innocently approaching the queen of my heart and home, I suggested, now that the long winter was over we should take a drive round town. "Why, yes," she would be delighted! "And say! could you not drive us out to friend H—'s, and we could stay all night?" "We could just as well as not!" "Now do dear, like a good fellow!" Slightly demurring so as not to show that to be the very thing I was planning, I consented.

So procuring the use of a friend's horse and buggy, I surreptitiously secreted under the foot rugs and horse blanket my trusty "No. 12," and a bag of carefully prepared ammunition. Away we sped right merrily. The afternoon was waning as we neared the end of our sixteen mile drive, in time to locate the feeding grounds and see the lakeward flight of large numbers of grey geese and clouds of ducks.

Friend H— was busy seeding and we quickly made arrangements that before day-light, while the teams were feed-

ing, we would set the decoys, fix our blinds, and make our bag before breakfast. In the meantime, to try our guns and ammunition and "get our hands in," we took a short run before dark and bagged a pair of magnificent mallards that rose from some stubble before us, others, where the chances were just as good, getting away apparently unhurt.

The evening passed pleasantly in conversation and song, our host and his charming young wife making our visit delightful indeed. At length seeking repose we dream all night long of the "honk, honk," of *Anser canadensis*, and the merrier "whink, whink," of *Anser polaris*, and the still more delightful "thud" which tells of an effective shot. Precisely at 4.30 the little alarm clock, which was muffled under my pillow, gave its warning whir-r-r. Dressing quickly, I descended, lamp in hand, and tapped gently on H—'s door, but he was already dressing and eager for the coming sport.

Opening the door, we are greeted by a huge snowdrift. Old Boreas had at least taken revenge and was blowing a young "blizzard," but the temperature being high the falling snow was now soft and clinging. Fully eight inches had fallen, and earlier in the night it had been colder and the snow had formed huge drifts.

H—, with the consistency of a keen sport, said, "Well, it is too stormy to work, not fit for man or beast to be out, so we will just hitch up Bob (his best horse) to the old buggy and go and have a hunt anyway. Dear knows where we will find the game, this storm will terribly demoralize them." I heartily agreed, of course, for, like the "darkey," I had "comed a purpose."

Daylight was just showing in the east when, with "Bob" well blanketed and ourselves well wrapped, having eaten a cold lunch, and leaving our spouses in the land of dreams, we made our way through the drifted lane and eastward along the section line towards a stretch of low land which might afford some open waicr for our feathered friends.

The wind, which had lulled before daylight, now settled down to a steady blow from the north-west. Snow began to fall heavily and swirl in blinding clouds before the wind.

Occasionally we could hear the wild discordant cries of the geese, and anon duck our heads from the rapid passing of a flock of mallards driven with the wind. But as the light increased we began to take toll, digging the fallen birds out of the soft snow.

Following the line of flight we at length come to the "camping ground," a small surface pond or lake, half a mile or so in extent, which from the discordant cries and an occasional glimpse between the drifts, we concluded to be literally "covered with game." Posting ourselves in good cover we soon bagged some fine ducks, which circled near, and by carefully imitating the cry of the goose, some disconsolate wanderer would circle too near for his own good but greatly to our delight and the increase of our pile.

All of a sudden the whole population of the lake, with unearthly cries, rose and flew over our heads towards Lake Manitoba. Bang, bang, bang, as fast as we can load and fire, till our guns are hot—the air is clear and not a bird falls. So much for promiscuously firing at the mass without picking your bird. Satisfied that there must be one or more wounded geese who would give out at the first halting place, we followed them, and after a couple of miles facing the storm we come upon a few small flocks, which, when they take wing, leave a wounded comrade, which we secure after a blood-warming chase.

To our left we could hear the deep booming "honk" of some large Canadians, but they could not be seen. Making a detour we espied them on the water in a shallow slough, so we decided to "stalk" them with no more cover than the snowy banks. We had about 100 yards to creep on hands and knees, and about 35 to crawl flat on the ground in the snowy weeds. This only brought us within about 100 yards, when they took fright and rose, but four barrels spoke out. B.B. chilled shot had the effect of dropping one fine fellow in the middle of the pond where some grass held him anchored. Casting lo's who should play dog, it fell to H—, who stripped and waded waist deep in the icy waters and secured him.

Making homeward in a westward direction we found, about six miles from home, the ducks making lake-ward in the teeth of the storm, creeping along the ground in broken flocks, taking a north-east course, from which direction the wind was now blowing. Securing Bob in the shelter of a deserted shanty whose floor had been removed, and in the cellar of which he refused to stand, we each secured a bundle of old straw, and placed ourselves about 100 yards apart in the line of flight, using the straw covered with snow as a partial blind, lying down flat on the north side of the little ridge thus formed. Here we secured some half dozen each before the flight ended.

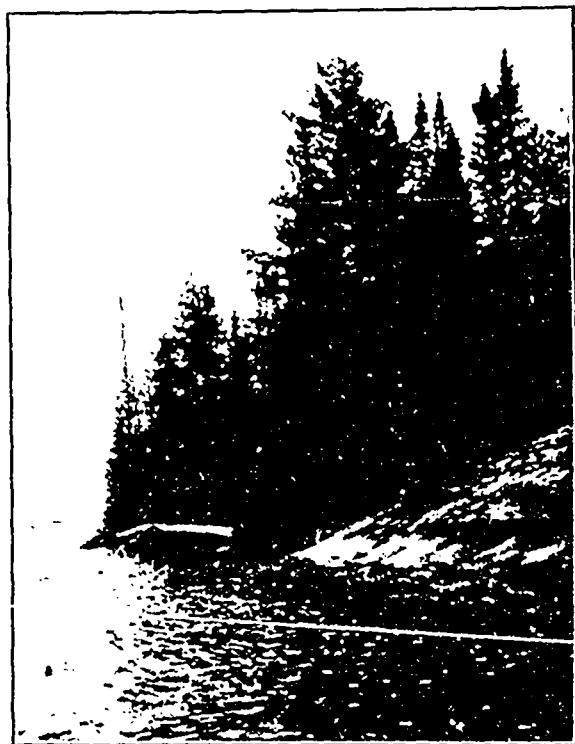
About two miles further homeward we found a field of old oat stooks, among which a number of birds were feeding. Tying Bob to the road fence, H—, who was getting very cold, circled round to drive them, while I crept up a depression to the edge of the grain patch and took cover and waited.

As H— approached the game a fine mallard "flushed" before him from behind a stook and he "downed" it, at which, of course, every bird took wing. A fine flock of geese passed over my cover, from which I was only able to drop one. While retrieving this from the top of the bank, I spied what appeared through the drifting storm to be a flock of geese sitting on the snow about 400 yards away on the bank of the same depression in which I then was. Awaiting H—'s arrival I showed them to him. "Yes, they are large grey geese with their heads under their wings fast asleep." A point of bank projected about 50 yards this side of them. Now if we could reach that point unseen we could secure two each easily enough. So we proceeded at once to "stalk." Keeping in a stooping position we had not proceeded far till we found we must lower our bodies or be seen. So unloading our guns and plugging the muzzles with grass we crept through the slushy snow and snowy grass, often using our heads as snow plows to escape detection.

It is hard to judge distances in a storm, which we had found out many times already that same day, and when we reached "the point," and took a sly peep through the increasing storm we judged it to be fully 100 yards yet to where we could dimly see some half dozen forms quietly sitting. So, according to a prearranged plan we were to rise together, rush forward as far as possible before they rose and fire. We cleared our guns of snow, reloaded, and waiting for an extra blinding whirl we rose and rushed forward. As we ran nothing could be seen 30 yards away, so forward we plunged till we found ourselves waist deep in a bank of soft snow. At that instant the air cleared and we sighted our game. Four barrels belched forth their contents of B.B. chilled. Suffice it to say we gathered no game, the seats and wheel tops of a mowing machine and hay rake almost covered with snow, and now well spattered with shot marks attested the correctness of our hurried aims.

THE GUN

Riflemen are continually being offered new sighting devices whereby aim is facilitated and changes of elevation made with ease and rapidity, but, as a rule, these so-called improvements are looked at askance by the practical man. He has found by actual experience on game that his best shooting is done with a single fixed sight. A man who is in good practice soon learns how much to allow for the drop of the bullet, and his allowance is made almost with the rapidity of thought. Then, by firing four inches, eight inches, a foot, or whatever



Wolf Lake, Northeastern Quebec

height may be required above the mark he wishes to hit, he achieves his object. Hunting ranges are short, in North America at least; even on the plains 350 yards may be given as the extreme outside limit of long distance shooting. In the forest, big game is generally killed within 100 yards, and often the range is even less than half this.

The rear sight may be either a broad, shallow "V" with platinum line in centre, or else a straight edge with the same platinum line and a small notch, though the latter is not absolutely necessary. It is questionable whether any aiming contrivance superior to this simple sight will ever be invented; certainly it has never yet been made. This rear sight should be placed at such a distance from the eye that it is perfectly clear and without blur. A person whose eyesight is normal, and good, may be able to use the sight to advantage when not

more than eight inches from the eye, but a long-sighted person will require the back sight placed farther off than that. To accommodate all ordinary variations of vision the rear sights on military rifles are placed 24 or 25 inches from the heel of the butt, measured along a straight edge. The military rifle, however, usually has a barrel some 33 inches in length, so that, supposing the stock to be 14 inches long and the trigger two inches in rear of the face of the breach, there will be left between sights 24 inches (approximately). Spotting rifles with their shorter barrels are not so well off in this respect, and it is difficult to get more than about 18 inches clear between sights—sometimes 14 inches has to be the limit. In such cases it is very necessary to take extra pains when sighting, because a small lateral error of the foresight will cause a very much larger divergence of the line of fire when the bullet reaches the object. An error of 1/100 of an inch in the alignment of the foresight, with a radius of 2 ft. between sights, will result in a horizontal error of 3 inches at 200 yards. Now an error of 1/100 of an inch is a small matter, and it requires very steady holding to avoid one no greater, so it is not at all surprising that in rapid shooting at moving game the bullet does not always go where we intend.

The foresight may be one of divers patterns. Some men like a flat-topped sight, others prefer a knife-edge, not a few prefer the so-called caterpillar sight which was first brought into common use by the users of English double express rifles, and there is not a better one for game shooting. There is this difference between target work and hunting—in the former case the tip of the foresight is usually brought with much deliberation to show against the lower edge of the bull's-eye, while on the other hand the hunter places the foresight so that it covers the object he wishes to hit. A very successful hunter of big game has written that when he wished to practice, so as to keep his hand in, he pasted a black inch-disk on a picket, two feet above the ground, and fired at it at a range of 25 yds. This represented to him the brain of some carnivorous animal in the act of charging. He never allowed himself to dwell upon his aim, nor would he rest content until he could put two successive shots from his heavy express into the black.

On this continent we must adopt other methods, as our shooting is usually done at the shoulder of some large animal at a range of from 50 to 150 yds. The man who, using a fixed sight, can put most of his shots into a target a foot in diameter at these ranges, without dwelling upon his aim, should be a successful hunter.

*

Judging by what we hear, we believe that the Winchester 30 30 cartridge would be considerably improved, were the bullet changed to a flat-pointed one with more lead exposed. On such big game as bear, moose and elk the present bullet does satisfactory work, usually expanding sufficiently, but on smaller animals such as goat, deer and wolf this is not always the case. If the Winchester company will make this improvement we shall not hear of many wounded animals getting away, as the flat-topped, 30-calibre, metal-cased bullet with exposed point is a killer.

*

The best gun cover is one made from the skin of the common seal. A good pelt may be bought for a couple of dollars. Have this tanned and then soaked in neat-foot oil. Cut the skin so that the hair side shall be out, and make the cover an easy fit, as you may want to get your rifle or shotgun out in a hurry. Such a cover will protect the weapon from damp and rough usage.

FISH AND FISHING

Few wealthy sportsmen can resist the attractions of our Canadian salmon streams, but it is not every day that a party, including such prominent and influential men as one that has just sailed, visits the Labrador coast. The steam yacht *Wacousta*, owned by Mr. J. J. Hill, President of the Northern Pacific carried, in addition to the owner, ex-President Grover Cleveland; Colonel Lamont, first vice-President of the Northern Pacific; Frank H. Baker, President of the First National Bank of New York; C. W. Dunn, General Counsel for the Northern



Mountain Rapids, Kippewa River, P.Q.

Pacific M. D. Craver, General Counsel for the Great Northern, and several ladies. Mr. Hill is the lessee of the Esquimaux River, where he has a snug fishing lodge.

*

NEPIGON FISHING

We have received numerous inquiries of late with regard to the Nepigon, so, in order to be able to give the latest information up to date, Mr. Alex. Matheson, the Hudson's Bay Company's factor at Nepigon, was written to. His reply is appended:—

"Yours of the 30th to hand; I will proceed to answer your questions with regard to the fishing facilities, etc., in the rotation you have them in your letter.

1. The Hudson's Bay Company can supply tourists with

complete camping outfits—comprising tents, bedding, cots, cooking utensils, provisions of the best quality, and at reasonable prices.

2. The best fishing is from the first of June to the first of September.

3. The flies are nearly extinct by the first of August, should it be a dry season—they seldom last over the 15th.

4. We have no difficulty in supplying first class guides, who know the river well, and the best fishing spots. The prices charged are as follows:

Head Guide	- - -	\$2.00 per day and board.
Cook	- - -	2.00 " "
Paddlers	- - -	1.50 " "
Rent of canoes	- - -	.50 " each canoe.

5. Nearly all the trout taken from the stream are caught with fly. The best varieties are the Joek Scott, Sportsman, Miller, Silver Doctor and others. We carry a complete stock of fishing tackle of all kinds to choose from, this being a specialty.

"We always like to know in advance when to expect tourists so that we can ensure punctuality for their despatch up the river, and in securing guides. I enclose a small card for your guidance, and any other information you need will be gladly furnished."

The season for speckled trout in Ontario is from May 1st to September 14th. All persons are required to obtain a permit to fish in the waters of the River Nepigon, which may be procured on application to the proper authorities. Permits are not necessary in other inland waters, excepting inter-provincial waters, and then only from parties who cross for the day and who do not engage boats from Ontario boatmen or stop at Ontario hotels. The fee in such cases is \$5.00 a rod.

It is illegal to sell, barter or traffic in speckled trout, bass or mascalonge taken or caught in provincial waters before the first day of July, 1903.

The fee for a license to fish in the Nepigon is \$15 for two weeks or less, \$20 for three weeks, and \$25 for four weeks, where the applicant is not a permanent resident of Canada; and \$5 for two weeks, and \$10 for four weeks where the applicant is a permanent resident of Canada.

*

SICAMOUS.

(The-Place-Where-They-Catch-Fish.)

You will see on consulting a map that Sicamous Junction is situated by the great Shuswap Lake, its name being in Indian, The-Place-Where-They-Catch-Fish. For ages this place has been known to the Shuswap and Okanagan Indians, as well as to a few wandering white men, as a good fishing ground.

During the shooting season the sportsman will find here two species of deer: the mule deer (locally known as the black tail) and the caribou. The former are abundant on the low lands near the lake, while the latter frequent the higher altitudes. Bear are very numerous, and I frequently buy their skins from the Indians; they are both black and brown. Further back in the mountains there are lots of grizzlies, but the natives generally avoid them and few skins are brought in. The Indian hunters dread the grizzly on account of its ferocious nature and wonderful vitality.

It may seem strange to dwellers in the East, but it is true nevertheless, that we have no trails near Sicamous, our only path being the railway track. The Indians do all their

hunting from canoes on the lake, and as they know all the watering places where the game come to drink they find no difficulty in securing all they want.

Travellers who wish to visit the beautiful Okanagan Valley and lake, diverge from the main line at Sicamous Junction. Up the valley there are several points such as Vernon, Kelowna and Penticton, from which the sportsman may start on a trip, certain that he will find all species of game common to this part of British Columbia, such for instance as bear, deer, sheep, goat and mountain lion. At these points guides, pack animals and outfits may be secured. The country is admirable for riding over as there are good trails everywhere. The fishing in Okanagan Lake is excellent.

F. W. PARMORE.

Sicamous, B. C.

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FISHING IN THE LAURENTIANS.

By Jack Scott.

The brook trout is very widely distributed in Canada, but there are regions in which it is more abundant and more widely found than in others— in some parts of the country, indeed, it is altogether absent, but these are the exceptions. Go where you will, however, you will not find it in greater abundance than in the great territory extending from Labrador to the Ottawa River, known as the Laurentians. Here is a country of granite rock and waterways innumerable. The lakes and streams are clear as crystal, there being no sedimentary deposits to render them turbid. They are cool, and thus in every way suited to the needs of the salmonidae.

There are hundreds, aye thousands, of lakes which have never been fished by civilized man. Not all of these contain trout, because, unfortunately, into some the northern pike and wall-eyed pike (the doré), have got a foothold, and wherever this is the case you will find no speckled trout, although you may find large quantities of the great lake trout mis-called salmon trout by the settlers. One reason for this is of course that the pike is more or less of a surface fish, and is never found in deep water, while the lake trout excepting during the spawning season, sticks to the deep, and so is safe from its shark-like enemy. Moreover, the lake trout grows to so great a size that it is only in its youthful days that the pike can eat it.

In a country where trout are so abundant it would seem that trout fishing must be invariably successful and a comparatively simple matter; but it is not so. There are no waters that are so rife of disappointment to the wandering fisherman, though on the other hand few are more prolific of sport when they are understood. In a great many of the lakes there are vast quantities of small fish, always spoken of as "minnies" by the backwoodsman. These fry form the principal diet of the trout, and, as all fishermen know, there is nothing that the trout feeds upon with such eagerness as the young of his own or some other species. When they can get an abundance of fry they will not take the trouble to rise to the surface after the fly.

This is why some of the lakes yield so much greater reward to the humble bait fisherman than they do to the experienced fly fisherman. In such cases trolling is almost the only means of getting them in a sportsmanlike way. It is quite fashionable to make light of trolling, and there is no doubt that fly fishing is cleaner work and better sport, but when the choice is between going home with an empty creel, or using the minnow either naturally or artificially, most men who are not bigoted will use the minnow. But there is trolling and trolling. Some

people think that all they have to do is to walk into a tackle shop and buy an artificial minnow as big as a humming bird, then rig it up with about twenty yards of water cord, a couple of brass swivels and a lump of lead, after which they may repair to whatever water suits their fancy with the certainty of catching enormous trout. The experienced man works rather differently. His first care is to secure some nice fresh minnows. These he dries carefully and preserves by packing them in salt, or by bottling them in one of the half dozen preservative solutions known to the craft. These fish should be from 2½ to 1½ inch in length. A flight or gang of hooks is next prepared. The patterns of these gangs are very numerous, but one of the most successful consists of three triangles and a sliding lip-hook. The bait properly placed upon such a flight will deceive the wariest old trout that ever swam. Upon the flight there should be a trace of not less than 9 ft. of stout salmon gut, having in its makeup at least three free-running, small-sized swivels. To this trace the reel line is tied, a small boat-shaped lead being placed immediately above the trace—this shaped lead preventing kinking. The reel line should be ordinary enamelled silk line, strong but not too heavy. The rod generally selected is some ten feet in length, weighing not less than 10 oz., and the reel which answers best is one with a broad barrel and plain click. With such an outfit a man may visit the most refractory lake in the Laurentians, even in the height of summer, feeling tolerably certain he will take all the large trout he requires.

To come back to what the purists call legitimate fishing: in the month of May anyone with sufficient intelligence and vigor to bait a hook may be perfectly sure of taking trout. All nature is emerging from its long winter sleep. The time of torpor has passed, and the trout now once more in good condition are keenly sensitive to the pangs of hunger. They will swallow almost anything. The big bags of the year are generally made by the persevering, prosaic man, well supplied with earthworms. The number of fish to be caught at that time of the year is prodigious. Sportsmen generally prefer to stick to the fly even in early May, and they often fill their creels. But, of course, they are contented with very much smaller bag than the French Canadian habitant whose sole idea is to tempt the trout with a juicy lob worm on a cod hook.

The spring that is just closing was an early one, and fly fishing was as good as it ever will be by the 15th of May. The other kind of fly was also very much in evidence several weeks earlier than usual, and it is to be hoped will disappear the sooner in consequence, but it is never safe to bet about these things. By the 24th May the lakes and streams of the Laurentians were filled with trout leaping madly for the fly, and the quantities brought out from the nearby lakes when the holiday makers returned to the big cities would have made a load for a small schooner—but of course these people never reach the waters lying back in the woods where the real *good* fishing is.

June is a magnificent month in the Laurentians, though inferior perhaps, in some respects to May or September. During the middle of the day, when the sun is bright, the surface water gets rather too warm to suit the fastidious trout. He then keeps to the deeps or, preferably, near where some cool spring discharges into the lake, so from 10 o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon the fishing is, as a rule, indifferent, but during the early morning hours, and from late afternoon until dark the fish are on the feed, and the angler is likely to get all he has a right to.

July and August are not so satisfactory from the fisherman's

point of view. On cool, dark days the fishing is frequently excellent, and almost invariably the late afternoon and evening fishing is worth its cost, but the excellent sport of the spring is not duplicated until the leaf begins to change color in September. Then angling in the Laurentians is truly delightful. The black fly, and the mosquito, and the brulôt have disappeared. The foliage is a dream of harmony, and the soft, hazy atmosphere of Canadian autumn throws a fleecy veil over the glorious woods. The waters are like burnished steel and the ring made by the rising trout is seen from afar. The fish are not in such fine fettle as they were in June, for the spawning season is drawing nigh, but even yet they are good enough for a king or a president—according to the way you look at it.

(To be Continued.)

TAKAKKAW FALLS.

The Canadian Rockies are, as yet, almost unexplored. They stretch for many hundreds of miles in a general direction west of north, from the 49th parallel, which is the international boundary, to the very shores of the Arctic Sea. The least width is 500 miles. In the far north they cover 750 miles



Takakkaw Falls, Yoho Valley, B.C.

of longitude; not all in one range, but in a series separated by valleys, almost troughs, following the general trend of the main uplift.

To show what a vast and interesting field here awaits the explorer, it may be mentioned that within 30 miles of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway a party of hunters

recently stumbled upon a valley—probably but one out of hundreds—whose attractions are equal, if not superior, to the great Yosemite. All the elements of picturesque beauty are to be found here. Peaks whose jagged summits pierce the thin air 11,000 ft. above sea level, hundreds of square miles of eternal blue ice, forests of gigantic conifers, such as only exist upon the Pacific slope, and, lastly, waterfalls the like of which hardly exist elsewhere.

The reputation of this valley having at length reached the outside world, an engineer and surveyor visited it last autumn. He found its average elevation to be 6,000 feet, and the depth of the larger of the two more important falls 1,400 feet—a first leap of 200 feet being followed by a tremendous plunge of 1,200 feet. This is to be known as the Takakkaw Fall; its rival, equally beautiful and of fully as great volume, will be known as the Twin Fall. Here the milky glacier water makes one tremendous leap of 1,250 feet into the bed of the canon.

When such discoveries as these await the explorer within 30 miles of Field, B.C., the possibilities which lie beyond are such as to encourage the belief that ere long the feet of at least some of the young men will be turned in that direction.

HORSE NOTES.

For nearly half a century some of the best blood bred on American soil has been sent to England to compete in her greatest racing meetings, and although the Derby and other classic events have occasionally dropped into the hands of American owners, it has not been until the present year that American-bred animals, riders and trainers have been considered dangerous competitors on the English turf. The Derby, Oaks, Alexandra Plate and many other of the best events in England have been carried off this year by owners from this side of the water, and from the number and high breeding of the entries for future events made by Messrs. Reeve, Whitney, Crocker and others, this tide of success would appear to be as yet only at half flood.

These results, however, need not be considered otherwise than natural, as they are the consequence of the union of the choicest American and the best imported English strains.

*

Prophets of ten years ago who predicted the almost total annihilation of the horse will, with surprise and interest, read of a few startling events which have taken place in the equine world in the past few months.

At a sale held by Mr. Walter Grand, of the American Horse Exchange, New York, he sold forty-one carriage horses for a sum exceeding seventy thousand dollars, or an average of seventeen hundred and thirty-seven dollars, also at the sale of thoroughbreds, the property of Mr. J. B. Haggin, of Rancho del Paso, Cal., on June 14th, at Sheephead Bay, two hundred and one colts and fillies brought the enormous sum of two hundred and thirty-three thousand nine hundred and twenty-five dollars, or an average of eleven hundred and sixty-three dollars and eighty cents each. Many of these animals sold at prices running from five to ten thousand dollars, and one reached the unprecedented sum of thirteen thousand dollars, the animal being purchased by Mr. Sydney Paget.

Never in the history of the horse has he commanded such high prices as at present, notwithstanding the statements to the contrary made by those interested in artificial modes of locomotion.

KENNEL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by D. Taylor

Correspondence is invited on all matters pertaining to the kennel, and items of interest concerning man's best friend will be welcomed. An effort will be made to furnish correspondents reliable advice as to the care and treatment of dogs in any case submitted. All communications for this department should be addressed to D. TAYLOR, ROD AND GUN IN CANADA, 673 Craig street, Montreal.

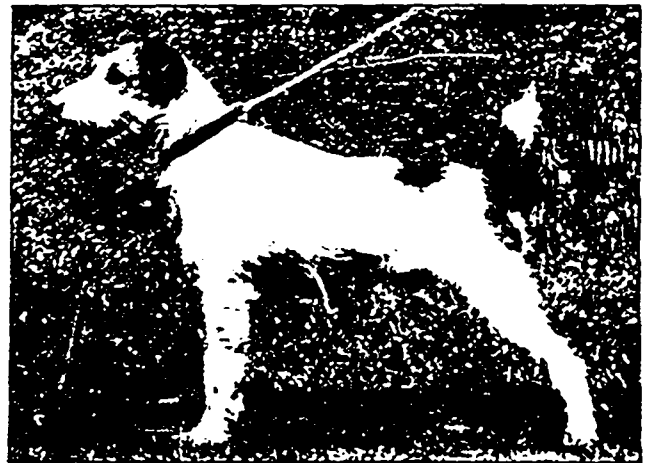
THE CANINE ASSOCIATION'S BIG SHOW.

The promoters of the bench show held in the Victoria Skating Rink on the 29th, 30th and 31st May have every reason to feel elated over the success of their venture. There was a record number of dogs benched, a little over four hundred, which, with the liberal classification and the unusually large amount of duplications, brought the total number of entries up to over nine hundred, thus making another record. In consequence of the rush of visitors, the aisles were at times uncomfortably crowded and the attendants and owners experienced no little difficulty in getting the dogs to the judging rings. This, along with the fact that there were a good many clerical errors in the catalogue, some of the dogs being wrongly entered and numbered, several not appearing at all, tended to delay the judging somewhat, and it was not until late on the evening of the third day that Mr. Lacy (who was entrusted with all the breeds but Fox, Irish and Scottish Terriers) finished his onerous task. Mr. James Lindsay judged the classes mentioned above, and got through a painstaking examination of the dogs submitted to his judgment in good time, his decisions giving general satisfaction. Through the regrettable death of his little daughter, Nettie, on the second day of the show, the Association was deprived of the valuable services of the superintendent, Mr. Alex Smith, and as a consequence the show committee worked under considerable difficulty; still, however, if at times there was a little confusion there was really no particular ground for complaint. Everyone in authority did the best they knew how and showed a willingness to expedite matters which amply compensated for any slight mistakes which may have occurred.

Among the visitors from a distance were: Mr. James Mortimer, of Turf, Field and Farm; Mr. James Watson, of Field and Fancy; Mr. A. A. McAllister, Peterboro, Ont.; Mr. George Bell, Toronto; Mr. Parker Thomas, Belleville; Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Deer Park, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tallis, Grand Mère, Que., etc. It was gratifying to see such a large representation of the fair sex among the visitors, many of the most prominent society ladies seeming to take a personal interest in the awards, the kennels displaying a blue ticket or two being generally surrounded by a bevy of fair admirers.

Taken all through, the dogs generally were a very fair average even if there was an absence of many of the well-known cracks of dogdom. It was also quite in keeping with the reputation Montreal has acquired as a collie stronghold that this breed should stand out most prominently. About eighty altogether were benched and the greater proportion of these possessed undoubted merit. Next in order in point of quality came English Foxhounds, with one or two exceptions the classes being filled with entries from the kennels of the Montreal Hunt and the Club de Chasse à Courre Canadien, which sent the cream of their packs.

Taking the breeds in catalogue order we find St. Bernards, which, with the exception of Messrs F. & A. Stuart's entry and exhibit, were rather of a nondescript character. As far as size went they were all right but most of them were badly gone in the legs and of the cow-hooped variety. The Stuart boys' Lady Hereward has both character and quality, and was really the only one in competition calling for special notice, the others not being in the same class at all. She won right through. The Earl of Shrewsbury, same owners (for exhibition only), is a remarkably well proportioned dog, sound in limb with true St. Bernard head and expression. Newfoundlands found a good representative in Wallace, who was easily first. Mastiffs and Bloodhounds were blank. It is a pity to see so little interest taken nowadays in the grand old English mastiff, as a more faithful guardian of the home does not exist. Russian Wolfhounds were a nice class and most of them gave every evidence of quality. The best of the bunch was C. P. Simpson's bitch, Akorlina, which won through her own sex classes and also beat



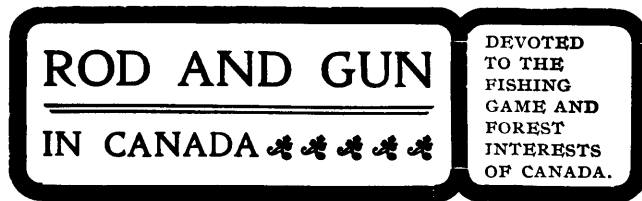
MR. D. W. OGILVIE'S BANK NOTE

Winner at Montreal Show. The President's Medal, the Association's Medal, the C. K. C.'s Medal, the Royal Can. Terrier Club's Medal for Best and 2d, the C. J. F. C.'s Medal for Best Terrier in Show, Heavy Duty C. N. C. Silver Cup for Best and 2d, H. M. Walker's prize and painting (prize value \$2500) special for best sporting dog, etc., etc.

the winner in open dogs. She has a grand lady, strongly and yet finely built with a great coat, and would be in the money in almost any company. Greyhounds were only fair the best of them being Captain, a fine well-formed brindle.

Pointers and English setters were lacking both in quality and quantity, and the same might be said of Irish setters, the judge seeing fit to withhold a first prize in the dog puppy class. Irish Water Spaniels while short in number were very good types of the breed. Brian Born, first in novice, was beaten by Mickey O'Camp in the open, the latter's superior condition and better coat no doubt gaining him the premier position. Field Spaniels were moderate both as to numbers and quality. There was quite a large entry of Cocker Spaniels but as a number of these did not appear in the catalogue considerable confusion arose over getting all the dogs into the ring, the numbers and classes being so mixed up. The principal exhibitors were Bay View Kennels (Fred. T. Miller), Trenton, Ont.; George Bell and A. T. Mead, Toronto; Bay View Blackbird and Bay View Beau, two nice little dogs of good

(Continued on Page 11.)



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

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

All communications should be addressed to:

ROD AND GUN PUBLISHING CO., 603 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

22 Lincoln Ave.,
Newark, N.J.

Enclosed find cheque for \$2.00 for two copies ROD AND GUN in Canada. We have "lots" of good fishermen (and dear me what a stock of stories they have) but no fish to compare with Canada. (God's country for fishermen).

Yours truly,

J. L. WERTZ.

While we thoroughly believe in modesty and self-effacement, there is such a thing as having those qualities abnormally developed, and for fear that some of our good friends should accuse us of this failing we are going to blow our own trumpet—just one little blow—after which we will promise to be very good again and hide our light under several bushels if necessary.

Two years ago ROD AND GUN was born. Heretofore magazines of this class had failed lamentably in Canada, and it required some pluck to invest in an undertaking which the "I-told-you-sos" had already condemned. But the verdict of sportsmen has shown that the judgment of the men who started it was as good as their courage. In two years ROD AND GUN has become the acknowledged organ of the man who loves the wonderful Canadian wilderness, with all its charms, mystery and magnetism, and from nothing our subscription list has grown to very respectable proportions. And we can say, and say honestly too, that what we have won we have won by sterling merit; because we supplied something that was needed—

reliable information. ROD AND GUN is happily situated; it is published in the largest Canadian city, and numbers among its friends every Canadian sportsman of note. There is no information bearing upon our own field which we cannot obtain from the greatest living authority upon it in each case. We do not guess, and we do not evolve information out of our own inner consciousness. We do not tell a man to go to this place, or to that place, unless we know for a certainty that what he seeks is there, and that it will be no fault of the informant if the success does not warrant the effort.

That the work ROD AND GUN has been doing is bearing good fruit is shown by the number of inquiries which have been received from the United States. The letters of inquiry received so far this year are ten times as numerous as those which came to hand during the corresponding months of 1900, and of course those of 1900 were very considerably more than those of the year which preceded it. All that Canada requires in order to become the great playground of eighty millions of people is that her attractions shall be made known—and ROD AND GUN will make them known.

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Bass fishing in the Province of Quebec has been legal ever since June 15th, but few indeed are the sportsmen who have been thoughtless enough to catch the parent fish as they guarded the young fry from the foes which, without that protection, would surely have encompassed their destruction.

What shall be said of the man who shoots the mother grouse and leaves her fledgelings to fall a prey to the squirrel and the hawk? It would be difficult to find a single extenuating plea for such a creature—and the man who catches bass on the 15th of June, in Quebec at least, is a twin brother in depravity to this wretched pot-hunter. The bass is quite unlike the trout, and when robbed of the protecting care of the parent fish, the alewings fall a ready prey to any predatory fish which may happen to discover them. For several days the little fry remain in a dense mass in the nest, and as they are utterly defenceless the gaping jaws of a pike will swallow dozens of them at every snatch. Nothing but the courage and strength of the parent fish can save the young bass. The spines in the dorsal fin are very strong and sharp, and the old black bass knows no fear, hence he is an antagonist which all the prowling robbers hold in respect.

We feel assured that none of our readers went bass fishing in June.

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The editor of the Newport, Vt., Express and Standard has just finished a most interesting series of letters descriptive of a trip which he made last year in Northern Quebec. This gentleman, in company with a friend, left Newport on the 21st of August and returned about the 20th of October. During the interval he passed through a thousand miles of wilderness in his canoe. He crossed sixty-seven lakes and made one hundred and fifty portages, the longest being four miles. The route traversed was from Kippewa to Grand Lake, and then following the height of land to the head of the St. Maurice, which he descended to near its mouth at Grandes Piles. He says: "With all its hardships it was a trip never to be forgotten. The country we passed over is unlike any other part of this whole continent. Indeed I know of no other part of the whole world that is so thickly and widely diversified with lakes and rivers as this vast wilderness south of the James Bay." Mr. D. W. Hildreth is to be congratulated upon having made a very plucky and successful trip, and we hope that he will make many another one.

quality were first and second in novice but were beaten in limit by the same owner's Bandit, a good sound dog in every way but in rather poor coat, he in turn was beaten in open by Geo. Bell's well-known Standard. In novice dogs, any solid color but black, Mrs. H. Molson's Larry was an easy first. He won right through his classes and was also first winners, Standard being reserve, a decision which was open to criticism. Standard is a more typical cocker in every way but his coat not being in the best of trim probably influenced Mr. Lacy. Taken all through the bitches were superior to the dogs. There was a close run between Geo. Bell's I Say II., the winner; Gypsy (rather light, but with beautiful eye and fine expression); Tick, kennel mate to the winner, and Ottawa Belle, who begins to show age.

Collies, as we have said, were the most prominent feature in the show and, for the large number exhibited, the general excellence was above the average. This is the more creditable when the fact that all the entries were local is taken into consideration, and it is questionable whether any other district in Canada could do likewise, taking quality and numbers into account. In the dog puppy class there were fourteen entries and Mr. Lacy had a pretty hard task before him in making his selections, if we except Mr. Reid's Logan's Earl, who was a comparatively easy first. He is a big dog for his age, long and racy looking, with a fine head and splendid natural ear carriage; he is also strongly built and showed a capital coat. Indeed his only faults are a rather light eye and a little wideness in the front legs, which is more noticeable through an accident to the right foreleg in his younger days. Mr. Joseph Quinn's Lord Minto was placed second, a dog with a fine expression and good ears but a bit short in the head, and A. B. Strachan's Highland Chief third. A very nice dog which might have held a better position with perfect justice was Mr. Alexander's Mountain Victor. He is brimful of quality but being a late puppy was scarcely matured enough to come against the bigger fellows. If he holds on as he is doing, however, he will yet make his mark. He is well formed every way and with fine markings had the best expression of any collie in his classes. The novice class was a repeat, although quite a number of new dogs appeared on the scene, amongst them being Mr. Arthur F. Gault's recently imported Royal Scot, a black, tan and white, that has done quite a lot of winning in the Old Country. He had quite a following of admirers and it was fully expected by them that he would come out very near the top. To the astonishment of the prophets, however, he was among the firsts to be turned down, a decision we have little sympathy with, because, although he is rather short and with a heavy coat had rather a "crulgy" appearance in the ring, he has all the characteristics of a true collie. He is deep-chested, excellent legs and feet, good length of head and finely carried small ears, with a nice expressive face, but he certainly has not the racy look about him demanded in the collie. Of course his luck followed him through the other classes and he was dismissed with a simple commended card in the limit and open. The limit class saw the entry of Knight Errant II and King Edward VII (litter brother to Earl), who looked as if he had been sadly neglected. Notwithstanding King Edward's dilapidated appearance he was placed ahead of his brother, maintaining the same position in open and also coming first in winners. Of Knight Errant II it must be said that he deserved a much better position than "highly commended." Although seven years old he is a marvel for his age and had unquestionably one of the best formed heads of any dog in the show, good in ears and expression, splendid action and capital coat. Being

largely white, Mr. Lacy may have had some dislike to his appearance on this account. The veteran Ch. Old Hall Paris, exhibited by the Westmount Collie Kennels but not for competition, looked fit to win in any company and was greatly admired by those who know a good collie. In the classes for dogs other than sable and white Royal Scot was given the blue ribbon so that his kennel was decorated with three first prizes confined to color. Heilan' Rory was second. In puppy bitches the most noticeable was Alex Smith's Glenlivet Lassie, nine months old, exceedingly well matured for her age, good length of head, very sweet expression and beautifully carried ears. Besides she has an abundant coat of the right texture, good in bone, remarkably fine springy action and proved herself a grand shower. Mr. Stalker's Strathardle Queen, rather light in body and bone and head a shade too finely drawn, was second; Logan's Daisy Blossom, a good sized one and plenty of bone, was third. The novice class was a repeat and in the limit Wishaw May, from Coila Collie Kennels, appeared on the scene and split the first and second prize winners. Wishaw May is a good size, has a long, finely formed head with perfect ears, but she was not shown in her best condition, being taken up with the duties of maternity. There might have been a different story to tell had she been in full bloom, as it was Mr. Lacy was quite justified in assigning her the position he did. No change was made in the open or winners, Wishaw May being reserve to Glenlivet Lassie. In the bitches classes for tricolors W. S. Elliott's Blair Athol Patti, a nice shapely dog with plenty of collie character was first, the old veteran Auchcairnie Patti, who despite her age wears well, second. There were also a number of local classes and competitions confined to members of the two collie clubs which would be tedious to go over as they were mainly repeats.

Bulldogs were a fairly representative class. Mr. W. H. Tallis' Tippoo Sahib beating Russell A. Alger's Rufus in the light weights, also disposing of Mr. Colvin's Fop, which scored first in the heavy division, in the winners.

Bull Terriers were another feature of the show, over thirty being benched, and the quality was all that could be desired. There were no less than fifteen classes, four of which were local, the others divided by weights. In the puppy class, both sexes, Mr. J. P. Payan's Edgewood Cliff was first. Bay View Flyer was first in the open light weight with the winning puppy second; open heavy weight—T. A. Armstrong's Ottawa Major first, D. Forbes Angus' Lord Roberts second. Bay View Beryl, shown in fine condition, was first in open bitches and winners with Ottawa Biddy reserve.

Airedale Terriers (seven shown in thirteen classes) were hardly up to the mark if we except Ch. Dumbarton Lass, entered to compete for specials only, and she was certainly not in the best condition, being much gone in coat.

Boston Terriers and Beagles do not call for special mention, and in Dachshunds there was little competition. Mr. L. C. Ogilvie's Vento Silhouette won in novice, limit and open.

Over fifty Fox Terriers (wire and smooth) were shown, and Mr. Lindsay had his hands full in placing the ribbons after the first selection in wires, the majority being a pretty level lot. In the dog puppy class for wire-haired Mrs. Macdonald's Red Wolf won, following up his success in the novice. He is a handsome puppy on the small side but exceedingly well formed. Cash Box second and Rattler third should have changed places and probably would have done so only for the condition the latter was in. The limit class brought out D. W. Ogilvie's Bank Note, Mrs. Tallis' Long Face, Mrs. Macdonald's Aldon Vandal, and several others. Bank Note was easily first

in the race. He is an exceptionally good terrier, was set down in the pink of condition and at the present time will take a lot of beating. He has a good length of head and punishing jaw, deep chested and strongly yet gracefully built—altogether a very desirable dog and undoubtedly the best of the bunch. Besides the best terrier in the show he won a whole lot of specials, amongst which was the President's medal for the best representative of any breed. Aldon Vandal came second, and Long Face (who won all through last year) third, but their positions should have been reversed. Long Face is a very stylish dog, a little leggy perhaps, but has a fine head and grand coat. Through Aldon Vandal not being entered in open he came in for second place and reserve to Bank Note in winners. In bitches Mrs. A. A. Macdonald's exhibits had it all their own way, Aldon Gaiety being first in novice, Aldon Ecstasy first in limit, and Aldon Sequel first open and winners. Outside of these there was nothing particularly noticeable, but this did not detract from the position they occupied and to which they were fully entitled. In the local class for wires Mr. Jos. Stanford's Banjo, a typical terrier of much merit, won first in puppy and novice. The smooth terriers were not quite so good as the wires, the best of the lot being H. Parker Thomas' Elmwood Holiday (first in novice, second limit, open and winners), and G. Bell's Fordham (first limit, open and winners). Under the condition he was shown this dog scarcely deserved premier place.

Irish Terriers were not conspicuous either in number or quality, the best of the dogs being a puppy by the famous Masterpiece, Kinkora Kerry, from the Kinkora Kennels. The bitches were well represented by Ross & Brown's Wicklow Girl, her principal fault being a bit softish coat but otherwise a good sound terrier and likely to turn out a good brood bitch.

Scottish Terriers were few in number but high-class quality. Coila Kennels Midlothian Chief and Wishaw General were first and second respectively, both exceptionally fine specimens of the breed. The same owners Snap Shot was first in the limit and open bitch classes with H. Parker Thomas' Heel and Toe a close second.

Amongst the smaller dogs the only other exhibit worthy of special mention was the splendid quintet of Skye Terriers shown by Mr. Geo. Caverhill. In Prince Royal, Moorlander, Jubilee Queen, Diamond Queen and Silver Queen has a lot which would be hard to match anywhere, and they were shown in the very best of condition, reflecting no end of credit on the kennelman, Mr. Buckingham. Mr. Caverhill also showed Kelso Badger, a rare good mustard Dandie Dinmont. The number of pet dogs was limited, and there was a falling off in Yorkshires from former Montreal shows, while Montreal society ladies have evidently not yet been seized by the Pomeranian craze.

The show, we understand, was a success financially as well as otherwise, and there is some talk of a repeat in September, after Toronto. Whether the idea will materialize or not it is difficult at present to say.

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After the Montreal Show Knight Errant was sent down to Mr. Mortimer's kennels at Hempstead, L.I. He arrived there safely enough and was being taken out of his crate when he got away, cleared a fence and has not since been found.

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Mr. Joseph Reid having won the Licensed Victuallers' Cup three times in succession (three different dogs), it now becomes his own property.

Some of the editors of the kennel press on the other side are having a rather animated debate over some of Mr. Lacy's decisions, but the old "Stock-keeper" is not losing anything in the argument. It is quite a matter of business, you know, and those who know look complacently on and smile.

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Judges for Toronto Dog Show.

Mr. J. S. Williams, Toronto—St. Bernards.

Prof. Wesley Mills, Montreal—Mastiffs, Bloodhounds, Great Danes and Dachshunds.

Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.—Russian Wolfhounds, Deerhounds, Greyhounds, Pointers, Setters, Chesapeake Bay Dogs and the miscellaneous classes.

Mr. James Mortimer, Hempstead, L.I., N.Y.—Dogues de Bordeaux, Poodles, Dalmatians, Beagles and all Terriers except Yorkshires.

Mr. E. M. Oldham, New York—All Spaniels, Pugs, Pomeranians and Yorkshire Terriers.

Lieut.-Col. Robert McEwen, Byron, Ont.—Collies and Old English Sheepdogs.

Mr. Tyler Morse, Danvers, Mass.—Bulldogs.

CHIPS.

C. A. B.

The pursuit of knowledge is oftentimes beset with snares and pitfalls. On one occasion I asked a French half-breed his name for the fresh water mussel, so abundant in the Quebec streams. The reply came quickly, "We call them oysters, Monsieur." Another time I wanted the French name for the curious shell-shaped fungus, found on the bark of decaying spruce and birch trees: "That, Monsieur, is a mushroom." Then I knew I should have to try again.

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As a rule furs are very easy to save in good condition in this climate. They are taken in late fall, winter and early spring, when the weather is so favorable that no preservatives are needed. Beaver are slit up the belly and stretched on a round hoop by a lacing of raw hide strings. Otter, mink, marten, fisher, &c., are skinned from tail to head without slitting. Muskrat are preferred by the H. B. C. when skinned from head to tail. For the more valuable furs, stretchers, on the boot tree principle—a wedge driven in between the arms of the stretcher—are used. The trapper usually makes them out of straight-rifted cedar. While still moist a pelt will stand a great deal of stretching, and it is well to do this thoroughly for several reasons. After the skins are dry, or even partly dry, any attempt at stretching them further would split the pelt. Furs hung in the shade for three days on stretchers ought to be safe. Bear skins require a different treatment. The finest are taken in May and early June, when the weather is always warm and is not unfrequently decidedly so. Hence trappers peg out the skin, "flesh" it very carefully, and sprinkle the hide with a liberal allowance of salt, before stretching it on a heavy frame in the sun. The frame resembles an open doorway and must be larger in every way than the pelt to be stretched. From three to six days of this drying will suffice.

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A good cooking fire is made by cutting a couple of 8-foot logs, placing them parallel and 6 inches apart, and filling in between with kindling. Half a dozen pots and pans may then be kept aboiling, and, moreover, the cook is sheltered from the heat of the glowing coals.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

Conducted by Hubert McBean Johnstone

USES AND ABUSES OF VELOX PAPER.

Quite recently it was remarked by the editor of the query column of one of the leading photographic journals that a very large percentage indeed of the questions asked him dealt with the manipulation of Velox paper, and that occasionally he had sent to him specimen prints, with requests to tell what was the matter with them. While there are a whole host of faults to be found among the prints examined, arising from as many different causes, the most common error made by the beginner is that of using the wrong grade of paper on the wrong negative, with the result that, while the photogram is not wholly spoiled, it nevertheless does not possess the effect that might be brought out of it with the proper handling. Perhaps, as a starter, it would not be amiss to take a run over the different grades of Velox, and to size up the uses to which it is intended that each should be put.

In the first place, we have the paper divided into two classes, which, for the sake of convenience, are known as the Regular and the Special—these terms being adopted out of reference to the fact that different times are required for the exposures and development. The Regular papers, requiring as they do a long exposure and short development, are adapted to negatives lacking in contrast; and the Special papers being just the opposite *i. e.*, needing a short exposure and lengthy development, fits them for use on hard negatives, where soft effect and fine detail is looked for. Again, these two papers are subdivided into several classes, thus making it possible to get the exact grade that is required for any particular negative. The

Regular is composed of three varieties—the carbon, the rough and the glossy. Of these, the carbon is particularly applicable for negatives that have a lack of contrast, and almost invariably it will make a better print from such a negative than can be obtained on any other paper. The surface, as one would naturally suppose from the name, is a smooth matt. The rough Velox has on the whole the same characteristics as the preceding one, with the exception that the surface is rougher, and that, as a consequence, it is better adapted to those productions where a broad, striking effect, more or less free from a distracting mass of fine detail, is the result looked for. On the contrary, the third of the Regular type, the glossy, being of the smooth, shiny type, as its name suggests, and taking a very high polish, is especially designed for use where a wealth of

fine detail is wanted. Of course, it is understood that this last paper, like the preceding two, is intended only for negatives that are inclined to be flat. And just here, it might be remarked, that not a few amateurs judge the flatness of a negative by the density of it, instead of by the contrast between its lights and shadows and its snap and brilliancy, as they ought. The first essential thing that is necessary to learn in the use of Velox is to judge your negatives so that it will be possible for you to decide what grade of paper you will employ.

Then we come to the Special Velox and its uses and abuses. Of this class there are five types: the carbon, the portrait, the rough, the glossy, and the rough double weight, each of which, like those already gone over, has its own particular use. All the Special papers need only about one-fifth the time to expose and twice the time to develop as required by the Regulars. An point of surface appearance the special carbon is exactly similar to the Regular carbon, but having quicker printing qualities, yields far superior results in the case of negatives that need no additional contrast. Half the poor prints that are made with this grade of Velox owe their troubles to the fact that the wrong paper has been employed, with the result that the weak points



Looking for Moose.

of the negative are accentuated instead of covered over. The portrait is similar, except that its surface is half matt. The glossy is also the same, except that it is adapted to a different kind of negative from the glossy already described. Now, coming to the rough and extra rough, we have two very pretty and extremely artistic papers, though, of course, worthless where it desired that the print have accuracy of detail. Soft, pleasing shadows and marvellous gradation are two of the leading characteristics of this paper, and while adapted to the same type of negative as carbon and portrait, it gives greater breadth and less detail. The only difference between the two styles—rough and extra rough—are that the heavier requires no mounts. It is, of course, a matter of taste as to which is to be used.

The tendency of all grades of Velox is to strengthen and emphasize the contrasts of the negative, so that, as a consequence, it will be found advisable to use negatives more inclined to be lacking in contrast than those that are too harsh. The Velox paper will make the shadows and high lights more brilliant than you might be inclined to believe if you have never tried it. An undertimed negative that is exceedingly contrasty with defective detail will produce a poor print at best on Velox, and when added to this is the common fault of over timing the print, the result is anything but beautiful. You will, indeed, be surprised to learn what effects can be produced from poor negatives, provided the correct quality of paper is selected and the picture is given the right developing and timing. There is no use in trying to force the development of undertimed prints, for you are invariably going to get miserable greyish whites, though it is true the same result may be the consequence of other causes—for instance, a lack of bromide, or paper that the light has got at. Over-exposure, too, will cause this; though, in this case, instead of the print taking on a greyish appearance, it is more inclined to a black look. Then, too, occasionally you will run across prints that have a white deposit all over the surface, but this is due to a different cause, namely, a milky hypo bath, and all that is necessary to fix things up all right is to go over the surface with a wet sponge. Provided this is thoroughly done, the print will not be spoiled in the least.

Perhaps the commonest trouble that is experienced with Velox, and at the same time the simplest to remedy, is the appearance of blotches on the print after it is all finished. Several causes may be at the bottom of the trouble. For instance, it may be due to the developer not being spread over the surface of the paper when it is first put in the developer, in which case it is a good scheme to have at hand a soft camel's hair brush that you can quickly pass over the surface to help spread the developer. In the case of glossy and Special Velox it may be the result of the use of sulphite containing sulphate, and it cannot be too strongly impressed upon the user of this paper that it is essential that perfectly pure chemicals be employed throughout. The same defect is to be observed where too much water is used in mixing the developer, though there is little danger of it being from this cause where the directions are followed accurately. Where the stains, in addition to being present, are of a yellow color, it may be due to the above causes, or to too long a time being allowed to elapse between developing and fixing. Very frequently where a batch of prints are put in the hypo bath they are allowed to lay still for a few minutes, and during that time they will stick to one another, and the fixer does not get a chance to work. Consequently they discolor. In this case there is no practical remedy but to avoid the stain due to the developer failing to spread evenly; it is a good scheme to immerse the print in a tray of water first.

Once in a while one runs across a lot of marks running in one direction, due to pressure and friction on the surface of the paper. On the glossy Velox it is possible to remove them by rubbing with a tuft of cotton wool dipped in alcohol, and on the matt paper, though they seldom occur there, they may be rubbed off with an ordinary soft eraser. Several other little faults are hardly worth touching upon, referring as they do to the developing, and the best way to learn them and to overcome them is by carefully reading the directions and by experimenting a little.

One very important thing that you will have to learn in the working of this paper is that it is absolutely essential to success

that you know where you exposed a print—just how far from the light—in order that you may expose every other print from the same negative at the same distance. In fact, it is a good idea to adopt some standard distance for all your work in order that you may be saved trying to guess just where you will expose. Then, instead of having to have a different exposure for every negative, all that will be necessary for you to do will be to have different exposures for each different grade of negative—grading your negatives by their density.

And while speaking on this subject from the query editor's point of view, it might be well to say a word or two as to the permanency of the Velox print. In any case where the print fades you are almost sure to find it is due to some fault of the worker and not of the paper. Velox paper is as permanent as any photographic paper on the market, with, perhaps, the single exception of carbon. This is said as the result of actual tests.

On the whole Velox is a paper which, in spite of its many rivals that are springing up daily, is still holding its own, and can be honestly recommended as one of the best, if not the best, "after-supper-paper" on the market to-day, and, what is still better, the fear of its being a complicated process need deter no one from attempting to use it.

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The Scrap Bag.

PORTRAITURE AMONG AMATEURS IN NEW YORK.—In looking over the portraits that are displayed by the average New York amateur on the walls of the local camera clubs, there comes to one a sort of feeling that the worker has gone too much to the lighting and posing side of his subject, and by some stupid mistake left out all the inner spirit of the man, left out, in fact, the one thing necessary to make it worth looking at. What is it, let me ask, that distinguishes the work of the cheap professional from that of the high-price man? Is it the "finish"? I want to say right here that it is not. Look at the display of the poorer fellow and make a careful note of how not only is there a lack of judgment shown in the lighting and posing, but how the very expression of the face seems to say all over it "cheap work," and then, in addition, how any semblance of expression that there was in it is all retouched out, till the appearance is that of the famous Kipling housemaid, "beefy face and grubby." This over retouching is, I note, since amateur portraits have commenced to have the tremendous vogue that they are now running, almost as common in the amateur fraternity as among the professionals. Turn from these to the pictures of our celebrated men that we see on sale, that are the work of men who know what they are doing, and note how the very individuality of the man is portrayed all over it, and how on looking at it one involuntarily says that it is a man of strong character and well fitted for the position that he holds, or that he is a weakling and an incompetent. Look at the photographs we see of McKinley and Roosevelt and note how they show up the very life of the man, so to speak, and then imagine how those same men would look had they been taken by some of these pot-wash amateurs who are all lighting and posing, and were unable to catch that fleeting expression by which the intimate friend of the sitter says whether the portrait is a good one or not. The real trouble is that for so long a time the desire has been to catch an effect that is suitable for exhibition purposes, regardless of expression and likeness, that now when the photographer is called upon to do something more he is unable to fulfil the bill. Portrait photography is fast sifting down to that point among amateurs as well as among professionals where it is

necessary that the production be a likeness as well as an effect. This, taken into consideration with the fact that almost all persons are more or less conceited and want a little flattery thrown in, leaves the ambitious amateur with his work well cut out.

A CRITICISM OF SOME SO-CALLED "NUDE" PICTURES.—On the walls of a great many of the camera clubs and in the columns of many of the photographic magazines just at present are to be seen what I have referred to as "so-called nude" photographs. You will note, please, that I do not say right out that they are nude, for, to tell the truth, I do not think that they are entitled to be so designated. There is a big difference between nude and naked photographs, and the sooner the artists (?) who are making them learn this the sooner will the examples that we see improve. If you do not believe what I say, all that is necessary for you to do is to take a look at the work of such artists as Carine Cadby, whose delicate little child studies in the nude will never cease to attract the praise that they so well deserve, and then contrast these with some of the pictures that we are shown of naked voluptuous-looking women whose only attraction is their lack of proper clothing. No attempt at posing can be seen in some of them, not the faintest desire to give them a good lighting unless the effect aimed at is to get something weird and unnatural.

A FREQUENT CAUSE OF FOG.—In running over the work of half-a-dozen young amateurs you are almost sure to find that one or more is troubled with fogged plates, due to not putting the slide of the plate-holder in straight after making an exposure. It is so easy to put it in by inserting one corner first and then straightening it up afterward. Now, all I have to say is—do not do it. It will invariably fog the plate. Be careful to put it in straight, even though it may be a little more trouble.

ALONG THE BEACHES AND AROUND THE GREAT LAKES.—Those amateurs who live in the vicinity of the great lakes or around the shores of the St. Lawrence and the other large rivers of this country may, indeed, consider themselves in luck as far as the making of marine views and shore studies is concerned. Nowhere on the continent, perhaps, as on the great lakes, is allowed to the amateur the opportunity of studying the aquatic side of nature as it is here. The trouble is that our workers here have not, or do not seem to have, any idea of the possibilities that lie within their grasp the consequence being that our American brethren from the other side of the water make all the beautiful pictures that are showered broadcast over the old country, and the people over there forget that the great waters are in Canada. Wake up.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE LAY PRESS.—Perhaps there is no surer indication of the hold that photography is recognized to have on the public, than the suddenly active interest that the large magazines such as the Ladies' Home Journal, Everybody's, The Home, McClure's, and a number of others of lesser magnitude are taking in the art. It is not over five years ago that the editor of one of these journals predicted that photography as an illustrator of a story or an article could never be a success, owing to its lacking the ability to discriminate and select as an artist might. It is not three months now since the editor of the largest amateur journal (photographic) in New York City told me the same thing, and that, after a practical trial of the subject. And yet, look at the marvellously artistic illustrations that Mrs. Gertrude Kasbier is providing for the article "The Making of a Country Home" in Everybody's Magazine. And what is more she is doing it all by straight work too, without any faking or vignetting to detract from the naturalness of the effect,—effect so natural that one finds it hard to believe that

that are not the work of some skillful manipulator of the brush and pencil. Of the thousand and one articles that the magazines of today are able to present to their readers in an interesting and lucid manner, all through the use of photographs, I am going to say nothing. Suffice it to remember that to do the same thing ten years ago would have been well nigh an impossibility. I do not think that I am far wrong when I say that it is the possibility of making photographs and half-tone engravings, that has made the ten cent magazine of to-day practicable. Certainly without cuts these journals would not prove half so successful and certainly also, to make the cuts by the old expensive methods would put most of the journals out of business. Then why not take a look while we are at it, at the way that some of these magazines that owe their very existence to photography, are awakening to the fact there is such a thing as art in it. Last month, in the various periodicals, I saw at least three different articles dealing with this subject. Perhaps the most notable of them was that of Miss Frances Johnston in the Ladies' Home Journal where she will continue from month to month to give short accounts of the work of the leading women photographers of the day, with reproductions of their work. The work of Alfred Steglitz also comes in for a certain amount of talk in a recent number of one of the periodicals under the heading of artistic photography. Looks as if some people were just waking up, doesn't it?

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Correspondence.

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Lewis Stafford, Winnipeg Man.—It would be a trifle difficult to give an answer as to which is the best developer on the market. Every amateur has his own pet one, and really, after all it is perhaps more the way in which the mixture is made use of, and the degree in which the operator understands what he is doing, that has most to do with the making of good pictures. Apart from this, it is just worth mentioning that among professional workers pyrogallie acid is still the most popular developer, as it admits of more control than any of the new developers. The objection to it among amateurs is that it stains the fingers, though most of them do not know that if they take the precaution to dip their fingers in a pan of water or under the tap each time after touching the solution, that the danger of stain is comparatively small. Old solution will stain the fingers more than new. A point in favor of pyro is that owing to the slight yellow stain that it imparts to the negative, it will decrease the printing speed and frequently do away with the necessity of intensifying.

Charles Courtney :—Yes, it is quite practicable for you to develop four 4 x 5 negatives in an 8 x 10 tray at once and save time. There is little danger of their coming up so rapidly that you would not be able to watch them properly. It will be necessary, however, that you have ready a tray of restrainer or rather a restrained developer, into which you can plunge them if they should prove to be over exposed. I never think of developing my negatives one at a time, unless it is something extra special.

George Harris Hanna, Ottawa :—As you have but recently moved to Ottawa, I would advise you to join the Camera Club of that city. They will show you more pretty spots that are worthy of a picture in two days than I could tell you about in a whole article. Up the Gatineau River there are some remarkably striking subjects for magnificent photographs.

P. A. W.:—The trouble with the print that you enclose is that you have under exposed it. The exposure that you gave would have been suitable for the subject had it been ten feet farther away. You will have to bear in mind that the nearer your subject is to the lens the longer is the exposure it requires, and if you want to photograph a railroad train at full speed it is for this reason that you do not want to wait until it gets right up on top of you. Try your photogram over again, giving an exposure about twice as long, and let me know what you get.

A. S. Clark, Three Rivers :—Unless you are using an orthochromatic plate, I do not think that you will reap much benefit from the use of a color screen. You will find that for a great many subjects the orthochromatic plate will prove to be well worthy of the little extra cost, inasmuch as it will give you results you will never get without its use.

Frilling :—The use of an alum bath will prevent frilling. You will find that your plates only frill in very hot weather.

Quorum:—I do not know where you will be able to purchase any ready made cloth negatives, but am inclined to think that almost any dealer would be able to secure them for you, or, at least, direct you to where you could procure them. Why not make them yourself?

T. Y. Abbot: Would prefer not to answer your query. I have my own ideas as to which is the best camera for the purpose you mention, but could hardly put them in print. You will readily understand the reason of this, I think.



A beaver gnawing.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Rod and Gun :

The statement in the article "Ontario Game" in the May number of Rod and Gun that the elk is found in northern Ontario is surely erroneous. In the prosecution of my work as an Ontario land surveyor, I have become acquainted with much of the country from Lake Temiscaming to Winnipeg River, and whilst I have come across the red deer, the moose and the caribou, I have never heard or seen anything of the elk.

On the question of the occurrence of the elk in Ontario in former years, I am sure all readers of Rod and Gun would be pleased to receive any evidence in the matter. There seems to be a tradition amongst the old settlers in certain parts of the province that the elk, as straggling individuals, was met with in the woods in early times, and it would be very interesting to have the information on the subject made public.

JOHN McAREE.

Rat Portage.

Editor Rod and Gun :

I have read with much pleasure the articles in your magazine concerning game protection. This district is badly in need of more protection, as the Indians and some whites are slaughtering the deer now at wholesale with perfect impunity. It seems that the Indians are not included in the clauses of the Game Act which inflict a penalty on people killing deer out of season, which seems to be a deplorable defect in these game laws. Now the deer killed at this season are very little use for food, and the does are all heavy in fawn, so that it would be much better for the Indians themselves if, instead of being allowed to exterminate the deer, they were compelled to observe the law, similar to the whites, in which case there would be game for years to come.

I enclose a photo of a tree felled by beavers, taken by myself. The tree is eight inches through, and most of it was cut into sections two feet long, and carried to their storehouse.

A. T. BICKFORD,
Vernon, B.C.

*

Editor Rod and Gun :

I have been away fishing at our lakes for some few days. The weather was not just what we wanted for fly fishing—too much rain—but we got 61 trout (*fontinalis*), 16 of which weighed between 2 and 3 lbs., the majority over 2½ lbs. The party consisted of four rods: Messrs. W. H. Hayes, Walter Graves, J. N. Deslauriers and myself. We used the fly exclusively, and no doubt we could have caught more had we

cared to use bait. The lakes we fished in are preserved waters near the River de Lièvre, about 20 miles from Buckingham, Que.

A. W. THROOP.

Ottawa,

Mr. J. C. Cotton names the following provisions and quantities for four men and four guides on a two weeks' trip in the woods:—Flour and products, Bread, Pilot Biscuits, Corn Meal, Rice, etc., about 100 lbs.; Pork, Salt Pork, 60 lbs.; Bacon 15 lbs.; Beans, 1 peck, 15 lbs.; Onions, 1 peck, 12 lbs.; Potatoes, 2 bushels, 120 lbs.; Butter, 15 lbs.; Sugar, 15 lbs.; Syrup, 1 gal., 4 lbs.; Salt, 1 bag, 10 lbs.; Pepper, 1 box, .5 lbs.; Mustard, 1 box, .5 lbs.; Vinegar, 1 qt., 2 lbs.; Worcestershire Sauce, 2 bottles, 2 lbs.; Baking Powder, 2 cans, 2 lbs.; Pickles, 4 pt. bottles, 6 lbs.; Matches, 1 large box, .25 lbs.; Candles, 2 doz., 4 lbs.; Soap, 4 bars, 4 lbs.; Coffee, ground, 4 lbs., or 4 1-lb. cans of prepared Coffee, 4 lbs.; Tea, 2 lbs.; Chocolate, soluble, prepared, 3 1-lb. cans, 3 lbs.; Milk, 6 1-lb. cans condensed, 6 lbs.; Soups, Solidified Squares, assorted, 1 doz., 3 lbs.; 465½ lbs.

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.

SOLITUDE

How still it is here in the woods. The trees
Stand motionless, as if they did not dare
To stir, lest it should break the spell. The air
Hangs quiet as spaces in a marble frieze.
Even this little brook, that runs at ease,
Whispering and gurgling in its knotted bed,
Seem but to deepen with its curling thread
Of sound the shadowy sun-pierced silences.
Sometimes a hawk screams or a woodpecker
Startles the stillness from its fixed mood
With his loud careless tap. Sometimes I hear
The dreamy white-throat from some far off tree
Pipe slowly on the listening solitude,
His five pure notes succeeding pensively.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

* The White Pine.

As the botanical classification of plants is determined largely by their inflorescence, the trees are not all included in one order or class, but are scattered throughout the different groups of plants. Thus we have our elms and the nettle rubbing shoulders in the urticaceae, while the locust tree consorts with the common pea and other simple herbs in the leguminosae. There are some orders, however, nearly all of the species in which are trees or shrubs, and the most important of these from a lumber point of view is the coniferae. This order, which includes all our great timber trees, derives its name from the form in which the fruit appears. The coniferous trees which occur in Canada, with the exception of the tamarac, are evergreen and, in addition to their peculiar fruitage, are distinguished by their awl-shaped or needle-shaped leaves and their resinous wood.

Prominent amongst the trees in this order is the White or Weymouth Pine (*Pinus strobus*, L.), which has sometimes been designated the "King of the Forest." The name White Pine is due to the distinctly white color of its wood as compared with that of the Red Pine, from which tree it is also easily distinguished by its much finer needles, which are arranged in groups of fives. Weymouth, which name is most frequently used in England, is borrowed from Lord Weymouth, an English nobleman whose name is associated with the early settlement of New England and the introduction of this tree into the old country. Its range in Canada is through all the Eastern Provinces north to the height of land along the Laurentian Range and westward nearly to the Red River and Lake Winnipeg.

In the virgin forest these trees grew to a great size, running up to five or six feet in diameter and 200 feet in height.

Evidently there were giants in these days, and it would be impossible for anyone who had not seen it to picture the scene in the valley of the Ottawa or the St. Maurice when these great trees stood in the forests in their pristine grandeur. The most important purpose for which timber was required in the early days in Canada was for ship building, and the great pine trees, so suitable for masts, quickly attracted attention and as a result the pine timber was appropriated for the Crown, many of the old deeds of land expressly excepting it from the transfer. Strange to say, however, to those who look at the question from the present standpoint, the white pine was slow in winning its way into favor for lumber purposes. The market in the old country had been trained to the use of the Baltic timber and the white pine was considered to be too soft a wood to be of any use. All the lumbermen sought for the red or Norway pine, which has more of the characteristics of the lumber from the country from which it obtained its second name. This feeling in regard to the white pine existed also in the United States, and a gentleman for many years connected with the lumber industry relates that a shipment of this wood which his father took to that country lay for two years before a purchaser could be found. When a beginning was made in the use of this tree the tide soon turned and it has been for many years the most important timber tree in Canada and the Northern United States.

There is no question that for lumber purposes its value in Eastern Canada will go on increasing, and as it will grow upon sandy or rocky soil, which is practically useless for agricultural purposes, it is in the interests of the country generally that every effort should be made to ensure that it should be a permanent source of revenue for those provinces which depend upon it for so large a portion of their income. To this end the two main things necessary are prevention of fire and arrangements for reproduction. Coniferous trees contain considerable resin and are therefore very inflammable, and as a result the forests on immense territories have already been destroyed and much of the valuable assets of the country have gone up in smoke, proving a curse rather than a blessing. For reproduction it is necessary to provide a supply of seed. As the pine does not produce seed to any great extent before attaining an age of about thirty years, or a diameter of six inches, and then only every third or fourth year, the cutting should be done with reference to these facts, in such a way as to ensure the production of sufficient seed to renew the growth.

The uncertain knowledge of the trees possessed even by those who have made some study of botany is illustrated by the fact related by Dr. Muldrew that a class of students in that science at an examination were unable to distinguish between a twig of the white pine and little ground pine of the Club Moss family. Little errors of this kind too sometimes have more or less unpleasant consequences. A committee of a certain State Legislature were visiting a forest tract under the care of the State, and one of the members of the Committee remarked to the forester who was conducting the party that the seeding pines were coming up in a very satisfactory way. The forester, with a proper scientific regard for truth but perhaps without sufficient consideration for political effect, informed the gentleman that what he thought were pine seedlings were merely plants of the ground pine. It may be imagined that the effect on the mind of at least that member of the Committee whose little airing of the results of his observations were thus rudely dealt with, was hardly as favorable as might have been desired for the purposes which the forest management hoped to have accomplished by the visit.

THE EFFECT OF PASTURING ON THE GROWTH OF TREES.

Wm. N. Hutt, Southend, Ont.

It seems to have become habitual with us in our ordinary way of thinking to regard the trees and the forests as fixed parts of a landscape, like the hills and the valleys and the streams. The hoary, majestic oak and its kindred of the "forest primeval" appear to live irrespective of time and to have an existence unaffected by variable surrounding conditions. Yet, how delusive are these appearances when carefully investigated. The sturdy giant of the forest is dependent on the sunbeam and the raindrop, and exists only at the mercy of the insect on its foliage or of the animal browsing beneath its shade.

From even very casual observation it must be evident that trees are injured and their growth retarded by animals pasturing about them. It is the purpose of this article to give briefly the results of detailed observations, extending over a period of years, concerning the animal in its relation to the tree. On open ranges the damage to trees by stock is of a more or less trifling nature, except when very large herds or flocks pass frequently over the same ground. On enclosed areas of bush, such as might be found in a farmer's wood lot, the damage to the trees reaches its maximum.

The injury done to trees in a pastured wood lot is in direct proportion to the number of animals and the scarcity of forage. Hogs are often turned loose in a wood lot in the fall to fatten on nuts and acorns, and as long as this food lasts little damage is done, except the loss of seeds and nuts which produce next year's seedlings. As soon, however, as the supply of nuts ceases, down goes the snout of the hog to find food under the surface mould. In this rooting for worms and grubs many small roots and fibres are torn up and girdled of their bark, while young seedlings are often rooted out of the soil entirely. If hogs are left in a bush, as sometimes happens, till it is not a question of fattening, but of bare subsistence, large trees are torn and girdled and the growth of scores of years sometimes destroyed in a few hours. A case of this extreme kind happened near Niagara Falls some years ago. A butcher, whose slaughter-house on the outskirts of the town had become offensive to the citizens of expanding suburbs, was forced to remove his abattoir a couple of miles into the country. The spot he secured was part of a magnificent old chestnut wood. About an acre was fenced off and a drove of twenty-five or thirty hogs turned in to fatten on nuts, and the offal from the slaughter-house. Soon all the grass disappeared from the enclosure, next the mixed herbage and seedlings, till nothing green could be seen as high as the pigs could reach. All the refuse of occasional killing was not sufficient for the hogs, large saplings and poles were attacked, and all the fresh bark within reach stripped off. Great holes were burrowed round the trees and the bark gnawed off a foot or two under the ground. Every square yard of the whole surface was turned over and all the small roots within range eaten off. Not a single tree escaped injury, except a few old veterans protected by two or three inches of hard, rough bark. When late in the fall the gaunt razor-backs were turned into juicy bacon for the citizens of the town, the beautiful woods of a few weeks before had become almost a howling wilderness. A decade of growth has passed over the woods since then, but has failed to obliterate the destructive effect of one fall's pasturing by hogs.

Another peculiar case of the injurious action of hogs on trees happened this summer. A farmer had enclosed his apple

orchard and turned in the hogs to eat up the fallen apples. During the summer the orchard was pruned, and though the pigs were well fed twice a day, they girdled all the fresh bark from the brush. A week or so after the pruning the brush was hauled off and it was found that the bark was torn from the trunks of many trees, while several were completely girdled.

Horse have also been known to injure trees by girdling their trunks and limbs. While speaking on forestry before the Middlesex County Farmers' Institute, a gentleman told me of his having a row of maple trees girdled by colts. The trees were just outside the fence of the field in which the colts were pasturing. As the pasture became poor, the colts had grazed along the fence-corners and had reached over and destroyed the whole row of shade trees. Horses and cattle, however, generally confine themselves to eating off the leaves and green twigs within reach. In every pastured wood-lot the high grazing mark is very apparent. Contrary to what might be expected, sheep are the most harmful to trees, of all browsing animals. Besides closely cropping off young seedlings and sometimes girdling the fresh bark from growing trees, sheep by their restless activity so trample the soil about trees as to make the growth of the latter almost an impossibility.

In spite of an occasional excessive damage to trees by browsing of animals, by far the greater injury results indirectly from the trampling of the soil and the consequent destruction of the natural mulch about the trees. On the vegetable mould of the forest floor depend largely the health and vigor of the trees. This mould, which is composed largely of decaying leaves and twigs, is of a very porous nature and forms a natural reservoir for water. Under the shade of the treetops the moisture of the vegetable mould is given up slowly throughout the season, and the air about the trees is kept in that humid condition so favorable for plant growth. The downward movement of water through the forest mould is also slow, and as the water-table gradually lowers, the roots of the trees push down through the softened subsoil. For this reason forest trees are seldom blown down by high winds. Moreover by virtue of the slow movement of water in the forest mould, the springs of the woodland have a continuous, even flow throughout the year.

One of the most noticeable features of pastured woodlots is the absence of the natural forest mould. The sharp feet of stock cut up the soft turf and pack it, so that its water-holding capacity is practically destroyed. For this reason creeks become in spring rushing torrents roaring down hillsides and tearing away the fertile soil, and become dried up rocky gullies almost before summer comes. Rain falling upon pastured forests finds in the soil no natural reservoir, but passes quickly through the soil to swell for a few hours the creeks, and is lost to the trees. When summer comes the soil of a pastured woods is hard and cracked like a bare fallow. The rain which fell upon it has passed through it so quickly that the roots of the trees have been unable to follow down after the too rapidly receding water-table. Deep root growth under such conditions is checked and the trees are very frequently blown down by strong winds. It is not a uncommon thing on closely pastured woodlots to see sturdy oaks and maples, or even the tough-rooted elm, or returned by the wind.

Besides being a reservoir for moisture the forest mould is a natural seed bed and nursery for nuts and seeds, which fall upon it from the trees above. It must be known that seedlings of forest trees are the most delicate of all plants and require during their early years almost ideal conditions of vegetation. In the deep rich mould under the protecting shade of the

parent trees the little seedling finds this ideal condition of growth in which to start. When a break occurs in the leafy canopy overhead the little tree stretches up quickly to fill up the gap. The packed and tramped soil of a pastured woodlot offers only a lingering death to the tender seedling, and so nature's method of perpetuating the forest is cut off. For this reason pasture ranges are always characterized by a decreasing number of trees, and the roots of these lacking their natural protection the trees have always a stunted, scrubby appearance. On constantly pastured woodlots it is not an uncommon thing in a dry summer to see large trees wither and die. Doubtless these trees had been resisting adverse conditions for years. The wonder is that they lived so long. In Elgin County last year I was asked to explain, as if it were a Sphinx riddle, the dying of timber in bushland there. As the woods where the timber was dying were constantly pastured, an answer was not difficult.

It is well known that the soil of the forest is made richer by each annual fall of leaves. In pastured woods this condition is reversed, for lacking the small herbage and seedlings to hold the leaves when they fall, they are blown by the wind from beneath the trees, drifted deep in gullies, piled in fence corners, and even carried free of the woods altogether.

To sum up briefly, it may be said that pasturing the woodlot is detrimental to its soil and entirely antagonistic to successful wood culture.

*

"William Silvering's Surrender" is the title of a little book on Forestry which has been issued by the Winnipeg Forestry Association. The editor is Reverend Dr. Bryce, whose name is already well known in Canadian literature, and in this work he has gathered together a great deal of information on the subject of Forestry, both of a general nature and special to the Canadian North West, which should do much to impress the great advantage to the country of conserving a reasonable area of forest and extending the planting of trees wherever agriculture is undertaken. The narrative form which has been adopted by the author gives life and interest to the subject and no doubt the little romance woven into the story will be attractive to many who would not feel drawn to the perusal of an unadorned forestry manual. Copies have been supplied to school teachers, and partly as a result of this action Arbor Day has been celebrated with greater enthusiasm and interest than ever in that Province.

It is a little regrettable that the list of officers of the Canadian Forestry Association was not brought up to date in this book, and the following changes should be noted:—Mr. J. S. Dennis, Deputy Commissioner of Public Works for the North West Territories, Regina, is now Vice-President for the District of Assiniboia, and Mr. J. G. Laurie, of Battleford, for the District of Saskatchewan.

It may be well also to call attention to a little slip in giving the name of the very able Minister of the Interior under whose administration the policy of setting apart timber reserves in the west was adopted, as the Honorable John White instead of the Honorable Thomas White, and we might also suggest that some credit should be given in this connection to one of the members of the Winnipeg Forestry Association, Mr. E. F. Stephenson, to whose foresight, and the recommendations made by him as Crown Timber Agent, the adoption of such a policy is largely due.

We are in receipt of a notice of a work entitled "Sylvan Ontario," by W. H. Muldrew, B.A., D.Paed. This is, we understand, a guide to the native shrubs and trees of Ontario on the same lines which were followed by Dr. Muldrew in his smaller Guide to the Trees of Muskoka, of which some notice was given in our January number. This should prove a very useful manual to anyone who is interested in our native trees and its value will be very much increased by the 131 leaf drawings by which it is illustrated. We hope to give a more extended notice later when we have had an opportunity for careful examination. The work is issued by Wm. Briggs, of Toronto, at 50c. and \$1.00.

*

Dr. C. A. Schenck, who so kindly assisted at the annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association, has also been giving the people of Kentucky the benefit of his knowledge of forestry in a lecture on Forestry for Kentucky, delivered recently at Louisville on the invitation of the Board of Trade of that city.

*

It is hoped that by the time this issue is received by the members of the Forestry Association the report of the annual meeting will also be in their hands. There has been unavoidable delays that prevented its earlier publication, but we trust that it will meet with the approval of the Association.

*

The fire season for the present year has been bravely opened in the Province of New Brunswick by a display of some brilliance, of which we clip the following account from the press:—

Moncton, N.B., May 23.—(Special)—Forest fires are raging at various points along the Intercolonial, between Harcourt and Quebec. The weather has been very dry, and unless rain falls soon great damage must result.

At Harcourt, several miles square have already been burned over, but as this section was almost wholly denuded of forest almost a dozen years ago, there was little material except blackened stumps and dead limbs for the fire to feed upon, and the flames are spreading slowly.

In the vicinity of Barnaby River and Rogersville the damage is greatest, and the people are making desperate efforts to save their property and houses. In spite of all that could be done a house and barn near Barnaby River, owned by Davis Buckley, was burned to the ground yesterday, and other places are in such immediate danger that the people are packing up their belongings to move at a moment's notice.

Large lots of railway ties and posts piled along the track were also burned, and the railway authorities were obliged to move cars from sidings to save them.

The fire is on both sides of the railway and all trains are ordered to run through the burning district with great caution.

*

Fires are also reported from the Riding Mountain district in Manitoba, but it is hoped that the Government fire rangers will succeed in checking them.

*

The raven is a hardy, fearless bird and cunning withal. About mid-October those that have bred in the Kippewa region are joined by many from further north. They all remain in that district until toward the new year, when they move a few miles south, but never go very far, nor stay away many weeks. In March they are already working north, toward Hudson's Bay and the barren lands.

PROMISE OF THE MORNING.

Night upon the forest,
 Night upon the hill;
 Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!
 Mellowed is the music
 Of the murmuring rill;
 Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!

Faster fall the shadows,
 Deep and dark and chill;
 Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!
 Louder peals the chorus
 O'er the water's trill—
 Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!

How the cheering echoes
 Earth and heaven fill!
 Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!
 How the night air pulses
 And our spirits thrill!
 Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!

Life is full of shadows,
 Deep and dark and chill;
 Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!
 Comes to us the message—
 Dawn beyond the hill;
 Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!

Not until the morning
 Shall thy voice be still;
 Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!
 Thou shalt be my promise
 Of good and not of ill;
 Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!

The late Frank H. Ristuen.

ALCES PAPERIFERA.

By St. Croix.

By an oversight, the cause of which remains a mystery, naturalists have omitted to classify *Alces paperifera*, the Magazine Moose, a sub-species presenting several important modifications of structure and habit from the typical animal.

His size is never less than 3,000 words, his stature being determined by the length of the monthly fiction offering, which limits his growth in front and the necessities of the editor's drawer which curtails his rear. Exceptional moose—the giants of their species—have dragged their weary length to 8,000 words, but such phenomenal examples of obtuseness and forbearance must ever remain rare.

A *paperifera* does not shed his antlers like the vulgar animal—he carries them throughout the year, for whoever yet saw the magazine moose dehorned.

In the bush *alces* may fall anywhere—the finish may come in the deep woods, or in the barren, or amid the lily ponds, but the magazine moose has no choice in the matter; it has been ordained that he shall die five sticks before the end of the article, so as to leave just sufficient space for a description of his wondrous antlers, and for the sportsman to get comfortably out of the bush.

Another marked peculiarity of the animal under consideration is that even during the height of the rut he is fit for food. The steak cut from his sirloin is invariably "juicy," even in

mid-October. Such marked differences serve, intalibly, to differentiate the magazine moose, and few, except very verdant naturalists, could fail to distinguish him from the great black beast of the bush.

If the stuffed moose is grim, how much more saturnine is the magazine moose! Small wonder that inexperienced youths doubt the killing properties of the 30-40 smokeless against so terrible a creature; if the moose of the woods were one-half as forbidding as *A. paperifera*, none but a fool would tread the forest without a howitzer and an abundance of lyddite ammunition.

In the course of a letter to *ROD AND GUN* written by Mr. George G. Cotton, the author of the very useful "Hints About Camping in Canada," to which attention has been called in these columns, there are some paragraphs that are so pregnant with sound sense that no apology is made for printing them for the benefit of those who have not had Mr. Cotton's experience in *wilderne-s* travel. He says:

"Of course people that go to the fishing and hunting grounds, where there is a grocery store around the corner, or a club house liberally stocked and supplied within easy distance, know almost absolutely nothing about starting off for a two or three week's journey through the forests, depending only upon what you portage and the resources of the country. Almost invariably they overburden themselves; or if not this, they go to the other extreme and take too scant a supply. Sometimes this scant supply is caused by their guides, and, you might as well know it, the sportsmen themselves start in and eat only that which strikes their fancy, which in many cases are the things that are the easiest cooked and most accessible and which later on, when you are surfeited with fresh caught fish and fresh killed meat, will be needed to give a variety, so that your last few days in camp will not be a series of unbalanced meals.

"Another thing, campers do not get up in the morning and get started early in the day, do not stop early enough at night, so that they can get supper and a comfortable bed made, which is one of the great comforts of camp life.

"To my mind, to thoroughly enjoy camping you must have a plan perfectly organized beforehand and adhere strictly to it. I find you are then better satisfied when your outing is over than if you try to satisfy the whims of all members of the party in any two or three weeks trip in the woods. At least such has been my experience."

Almost any wood will do for the camp fire upon an emergency, but there is a great difference in heating power. Pine, rock maple, yellow birch, tamarack, white birch and dry poplar should be chosen, in the order given.

*

Indians are rarely good shoots. The average white man is as good at target shooting off-hand as is the red man with a rest. But the latter will kill most game. He is a better hunter by far, gifted with a patience, beside which that of Job was feverish unrest, and is not predisposed, constitutionally, to buck fever. The Indian is by nature a gambler, and during the dull days of mid-winter, when there is little else to do, the young men of the tribe are fond of target-shooting for prizes. The successful ones accumulate a large collection of moccasins, toboggans, snowshoes and canoes, which once belonged to their less skillful brethren.

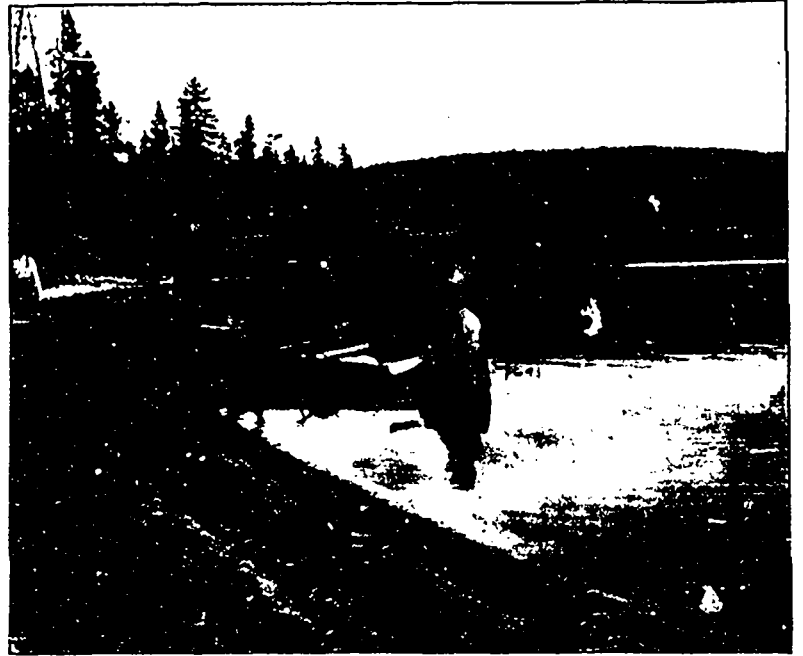
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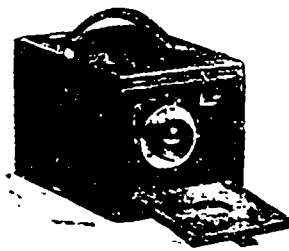
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MOOSE, CARIBOU AND RED DEER.—Splendid shooting almost everywhere throughout the territory of the Province of Quebec, especially in the Ottawa and Pontiac Districts, in Gaspesia and Beauce, the Metapedia Valley, the Temiscamingue Region, the Eastern Townships, the North of Montreal, the Kippewa and the Lake St. John District.

Game abounds in the Forests and on the Beaches. Hunting territories from 10 to 400 square miles, at \$1.00 per square mile and upwards, can be leased, on which the lessee has the exclusive right of hunting.

THE LAURENTIDES NATIONAL PARK alone contains hundreds of the most picturesque lakes, teeming with fish, and plenty of moose, caribou and bear; black, silver and red fox, otter, martin, lynx, mink, fisher are also abundant.

FEATHERED GAME.—Canadian goose, duck, woodcock, snipe, partridge plover, etc., are in great number in almost every part of the province.

HUNTING AND FISHING PERMITS can be obtained from the Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries and from the Game-wardens all over the province.

Hunting Territories Can be leased by applying to

**THE COMMISSIONER OF
LANDS, FORESTS AND FISHERIES, QUEBEC**

**GAME
AND
FISH...**

**TO LET
Rivers, Lakes
and Hunting
Territories**

Hunting permits, fee: \$25.00.

Fishing permits, fee: \$10.00.