



THE BUILDING OF THE BIRCH BARK.

Give me of your bark, O birch tree!
 Of your yellow bark, O birch tree!
 Growing by the rushing river,
 Tall and stately in the valley.



Give me of your root, O tamarac!
 Of your fibrous root, O larch tree!
 My canoe to bind together
 That the water may not enter.

Thus the birch canoe was builded
 In the valley by the river,
 In the bosom by the forest,
 And the forest life was in it—
 All its mystery and its magic—
 All the lightness of the birch tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the larch's supple sinews;
 And it floated in the river
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn
 Like a yellow water lily.



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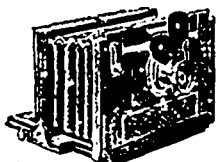
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NEW GAME LAWS.

The League of American Sportsmen has laid out its winter programme as follows:—

“There is a vast amount of work for the League to do next winter in the various State Legislatures. There are some fundamental principles in game protection that should be put before the law makers of the various states, in such shape as to impel action. One of these must look to the prohibition of the shameful traffic in bird plumage for millinery purposes, which is now being carried on everywhere.

“Here is a draft of a bill covering this subject which should be presented to the Legislature of each state and territory in the Union:

“Whoever shall have in his or her possession the body or skin or any part of the plumage of any bird classed as a song or insectivorous bird, a plumage bird or bird of prey, and which is not generally considered edible or classed as a game bird, whether taken in this state or elsewhere, or who may wear such feathers for the purpose of dress or ornament, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined not less than \$10 nor more than \$25.

“Provided, that this act shall not be construed to prohibit any person having a certificate provided for under any law of this state, from taking or killing such birds; or keeping their skins or skeletons or parts thereof for scientific study; the intent of this provision being that persons legally authorized may take and retain such birds for use in museums or other collections for scientific purposes.

“This act shall not apply to non-residents of this state passing through it, or temporarily dwelling within its limits, unless they are engaged in collecting or destroying birds in violation of the spirit and intention of this act.”

“Another bill should be introduced in each of these state legislatures to prohibit the sale of game at all times. A draft of such a bill will be submitted to the League members in the near future, and a vigorous campaign must be inaugurated everywhere in order to secure legislation on these most important subjects.”

We, in Canada, are not yet prepared to absolutely prohibit the sale of game, as our resources in that respect are still very large, but any province or territory whose laws do not prohibit the sale during the close season in such province or territory of imported game should pass a law to that effect, for under the cold storage plea there is too good an opportunity to dispose of game killed during the close season.

At first sight the proposition to prevent the fair sex from ornamenting their headgear as fashion dictates may seem an unwarrantable interference with their privileges, but when it is remembered that “the more birds alive, the less bugs alive” is the underlying principle, the proposed law seems not only reasonable, but an absolute necessity in most states if they are to be saved from annually increasing insect pests.

POLICE REVOLVER PRACTICE.

A police team match was arranged to be shot recently in Chicago. The best fifty marksmen were selected, ten men from each district. From these, five-men teams were made up. Such competitions should be extended to every city among the police, and one should like to hear of similar competitions in our chief Canadian cities. The Chicago affair is promoted by private enterprise, which, while creditable to the promoters, is wrong in principle, for it should be a requirement that every police officer should acquire proficiency with the weapon with which he is armed. Nothing is so disappointing as to see some of the vain efforts by policemen to hit a dog that we have witnessed, whereas a crack shot is admired by all.



The good effects of the recent change in the Dominion Customs Export Law, by which, under adequate restrictions, visiting sportsmen are permitted to export moose, caribou and deer killed by them, becomes more apparent as the open season advances. There have been unprecedented numbers of hunters come into Canada so far who have generally been successful and taken out trophies of their skill. On the other hand, it is not an over-estimate to state that at least \$100,000, from September 1st to November 1st, have been left in the country this year by hunters and there is still a long open season to come.



Any of our provinces or territories which have not passed a law providing a bounty on wolf scalps should do so at the first session of their legislatures. Reports of depredations by wolves are not infrequent, and in these days when our deer attract the visiting sportsmen from the South and thus possess a commercial value to our country, we cannot afford to satisfy the hunger of the remaining *Canis Lupus Griseo-Ilbus* by feeding them on venison.

The Oregon game commission was recently asked for a permit to kill birds and mammals for scientific purposes. As there is no statutory enactment permitting the granting of such privileges, the Attorney General decided that the state game warden had no authority to grant a permit of this sort. We wish our provincial laws were equally destitute.

◆◆◆
Mr. Henry Melladew, of London, England, passed through Montreal, Oct. 12th, on his return from a three months, hunting trip in the Rockies, north of Golden, B.C. He reports having killed several bears and saw, but did not secure, the coveted silver tip. This is his second season in the same district.

Unscientific Facts about the Animals that Live in the Bush—The Beaver.

Continued.

"Trenching beaver" is a method of killing them so peculiarly Indian that the uninitiated will demand an explanation of the "modus operandi." It is this: In the fall, when the "ponds" are covered with ice, sufficiently strong to bear the weight of a man and his dog, the Indian, being armed with an ice chisel and a tomahawk, proceeds to cut a hole in the dam. The beavers, ever on the alert, at once recognize that some evil agency, accidental or otherwise, is at work, and before the pond has lowered sufficiently to expose the sub-aqueous exit of their house, as an act of precaution, promptly take to the water.

It sometimes happens that some member of the family will visit the dam to ascertain the cause of the catastrophe, though the unsophisticated members will at once seek safety in flight to their regular hiding places.

Knowing beavers, that have previously passed through the agonies of being trenched and escaped, will often make a break at once for the dam, and endeavor to pass down with the flood, and this the Indian will try to guard against by watching at the breach.

In the meanwhile the inexperienced ones have betaken themselves to the runways, or narrow mud-bottomed channels which intersect the marshy shores of the pond. There, at the extreme end, under the hanging ice, they await events, events which come in the shape of the Indian, his dog, his ice chisel, and his hawk. These dogs, though often sorry-looking curs, are endowed with a wonderful intelligence and keen scent. The dog careers around the lake, apparently in an aimless manner, but presently a short, sharp bark tells the Indian that it has located at least one of the doomed family, and hastening to the spot, he finds the dog scratching away with all

its might at the end of one of these aforesaid runways, now distinctly visible owing to the subsidence of the ice with the water. The Indian and the ice chisel now come into play. With the ice chisel he cuts a hole through the ice over the ditch between the beaver and the lake. He has with him some stakes which he plants firmly in the mud, thus preventing the beaver from escaping back to the pond. He now takes a long stick and "feels" for the beaver. If he does not touch it he cuts another hole, at about the length of his stick towards the beaver, and again plants stakes to prevent escape, and so he continues until at length with his sticks he touches the soft furry coat of the poor frightened creature, and then he measures the distance exactly with his stick, taking care that the hole which he makes is behind the beaver and not in front, for he has to thrust his arm down and grab the animal by the hind leg or tail, and woe be to him if he happens to come in contact with its teeth, for when thus cornered they bite viciously. And so he has it, and hauls it out on to the ice, it shrieking piteously the while. This is the opportunity of which I spoke of judging the sex, and a careful Indian will see that the pair he leaves "for seed" are properly mated as to sex.

A blow on the head with the back of the tomahawk soon despatches the beaver, and it is probable that ere it has closed its eyes in death, the business bark of the well-trained dog will proclaim that it has another beaver traced to its hiding place.

Steel traps are used, as a rule, earlier in the fall, before the frost, while the beavers are gathering in their winter supply of food. Sometimes they are set on the dam whilst it is in course of construction, and are always placed in the water. If the dam is already built, a slight hole is made in it, near which the trap is set, and when the beavers come at night to repair the damage, one of them will likely get into it. Traps are also set on the "roads" down which they haul their food, or rather in the water at the foot of them. Care must be taken to obliterate, as much as possible, the scent of man, and by the use of the beaver castorum, everything about the trap is made to smell very much of beaver. Though there is a chain attached to the trap which has a ring at the end of it, Indians always use some strong twine, as an additional precaution against the animal after it is caught thus leaving the beaver free with a trap attached to its foot. Both chain and twine are fastened to a sapling which the beaver is able to drag into the water, and the two combined soon

drown it. If the beaver can only get footing on land it will pull itself free from the trap, leaving a foot or part of a leg in it. Indians who make use of traps to any extent will sometimes purposely set a trap in such a manner that the animal will be lightly caught, and then escape at the expense of a few toes. This is done in order that there may be a certain number of beaver left on the lands for stock, for it is seldom that a beaver gets caught twice in a trap. In fact, they become very cunning after a time, and such wary creatures usually fall victims in the end to the gun. There is another method of trapping, but this method is usually applied in the case of a lazy beaver, one that won't work, and who has been expelled from decent communities in consequence. It usually takes up its residence in a deep, sluggish stream, and lives a kind of hand-to-mouth existence. It lays in little or no stock of provisions for the winter, and when the February sun gathers strength, it comes out on to the bank of the stream to procure food. The Indians take advantage of its lazy habits, and set their traps for it accordingly. They cut a hole in the ice hanging from the banks, and in the sloping mud they plant sticks of young poplar and birch, the food that the soul of the beaver loveth, and below that, in the water, they place the trap. Then they carefully cover up the hole that they have made, in order to allay the suspicions of the beaver. He, lazy fellow, is delighted to find that Providence has rained this manna down upon him in the shape of sticks, and then the history of another beaver is closed with a snap. The shooting of beaver, except by chance, is usually done in the spring, but the method is not much in favor with Indians, as the shot injures the skin, and it often happens that a beaver when shot will sink, which means a loss to the Indian. In the spring, like the muskrat, the beaver comes to a call, and for those who know it, and how to imitate it, it is not hard to shoot them. The fur of the beaver commences to become in a marketable condition in September, but real perfection is not attained until the heavy frosts of November. The regular method of testing the condition of the fur, as practiced in the Hudson's Bay Company, is to grip the fur by the hand, throw it up with a sharp lift, and catch it again by the fur before it falls. If the fur is in fair condition this can easily be done, but if it is "common" it cannot be done.

For about five years a law has been in existence, both in Ontario and Quebec, prohibiting the killing of beaver. Except in sections where they have been strictly protected at considerable cost, the effect of this law has not been very pronounced. In the interior, where Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company have it all pretty much their own way, just as many beaver have been killed as usual, for even Indians must eat. If you wish to prevent the beaver passing in its checks, as the Dodo and the buffalo have done before it, other plans must be evolved, plans in which the cost of protection relative to the value of the article protected must be taken into consideration.

C. C. FARR.



Elk River and Falls, Elko—Crow's Nest.

A DEFENCE OF THE SPARROW

By L. H. Smith

THE house-sparrow (*Passer-domesticus*), known in America as the "English Sparrow," was introduced to this continent to perform a task which our native birds did not appear to do—the destruction of the larvae of the measure-worm, that so often infest the trees in our streets and parks.

Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other eastern cities brought this hardy little bird in large numbers. For some time he was protected and petted. In many towns and cities boxes were put up for his house-keeping conveniences, and by-laws were passed for his protection. It was believed by many that he did perform the work for which he was imported. By and by the naturalists and bird-lovers began to discover that "*Passer-domesticus*" had some very bad traits in his character. Charges of all kinds have been laid at his door, and from the petted little emigrant that he was for the first few years after landing on our shores, he is now denounced by all, from the scientific ornithologist to the man who does not know a crow from a chickadee. One scarcely ever hears a good word spoken of him. Nearly all the American and Canadian naturalists denounce him most unmercifully. They have exhausted the English language to find words sufficiently strong to apply to him. Dirty, filthy, pugnacious, pestiferous, quarrelsome and all kinds of denunciatory terms have been heaped on his poor little head. Webster has failed to furnish words either in quantity or expression sufficiently strong for their purpose.

Knowing well as I do the universal condemnation of the house-sparrow on this continent, I hope something more than any negative element in my character causes me to say of my little feathered brother countryman, "With all thy faults I love thee still."

Do those who denounce him so unsparingly ever stop to think that this little bird's ancestors were brought to the Western World against their will? They did not emigrate of their own accord, whereas those of their detractors did. That they are here to stay I presume no bird student will question. A more hardy emigrant never came to our shores. He has taken his place among the Avifauna of the land, and we may content our souls that he is permanently established amongst us as any of our native species.

Among the many charges brought against this little Englishman are: that he is a bully and drives our native birds from our towns and cities. Why has he not driven some of the other species away from his haunts in England? Perhaps the bird he annoys there most is the house martin, which builds its nest under the eaves of the old thatched cottages. He often usurps one of their nests, which makes him a snug house with, by him, no labor of construction. He has been carrying on this pillaging for centuries, we do not know how long; still this sweet little swallow holds his own. He is as numerous there as he ever was, and his long row of adobe houses are the same to-day as when "Gilbert White" kept his bird calendar at Selbourne.

It is quite true he is a fighter, and he may, too, in the majority of cases, be the aggressor; but that he, to the extent he is charged, drives from our homes the birds we love so much to see about us, I do not believe.

By a careful record for many years of the birds about my place, a good deal of which was shrubbery and orchard, a rare home for the birds, and where they were encouraged and protected, I noticed that one season that I would miss one or more pairs of catbirds, in another the purple finches had not come, or the phoebes had forsaken the verandah. Perhaps I could not find as many chipping and song-sparrows' nests as I did the season before, and so on. My record showed me that in some seasons some of my feathered pets were more numerous than they were in others. It appeared to be a sort of "ebb and flow," for which accidents, tragedies, natural deaths, bad seasons and good seasons all played their part. After nine years' residence on that bird-haunted premises, with sparrow boxes in the cornices, the native birds were as numerous when I left as they were when I went to reside there. I do not think that our naturalists in laying the driving of some of our native birds from their haunts, at his door, think of other conditions which may be the cause of doing what they blame him for.

The sparrow has been a resident in my town for twenty-five years. I do not notice that within the corporation limits that our native birds are any less numerous; robins are everywhere. A large colony of purple martins nest

regularly along our principal business street. The catbird still nests in the shrubs in the gardens. The little chippy raises its young in her hair-lined nest in the cedar hedge. The least flycatcher's plaintive cry is to be heard at all hours from the old apple tree. The warbling vireo's delightful song comes to you all the day from the maples along our streets, where she builds her nest. The orioles swing their skillfully woven structure on the weeping branches of the elm on my lawn, just as they have always done, and the little swift tumbles down the chimney the same as he did when houses were first built here. Our town-haunting birds have of late years had the crow-blackbird added to their numbers. He is now as much a resident on our lawns and in our gardens as the bold robin who has always been there; the spruce trees furnishing him sites for his nests. Not one species, so far as I know, has been driven from our town limits or lessened in numbers by the introduction of the sparrow.



House-sparrow—*Passer-domesticus*

Many years ago the passenger pigeon swarmed here in countless millions. It is nearly correct now to say "he has become extinct." The whippoorwill on moonlight summer nights was the minstrel on nearly every cordwood pile and kitchen ridge. To-day he is to be heard only in a few favored places. Others of our birds, for various reasons, have become scarce, whilst some are more abundant. Are the sparrows responsible for these changed conditions in our Avifauna? While it is true that he is a belligerent when it comes to the rights of property, and will destroy the nests of birds that dare squat where he has already pre-empted, nearly every bird will do the same. I have seen a catbird deliberately take the eggs out of the nest of dear little chippy, carry them to the nearest perch and peck them to pieces, not to eat but to destroy the home of the little doorstep birdie that dared build her nest in the vicinity to which she claimed an indisputable right and title.

Whether it was wise to acclimatize the sparrow, or whether it was a mistake, I am not going to discuss. That he is an unmilitated little rascal, without one redeeming feature, I do not allow. I have sat by the hour and watched him carry grasshoppers to his nestlings, thereby destroying countless numbers of those harmful insects. I have seen him rid the cabbage patch of the green caterpillar, which without him would have destroyed the vegetables. In the fall and winter he feeds on the seeds of foul weeds in the not too well cultivated garden. Besides these things, like all other birds, he does some good which we know not of, hence are not able to place at his credit.

I love the sparrow because he is an emigrant from the same land which I am. In my boyhood days he was the object of my highest Nimrodian aspirations. How we boys did persecute him! We destroyed his nests in summer, and in the dark winter nights we hunted him with lantern, in the old thatched farm sheds, and with a sieve on a fork we raked the sides of the stacks in the rick yards, anything to outwit what we thought was the wariest of birds. Perhaps but for the sparrow, and his pursuit, the innate love I have for all things out-of-doors, might never have been awakened in me. The hunting of him then aroused in me as much enthusiasm as the pursuit of our noblest game birds does now. We knew of nothing against his character, only that legendary lore told us that he killed "Cock Robin."

"Who killed Cock Robin?"

"I," says the sparrow, "with my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."

Perhaps this, to us, was sufficient excuse for the harassed life we led him.

I love him because in our cold winter mornings, when the thermometer is hovering about zero, he cheers me with his cheerful "Chirrup, chissic," when scarcely any other bird voice breaks the stillness of the frosty air.

I love him because he comes about our dooryard and makes himself one of the family, and I love him for his independence and self-reliance. He asks for food at my back door only while severe weather lasts, and he gets it. When a thaw comes he is off foraging for himself, and asks no aims. I think his faults have been shamefully exaggerated, and sufficient credit has not been given him for his good deeds. I can imagine him answering his detractors.

"You accuse me of all that is bad. You lay at my door charges of which I am not guilty. You accuse me of ill-treating and driving other birds away. I do not do these things. True I sometimes fight with other birds and de-

stroy their nests, but only those who trespass on my domains, or, like yourselves, call me bad names. If I take possession of the old hole in the apple tree or of the box in the garden, which is claimed by the wren or the blue-bird, my reason is that I have as much right as they. In short, my right to live where I am is equal to that of any bird, and I exercise that right. That I quarrel without reason with all other birds I positively deny. Do I not hop at your back door-step side by side with my cousin, the dear little chipper, and share with him the crumbs thrown out? Does not the robin still build his nest in the woodshed, just as he did before I ever chirruped on the shingles? The oriole's nest, made with a skill I cannot begin to imitate, still swings from the elm, and the crow blackbirds come and build their nests in the spruce trees on the lawn, which they did not do before my time. My kinsman, the song-sparrow, makes his nest on the ground in the neglected and briar-grown corner of the garden, unmolested by me, and the saucy blue-jay in his "baseball suit" screams and yells and kicks up more fuss around the premises than all the other birds put together. The least flycatcher's "chebec-chebec," so melancholy that it makes me feel sad, is heard in the orchard all the day long, and little chickadee hangs, upside down, to the branches, hunting for his insect food, the same as ever. We all share the premises in common, and are friends. You have made me many enemies. You have caused even those who care nothing for bird-life to despise me. From the kind treatment you extended to my ancestors you have come to treat me with the greatest cruelty. In your eyes I am a worthless little feathered vagabond, without a redeeming trait in my character. Learned ornithologists though you think you be, how little you really know of bird life! Is your own record so clean and so good that you can consistently denounce me in words which have no parallel in bird language, without a flush coming to your faces? I do not think so. What is your title to this continent? Your treaties with the Red-man for his rights to the soil have been accompanied by fraud and dishonesty, and, like the contract between Faust and the "Evil One," were written with a pen of fire. You brought disease and vices to him which have destroyed his people, and yet you, who kidnapped my ancestors, and by force brought them here, would deny me a home where you live. My title to an undivided right in the land is better than yours; it is honest, which yours is not. You wrongly accuse me of driving your feathered friends from your towns and cities, whilst you have almost annihilated your fellow-man, whose happy hunting grounds were here since long before you have any record. I utterly disregard your denunciations. I have at least as good right as you to a home in the land, and you may rest assured it will be used by myself as long as I live and by my descendants for all time to come.

FOX HUNTING

By C. Jno. Alloway

In the October number of Rod and Gun we published an account of fox-hunting in Canada, with illustrations by Notman, of the Montreal Hunt, taken in front of their new and commodious quarters at Cote des Neiges. In the current issue we are forced to chronicle the laying away of whip, spur and horn for another season. The rather severe frost that made its appearance on the night of the 10th, and the snow of the day following put a damper on this sport for the autumn season of 1899. Notwithstanding this interruption, both the Montreal and Canadian Hunt Clubs had good sport on Saturday, the 11th, as towards noon the frost had in a measure disappeared, and those sufficiently enthusiastic to put in an appearance were well repaid, as good runs and excellent sport were placed to the credit of both clubs.

The Montreal Hunt met at St. Anne's, and had a good run of several miles over this favorite section, hunting throughout the entire day, and only returning to the train, which was waiting for them at Pointe Claire, when darkness compelled them to do so.

The Canadian Hunt Club's meet was at Longueuil, and they, too, enjoyed some very fine sport in a good run of several miles over this fine hunting country, the members returning to town in the evening, after one of the best days of the season.

From early in September up to the present time hunting on the island and surrounding country has been exceptionally good, and the weather has been especially conducive to good sport. The fields have been large and foxes plentiful, the latter feature being particularly the case with the Canadian Club, who have made it a rule not to hunt on the island, leaving that to the senior club. Their best sport has been obtained in the section adjacent to Longueuil, St. Lambert, St. Hubert, and Repentigny. At all these points unusually fine sport has been had for the new club during the season just coming to a close.

Never in its history has fox hunting called for so much interest as during the past season, and one of the marked developments in connection with this increased activity in hunting circles is the impetus which it has given to horseback riding generally, together with a phenomenal demand for the better class of horses. It is not overstating the fact to say that the art of horsemanship has reached a popularity not seen in Montreal since the early sixties, when the city was garrisoned with a number of crack British regiments. It is to be hoped that this pastime will become permanently popular, as none other can surpass it in healthfulness and delightful enjoyment.

BEAR TRAPPING

By H. H. S.

A GIANT among the hunting tribes and trappers of New Brunswick is Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake.

Standing several inches over six feet in height and weighing 250 pounds, he is as strong and rugged as a bear and has an appetite that has been likened to that of the moose bird or gorby. In his own immediate circle of friends he is known by the name of Uncle Adam.

Early in April last Uncle Adam, with his partner, Dave Crimmens, left home on a bear-trapping cruise in the region of Nictor Lake, at the head of the left-hand branch of the Tobique. The trapping grounds extended from the foot of Nictor clear over to the Bathurst lakes and for some distance down the Nepisiguit. Crimmens, being the chief cook, had charge of the commissary department. Having been privily admonished by a friend of Uncle Adam's record in the line of gastronomical demolition, he purchased sufficient supplies for four men. Even then the provisions gave out in the middle of June. Whereupon Uncle Adam fell back upon bear meat and lake trout, which relieved the pangs of his hunger for the time being.

When the first line of traps was set the bears were just emerging from their winter dens. This was about the middle of April. They would take no bait, but spent their time stowing away grass and mud at the springs and water holes and rolling about in warm, sunny places. In about a fortnight they acquired a craving for fresh meat, and then the harvest time began. By the end of June Uncle Adam had stacked up twenty bears. Three of these animals had hides so fine and glossy that they sold for \$25 each, though the average price received was only \$12.

Uncle Adam's trapping grounds not only produce every year a big crop of bears, but are infested with moose, caribou and deer. It was no uncommon experience for him, as he squatted in the camp yard at sunset frying bear steak and onions, to see half a dozen moose and as many deer nosing round among the lily pads on the lake shore. It is the intention of Nature, apparently, that the cow moose in the spring of the year shall be accompanied by two calves. Nevertheless, it seems also to have been Nature's design to implant in the black bear a large propensity for veal. If the moose calf were not the warliest and shiftest of all

game animals he would fall a sure victim to this cunning and powerful foe. As it is, if he succeeds in saving his own hide, he generally loses that of his twin brother. The bear will not hesitate to attack a full grown moose if he can crawl up within striking distance without being seen or scented. The mother moose depends mainly upon a sudden change of scene for herself and her shock-halred progeny to baffle the designs of Bruin, but when cornered or when flight is not feasible, she will fight hard in defence of her young.

One afternoon, as the trappers were stretching a bearskin in front of their camp, they were startled by the sudden appearance of a large caribou that dashed through the yard toward the lake. Right behind him in hot pursuit came a bear with a white spot on his breast. The back of the caribou showed an ugly wound where the bear had struck him with his paw and torn the skin off for some distance back of the shoulder. The caribou was so terrified and the bear so intent on capturing its prey that neither paid the least attention to the camp or its occupants. The caribou leaped over a canoe that was drawn up on the shore and thence into the lake; the bear followed suit, and the trappers beheld the most interesting race they had ever seen in their lives. At first the bear seemed to hold his own, but soon it was clear he was no match for the caribou at the swimming gait. Still he pursued his intended victim doggedly. The lake was over a mile in width at this point, and when the caribou reached the opposite shore and sprang into the bushes Bruin was wallowing heavily in the lake a quarter of a mile behind. Long before this stage in the proceedings had been reached Moore and Crimmens had launched their canoe and started for the bear. They came up to him in the water just as the caribou landed. When he caught sight of them out of the corner of his little hog-gish eye, his alarm was comical to behold. He whined, laid back his stubby ears, and seemed, as Crimmens said, to "ketch a crab with all four paws at once." When Crimmens tapped him on the hand with a paddle, saying, "Come, old man, we want you to come back with us to camp," the bear whined so earnestly at the indignities that were being heaped upon

him that Uncle Adam nearly upset the canoe with laughter. As soon as the bear reached shoal water on the opposite side of the lake Crimmens shot him with his rifle. That night his hide was hung up on poles at the camp with the others and Uncle Adam laughed in his sleep.

About a week after this Uncle Adam was baiting a trap near an old lumber brow a few miles down the Nepisiguit when he heard a sound of roaring and splashing below the next bend in the stream. Springing into his canoe he poled quietly around the turn to investigate. The sight he beheld was one seldom witnessed by man. A small, bushy island stood near the centre of the rapid stream and here a battle royal was in progress between a cow moose and an immense black bear. With the unerring inference of the true woodsman, Adam quickly sized up the situation. The cow and her two calves had been feeding or cooling themselves in the water on the north side of the island. Taking advantage of the cover offered by the bushes the bear had waded over from the southern shore, and, watching his opportunity, had sprung upon one of the calves and stretched it lifeless in the water. The infuriated roar which Adam heard when he was on the brow was the challenge of the old cow as she charged the bear. As the trapper swept around the bend in his canoe the bear and cow were fighting desperately in the water near the shore of the island.

The cow repeatedly reared and brought her forefeet down like pile drivers in her efforts to strike the bear. The latter sprang nimbly from side to side, dodging her blows as well as countering vigorously with his claws. The second calf stood close behind the mother, his little mane erect, moaning piteously. Suddenly, as the cow swerved toward the calf, the bear leaped forward and caught the cow by the shoulder, sinking his terrible claws deeply into her hide and flesh. The cow roared and tried to butt her enemy, but with a mighty effort the bear pulled her off her feet. In doing so he lost his balance, and with a resounding surge both animals fell prone in the water. The surviving calf ran bleating to the shore.

As the animals struggled in the water it was impossible to say how the tide of battle went, but Adam surmised it would be a miracle if at this rough-and-tumble game the cow escaped a knock-out. He decided to take a hand in it. Unfortunately, Crimmens, having left the camp some miles up stream to inspect a line of traps, had taken the rifle. Uncle Adam's sole remaining weapon was an axe, and with this he proceeded to the rescue. Shoving the canoe ashore at the head of the is-

land, he waded out in the cove where the moose and bear were still fighting. The bear at this time seemed to have lost the use of his hinder parts from the effects of some blow he had received, but had buried his teeth in the shoulder of the moose, and, with his murderous claws, was ripping the hide in strips from her neck and back. The moose had risen upon her hind feet, but being unable to disengage herself from the weight of the bear upon her neck, her head was under water, and she was in imminent danger of drowning. As Adam approached he ran no small risk of injury from the blind lunges of the cow as she staggered around in a kind of half circle of which her submerged head was the centre. Watching his chance, however, he stepped forward and struck the bear on the head with the axe.

No professional pugilist who ever stood in the squared circle could parry a blow so accurately as a bear. Though the bear had not apparently witnessed Uncle Adams' approach, he caught a glimpse of the descending axe, and, with marvellous quickness, interposed a paw to ward off the stroke. The effort was only in part successful, for the keen-edged axe completely severed the paw and also badly disfigured the north-east side of the face. The bear then let go of the moose, and, recognizing the nature of his new adversary, actually proceeded to spar for wind, availing himself of the shelter of the half-strangled moose to dodge Uncle Adam. The moose now rose slowly to her feet, but she was too weak to fight and stood for a time dazed and helpless. As Adam passed in front of her with upraised axe in swift pursuit of the bear, the latter, disabled though he was, managed to escape by floundering behind the rear elevation of the moose. Adam followed the bear up closely, and in this way bear and man made three complete circuits of the bewildered moose. Suddenly, however, the poor, wounded beast seemed to awaken to the situation. As the bear was splashing around once more in front of her she raised her ponderous hoof and brought it down upon his furry form with such force that his back was broken. When Adam arrived with the axe the bear was on his back in the water kicking his last. At this the cow uttered a grunt of triumph, then sniffed Uncle Adam all over leisurely and waded across the cove in search of her missing offspring.

Uncle Adam promptly dragged out the bear and skinned him on the island. The specimen was so remarkably fine that when the pelt was shown in Fredericton last week the Government purchased it at Uncle Adam's own figure, to be mounted and placed in the museum of New Brunswick birds and animals.

CARIBOU HUNTING ON THE SNOW

By Frank H. Risteen

Three days we had hunted the desolate plains of the Gaspereaux over a chain of barrens many miles in length. There was just enough snow for good tracking. Saucer-like indentations in the frozen slush indicated the recent presence of herds of caribou that now were unaccountably non est. But little Jim Paul, my Indian guide, stoutly asserted that good luck would yet be ours. On the morning of the fourth day (six inches of snow having fallen during the night) he announced:

"Sartin, Frank, I drempt about big circus las' night—good many animals. Sartin, when I dream like dat, dat's caribou sure."

We sallied forth as the sun was peeping above the tree tops, flooding all the still white wilderness with a flood of tranquil glory. It was rather heavy going in the slippery, powdery snow, and I raised no objection when wiry little Jim took the lead to break the road. Jim wasn't heavier than an old blanket. Sometimes in horse play I used to throw him across the camp yard, but when it came to travelling a long distance or dragging a loaded toboggan through the drifts, the Indian revealed latent powers of endurance concealed somewhere about his shaggy person that were truly amazing.

For some time our route lay over a succession of ridges and through intervening hollows where forest fires had mowed a swathe of infinite desolation many years ago. Only where the valley of Pleasant Brook led gently down to the Gaspereaux was the growth large and vigorous.

Soon we plunged through a matted growth of green timber and stepped out upon what is called the Hanbury barren, named after a wealthy young Englishman, who never did anything else but hunt, and who had camped here in the early eighties. It was in all respects a characteristic New Brunswick barren, marked by the usual hummock-like elevations of dry heath in the centre. We completely circled it, but found no tracks in the newly fallen snow. It was now well towards noon, the sun was quite strong, and, as we brushed against the stunted spruces that skirted the barren, a miniature avalanche of snow occasionally came down upon our backs. The next opening was called Campbell's barren. We skirted this, but no

sign of life appeared on the level waste of snow.

When we reached the third barren and had travelled up its southern side some distance, Jim sat down on an upturned trunk, pulled out his pipe, and suggested a smoke. After taking a few puffs, he stood up and advanced a few steps to a point commanding a clear view of the upper stretch of the barren. If he had been struck by a bombshell he could hardly have undergone a more sudden transformation in his attitude. Dropping like a flash on one knee behind a bush, he turned his flashing black eyes to me and exclaimed: "Megahlip! megahlip!" (Caribou! caribou!).

Peering over the stunted growth that formed the outer bulwark of the barren, I saw four caribou sauntering leisurely down the plain. Their noses were close to the snow as they sought the scent of their favorite food, the reindeer moss. As they approached us rapidly, it became evident that we ought to shift our position in order to secure the shelter of a little clump of barren trees that stood within sixty yards of where the procession must pass. This we accomplished, not without fear of alarming the game, by scurrying rapidly on all fours through the newly fallen snow.

As we reached our point of vantage the head of the procession passed by. It consisted of a big, hornless bull. Behind him came a large cow, then a two-year-old heifer, then a young bull with a remarkable set of horns. It was the first week in December, and the old bulls, of course, had shed their horns a fortnight or more ago.

I picked out the young bull for my venison. At the sharp report of the smokeless powder the herd came to a standstill and stared about them in confusion. It would have been easy just then, had I so desired, to let down the whole herd as they sought to locate their hidden enemy. But the relentless roar of the heavy Martini rifle, which I had entrusted to Jim with strict instructions not to fire, aroused the survivors of the herd to the realities of life. With a look of reproach at Jim, who was standing out in bold relief on the edge of the barren frantically trying to reload his venerable gun, they started off like a whirlwind down the barren. I fired four shots at the fleeing herd and was fortunate enough to secure the heifer just as she was about to disappear among the outlying trees. As I came up to Jim, who was bending over the bull with his gory knife, that worthy remarked:

"Sartin, Frank, when I dream about circus like I did las' night, dat's caribou sure!"

AT THE KENNELS

Conducted by D. Taylor.

THE advantage of organizing clubs among the admirers of different breeds of dogs has been frequently and forcibly pointed out. Clubs are advantageous alike to the members and to the breed interested; in the former case because of the facility of comparison of ideas as to care, feed, etc., and the opportunities created by a wider field for the breeder to dispose of or interchange his surplus stock; and when there is emulation there is always the inducement to keep up the standard of the breed. We have very good instances in the Canadian Collie Club and the Toronto Fox Terrier Club, of the good results following organization. In Montreal, the headquarters of the former club, there was scarcely a decent collie to be seen five years ago. Now this is changed; in this city we have both numbers and quality, and we believe we are within the mark in saying that for average good quality Montreal could produce a greater number of pure-bred collies than any other city in America. The same remarks apply to Toronto in the case of fox terriers. In no city on this continent is the breed so numerous, taking into consideration high standard. Of course this state of affairs is partly accounted for by the enterprise of individual breeders, some of whom have fortunately the means to gratify their hobby, but, admitting this, there would not have been the general interest shown in either breed if the owners had not come together for mutual encouragement and help. Then why not extend the principle to other breeds? Why not have a St. Bernard club, a setter club, a spaniel club, a greyhound club, or a Scottish terrier club? With these all at work, and as many more as possible, for their different breeds, how much easier would it be to get up a show and be sure that nothing but the cream of each breed would appear on the benches? Montreal fanciers ought seriously to reflect on this proposition. It only requires some one to take the initiative, and we promise that any effort made in this direction will have all the assistance that Rod and Gun can give.

The Montreal Canine Association — why not "Canadian," so long the large number of outsiders there are among the shareholders? — has been fairly

launched and under the most favorable circumstances. It has secured a charter from the City Council, and the officers and directors are, generally speaking, gentlemen who have taken a life-long interest in everything relating to the dog. There are also on the directorate gentlemen whose business capabilities entitle us to say that the financial affairs of the association will be carefully looked after. It is hardly probable that the association will attempt to hold a show on any extensive scale this year, owing to the lateness of the season and the numerous obstacles to be encountered, consequent



Newmarket Syren
(A.K.C. 3675)

on cold weather setting in, but the idea of holding a small local show has much favor with a good many of the members, and perhaps this may be attempted some time during the next month. The members who advocate the latter scheme advance the argument that if the association is to be dormant during the winter months there will be no end of trouble in reviving the present enthusiasm, and we must admit there is some force in the argument. Those opposed to this scheme say that to hold a small local show this year would detract public interest from the larger one, which the majority unite in saying should be held in the spring of 1901. They also maintain that to make the show attractive to exhibitors from a distance and to visitors the best ef-

forts of the directors and the members of the association will be required for and should be concentrated upon one show a year, so as to make it the equal of any held in Canada or in cities of a similar size in the United States. A standard once set up can easily be maintained, but it would be extremely difficult to attain the desired end if too much is attempted at the outset. To use a slang phrase, it is unwise to bite off more than one can chew, and this would seem to apply in the present case. However great the anxiety to keep the present interest in dog matters at a red glow, it is just as well to bear in mind that there is a heavy expenditure to face in running a dog show, even if only of a local character, and that the patronage of the public is a very important factor in meeting it; therefore you must endeavor to give those who patronize it their money's worth. Disappointment at a first effort is sure to act disastrously on a second attempt, and so a slow but sure policy would probably be better in the end.

There was a large attendance at the meeting of the association on Thursday, November 9th, to elect officers. Nominations were plentiful, especially for the board of directors, and as eleven only had to be elected, the consequence was that several good men were unfortunately left out in the cold. The following is a complete list of those elected: Hon. president, George H. Gooderham, Toronto; president, Joseph Reid, Montreal; vice-president, A. H. Hersey, Montreal; second vice-president, G. M. Carnochan, New York; treasurer, Jos. A. Laurin, Montreal; secretary, F. C. Saunders, Montreal. Board of directors, H. B. Hungerford, Belleville; Alex. Robertson, James Lindsay, J. A. Pitt, D. Crawford, Alex. Smith, W. Henry, Montreal; John Cumming, Petite Cote; Jos. Quinn, R. S. Kelle, A. H. Sims, Montreal.

Mr. Frank Stuart, of 15 Hospital street, is a great admirer of the St. Bernard, but indulges his hobby more from pure love of the noble breed than with any idea of branching out as a full-fledged breeder. At the same time he has shown on two or three occasions, and has met with some measure of success. Like every other lover of the dog, however, he is always looking for the best, and to that end he has lately imported a very fine promising puppy, Alpine Abess, six months old, from the kennels of H. E. Pilgrim, Michigan City. As may be seen from her photograph, herewith printed, she is very nicely marked, but her strongest points lie in her massive head, broad skull, with well-defined "stop," and deep muzzle. She has also

plenty of bone and good action. Alpine Abbess comes to us with a good pedigree, her dam being Abbess Watch (52764 A. K. C.), a daughter of Champion Rex Watch, who holds the unique distinction of never having been beaten at a bench show, and whose sire was imported at a cost of \$5,000. On the other side, her sire is the famous Aristocrat Jr. (33957 A. K. C.), a grandson of the renowned Champion Plinlimmon, and sire of many celebrated prize winners. From all appearance, Alpine Abbess will be heard of in the sawdust ring. We understand that Mr. Stuart is negotiating for yet another importation of the same breed, which he expects will arrive here in a week or two.

The characteristics of a good St. Bernard are a large and massive head, the circumference of the skull being double the length of the head from nose to occiput, broad, round at top but not domed; lips, deep and not too pendulous; nose, large and black, with well developed nostrils. The ears are of medium size, set close to the cheek, and not heavily feathered. Eyes, rather small and deep set, dark and not too close together. Chest wide and deep; shoulders broad and sloping; back, level to haunches, and slightly arched over loins. Forelegs perfectly straight, of good length and strong bone; hind legs heavy in bone and well bent at hocks; thighs muscular; feet large, compact, and toes well arched. The general appearance of the dog shows great muscular development, suggesting power and endurance, and expression denoting benevolence, intelligence and dignity. The size of a full-grown dog should not be less than 30 inches at shoulder, and that of a bitch 27 inches.

Mr. Sidney Britcher, Newmarket Kennels, the well-known breeder of bull terriers, has just sold his famous brood bitch, Newmarket Syren (35578 A. K. C.), to Mr. H. J. Hoover, Newark, Ohio, for \$150. It is rather unfortunate that such a fine specimen of the bull terrier should have been allowed to leave Canada, but as a good many of her progeny are still here, history may be repeated. Newmarket Syren herself is the winner of many firsts and specials both in Canada and the United States, while most of her progeny have invariably ranked high in the prize list at all important shows. Among others, she is the dam of a whole lot of cracks, including Woodstock Flyer (held to be the best bull terrier ever bred in Canada), Newmarket Flyer, Newmarket Marvel, Little Flyer Jr., Newmarket Daisy, Royal Bob, Mount Sherwood Syren, Little Arc, Edgewood Klondike, Contravene,

etc. Although "Sid" parted with his bitch with great regret, he consoles himself in the reflection that there is still promising young stock in his kennels.

"A Montreal Fancier" writes as follows: "Regarding the suggestion in last month's Rod and Gun from Ottawa anent discriminating between outside and local exhibitors, I am very much in favor of some such scheme, because I believe it would benefit all round. In the meantime I should like to see in your columns the opinion of some of the officials of the C. K. C. on the matter."



Alpine Abbess.

Imported by Mr. F. Stuart, Montreal.

Mr. Chas. Thomson has made a deal with Mr. H. B. Hungerford by which the former acquires possession of that nice collie bitch, Sweet Lassie. "Charlie" could not resist the temptation when a good thing was in sight to get back into the collie fancy.

Messrs. S. Britcher and James H. Smith, of Montreal, have purchased from a well-known English breeder a fine bull bitch by Champion Dimboola, who was the subject of the famous picture, "What We Have We'll Hold." She is expected to arrive here in a few days. Before leaving the Old Country she was bred to Despard, another celebrated English winner.

In a recent number of the American Stock-keeper, "Dick Reham" gives some sensible advice as to the handling and feeding of toy dogs. Here it

is: Cocker, Blenheim and other toy puppies should be handled, petted, taken out on the street when quite young, and brought into contact with various noises, such as waggons rattling over pavements, bridges, etc., bands of music, and may I add, "Salvation Army gatherings," and thrown into all the noise and excitement possible, and brought into contact with other dogs. (One can always tell whether a young dog or puppy was raised by a novice or an expert. If while on the street he seems afraid, pick him up and pet the little fellow a bit; this fills him with courage and then put him down again; he will always run to you for protection. If he should run in the opposite direction, don't run after him, he will return presently, and, like the old hen when she has chickens, they soon learn that they must follow. The puppy likes to play with other dogs, and often gets frightened and runs away from you; teach him to come at your call, and should he get frightened at larger dogs, don't waste time to put courage into him, or drive the big fellow off, just pick up your pup, and here it might be well to mention the way to pick up a small dog. Place your hand on the under part of the chest, so as to balance the dog. When a puppy, hold him at a distance from you, being careful not to let him squirm out of your hand, and keep him in that position if possible until he is quiet. After a few trials he will understand that while in your hand he is to be quiet, and will wait for you to pick him up; he will also let you place him in any desired position. In feeding toys it is a great mistake to feed just roast beef, nice steak, cake, sweetmeats, etc. I have often heard, "Tiny won't eat a bite unless you give him the tenderest steak, and trim off all the fat." If Tiny boarded with me a week, he'd eat mush and milk, a bone with a little meat on it is a sweet morsel to any dog, and I have always found my young stock thrive better when fed just enough, so that they "lick the platter clean." Dogs are great philosophers, and you can cultivate their manners to the Queen's taste if you wish to take a little trouble. All toys should be taught to do some tricks, it makes them more obedient to you and more salable when you wish to dispose of them.

In the last edition of his book, "Modern Dogs," Mr. R. B. Lee, referring to the modern collie, says: "I am not going to write several pages as to the change in the appearance of many of the prize collies which has been brought about through a craze for certain 'points,' or supposed excellence that are produced at the expense of others. This change is nothing new in

other varieties of the dog. In the collie, unduly long heads, lean, narrow, and unintellectual, in many cases partaking of the greyhound type, or rather of that of the Borzoi or Russian wolf hound, have been sadly too prevalent. Indeed, these long-headed dogs were becoming so numerous that the cry raised against them has had due weight, and at the present time there are fewer collies with such abnormalities than was the case when the first edition of this book appeared. A collie of all dogs should be sensible and sagacious. If he is so, he cannot in appearance be a fool—his character is stamped on his countenance—and some even recent winners on the bench could be mentioned whose narrow foreheads, big eyes, and general appearance were indicative of idiocy rather than of sagacity. Let us all hope, in our admiration for a noble dog, that what is said here and has been said elsewhere, will prevent in the future a danger like this arising that might destroy the popularity of the collie."

Notes.

The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show will be held at Philadelphia, Pa., and continue four days, from November 22 to 25, inclusive. Marcell A. Vita is the secretary.

The American Pet Dog Club will hold a three days' show at New York, beginning November 29. Though the show is held under the Pet Dog Club's auspices, entries are not limited to these classes. S. C. Hodge is superintendent.

Mr. Pickering, of Winnipeg, sent his great deerhound, Scamp, all the way to Dallas, Tex., for competition at the dog show held there recently, and was rewarded for his enterprise by winning handily. Scamp was also the winner at the Minneapolis show held prior to Dallas.

The entries for the Ohio Field Trials numbered an even 100, divided as follows: Professional, 20 setters and 8 pointers; membership, 10 setters and 9 pointers; professional Derby, 13 setters and 13 pointers; membership Derby, 9 setters and 13 pointers.

There has been quite a revival in interest in that good old pastime, coursing, recently in the United States, notably in the South and South-west. In the Eastern States, also, where many valuable greyhounds are owned, the sport is said to be quite popular, but little, if any, organized effort to make it more so is not in evidence. In Montreal there are many fine greyhounds. Why can't the owners get together and form a club? By doing so the chances are that the breed would greatly benefit thereby.

Mr. George Gould, the American millionaire, it is understood, has purchased one of the finest packs of foxhounds in England. Mr. Gould has always taken a lively interest in the sport, and it is presumed, from his present action, that he intends to follow his bent more ardently in the future.

The Duchess of Newcastle has purchased the well-known crack, Champion Lofly, paying in the neighborhood of \$150 for it, not a high figure certainly when we consider the popularity to which the breed has attained in England recently. At the Crystal Palace show beagles were one of the principal features, the greatest number ever seen together being on exhibition.

the prizes are \$15, \$10 and \$5. Mr. Henry Jarrett will judge. Mr. James Watson, 53 Liberty street, New York, is the secretary.

Jim—"Honesty is the best policy after all."

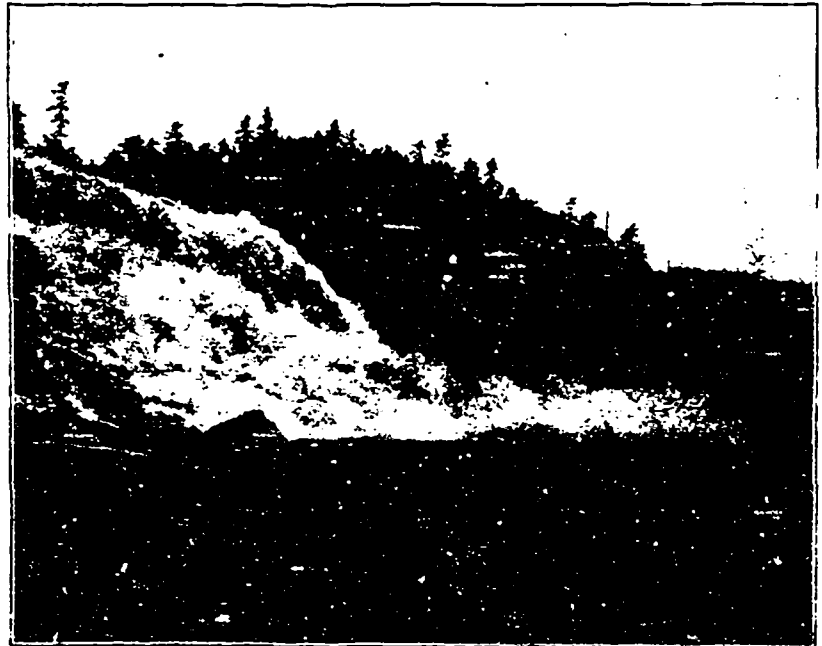
Bill—"How?"

"Remember that dog I stole?"

"Yes."

"Well, I tried two hull days to sell 'im, an' no one offer-d more'n a dollar. So I went, like an honest man, an' giv him to th' ole lady what owned 'im, an' she giv me five dollars."

The person who goes to the woods, purchases his game and brings it home as an example of his skill as a hunter, is now known as a dead game sport.



High Falls, Lievre River, 25 miles from Buckingham, Que.

Champion Rockcliffe Veto, a smooth collie, has a rare record. At the Kennel Club show at the Crystal Palace, London, Eng., the most important dog show in Great Britain, he secured his 100th prize and tenth championship, and all in the short space of seventeen months.

The American Collie Club show will be held in connection with the New York Pet Dog Club show, and liberal prizes are offered. There are sixteen classes, including two restricted to Canadian and Western owners, one to new club members, and one for other than sable or sable and white. With the exception of the winners' class,

The Minnesota Supreme Court has decided that the State's Indians may shoot on their reservation in defiance of game laws, provided that the game is used, and not sold to traders.

Among the many successful moose hunters who went to the Kippewa region this year was Mr. H. P. Stanford, of Newark, N.J., who passed through Montreal Nov. 13. He is the proud possessor of a specimen which, while not at the head of the "record class," is well among it, and has a spread of 61-2 inches. This handsome bull he killed near Lake Ostaboining Oct. 26.

Without Rod and Gun

Eustilius Jaxson

"Forth to catch the sturgeon Naluna Mistu-Naluna, King of Fishes."

The pond net fishing season on the great lakes lasts from the time the ice is out of the lake in the spring until winter again, with an interval of about two months at midsummer. This intervening term in the summer is used to take the lead and pond nets ashore,

five o'clock in the morning, to be in time to meet the tug of the fish dealer, who purchases their hauls. The nets are about half a mile from the shore. On reaching the pond the men loosen the ropes that hold it to the bottom, and foot by foot, slowly haul it into the boat until the fish are gradually forced down into one corner, where they lie, a flashing, silvery mass, with long streaks of dark grey showing here and there, when the broad back of a sturgeon shows out from among the others. It is grand work. The golden sun, just peeping over the horizon in the rosy eastern sky, the long rolling regular swell of the lake,

boat, when, jump and pound as they will, they are safe, and only get out when they are taken on board the fish-dealer's tug.

The net is then lowered into the lake, as the hunter would re-set his trap, after taking out his prey, and the fisherman, all splashed, and strong with an odor of fish, return to shore and breakfast.

Twenty years ago it paid best to drag the sturgeon back on the farms, to use as a fertilizer, but that time is past, and for all over four feet in length the price has risen from nothing to five dollars—though four and a half is a fair average price. For all under four feet only half-price is paid, or, as the habitants of the shore put it, "two for one."



Gaffing a Sturgeon.

Photo by J. Yates

and put them in repair, for, in spite of all the care that can be taken of them, a stray log or a mighty fish will go through them occasionally.

The comic papers find much to say about the sloth of the fisherman, who sits all day in a shady spot, near where his line is fastened, waiting for bites. There is none of this in lake fishing, and the enthusiastic angler who has never seen a pond net lifted has yet something to live for.

The fishermen leave the shore about

and the little bustle of activity at every net, as far as the eye can pierce the faint grey mist that gradually dissolves in the warm morning sun, all combine to make up a typical fishing scene and a fit picture for an artist.

The smaller fish are taken out in a scoop-net and the large sturgeon gaffed and jerked unceremoniously into the boat. The fierce exercise sets one's blood thrilling and bounding, and creates a desire to jump into the net, and lug the large, slimy creatures into the

Dr. J. D. Griffith, of Kansas City, Mo., recently made an exhausting test of the Mauser pistol, 30 calibre, using smokeless powder and a jacketed bullet weighing 55 grains. This arm is used by the German cavalry, and the main object of Dr. Griffith's test is to show its adaptability for cavalry service in the United States. His test covered shooting for accuracy from 50 to 500 yards on targets, and for killing power shooting at human cadavers at various ranges. The accuracy was found to be excellent. The test on the cadavers showed that where resisted by flesh the wounds were clean cut holes, but where the bullet encountered a bone the bone was shattered. Dr. Griffith's opinion is that the pistol has a long and accurate range, instant killing power when the bullet hits a vital spot, and is particularly humane when a flesh wound is inflicted.

Charles H. Bramble, in an article on the moose in the Canadian Magazine for November, says: "I should certainly recommend a .303 taking the Government cartridge with soft point bullet. Anything more powerful is not required, and I found last year that many of the best hunters among the Crees are discarding their 45-70-500 repeaters and buying the new 30-calibre Winchester to use the American army cartridge. These men are very safe guides. Their families depend largely upon the meat provided by the one rifle belonging to the head, and you may be very sure no risky experiments are made. When a Cree hunter gives up a 45-70 and changes to a 30 it is because he is convinced the latter will kill as well or better than the old rifle." This is a case where actions are more potent than words. The Cree Indians know the excellent reputation of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and appreciate a good thing when they find it.



Tenacing River, Ontario

A SCHOOL BOY'S TALE

By Straw Hat.

MY grandfather had in his possession an old ship's jolly boat with a fixed keel. She was condemned, and had been lying on the shore for a year or more. A deputation, consisting of myself and three of my brothers, went to ask him for it. I was just ten; my oldest brother was fifteen. In some unjustifiable way I was the old man's favorite, and he gave me the boat, cautioning me that every plank would have to be riveted with wrought-iron nails to the ribs, and that she would have to be freshly caulked with oakum and well tarred in addition. It took all of our combined pocket money to hire a pair of horses to haul the boat down to the water. There we filled her with water to the gunwales and let her swell for a day before starting to row her home. At the end of the twenty-four hours the crew of four, with a small cousin to steer, were ready for the eventful trip of taking her three-quarters of a mile for repairs. Two only could row; the other two had to ball all the way, but we reached there at last. Our own horses hauled her out, and an advance from our father of a week's allowance to the four of us enabled us to buy tar, oakum and wrought nails; the caulking irons we borrowed. Three days of steady hard work before and after school enabled us on a memorable Friday afternoon to launch the boat. We had manufactured four oars out of a dry spruce plank. After rowing and finding that she was water-tight, we undertook to make a sail, and succeeded fairly well in manufacturing a sprit-sail and jib. These were finished by dark on Friday night.

We had parental permission to sail early on Saturday morning to an island in Lake St. Peter, six miles from where the repairing was done, in the old town of Sorel, Quebec. Our sporting outfit consisted of two old muzzle-loading single-barrel guns, each of them being twice as old as the oldest of us, and one fishing pole each, which we had cut in the woods, with a stout line, sinker and dore hooks. We had one blanket each, six large loaves of bread, potatoes, fifteen pounds of bacon, sugar, butter, maple sugar and some tarts with jam. We had permission to stay away a week, also a permit to spend the week without shoes

or stockings, which was one of the most highly esteemed privileges obtained. Oliver Iselin is not prouder of the "Columbia" at the present moment than we were of our craft, which we named the "British Queen." The wind blew from the south-west, quite fresh. This was a fair wind for us.

Some fifty or sixty of our school-mates came to see us off, and gave us a cheer as we passed them with our sails well filled and our boat making

with so as to secure it, which something I could not find, that finally, without a moment's hesitation, when the idea struck me, I jumped out of the boat on to the fish, which, like Mark Twain's horse, when I reached it, was not here. None but myself had seen the fish, but as I had never shown any signs of being demented my brothers believed my fish story. I had never been more excited, and I have never been since, by the sight of any game, than I was by that big fish, which must have been a huge traskinonge.

We reached a small island about half-past eight, in the morning, and although we had had a sort of breakfast before starting, we were ready for another. We caught some perch and fried them with bacon in a pan,



A New means of Towing.

a good five miles an hour. We gave the boys a salute from each of our old guns. I would not to-day risk firing a gun of that sort unless it were for the sake of the Empire.

About four miles out from Sorel we came under the lee of an island and lost the wind. We dropped our sails and began to row. While rowing listlessly along I looked into the water and saw a very large fish just at the bow, between my oar-blade and the boat, apparently asleep. I was so excited in looking for something to hit

and in the sizzling fat we dropped thin slices of raw potatoes, which cooked quickly and thoroughly, and were as delicious to eat as any I have eaten since, yea, even more so. I am speaking of thirty-eight years ago now.

Wild pigeons and ducks were plentiful, and even our rattle-trap guns kept our larder well supplied. When in camp we had no tent, in lieu of which we succeeded after superhuman efforts in bringing the "British Queen" near enough to shore to make her serve as one of the walls of the tent. From the

upper gunwale we stretched the sail and pliced it out with rubber blankets that our mother had affectionately provided for us. Then with our jack-knives (well do I remember these knives; they were called the Sailor's Friend, and had one large blade, with a brass clevis at one end to hang them to our belts) we cut a large quantity of wild hay and laid it on the wet shore as a mattress for four, and slept on that.

Our boat drew too much water for the narrow channels, and we very much missed a canoe, and when a fisherman came along with a three-quarter rotten wooden dug-out we drove a bargain with him, giving him one of our "Sailor's Friends" (mine, alas!) for the canoe. This we tied behind our sail-boat for fishing and shooting purposes.

We slept soundly in spite of mosquitos, although we were in the height of the mosquito season. It was a clear night, with a breeze, and they were not quite so bad as they proved to be later. We fished, we hunted, we swam, we cooked, we sang songs and interviewed the professional fishermen and hunters about getting from them all the information that enthusiastic boys think worth getting on such occasions.

All went well until the fourth night, when it grew sultry, clouds gathered on the horizon, and just after dark we saw that we were in for a tremendous thunder-storm. Mosquitos were upon us in myriads, getting in their work with ease and enjoyment to themselves. Just as we began to think the torture insufferable somebody suggested that when the approaching thunder-storm came upon us we would be in great danger on account of the iron in the boat, which would attract the lightning, and someone proposed that we should take the canoe and anchor out away from the shore, so that we might get rid of the danger, and the mosquitos at the same time; this was immediately done. We took the canoe with our blankets and paddled out and anchored ourselves, by driving a stick into the shallow water and tying our canoe thereto. We tried to sleep, but we four boys filled the whole surface of the canoe a little too well, and then the craft was very leaky, and in spite of our balling steadily in turns all night long, we lay in from one to three inches of water. The mosquitos were not so bad, but the water and the cramped quarters made it about as undesirable a bed as anybody can imagine. We stood it uncomplainingly because of the safety we imagined we were enjoying.

The thunder-storm came and went, and the sea rose high. The canoe strained and seemed to open its cracks to such an extent that the bailers had to be doubled, but that delightful feel-

ing of safety counterbalanced all others and at daylight we went back to our boat and camp.

On a Thursday, early in July, 1862, we were at the entrance to Lake St. Peter, where it is about eight miles wide. The wind blew fresh from the north-west. We had caught all the fish we wanted, and were determined to cross the lake to test the seaworthiness of our boat. We set all sail, and started out across the broad waters from the mouth of the St. Francis River to an island above Riviere du Loup en haut, now Louisville. Lake St. Peter raises a stiff, choppy sea, and a great deal of water splashed into the "British Queen," but she was as stiff as a church, and she must have driven through the water at the rate of about seven miles an hour.

We were very proud of our skill as sailors and of our boat, and when we came to some fishermen's huts, where we camped for the night, we had great stories to tell about the seaworthiness of our craft. The fishermen made a bouilla-baisse (stew), the recipe of which had been brought by their forefathers from the coast of France. Sturgeon, catfish, dore, perch and eel went into it, with all the pork and vegetables that we could spare. It was not cooked until late, and we were hungry, and the amount that we consumed was not small. We were fairly healthy and rugged boys, but not one of us slept that night. A more sure and successful indigestion was never more carefully planned for and carried out, and to this day I have never overcome the feeling of indifference that was raised in me that night towards sturgeon, catfish and eels, and even now, nearly four decades after, this fish must be served to me under different names, and very well seasoned, to be popular. However, the next day in the open made that feeling disappear, with all and sundry disagreeable recollections.

I had told our school-fellows that we would reach Sorel at six o'clock on Saturday night. We tried beating to windward, but could not make any headway. We had a head wind and the current against us but with two oars pulling and two boys on the shore with a long rope (a la "cordelle," as the French-Canadians call it), we managed to reach the town half an hour late, and as we were seen in the distance the boys were there waiting for us. We had fish for everybody and game for quite a few. Our reputation as sportsmen was made. Our good old schoolmaster called for a "composition" from each of us, describing the trip; four masterly literary productions resulted. I wish I had one of them now to give you instead of this.

During the long vista of years that have since passed away the details of

this, and of the many trips that succeeded this one in the venerable "British Queen," have gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were, a schoolboy's tale.

I have since twice made canoe trips through Temagaming, the heaven of the Algonquin Indians; I have fished for bass north of Desbarats and elsewhere on the north shore of Lake Huron; I have hunted in the Rocky Mountains and fished in the peerless lakes that nestle at the foot of the gigantic mountains in the Canadian Rockies, but never have I been so overpowered with enjoyment like that felt in Lake St. Peter in the old, old days. I hear that the fishing and shooting are as good as ever in Lake St. Peter, and promise myself a repetition of the trip.

I will reach the lake by the railway now to Berthierville, and thence by launch, yacht or canoe. There was no railway in those days. Perhaps Rod and Gun will find room for the experiences of the middle-aged man as he once again passes through the scenes and experiences of his boyhood days.

Whenever really necessary to stand a loaded rifle or gun against a tree or fence, be sure it is as safely placed as possible, so as to avoid likelihood of falling and accidental discharge. Several accidents from this cause have occurred this season.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. has purchased the machinery, patent rights, etc., of the recent Burgess Arms Co. of Buffalo, N.Y., which manufactured the Burgess repeating shotgun.

The Peters Cartridge Company of Cincinnati, O., has issued the tenth edition of its "Handbook for Trap Shooters and Sportsmen." A copy may be obtained free by writing the company and mentioning Rod and Gun in Canada.

Those sportsmen for whose blood nothing is too rich may now have cream with their coffee when camping. The Helvetia Milk Condensing Company, of Highland, Ill., has brought out a "sterilized evaporated cream," guaranteed to keep sweet in all weathers.

A recent and very extensive trial in Pennsylvania of shotguns of various makes to determine how far shotguns will kill developed the fact that none of the European guns tested, which included some of the celebrated makers, were of any value beyond 80 yards with black powder, but one of them with smokeless powder outclassed all other European as well as the United States guns. Several American guns with varying loads showed good penetration from 80 to 100 yards.



GUNS AND THE CODE OF CAUTION.

UNDER the above caption the London Field, in a timely article, descants upon the rules which should govern a shooter in the field as a safeguard against the many distressing accidents which are the invariable accompaniment of the opening of the shooting season. In reading the accounts given of these shooting accidents, one is forced to the conclusion that the majority of them are caused by ignorance, if not, indeed, criminal carelessness of the shooter. One has only to watch the conduct of the average shooter in the field to see, not only why there are so many shooting accidents, but to wonder why there are not more. The easy abandon with which the callow sportsman swings his loaded, full-cocked gun with the horizontal barrels covering first one and then the other of his, perhaps, equally careless shooting companions, soon shows one how blissfully unconscious he is of the awful results which would follow an accidental discharge. One should never lose sight of the fact when carrying a gun that he has in his hand a death-dealing weapon—all right if held right, but all wrong if held wrong. There is only one safe way to hold a gun under all circumstances and at all times, and that is with the muzzles pointing away from any human target. To do this simply requires care and common sense, and the neglect to do so should make the deadly consequence of an accidental discharge criminal.

The article referred to suggests a code of rules which can be studied with profit by everyone. The writer says:—

We must deprecate any imputation of insulting the common sense of the more practical and cautious majority of our shooting readers if we at this season revert once again to the old story of accidents from firearms and the standard code of precautions in the use of them. That some renewed caution is not out of place from year to year is evidenced by the fact that each season produces its records of lives sacrificed and of minor injuries sustained, all through neglect of the most elementary safeguards that ought to be household words with all who shoulder arms in pursuit of game. Already there have been announce-

ments of eyesight imperilled by peeping from a careless companion, and of a far more terrible tragedy of the death of a little nine-year-old sister at the hands of her brother. The latter incident serves to illustrate the importance of the standing rule of "muzzles up." It seems that the youth had just got a new gun (hammerless), and was anxious to try it at some small bird. He put in a cartridge, and was endeavoring to adjust the bolt to "safety." While he was doing so the trigger "got touched" and the "charge exploded." The gun was pointing at the child's head; result, a life cut short, a family in mourning, and life-long remorse for the author of the tragedy. And all this for want of obedience to the sportsman's maxim of "muzzles up."

It is two years since various correspondents addressed us, for several weeks in succession, upon the subject of "How to Carry a Gun," and the result of this correspondence was to elicit various views not only as to the carriage, but also as to the existence of dangerous shots, and still more as to the duties and responsibilities of a host with regard to the department of guns that are his guests. More than one writer propounded the idea of codes of rules being published and set up in the gun rooms and smoking rooms by hosts. There were, on the other hand, others who protested against the idea as an insult to sportsmen, on the ground that a host knows whom he invites and their capacity with a gun, and that he is supposed to invite no one who is not safe. . . . Our own view and sentiment is that any really seasoned sportsman would be—so far from offended—delighted to observe a code of cautions posted up for special instruction, if it was his lot to start on the morrow with a number of guests of whose sporting antecedents he had no knowledge. Not only might some of them learn direct from the code, but, further, if the code should evoke postprandial comments, its benefits might become more extensive. Debate on a code serves to elicit details of action as to each rule, which details may be instructive, yet too prolix for the text of the code itself.

For instance, Rule 1, "muzzles up," suffices to call attention and to lay down a broad principle; but as to de-

tails, whether a gun may be carried on shoulder or at the hip, or in both hands (laborious for "muzzle up," save when a shot is known to be imminent), a tyro may learn much by listening to winged words. So also Rule 2 (say) "disarm at all obstacles and halts." The mere enunciation of the principle is a valuable reminder; but as to details there remains much to be added. We ourselves consider that cartridges should be removed absolutely at fences. We have no patience with the man who breaks the rule on the plea "suppose a bird gets up just as I am over the fence?" As if a thousand birds (all of which can live to get up again) are worth even one risk or one "accidental" explosion in the climb. As a detail, we strongly condemn, as deceptive disarmament, the too common practice of carrying a gun over a fence with breech action open but cartridges retained in the barrels. It really is silly that a man can take the trouble to open his gun and yet grudge the completion of his task of disarmament by an item which economises less than a second. The doctrine of disarmament extends, of course, to the treatment of guns during a luncheon hour, and, to our knowledge, it is not uncommon for some Roderick Random to be content with placing his gun at "safety," or at half-cock (according to build), and in that state to lean it up against a tree. The laxity of green-horns was well illustrated—probably unintentionally—the other day by a cartoon in a contemporary depicting the close of an opening day on the moors. The house party are depicted inspecting some three or four brace of grouse laid out on the floor, and a couple of sportsmen are figured with guns still under their arms (not handed over to keepers at the end of the march!) and with muzzles slanting well down in the direction of ladies' legs and bodies! Whether this sketch was designed in satire, or in the artist's ignorance of what is orthodox among sportsmen, we must leave readers to conjecture for themselves.

For a third generic rule we would print "look ahead." The ramifications of this would include general circum-spection of fields, lest there be labor at work; of hedges, lest any way-farer be near, and the like. It would also include a veto on "following" moving game with the gun in aim, thus taking the eye off the view of any object that may intervene between the gun and the game; also the maxim that in covert a "gun back" should not shoot at feather forward, unless it is at rocket elevation. All these details come out in conversation for instruction of the inexperienced or the careless man, while at the same time, if they were to be elaborated on the

code, many hosts might reckon the sheet of cautions too prolix to obtain full perusal. Those who hold this view might accordingly content themselves with promulgating the more generic and terser principles, while others might be willing to risk the sneer of the incautious by specifically splitting up the "look ahead" maxim into its varieties aforesaid—of wary eyes in the open, avoidance of "following" with the gun, and abstention by guns back from low feather flying forward. Under this "look ahead" rule would also come the caution of noting where rocks or blints lie, which may deflect shot, a matter of much importance in upland countries, and on some chalk soils. We should be inclined to add as a fourth rule, for hammerless guns, that all such weapons should be invariably bolted at "safety" until the instant of bringing the gun to the shoulder.

It might be difficult to lay down any hard and fast terms of a code, but we have sketched what we think would, at least, be a minimum terse reminder of generic principles that should never be reckoned de trop in any gun room. We are quite aware that there is a class of shots, often clever while careless, and whose skill seems to justify their sneer as ex cathedra, who are wont to deride excessive caution and to define as "old womanish" some old stager who makes a point of disarming at trivial obstacles which can be almost taken in the stride (two-foot fences or grips, and the like). A genuine sportsman can, however, well afford to let such gibes pass unnoticed; he knows from long experience the importance of being absolutely mechanical in precautions, and for this reason he avoids discriminating between obstacles, and deals with all alike as calling for disarmament, lest, if he fall into the habit of picking and choosing, he should some day be caught napping by under-estimating the difficulty of one. In conclusion, we would once more remind hosts of the importance of being personally peremptory on the subject of caution on the part of guests, and of rebuking on the spot any violation of it. They need not fear obloquy. Some whipper-snapper subaltern or undergraduate may wince and sulk at being warned, and an older man may even consider himself entitled to take umbrage at being called to order; but the host may rely upon it that every true sportsman will brack him up and be grateful to him for thus realizing his responsibilities. If there were more outspoken Nestors in the shooting field and in the symposium which winds up the day, there would be fewer "accidents," so called, which, if they had their deserts, should in most cases bring their perpetrators to the dock of assizes.

SHALL GUIDES SERVE UNARMED?

Maine guides have suffered severely in the estimation of Boston sportsmen, because of the accidental shooting of a hunter by his guide, which accident was the first of a series of fatalities or injuries reported.

The guide's carelessness is defended by one well-known sportsman in the following explanation:

"When one shoots a deer in the woods, it is in 99 cases out of 100 a chance shot, and one never sees the whole of the animal that he is firing at. We see the animal one minute when it is moving in some direction. At once the gun is prepared for a shot that way. The hunter will invariably cock his gun, and following along comes to an opening where he is certain the animal will appear in a minute. When he appears it is a case of pull the trigger at the right second or the animal is out of sight again. We cover the opening and the first thing that comes along gets the bullet."

Not all sportsmen are inclined to adopt such a view, as evidenced by this declaration from Burt L. Young:

"If it was the guide was not controlled by that rule which should be the invariable one among all hunters—never to press the trigger until it is known whether a human being or a deer is the target; better lose a deer than a man.

"It is true that adherence to this rule will lose the sportsman a deer now and then, but the following of the other rule has been the cause of the frequent repetition of such unfortunate accidents as that at Grindstone. In making it my rule of action never to fire until I know for certain whether legitimate game is before me, I have been disappointed a few times in missing a shot at a deer, but I believe the statement that in 99 cases out of 100 it is a chance shot is far from the truth, if by that is meant that in 99 per cent. of the cases the sportsman does not know what is before him."

Apropos of this subject, one critic has brought forward a suggestion that has aroused the guides to indignation. He says:

"One thing is certain—if the guide had carried no gun, and been expected to merely find the game, rather than shoot it, for his employer, he would never have shot a man.

"Several well-known guides will not carry a rifle when they are out guiding, contending that, as they expect the sportsman to shoot his deer for himself, and it is merely their business to take the latter to the place where the game is, and they would not like to have a loaded rifle carried behind them by anyone, they don't care to run any unnecessary risks. To be

sure, if this plan was followed out generally, many who call themselves sportsmen, but who couldn't hit the broadest side of a barn on a calm day, and have to hire their guides to knock over their game, would go hence empty-handed, but better that a hundred lose their game than one human life be sacrificed."—Boston Sunday Journal.

Our opinion is that in deer and moose and such hunting, guides should not carry rifles, and we would not permit a guide to do so, though having no objection to him keeping one in the camp if he wants to, and some guides feel happier when they may. Possibly if we intended to tackle a grizzly at close quarters, we might approve of the guide fairly bristling with "dedly weepons."

Stray Shots

Mr. Thos. Donley will hold his third annual tournament at St. Thomas, Ont., on Dec. 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th. Mr. Donley guarantees purses to the amount of over \$1,300 in different target and live bird events, besides adding all surplus money, and promises that this will be the biggest and best tournament ever held in Canada. The first and third days will be devoted to targets. On each of these days there will be eight events, with a total of 115 targets. Total entrance, \$13.50. Total guarantee, \$260. The second day will consist of one 5 live-bird event, \$3.75 entrance, \$75 guaranteed; one 7 live-bird event, \$5.25 entrance, \$100 guaranteed, and one 10 live-bird event, \$7.50 entrance, \$200 guarantee. On the fourth and last day there will be a 25 live-bird event for an international trophy valued at \$250 and a guaranteed purse of \$700, all surplus being added.

Quail shooting opened in Ontario on the 15th October with a plentiful supply of these choice game birds for the enterprising gunner who had sufficient skill to catch them on the wing. The opening days were hot and dry, and as usual with a plethora of half-grown birds, consequently, the result as a rule was unsatisfactory and distressing to dogs and gunners. It is the almost universal opinion that the quail season opens at least a fortnight too soon, but as yet the powers that be have turned a deaf ear to the numerous appeals for a later season.

The Hamilton Gun Club has elected the following officers: President, Dr. J. E. Overholt; vice-president, William Langhorn; secretary, Harry Graham; treasurer, Frank Vallance, captain, James Crooks; auditors, E. B. Wingate and Dr. Baxter; directors, Dr. Baxter, E. B. Wingate, Dr. Malloch, T. Crooks, Dr. Beam, Maurice Reedox and J. Smith. The club will hold its usual tournament in January.

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THREE subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a No. 41 Stevens Pistol, listed at \$2.50, or 1 doz. bass flies, assorted, listed at \$1.00, or a three bladed sportsman's knife, bone handle, with plate for name, worth \$1.50.

SEVEN subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at \$5.00, or a boy's Nickel Watch, listed at \$3.50.

TEN subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listed at \$6.00 or less, or a Yawman & Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at \$6.00.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Stevens Ideal Rifle No. 44, listed at \$10.00.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Premo Camera, 4 x 5, listed at \$15.00, or a Winchester Repeating Rifle, model 1890, listed at \$16.00.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Winchester Repeating Rifle, 30 calibre, model 1895, listed at \$25.00, or a Winchester Repeating Rifle, 30 calibre, model 1894, listed at \$23.00. Both these rifles use smokeless cartridges and are the most modern big game guns.

FORTY subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Winchester Take-Down Repeating Shot-gun, model 1897, 12 gauge, listed at \$27.00.

FIFTY subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a No. 2 grade Syracuse Hammerless Double Barrel Shot-gun, 10 or 12 gauge, listed at \$40.00.

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