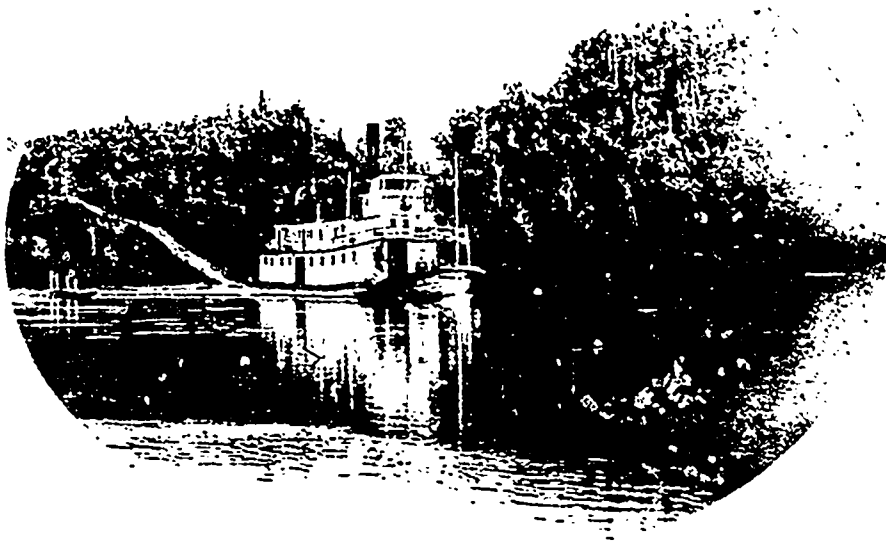


Single Copies, 10c.

AUGUST, 1904

\$1.00 a year

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA



The Columbia

**A MAGAZINE  
OF CANADIAN SPORT  
AND EXPLORATION**



# WINCHESTER



## BIG BORE HIGH POWER RIFLES

Any experienced hunter will tell you that the Winchester .405 and .35 caliber Model 1895 Rifles are the most powerful made. The Winchester Smokeless powder cartridges which they shoot have heavy mushrooming bullets, making them particularly effective against big game. Winchester rifles and Winchester cartridges—each made for the other—are indispensable to all successful hunters.

*See our Exhibits at St. Louis in Manufacturers and Fish and Game Buildings.*

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## The Alaska Sleeping Bag



WEIGHT  
FIFTEEN  
POUNDS

ADOPTED BY THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT AS THE ONLY SATISFACTORY SLEEPING BAG

Outside section is made of closely woven Khaki Duck, centre section of patent, double-banked Eider Down, the warmest and lightest material known to commerce. The inner section is an all-wool Kersey.

Many of the best-known sportsmen in the United States and Canada have written us that they would not go out again without one.

Write for particulars and prices.

**The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Limited, Manufacturers**

WINNIPEG AND MONTREAL

Also for sale by Woods, Limited, Ottawa

## David Slater,

Wholesale, Retail and  
Export Fishing Tackle  
Manufacturer

## Newark-on-Trent, Eng.

Manufacturer of SALMON & TROUT Rods in Built Cane, Greenheart, etc. Salmon and trout Reels, Sea Reels and Nottingham Reels in Aluminum, Gun Metal, Ebonite, and Wood, etc.

*Inventor and Patentee of the World  
Renowned "Combination Reel."*

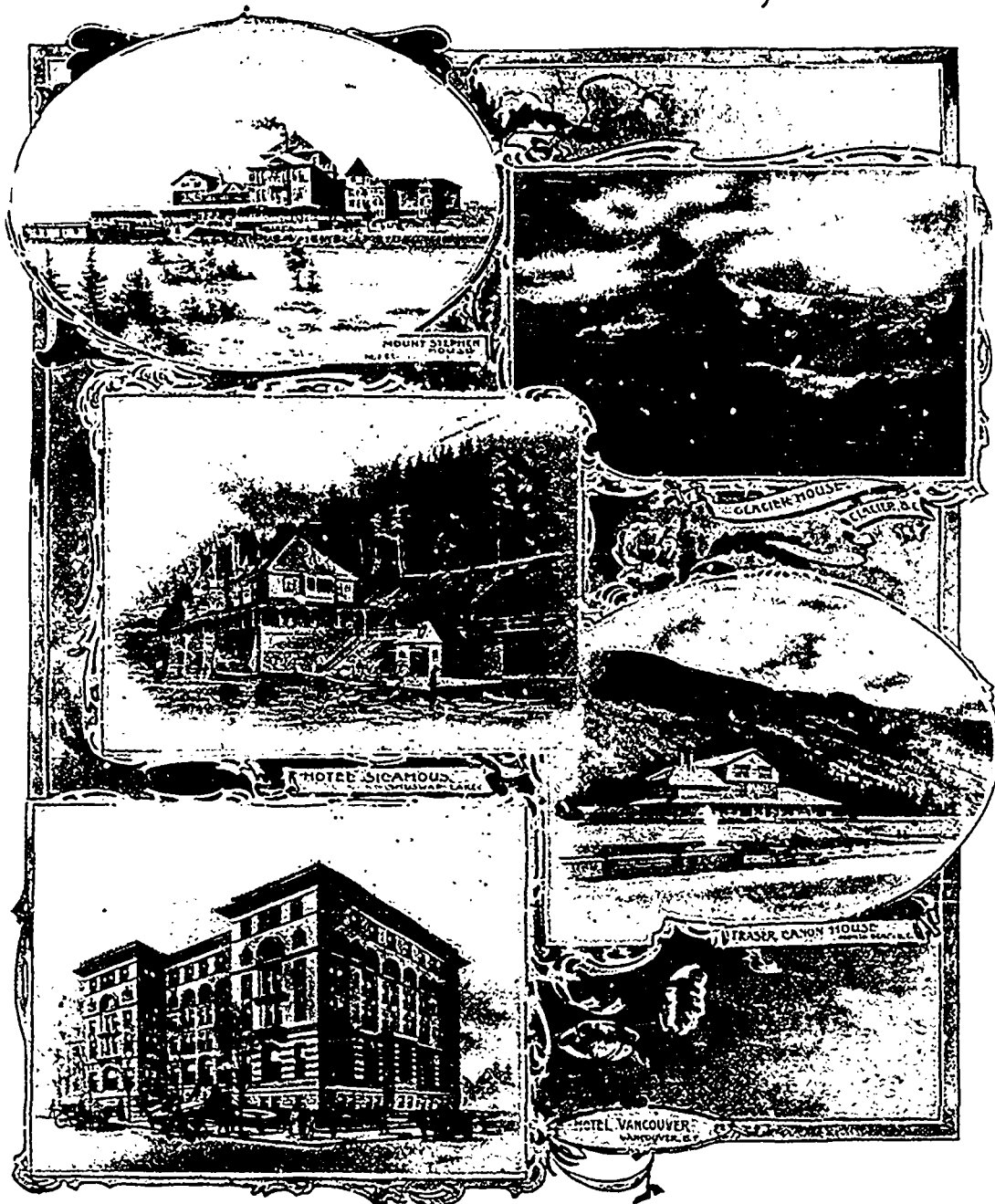
*Awarded 21 Prize Medals, Diplomas  
and Special Money Prizes.*

*Outlets for all parts of the world.*

Agencies in France, Belgium, India, Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania

Largest manufacturer of Fishing Reels in the world. Catalogue Gratis.

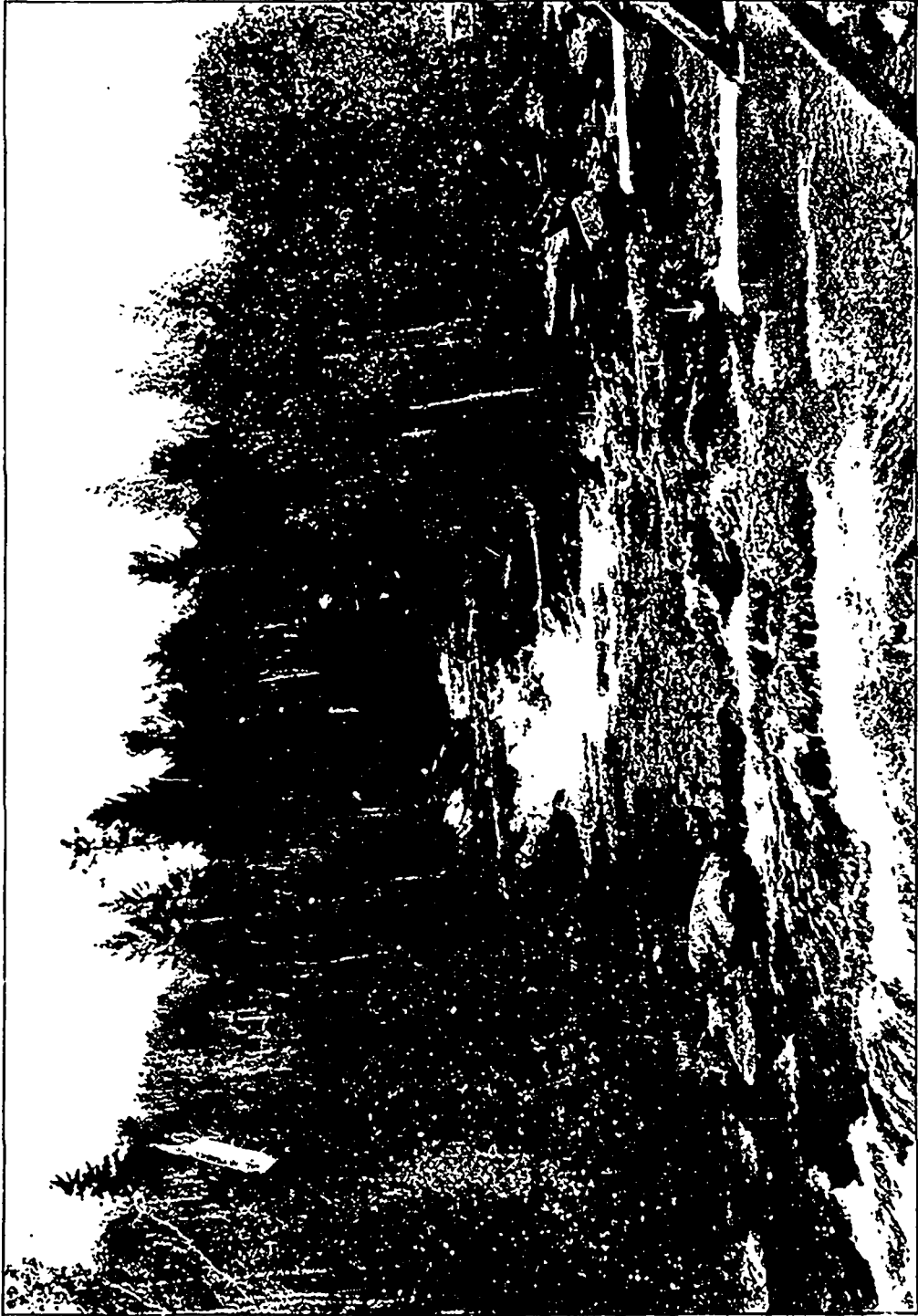
# Canadian Pacific Railway



Mount Stephen House,	- - -	Field, B.C.,	- - -	from \$3.00 upward
Glacier House,	- - -	Glacier, B.C.,	- - -	“ 3.00 “
Hotel Sicamous,	- - -	Sicamous, B.C.,	- - -	“ 3.00 “
Fraser Canon House,	- - -	North Bend, B.C.,	- - -	“ 3.00 “
Hotel Vancouver,	- - -	Vancouver, B.C.,	- - -	“ 3.00 “

For further particulars as to any of these hotels, apply to the respective Managers, to any of the Company's agents, or to

ROBERT KERR, Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL.



FALLING WATERS.  
Good fishing, but mighty uncertain footing

Canadian Edition

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, AUGUST, 1904

No. 3

## A North Country Trouting Trip.

By CHAS. G. CAMPBELL.

The snow was scarcely off the ground when there came to Drake and me the first subtle call of the forest. It grew stronger as the days passed; its message we never could resist; and the inevitable happened.

We were presently studying the alluring pages of railroad guide books descriptive of the Maine woods and Canadian forests, for we were going trout fishing, and if such an one existed within reasonable distance from New York we were going to a place that was not fished out and which would offer something extraordinary in the way of sport.

After putting the proper sprinkling of salt on the tales of the guide books, and procuring such information as we could from our sportsmen friends, we decided to go to Mattawa, the old Hudson Bay post, at the junction of the Mattawa and Ottawa Rivers, about three hundred miles northwest of Montreal on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. That is really not so far as it sounds, for it is only twenty-four hours' ride from New York and the round trip railroad fare is only thirty-three dollars; and both these considerations weighed with us, being only next in importance to the requirement of the real thing in the way of fishing.

Finally one fair morning we boarded the Empire State Express en route to the North Country. As neither of us had ever

been through the Adirondack Mountains, we chose that route to Montreal. The streams and lakes of the Adirondacks as we saw them from the car windows, looked beautiful and attractive, but they were too much fished to suit us.

Later in the summer a most delightful way to make the journey as far as Montreal would be by boat up the Hudson and on Lake George and Lake Champlain, using the railroads only to make the portages, so to speak.

The following morning we found ourselves on the station platform at Mattawa with a number of other sportsmen, listening to the greeting of white and Indian and half-breed guides, and discussing with them questions of duffle and the portage. These men carry with them the unmistakable flavor of the forest. To talk with them was good. To look upon the swift flowing Ottawa as it swept down from the north, and on the hills which rose from its shores and realize that they marked the edge of the boundless forest, was more than good; and we enjoyed, as only forest lovers can, the realization that we were now indeed in the North Country for which we long had hungered, the happy hunting ground of the disciples of the rod and gun.

We had written ahead to Timmins & Brother, who have a large general store and who make a business of outfitting sportsmen, telling them how long we were

to be in the bush and in a general way what we wanted. They deserve this free advertisement for the way they treated us. They had all ready for us, our tent, canoe, blankets, and in fact everything we took except our clothes and fishing tackle, all of which they furnished at so reasonable a rental that it would be foolish to take any part of a camping outfit from home. Owing to a change in plans after our arrival we concluded to take an extra canoe and man with us and these were also quickly provided. Timmins certainly understands his business and is an all around good fellow.

There is probably no better starting point for a fishing or hunting trip, either in Maine or Canada, than Mattawa. It is comparatively easy of access. To the north are Lakes Timiskaming and Timagaming, than which latter there is no more beautiful sheet of water in the world, and to the north of these a vast unexplored territory which has not been spoiled by railroad, farm or other mark of the so-called progress of civilization. At the south lies an unbroken forest two hundred miles or more in extent, included in which is the Algonquin National Park, Canada's great game preserve, in which hunting is not allowed, but where some of the finest fishing in America, both for trout and bass, is to be found. In fact in every direction and within easy reach from Mattawa are to be found countless lakes and streams teeming with trout or other game fish, as the case may be.

We had intended to go about thirty miles south of Mattawa, to the head waters of the Amable Du Fond River, in the Algonquin Park, and canoe down that stream to the Mattawa River, and down the latter river to Mattawa, where it joins the Ottawa River, but we ascertained that the lumbermen were running logs on the Amable Du Fond and that fishing and canoeing on that stream would be out of the question, so on Peter's advice we decided to go to Smith Lake, about five miles back in the mountains from a point twelve or fourteen miles down the river. Peter told us it was about two miles from the river, but we found in this case, as in

all others, that when your woodsman tells you a distance to any given point you may determine the actual distance by multiplying what he says by two and adding one.

Any one who has ever travelled the waters of the North country in a birch bark canoe will know the pleasure we felt that Saturday afternoon at once more finding ourselves, paddle in hand, in that wonderfully buoyant and responsive water craft. The water was high and the current very swift, and we had hardly caught the swing of the paddle before Peter was standing up in the stern of the canoe for that quick survey of the rapids ahead, which enables the wonderful north woods Indians to pick out the best and safest path through the foaming waters. Drake and I laid aside our paddles, took our hearts in our mouths, and left ourselves to the care of Providence and Peter. The next moment we were among the wildly tossing waves. Being in the bow, which was just the least bit too heavily loaded, I gathered considerable dampness unto myself during that quick passage, to the great enjoyment of my companions, but the ride was well worth the ducking. Probably they were not dangerous rapids from the guide's point of view, but they seemed sufficiently so to us to make the trip intensely exciting and altogether fine. We had just a sneaking suspicion that Peter picked out a route which was perhaps a little more strenuous than was necessary in order to give us a christening and try us out and size us up a little. I have noticed on such expeditions that until both ends of the canoe get acquainted there is a mutual curiosity at each end to know just what sort of a chap the other end holds.

We struck no more rapids as exciting as the first ones, but the current everywhere was exceedingly swift and at some points dangerous on account of whirlpools. We never enjoyed a ride more in our lives and all too soon we found ourselves at our first camping spot in an old shelter hut on the banks of the River about ten miles below Mattawa. About two hundred yards below where we camped, the Lower Anthony Creek, a ripping good trout stream, rushes down an old log slide or chute into the Ot-

tawa River As a place for shooting the chute this would put Coney Island out of business.

We left our second man, Oliver, a good natured half breed, to get things to rights for the night, while Drake, Peter and I went up the Creek to try our tackle and our skill upon its funny inhabitants. After we had gone about a half mile up stream we found that in order to get any farther we must either go back and make an almost impossible climb up the other side of the slide, or fly over it, or walk under it, through a very respectable water fall. Not having our wings with us, we selected the water fall as the lesser of two evils, and concluded at once that we should find good skating in the lakes in which that stream gets its start in life. The water was so high that the fish were not at all hungry. All those we caught had full stomachs, and must have grabbed the fly out of pure cussedness. We caught about two dozen and not one of them weighed less than a pound, while some of them weighed as much as a pound and three-quarters. It impressed us as being somewhat remarkable that in a catch of that number we did not see one small fish. We had never caught trout like these before, and I want to register the remark here, that a one-pound brook trout in quick water is a mighty lively proposition and worth going a long way to get.

We tried the stream again in the morning with very fair success. We enjoyed immensely our breakfast of trout and bacon and hash browned potatoes, and admired our dining room so much that we preserved it to posterity. Its walls of green and ceiling of blue made up to us for the lack of furniture and limited table service.

We reached Smith creek about eleven o'clock. Like the Lower Anthony, and many other creeks along the Ottawa, it enters the River, through an old log chute. Some of these slides are several miles in length, and were formerly flooded by a series of dams constructed at various places along the Creek. There were three such dams between Smith Lake and the river and it became necessary to portage from the river to the third dam, as will appear by a glance at the pictures of the

slide and the creek. The slide is now practically dry except from the river up to the first dam, and from that point on we found it a most desirable means of travel, in fact as good a plank road as any one could desire.

Our Indians carried packs over that trail, with apparent ease, which it almost broke our backs to look at. We left one canoe at the river and carried the other one and all our duffle over the portage in one trip, and Drake and I did not carry much besides our rods and camera. Just imagine carrying up a steep mountain side a load as Peter appears under in the picture.

We found another very desirable camping place at the third dam, a cabin formerly used by lumbermen. From this point on the stream is navigable for the canoe. We found a very pretty pond here, almost large enough to be called a lake, in which the fly fishing was very good. We caught quite a number of trout, but they were small compared with those we got in Lower Anthony and in the Lake above, averaging not more than half a pound in weight.

We had been on the keen lookout for game ever since we left the Ottawa River, as I was extremely anxious to get some animal pictures. While lingering over a rather late supper that night Peter suddenly said "sh" and pointed across the creek about a hundred yards away. There stood a moose, not fifty feet from where our canoe lay overturned for the night; we were all so interested that for a moment we forgot the camera. Just as I got the camera the moose scented us and disappeared, leaving his picture only in memory.

Peter entertained us that night with a number of his experiences in the woods; stories that always have so much more flavor when told around the camp fire than at any other time.

It seemed to me that we had hardly closed our eyes when I was awakened by a strenuous gnawing of the woodwork of our wholesome summer cottage. After our experience with the moose I was prepared to see almost any kind of big game, and in some excitement spoke to Drake who was

alongside of me; together we undertook the task of arousing Peter. After a violent assault and battery upon him we silenced his snores and brought him to a realizing sense of things that are. "What is it?" we asked. "Why, it is only a porcupine," he said, "making a midnight meal off our shanty." Peter took a revolver in one hand, and a candle in the other as the night was pitch dark, and in a moment we heard the crash of our light artillery, and Mr Porcupine passed over the great divide May he forever "R. I. P.", as the good man said of his deceased better half.

Once more we turned in, only to be turned out again a little while later by a hurry call from Drake. The rain was falling in torrents, and through a crack in the roof, caused by the snoring of Peter and Oliver, who were going it neck and neck, a very respectable stream of water had hit Drake plump in the left ear, naturally startling him and causing him to think, he said, that he had fallen out of the canoe. It took some pretty fine engineering to find two spaces six feet by three that were safe and dry, but we finally managed to locate our claims, and passed the balance of the night without further excitement or mishap.

The next morning we pitched our tent on the shore of Smith Lake, a beautiful sheet of water on the top of the mountain surrounded by still higher pine clad hills. There followed a few days of such fishing as neither of us had ever known before. Notwithstanding the high water, we had fine luck and caught a large number of trout running from a pound to two and a half pounds in weight. We got our biggest fish trolling on top of the water without any sinker, using a small casting spoon and bright tail fly. This lure was recommended by Peter and his judgment was vindicated before we had been ten minutes on the lake. There was a sudden splash about one hundred feet back of the canoe; Drake shouted "I've got him," and stiffened to his work. After doing some very pretty stunts where he was, master trout evidently concluded that the locality was unhealthy and started to go around us and up the lake. He described a circle and got considerably ahead of the canoe and off to

the right of us without Drake being able to gain a foot of line on him. Drake at length began to get him in, but the reel worked badly and it was no small strain on both muscle and patience. Finally he followed the example of the very religious man the little boy told his mother about, and "told God all about it." All things came to an end, however, and after a full and free expression of his confidences as above intimated the fish was finally landed and duly quieted with the "headache stick." We fixed the reel before doing any more fishing, in order that the recording angel might not have to strike for higher wages.

Peter told us he had been hunting there the previous fall and the party got four moose in three days. We spent some time hunting for a shot at one with the camera, but our efforts went unrewarded. We saw plenty of fresh tracks, enough to keep us warm in the hunt, but no moose.

When we broke camp Saturday morning all four of us, with all our belongings, made the journey to the third dam in that one birch bark canoe, which was not over fifteen feet long and weighed not more than sixty pounds. It hardly seems possible that such a craft could carry so much, but a birch bark is undoubtedly the most buoyant boat that floats.

When we reached the end of the portage at the Ottawa River we found that noble stream still working overtime, in fact, higher and swifter than ever and many more logs coming down. We decided to try to get to Klocks Mills, two miles up and across the river from us, and go to Mattawa from there by train. We made our last camp dinner on bread, bacon and potatoes and then boarded the canoes, two men to each, and began our battle with the elements. A strong head wind added to our labor. Have you ever noticed how often it happens that when you are rowing or canoeing or wheeling the wind seems to be blowing in the opposite direction from that in which you desire to go? Last summer, on a two weeks' canoe trip, our party paddled against the wind every day but one.

We had to go some distance above Klocks in order to avoid being carried be-



low in crossing the river. We were three hours making something over two miles, and only made progress by sticking close to shore, paddling part of the time, pulling ourselves along by the bushes on the banks, and also tracking with a tow line wherever wading or walking was possible. But the task was finally accomplished without mishap, as such tasks often are, with a feeling that we could not have made another mile to save our lives. Probably we could have made a dozen more miles, however, if it had been necessary.

There is a good trout stream right back of the railroad station at Klocks. In fact there are trout in every stream up there which has water enough to cover them. And we caught quite a number while waiting for our train. They were not as large as the trout we got in the waters on the

north side of the Ottawa, but rose more readily to the fly. They were all about seven or eight inches in length, and were actually the best small trout we had seen during the entire trip.

A few hours later we bade our good friends, Peter and Oliver, au revoir and boarded the train for Montreal and home, promising to meet again, at the first opportunity for a trip down the Amable Du Fond, said to be one of the most picturesque and prolific trout streams in Canada.

I was going to add a number of suggestions regarding the outfit necessary or desirable for a trip to that country, but your outfitter will be a better guide. Remember Stewart Edward White's advice, however, and take only what you cannot do without; but be sure to take your wife.

## Breaking the Way.

By MARY M. SCHAFFER.

Canada has visiting her mountains this summer a more or less notable climber, Miss Gertrude Benham. Miss Benham has made her name known in the Alpine world by the good work she has done the last ten years in Switzerland, and the border Alps.

Some little idea may be gained of the enormous work she has accomplished in this way, when it is realized that she has compassed peaks and passes 1000 feet and over, to the number of 132, not counting the times she has duplicated them. Hearing of the great beauty of our Canadian Alps, Miss Benham decided to come over and test them for herself. Arriving in Canada the latter part of May she has been playing a waiting game among the snowy peaks. The uncommonly heavy snow of last winter has kept her back from her work, but at last a few days of intense heat unbarred the door to the snowy fastnesses. The well known guides, Christian and Hans Kaufman, at last decided that on June 27th they might try for Mount Lefroy. The weather had been all that

could be desired for days and the eager watcher, accompanied by the two Swiss guides and an American, Mr. Frost, started for her first climb on the Canadian peaks. To quote her own words, "After an early breakfast we started from the Chalet at Lake Louise, at 4.15, to explore the beautiful peak of Lefroy, which had beckoned me for days. The morning was simply perfect. A superb rosy glow, the herald of the sun, touched the fleecy clouds, and the snows on Mt. Victoria gathered to themselves the soft pink flush. Alas for our hopes!—the walk to the glacier was the end of fine weather, and we were greeted with a snow fall. With no spot for shelter, we debated our advance, and finally decided to go on for a short distance.

Up Abbott's Pass we floundered, sinking constantly in the soft snow up to our knees, and with the cutting wind fined with icy needles, the day seemed unpropitious, to say the least. It was humiliating to return, but Mr. Frost and I finally determined to put pride in our pockets,

and await a better day. At the head of the Pass we confided our conclusions to our guides, just as they were preparing to rope us.

Hans replied: "All right, but we will rope to go down." Which we did, when the two guides quietly started on up the mountain. We might decide on our own pride, but we had not calculated for Christian and Hans, so laughing and rather satisfied to have our day's destiny decided for us, we plunged ahead into the teeth of the storm. After a half hour's stiff work, we suddenly heard a terrific crash, and looked to see if the mountain was coming down upon us—our leading guide had disappeared. The snow bridge on the bergscheund had given way, but fortunately the scheund was full of snow, and he was soon out again, and no damage done. The weather failed to improve, we were constantly surrounded by mists, and pelting snow, seeing only fifteen or twenty feet beyond us, at any time, and only realizing we had not reached the summit, because constant views of looming rocks rose before us. Lefroy had about twenty summits that day, making it a most disheartening ascent. At last we really reached a cairn, and nothing more rose above us, save our own wind-driven, ice-covered selves. Each strand of my blown hair contained an icicle, which jingled musically as I shook my head, while the men were encased in ice,

on the side exposed to the worst of the storm. It was no place for lunch, and we turned back into the mists. Our steps were obliterated and enclosed as we were in the fleecy clouds we had a sensation of walking down into nothingness. Through Abbott's Pass and the Death Trap, the wind swept too savagely to permit a stop for lunch and we hurried on to shelter, opening our packs at six p.m., not having eaten since eight in the morning. Coming off the Glacier, a little spot of blue greeted us, and clear skies escorted us the next three miles to the Chalet. But in spite of wind, and cold, and snow and all discomforts, we thanked the guides for taking us on. Mount Victoria proved much kinder to the stranger on her slopes a few days later. Accompanied by the same good guides, starting at about the same time, we had a glorious day on that beautiful mountain. The snow this time was in fine condition, there were loose rocks, avalanches, and snow crevices to avoid, and the route is a much longer one than Lefroy, though the mountain is not so high by a few feet. The view from the top was one to linger for, and I remained as long as I dare. Nine p.m. saw me safely back at the Chalet, and the day a perfect memory to be stored away as one of the pleasantest pictures I may carry away with me from Canada "

---

## The Old and the New.

By C. C. FARR.

(Continued from the April issue.)

The scenery along this route, that is from Mattawa to the foot of the Long Saults, is not exactly awe-inspiring, but it is uniformly pretty, and there are a few bold headlands that break the monotony, amongst which I should not omit to mention "La Tuque", a peculiarly shaped hill, from which peculiarity it has been named. It stands out, in bold prominence, on the western shore of Seven League Lake, about two miles below the foot of the Saults. I

am not sure if the shape shows from the Railway to the full advantage, but seen from the lake, or rather river, on the course followed, in days gone by by the ancient Voyageur, it presents the appearance of a gigantic "tuque", the national head-gear of the early French-Canadian, and still very much in vogue amongst their more humble descendants. In the Fall, when the leaves are tinged with the glory of decay, I know of no more magnificent

sight than the extraordinary coloring of the shores along this historic water-way. The mixture of coniferous and deciduous trees that clothes the shores, to the very water's edge, without a break, affords contrasts that it would be a sin to call patch-work, for they form such a complete, harmonious whole, such as is rarely found in one continuous stretch of such a length, but I am not writing a guide book, and this begins to assume the flavour of one, so I will return, at a jump, to the foot of the Saults.

I have not attempted to bore my readers with a description of the hardships endured on that first journey of mine, in those days of the 'Pointer Boat', the 'Canoe' and the 'Tump Line,' but I can never forget my first experiences in the Saults.

As I said before, I was hired to work, and not to have a soft time, so I took my place with the rest, and that meant plunging over the rounded, weed-covered slippery boulders and pebbles, that form the bottom of that long succession of flat rapids; at times over my ankles, at times up to my waist, in the ice-cold water of November, tugging at the end of a towing line, which was my salvation, for many a time and oft, I would have been swept away by the rushing water, had it not been for that very line, which acts as the line of the mountain climber and means safety in case of a slip. I envied the Indians who sat serenely in stern and bow, with the big paddles in their hands, giving an occasional sheer with their paddles, but for the most part, holding their paddles in the water, to counteract the shoreward pull of us on the line; and yet, were it not for them, we would have been powerless to bring that heavily-laden boat against that swirling rush of waters, for of such is skilled labor.

In those days the traffic mostly followed the western shore, and I remember well, how on the morning we crossed the last portage, and emerged upon the lake, opposite to where now stands the magnificent Bellevue House, we found upon the tiny bay at which the portage ended four inches of ice, enough to bear us, and from which we loaded our boat, even as from a wharf.

Speaking of the Bellevue reminds me of something I have often wondered why the proprietor of that house has never organized, in the busy season, trips over the Long Saults, in a four fathom canoe, as a pastime for his guests.

As I pass today skirting those rapids, which recall such reminiscences, smoothly gliding by the Red Pine Eddy, a spot where it took thousands of tons of earth to fill, and where, at one time, they said, there was no bottom, where the slightest slip of rock-hed would have caused disaster, through the cut in the rock, that partly hides the Crooked Rapid, up the Flat Rapid, and then in sight of The Head I cannot help remembering, with reminiscent thrill of delight, my experiences in those rapids at a later date, experiences, the memory of which never fades.

Those were my Hudson's Bay Company days, when, at the end of June, or in the beginning of July, the traders who had spent the winter in gathering furs, came to the old Timiskaming Fort in the early summer, bringing their returns with them, for in those days the Fort was the headquarters of the district. When the last pack had been brought in from the furthest outpost, when a rough estimate of the profit or loss on each Post had been made—an anxiety causing ordeal, for on it depended the favour of the Great One, the chief factor of the district, whose smile meant promotion, and whose frown meant disgrace, when provisions and accoutrements of each canoe had been seen to, and lucky the man who escaped censure for having forgotten some important particular of the outfit; when the crews had been selected, and much goods given out to their families, or to themselves, in advance, on their pay, the brigade, sometimes consisting of ten four-fathom canoes, would start.

That old fort, now deserted, and shorn of all its former glory, would present a busy scene on that day. The flag, which would be flying from its lofty mast, without which no Hudson's Bay Company's post would have then been considered complete, would be supplemented with more humble flags, flying from every possible point, even from the centre pole of some ambi-

tious Indian's camp. The shores would be lined with people, whose yearly excitement was to witness this grand departure, and as the Chief Factor would take his seat in the largest canoe, the flag canoe of the fleet, the Indians upon the shore would, with antiquated guns, let off a 'feu de joie' while the few whites left at home would attempt a straggling cheer. And thus would the flotilla start, paddling abreast, with the Chief Factor's canoe slightly ahead, and then all the crews would burst out into one of those old canoe songs, so dear to the heart of the voyageur, and which have the power of lightening the monotonous labour of the paddle. As a rule, the setting sun, in the long summer days, would find us not far from the head of the Saults, and there we would camp for the night. At the first peep of dawn the cry of 'rouse,' 'rouse' and for the Indians 'wanishka' would ring forth and in spite of a somewhat sleepless night, for the mosquitoes are the enemies of sleep, we would tumble up, and were glad to drink a cup of hot tea, with, perchance, a slice of bread, and yet be barely ready for the shout of 'all aboard', which was a summons to be promptly obeyed, for our Chief Factor was a hustler, and could ill brook delay caused by laziness, especially on the part of his junior officers; so into the canoes we would jump, awake, yet lacking sleep.

The mists of the early morning would be hanging over the water, so that if one canoe forged slightly ahead of the others, it would be lost to view, and, only the 'thud thud' of the paddles, a sound so familiar and also dear to the ears of the Hudson's Bay Company's man, would denote that it was still on its way. But the rising sun would dispel the mist, and by the time that the Head of the Saults had been reached there would be clear daylight and sunshine. If the canoes were heavily laden, a few packs of furs would be put out on the portage, at the first rap-

id, for it and the foot are the roughest spots in that nine mile run. Then, one after the other, the canoes would glide out into midstream, and slowly approach the rapids, the bowsman standing up, sometimes even on the gunwales, eagerly scanning the surface of the water for indications of the best spot to negotiate the 'pitch'. At the very brink, with a sweep of his paddle, he would send here bows over to the spot where he deemed it best to run, and the steersman, keenly on the watch, would do the same with the stern, and then the canoe would gracefully dip down into the smoothly running water, the next moment to be slapped in 'he face by an ugly, curling, crested swell. Again and again would the canoe plunge through the writhing, whirling waters, an occasional short, sharp word of command from the bowsman being the only sound save the roar of the rapids. Everybody would be on duty bent, for that seething, hissing water has a quieting, sobering effect upon men, and they say little. Then comes the sharp, quick turn into the eddy, the lazy float to the portage and the Head is run. The other canoes follow, all in the same manner, and gather in the balance of their respective loads.

Then on again they dash through the remaining miles of rushing water, sometimes shipping a swell, sometimes without shipping a drop, according to the skill or luck of the bowsmen, but in those days there were kings of the river, some of whom are yet alive, such as Toneminnie, Whawatty, Micmac, and of those who are dead I remember Big Jabatis, Big Pierre, and many others of lesser note.

When comfortably seated in a large canoe manned by Indians, and loaded nearly to the gunwales with precious freight of furs, the returns of a season's trade of the Hudson's Bay Company, I would be borne through those racing waters at a pace that would vie with that of the train, today.

(To be continued.)





A FRIEND IN NEED.  
A sturdy bush man often proves a wet wastrel.



A HANDY PATH.  
The log slide on Smith Creek.

## Ko-Kom.

By MARTIN HUNTER.

She was the widow of the late chief and was being cared for near the post by the Hudson's Bay Company. She lived alone in a wig-wam across the lake with only a grand-daughter as a companion.

This little girl, who was barely ten years of age, administered to her grandmother's every want, made the fire, got water from the lake, cleaned the fish and set rabbit snares near the camp.

Poor little Lizette was a good obedient child and never grumbled at her lot attending to the old woman.

The two went to bed early and got up early, but they never closed the day's duties without offering up prayers of thanks for all the mercies they had received from the good Ma-ni-tou.

Old Ko-Kom was a cripple, being paralyzed from her hips down, but apart from this was in perfect health and could do many things while sitting at the fireside. She made all her own clothes and those of Lizette, made the mitts and moccasins for their winter use, repaired nets and many other things; above all she possessed a contented and cheerful disposition.

She was a good, dear old Christian woman and many an evening some of us would paddle across the lake and listen about the camp fire to stories of her young days when the two great companies were at war with each other.

She was the only remaining link of the tribe connecting the past with the present. Her brain was so clear and her pronunciation so plain that it was most interesting to sit and listen to her, and all the while little Lizette crouched up near her grandmother, no doubt storing up what fell

from her lips, she in turn at some future day to repeat it to her children.

No wonder Ko-Kom loved this little girl, She was the only child of her only son. Her mother had died when Lizette was an infant, and the father had given her to his mother to bring up.

There was no milk in that country where Ko-Kom and her son were living when his wife died, but the old woman managed to keep the infant alive with sweetened flour water, through a reed inserted in a bottle, and as Lizette grew older she fed her from a bark spoon with fish and rabbit broth.

Now the old woman was repaid, for the girl loved her as a mother and grandmother and watched for the every wish of the old woman.

But one morning near Christmas time we failed to see the customary smoke arising from Ko-Kom's wig-wam and knew something was the matter.

The trader's wife, accompanied by her daughter, hastened across the ice on their snow shoes. Something had indeed happened—Ko-Kom was dead.

They found little Lizette kneeling, sobbing alongside the old woman, whom, she informed the lady between her sobs, she had found dead on arising in the morning.

Every last rife was reverently and willingly done for the poor old woman by those of the post.

The whole of those residing at the fort, men, women and children, attended the burial and a pine cross was erected over the grave back of which was this inscription:—

MARIE KE-NE-TCHU.

KO-KOM

SUPPOSED AGE—80 YEARS

Mr. Hewitt Bostock, of Monte Creek, B. C., vice-president of the Canadian Forestry Association for the Province of British Columbia, has been appointed to the Senate. The Association extends its congratulations to Hon. Mr. Bostock and would

also record its pleasure that he will thus be enabled to keep in close touch with the Dominion Association and also to influence legislation relating to forestry interests.

## An Instructive Exhibit.\*

A practical demonstration of how New York State is attempting to restore its forests on the denuded, non-agricultural land of the State is one of the most interesting and valuable object lessons at the St. Louis World's Fair, and one which affords the highest measure of instruction to visitors. The inclosed space at the north-east corner of the Forestry, Fish and Game Building is a fully appointed forest nursery, and demonstrates the methods employed by the New York Forestry Commission to supplement nature in preventing the total destruction of the timber supply of New York.

Evergreens and hardwood varieties, from the seedling to trees four and five years old, flourish in the miniature forest nursery. The evergreens are cultivated for the timber supply, and the hardwood varieties for furnishing shade.

The first step in forestry nursery is the planting of the seeds. A fertilized seed bed is used, and the seedlings are allowed to remain in the bed until they are two years old. They are then transplanted, placed further apart, and are allowed to grow two more years. The small trees are taken from the nursery and transplanted in land devoid of timber. The trees are placed from four to six feet apart. This is the last step toward restoring a forest. Nature is then depended upon to nourish the young trees and replace what the saw and axe of the lumberman has destroyed.

The trees are planted close together in order that the crowding may prevent spreading of the foliage and compel a tall, straight, cylindrical growth, free from knots and protuberances. If necessary, after eight or ten years the smaller trees may be culled from the restored forest, but nature adjusts these conditions.

In twenty years a seedling transplanted from the forest nursery may be called a timber tree. It will then be eight inches

in diameter and may be used. At an age of forty years a diameter of from fourteen to sixteen inches will be attained, and the tree may then be utilized for practically all purposes. In a hundred years a forest may be totally restored with timber that excels in every way the original product of the land.

New York has 60,000 acres of State land that has been totally denuded of its forest trees. The forestry commission of the State has already begun the work of restoring it. Within the last two years 500,000 trees have been transplanted on these waste lands at a cost of only \$2,500, less than half a cent a tree. The transplanted forest covers an area of over a thousand acres, and the commission is busily engaged in replenishing the other denuded forest tracts, nearly all of which are in the Adirondack and Catskill mountains. Two forest nurseries are maintained. One of these, at Saranac Inn, in the Adirondacks, is for the production of evergreens, or conifers, the timber trees. The other, the hardwood tree nursery, is at Brown's Station, in the Catskills. The trees that are being raised are nearly all indigenous to the soil of New York, but several foreign varieties that have been found to flourish there are placed in the nurseries.

The forest nursery at the Forestry, Fish and Game Building is under the direction and supervision of A. Knechtel, forester to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York. A number of other Eastern States, where the timber supply has been drawn upon for a century, are maintaining forest nurseries, with the view to preventing a total spoilation of their once splendid forests, but New York is the pioneer in the work, and the only State which has an exhibit at the fair showing the practical side of this important work.  
—New York Tribune.

\*Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.



## The Canadian Summer Girl.

By KATHERINE HUGHES.

It may be due to atmospheric conditions but it is certainly true that the girl of Eastern Canada to a unique degree enjoys her summers on the same refreshing outdoor plan that her brother does.

Kipling in a delightful poem has voiced the spirit of Spring calling out the young man. These verses are no mere jingle of words to the Canadian girl.

“Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight?  
 Who hath heard the birch-logs burning?  
 Who is quick to read the noises of the  
 night?  
 Let him follow with the others, for the  
 young men’s feet are turning  
 To the camps of proved desire and known  
 delight.”

Follow the others she does when the Red Gods call to the wholesome outdoor life in the canvas or log camps, in farm houses or at mountain and seaside resorts.

If she lives at the Federal Capital, the chances are that she will spend her summer on the Gatineau. And if she is very knowing she selects some remote spot, for the farther north one goes along this river the more wildly beautiful the scenery becomes. It was in a deep green canyon there among the hills that we came one day upon a camp whose name epitomized the spirit of the whole valley. Across whitened logs above the cabin door an evergreen legend ran simply:—

SANS-SOUCI.

Care free! — the atmosphere of the Gatineau, the elusive, fascinating atmosphere of the green wilderness caught as nearly as may be and set down in prosaic letter form!

Great round-shouldered mountains were piled on the horizon. Brown, spray-wet cliffs bordered the rapids where the Gatineau chafing at its sudden limitations churned itself into a magnificent rage. Pure breezes that came across a hundred lonely hills from the snowy halls of the northwind buffeted our cheeks and sent apple blossoms in showers to the green

sward. For this spot we had wandered into had years before been a lumber station, and some home-loving soul had planted sprigs of apple trees here. The deserted log huts make enviable camps in summer for men and women, who know just where the black bass and the trout rise, and the rustic legend of a last year’s camp was a refreshing message for us, giving a keener relish to the jolly evening meal that followed our day’s tramp.

All day our eyes had feasted upon picturesque Laurentian scenery. Even the geologist, enthusiastic in his search for specimens, found time between taps of the hammer to enthuse over the scenery with the man of the tin box and sweet floral specimens. And this spot, with hundreds similar, within a few hours ride of the Capital at Ottawa.

The remarkable beauty of the Gatineau and the treasures of trout and black bass that its bosom hides have been known for some years to a small circle of Ottawans, but secret paradises of this kind cannot long remain concealed by even the most jealous sportsmen. People have found out the Gatineau recently, and pretty summer homes have sprung up at Chelsea and Kingsmere, near its mouth. Gay camping parties each year set up canvas tents, or take over the deserted log cottages at remote green places along the river. Some of the lakes that gem this region like sapphires in a woman’s necklace have been leased to American and Canadian clubs or wealthy individuals. Still thousands remain undisturbed by the groaning of a reel or the whip of a bending rod. This statement is not so remarkable when we realize the fact that there are ten thousand lakes here within the limits of one county alone.

The river empties itself into the Ottawa almost opposite the grounds of Rideau Hall, and perhaps the sudden spread of its fame has been due in part to the partiality of the Hall’s vice-regal occupants for this river. Not merely because the Earl and Countess of Minto are His Majesty’s

representatives in Canada, but because they are both known as expert devotees of rod and rifle, and discerning folk who have excellent judgment in matters affecting outdoor sports. Last year during the remarkably long session at Ottawa, the week-end frequently found bored legislators with their "rods and reels and traces" growing young again on the Gatineau.

The existence of the Laurentian range in Eastern Canada and large unpopulated districts constitute an unequalled blessing to the country when the Canadian looks about for his summer recreation. Nature in her earliest and most rugged form is there in prehistoric rocks and ravines. The very lakes and rivers would seem to gain freshness and allurements from comparison with their rugged setting.

In the clear air of the North the crimson of the sunset takes on a richer hue; the gold burns more vividly, and the birds reaching here in their annual northern pilgrimage break upon the hushed air of dawn and dusk with riotous melody.

Thousands of Canadian women prefer to spend the summer in the country within ten or twenty miles of the cities in which they live. Then their men folk are enabled to go into the city every morning to their offices, and out again at night to the unmarred green spots that give no hint of the industrial centre near.

All day the women and children lead ideally wholesome lives out-of-doors, berrying, boating, or lounging about in true summer fashion. At night when the whip-poor-will pours out his liquid complaint the household takes its ease in the cool living rooms or verandahs to the accompaniment of soft music, or long hours are spent upon the rivers.

Beautifully picturesque scenery, boating, fresh breezes and excellent fishing give these summer homes a delightful atmosphere, while the proximity to the city brings out gay parties of friends from time to time to enliven the men and women who prefer to study the faces of their friends than explore remote bits of nature, however enchanting these may be.

There are always men and women, however, who are not satisfied with domestic outings within appreciable distance of civ-

ilization. The re-awakening of Nature in spring finds them worn out with monotonous days of social or business affairs. Life suddenly seems to be compounded of dressing and eating and pruning of one's individual tastes. Spring breezes bring a tingle to their blood, and they study old and new routes to good purpose, with a fine eye to the size of their purses.

They can almost feel the rods tremble in their hands; they see the silver sides of an artful fish slip up from the shadow of a rock or log; they recall the steady support of Alpenstocks on a rocky hillside. They feel the pulse of the water against their canoe on a windy day and smell the moving odours of the camp supper after a stiff paddle.

They know the blessings to come of long days enveloped in the sunlit repose that their minds and bodies crave; or of buoyant spirits that waken each day to new conquests, and vigorous bodies that welcome the day's programme with enthusiasm. This is as true of the Canadian girl as of her brothers. Even her American sisters have been touched with her longing for the northern hills, and this year a party of five girls are coming up from New York with silk waterproof tents and aluminum household kit, medicine box and folding stove. Their comsariat is well supplied with relishes and the girl-campers look forward to an ideal vacation on the banks of a Canadian lake.

Sometimes the Canadian girl makes her goal the Saguenay—titantic, majestic Saguenay, memorable in its grand marshalling of granite hills and stately pines and primeval forest growth. Trinity Bay awaits her there brooding eternally in mysterious grandeur, and the air is balm of mingled hill and sea breezes. It is here in Lake St. John that the ouaniche is king; here only that one finds "the chosen water where the ouaniche is waiting and the sea-trout's jumping crazy for the fly." At Ha! Ha! Bay are most of the summer hotels and cottages, but one has not far to go to meet an Indian mission and trading post, and later on the forest and untracked rivers.

The fringe of quaint old French settlements along the shores of the St. Law-

rence from Quebec to Montreal lend an additional interest to this region when visited on the homeward trip from the hills. Back in the hinterland one has met the red-sashed river-drivers in the early summer, bronzed, skilful and insouciant, wedded to their dangerously fascinating occupation. And farther back one passed the last vestiges of civilization, touching on land that no known white man or woman has set foot upon before. Here, too, the canoeists found new puzzling routes to tempt him, and fresh game to fill his larder.

The little French villages on the shore but mark an easy transition from these woods to the city. The small white-washed houses have trim gardens bordered with spruce and fir, bright-eyed grandames do their knitting on the high French-Canadian balconies; the black-gowned cure passes you on the street with a glance of courteous enquiry. Not even the vivacious good humour of the plump housewife, or the smiling punctiliousness of her smocked bonhomme are more attractive than the simple exteriors of their homes. Like the straight rows of Lombardy poplars, these retain their primitive charm even after the habitant's unworldliness has lost its freshness from contact with tourists.

Or my lady's choice of a summer sanctuary may swing to the west and single out Timagami—peerless Timagami, in its fresh beauty of island-dotted lakes and chutes and canyons, unspoiled for sportsmen yet by any inrush of settlers, but invaded yearly by hundreds of American tourists. This is the land of big game, as well as fish, and more or less an exclusive paradise for the men of the nation. Yet

even here the Canadian girl has made her way.

North of this Lake Abitibi lies—Abitibi on the Height, which, when man or woman has reached an experience has been acquired that should satisfy the wander-thirst of any summer tramp. To the north of the rude Hudson's Bay Company fort here rugged bluffs and flat muskegs stretch away dismally; in the south civilization invites one's return over hundreds of miles of forested hills and fertile lowlands, gemmed with lakes and streams.

Between the Algonquin National Park at the western corner of the tourist's land of desires, and the new Laurentian Park in the Saguenay region, a wilderness stretches alluring, silent and mysterious, warm with the generous largeness of the summer sun in the north, but tempered with fresh northern airs that have climbed the Height of Land.

Each year brings larger bands of campers or guests to its summer hotels; the qualities of its spruce and hemlock beds meet wide approval, the rivers' tide breaks more and more to strangers paddles, and any turn in a river may bring you in sight of a bending rod with a many-pounder at one end and a jersey-clad girl at the other. Tumult and turmoil in the blue waters—a bending rod and a tight line—and her dinner lies gleaming against the greensward.

This stretch of land from park to park embraces the high-lying Gatineau hills and the whole northern valley of the Ottawa—in very truth a region of delights, which the Canadian woman with rod and reel or paddle and camera has not been slow to appreciate and make her own.

---

## Nova Scotia.\*

The first visitors to Nova Scotia from the continent of Europe found it clothed with forest to the water's edge. The character of the forest growth was no doubt very much what it is at the present day, though years of destructive civilization have wrought many changes in distribution and conditions. The most frequently

occurring species along the coast where they are exposed to the sea winds are spruce and balsam fir. On the higher lands of the interior is a hardwood forest composed of maple, beech, ash and birch, with a sprinkling of spruce and pine, except in the western part, where spruce, fir and tamarack are the prevailing trees. On the

\*Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association

river flats the elm lifts its graceful form. On the light lands the red and Banksian pines occur. White pine, once abundant, is now scattered and of minor importance. Hemlock is abundant in some sections and some oak is found. While much of the land is of good agricultural quality there are large areas, as elsewhere in Canada, that are, either from their rocky nature, or the lightness of the soil, best fitted for timber growth.

Though first settled by the French, Nova Scotia shared the fortunes of war between England and France, passing from one to the other at different times. The first place in possession of the British was Port Royal (now Annapolis) and the question of wood supply was one of the difficulties that arose in a short time. In January, 1735, a meeting of the Council was held at the call of the Lieutenant-Governor to consider "the great abuses and exorbitant prices demanded by the French inhabitants for firewood by which they seemed to have got other view at this time than to distress His Majesty's garrison" and His Honor therefore desired the gentlemen of the board "seriously to consider their insolence and the present circumstances of His Majesty's garrison, which could not possibly subsist without wood."

When Halifax was founded in 1749 the country in that district was described as one continuous wood, no cleared spot to be found or heard of, while the underwood was thickly growing young trees "so that with difficulty one could make his way anywhere." In spite of this plenitude of forest it was necessary to import frames of buildings, boards and shingles from New England. The frame of St. Paul's church in Halifax, one of the old places of worship still standing, was so imported. The Revolution and the establishment of the United States as an independent nation induced the British Government to interfere with this trade and in 1789 we find the Assembly of the Province memorializing the Lieutenant-Governor to the effect that "the late prohibition to import boards, clap-boards and shingles from the United States of America has been attended with great inconvenience to the public and in-

jury to the commercial interests of the Province"

The first export of timber from the Province was to the West Indies and the trade has gradually expanded in different directions. According to the last census returns (1901) the value of the forest products of Nova Scotia for the census year is given as \$3,409,528, the estimate being made on the timber as it lay in the woods.

No special plan of dealing with timber lands appears to have been adopted, although a remark in the report of the Commissioner of Crown Lands for 1874 to the effect that it is a matter of regret that the leasehold tenure as to timber land was ever abolished, would appear to indicate that leases were at one time granted. Along the fertile valleys and marshes the lands were usually settled in strips, including a stretch of meadow or marsh, then the house farm and behind a piece of woodland.

And here it may not be out of place to refer briefly to the famous marshes along the inlets of the Bay of Fundy. Grand Pre and the Marshes of Minas have become famed in literature, but a more extensive flat is the Tantramar Marsh (in New Brunswick) in the vicinity of Sackville, the seat of the Methodist College for the Maritime Provinces. Crossing these flats by the railway the traveller is struck by the large number of barns, and barns only, scattered here and there, and enquiry reveals the fact that these are among the most valuable farm lands to be found anywhere. For these marshes are not marshes in the sense in which that word is generally understood, but are great stretches of meadow land formed of mud deposited by the high tides of the Bay of Fundy and, with hardly any labor or expense to the owner, produce luxuriant crops of hay, running to three tons and more per acre. This finds ready sale at \$10 per ton, so that it is not at all to be wondered at that these lands bring \$200 to \$300 per acre when sold and that the fortunate holder of even a moderate area of marsh is able to live in ease and comfort. Hay crops have been taken from these marshes since the days of the French occupation without diminishing their fertility. The flats are dyked so

as to prevent the invasion of the tide as the salt water would change the character of the vegetation to coarse salt grasses, but the incoming tide rising higher than the level of the marshes keeps them always thoroughly saturated. As an explanation of their continued fertility it is suggested that, as transpiration from the surface is the only way by which the moisture can escape, the water movement is always upward and the mineral constituents are continually being brought to the surface instead of being drained away. The depth of the deposit forming these marshes reaches eighty feet.

Passing into the interior of the Province where the purely timber lands are located, no change was made in the land policy and these lands, aggregating probably ten million acres, have passed into private hands in fee simple with the exception of about 1,500,000 acres, half of which has also lately been leased.

At the last session of the Nova Scotia Legislature in a debate on the administration of forest lands the Hon. J. W. Longley, Commissioner of Crown Lands, stated that notwithstanding that there are in Nova Scotia between fifteen and twenty firms carrying on large businesses in lumbering and all had obtained in the past large areas of timber lands, the aggregate of these lands did not represent anything like one-half of the timber lands in the province that are in private hands. The fact being that the great majority of timber lands at the present time are in the hands of small holders and are used by them in connection with their farms. In the County of Annapolis on the South side of the Annapolis River the original grants extended for four and one-half miles from the river, but the land was not cultivated for more than half a mile.

A system of leases of timber lands was established by Act of the Legislature in the year 1899. The Act provided for leases for a period of not more than twenty years at a price of not less than forty cents per acre (raised during the last session to eighty cents), the lessee not to be allowed to cut timber under ten inches in diameter. Where cutting to five inches was allowed fifty cents (now \$1.00) was

charged. Leases aggregating 800,000 acres have been granted under this Act.

By the same Statute authority was given to the Governor-in-Council to obtain by purchase at a rate not exceeding twenty-five cents per acre any lands heretofore granted for lumbering purposes. No use has, however, yet been made of this authority.

No forest reservations have been set apart in Nova Scotia, but the present regulations contain the germ of the system in providing a different system of administration for timber lands. The only reserves established at any time were of small extent and for the use of the Admiralty, and these have all, with perhaps one exception, since been disposed of.

In 1883 the first Act for the prevention of forest fires was passed, the chief provisions of which are that no fires are to be started in or near woods except for clearing land, cooking, obtaining warmth or for some industrial purpose and persons starting fires for clearing are to take all possible precautions to prevent their spread. Any person starting a fire in the wood between 1st May and 1st December is required to clear away all combustible material and no burning substance is to be thrown away carelessly. Penalties in these cases are from \$20 to \$400. County councillors, justices of the peace, sheriffs, coroners, and other county officers were made responsible for extinguishing fires. Railway locomotives are required to have proper spark arresters and the right of way through woods must be cleared of inflammable material.

No sufficient machinery for enforcing this Act was provided and this has proved a serious defect. Losses from forest fires have continued and during the dry period of the spring and early summer of last year matters reached a climax. Fires occurred in every part of the Province due to the usual causes, settlers clearing land, fires left carelessly by hunters, fishermen and others, sparks from railways, etc. The area of forest burned over was at least 200,000 acres and the loss is conservatively estimated at \$2,000,000, while it might be placed at even a higher figure, if the statements as to the

destructiveness of the fires given by some reports were accepted without deduction. Not only the previously denuded districts suffered, but also good stands of green timber, and the fires ran over some of the best timber lands of Cumberland County and Western Nova Scotia. But the present destruction is not the end of the matter. As stated in one report the prospective loss can scarcely be estimated as much of the land over which the fire is reported to have travelled was burned so deeply as to destroy all the seeds that were in the soil, indeed in many places the soil itself was burned so that nothing was left to support vegetation until a new soil has been formed. This will take many years. Nor is this all. Another report states that the fires destroyed to a certain extent all kinds of game and killed large numbers of small trout and the prophecy is made that the fish and game will likely become a thing of the past if the fires continue as they have been in 1902 and 1903.

A meeting of the lumbermen of Eastern Nova Scotia was held at Annapolis Royal on the 3rd December, 1903, to consider the situation and advise as to the steps that might be taken to prevent a recurrence of the experiences of that year. The opinion was unanimous in favour of the creation of a patrol and recommendations were made to the Legislature accordingly.

A bill, which has since become law, was consequently introduced into the Legislature by the Government, which provides for the appointment of a Chief forest ranger in any municipality to periodically travel over all woodlands in the municipality, whether belonging to the Crown or private owners or under lease from the Crown, to appoint, when necessary, other persons to act as rangers under his direction, to institute prosecutions against offenders under the Act, to trace the origin of forest fires, to post warning notices and to report fully in regard to all matters coming under his supervision. To provide the necessary revenue to cover the expenses of the service it is provided that a special tax of three-eighths of one cent per acre should be assessed on holders of more than one thousand acres of timber areas or uncultivated lands in any municipality. It

is a pleasure to be able to state that this system is reported to be working out favourably.

An effective organization for fire prevention is the indispensable preliminary to any advance in forestry work or of any experiments in forest reproduction. A resolute enforcement of the Fire Act through the machinery now provided should secure this necessary basis for advance and therefore the Province of Nova Scotia may be expected to give this further question due consideration. Her 10,000,000 acres of timberland, now much of it waste and unproductive as the result of recurring fires, might be made a continual source of revenue and a protection to her waterways and agricultural interests. The problem is worthy of the study of her statesmen, her lumbermen and her citizens generally. Prussia, with a forest area of 6,000,000 acres, has a net revenue of \$8,366,000.

Forest reproduction is not a chimera. The forests are reproducing themselves when allowed to do so. A prominent Nova Scotia lumberman makes the following statement: "After fires are stopped forestry will be a live subject and after having given considerable thought and study to it I have no hesitation in saying that I think it can easily be made successful and profitable."

Spruce is a tree that reproduces itself easily and is the main dependence of the lumber supply in Nova Scotia at present, and generally it would be favored by those in the lumber business. Other species should not be neglected, however, and will be found profitable in mixture or in locations that are specially suitable for their development.

On lands at present timbered natural reproduction might be allowed to do the work, but in order to assist nature as far as possible a study should be made of the methods of re-production, the seeding, the conditions and rates of growth and any other information that may be required to enable the operator to understand and hasten the natural process. Timber is becoming more valuable and if, as the experience of European nations has well established, the product of a forest,—the crop,—can be increased in quantity and value, it is but



**CANADIAN CAMPING,**  
By Smith Lake, near Mattawa, Ont.



'PETER.'  
Ready for the rough road



THE LANDING.  
Smith Lake Camp.



the part of wisdom to take such steps as the conditions will permit of to embrace the returns from an investment in timber lands.

The tracts burned over in such a way as to destroy the seed and any immediate possibility of a new growth of desirable species will require special treatment, either by planting up with the trees desired, as is done successfully in Germany and France, and also lately in the United States, or by the planting of groups to form seed distributors, or even possibly by broadcast seeding. It is desirable that, at least in regard to such denuded areas, which might be considered the special charge of the Government, some experimental work should be undertaken on selected locations.

Various assertions are made as to the rate of growth of trees in Nova Scotia. Herewith is a statement as contained in a report by W. A. Hendry, formerly Deputy Commissioner of Crown Lands for Nova Scotia, submitted in 1884 in response to the request of a committee of the Imperial House of Commons appointed to enquire into the forests of Canada. Ten trees were examined, a small number, but it was considered that they would probably be a fair average. The figures are as follows: Red Spruce, 9 ins diameter, 43 annual rings; 9½ ins., 54 years; 10 inches, 58 years; 16 inches, 43 years; 13 inches, 44 years; 12 inches, 47 years; black spruce, 5½ inches, 51 years; 9¾ inches, 54

years, white pine, 9 inches 58 years, 16 inches, 72 years. It is now becoming less easy to obtain sufficient timber of suitable size to supply the demand for lumber of good dimensions. The statement has been made that it is difficult in Western Nova Scotia to secure the proper proportion of twelve inch wide stock to fill South American orders. The desirability of exact knowledge as to rates of growth is therefore apparent.

The large interests involved in the lumber industry, the protection of the water supply and agriculture, the needs of the rapidly increasing mining operations, all constitute an imperative call to consider the future. Nature will work on with the patience of eternity to help man in his efforts. She will build up with exactness and faithfulness and her operations may be measured and weighed and calculated with a definiteness that places a well-developed system of forestry among the exact sciences. It is time that nature's work was understood and assisted. It is time that she should be allowed to re-clothe the waste places rather than that man should make them a desolation and call it progress. The work of the twentieth century for Canada is to so deal with her forest lands that they may become more and more valuable and at last be handed down to the future years as a monument to the wisdom and foresight of this generation and a blessing to those that follow.

## Planting Forest Seeds.\*

By THOS. CONANT.

I had to send to Germany to get a supply of forest tree seeds, simply because they were not obtainable in Canada or the United States. Germans are content to work so cheaply that they can afford to gather the seed and supply applicants at reasonable prices. It is true we have these seeds in the greatest abundance in Canada, but few persons up to this time have seriously thought of the advisability of saving seeds in the autumn for planting.

It is to be hoped, however, that soon some of our people will turn their thoughts in that direction.

In getting the seeds from Germany I aimed to have those from forest trees situated inland and away from the softening influence of water. This precaution I took so that the trees might be as hardy as ours. In planting the seeds I had shallow holes made with the mattock in order to have the seeds shaded from the scorching

\*Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

sun by the sides of the holes. Then I had them covered over lightly. The covering in fact was only a sprinkling of earth or leaves. The holes were simply excavations that the mattock could make usually at a single stroke, and these I found to be quite sufficient. Let me add before leaving the subject of planting that I aimed at having the seeds spread about in the holes and not dropped in a bunch. These seeds have grown very nicely and I am rather proud of them. The day is surely coming when I can easily afford to be very prodigal of young shoots and remove them by the millions.

In a few years I undoubtedly will get copses of trees, but I do not anticipate large timber for myself. Those to come after will get it, but while it is growing it will ever be a charm to the eye and a beautifier to the landscape. The great beauty of England is that one is never out of sight of the woods. The bare look of the West, or even of our own older Provinces, where everything has been cut off, is entirely absent.

A little personal anecdote, if you will

indulge me, will illustrate as to the profit of tree planting. An English relative, heir to farms of several hundreds of acres in one of the central counties of England, desired to come over and visit me, and make also a tour in the United States and Canada as he approached his majority. Inheriting the title and the lands from his deceased father, he found all the funds to be locked up by the terms of the will and no money available for his purpose just then. His grandfather, however, had planted some scattering oak trees about the home seat, which were gnarled and branchy and spreading. The mother said, "You may ask the gardener if he desires to spare a few of these trees." The gardener was so disposed, a few trees were marked, a sale held and £1500 realized for a few trees never missed and not needed, giving the young heir plenty of available funds to come over and visit me. Had not the grandfather thoughtfully planted these branchy oaks this travelling money could not have so easily come to the young heir. The anecdote makes its own application to England and it will be just as true for Canada in our future for a like time

---

## The Wild West Coast.\*

The west coast of Vancouver Island is an untamed spot, where time has stood still for more than 100 years, and where, owing to the topography of the country, there will be little or no advancement in the ensuing 100 years.

Vancouver, Quadra, Gray and Captain Cook all sailed along this coast, and visited the numerous little harbors that make indentations in the forbidding shore line. They warped and towed their comparatively small craft around numerous islands and up canals and inlets, reaching far into the interior of the island, and in their wake came the fleets of the traders, who bought fish and fur from the Indians. Those were the two great staples of more than 100 years ago, and they are still in the lead—

in fact, are the only resources on which the degenerate remnants of the once powerful tribe depended for a livelihood.

Thirty-six hours' ride by rail and steamer from Portland, Ore., will land one in the heart of this, the wildest region to be found anywhere west of the Mississippi river.

White men are scarce along the west coast, about the only representatives being the storekeepers at the Indian villages. To supply the wants of these few white traders and to carry the mail the Canadian Pacific despatches a small steamer every seven days.

### MOST INTERESTING TRIP.

For the last year the Queen City, Capt-

\*Exchange.

ain Townsend, has been covering the route, and a round-trip voyage on this craft is one of the most interesting trips that can be made in the same length of time anywhere in the west. More than half of the voyage is spent in cruising well inland on bays and inlets that run back from Barclay, Kyoquot, Nootka, Clayoquot, Quatsino, and other "sounds" which lead out to the open sea. The steamer usually makes her first stop out of Victoria at San Juan and then at Carmanah Point and Cape Beale.

The most important landing place in Barclay sound is the new cable station at Bamfield creek. This is where the Australian cable leaves the shores of North America, and there are about twenty men employed here, some of them being fortunate enough to have their wives with them. After leaving Bamfield Creek, the Queen City steams up the Alberni canal far inland to the old town of Alberni, where the ships from England loaded "timber" fifty years ago. The ruins of the old mill are still in evidence, but it has been many a day since a deep water-carrier sailed up this beautiful inlet.

The west coast of Vancouver Island is rich in historic lore, and there is much tragedy mixed with the history. In Friendly cove, Nootka sound, the Northwest America, the first vessel built on the Pacific Coast, was launched by Captain Meares in September, 1788, the American ship Columbia, Capt. Grey, being in the harbor at the time of the launching. Fifteen years later in the same cove, almost the entire crew of the American ship Boston, was massacred by the Indians.

#### OF HISTORICAL INTEREST.

At Chayoquot Sound the red devils murdered almost the entire crew of the Tonquin, which had gone north from Astoria to trade. Then there were tragedies of the sea, almost without number, and in the early days the survivors of ships wrecked on the west coast frequently met a death on shore worse than drowning.

And over all this forbidden coast there rests a glamor of historic interest that will never be dispelled. The names of Gray Vancouver, Meares, Quadra, Cook, and a

number of others will be remembered until the end of time, and it was from the bleak west coast that they set forth to explore what is now known as Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. The names which these leaders of civilization in a new world gave to the rivers, bays, sounds and mountains (Rainer excepted) are still in use and always will be. For this reason alone the west coast will always remain a locality of absorbing interest to both Canadians and Americans in the Pacific northwest.

"The graveyard of the north Pacific" is the sombre and expressive name that was bestowed on the west coast of Vancouver Island so many years ago that the identity of the man who named it has been lost. Time has not changed the significance of that name, and the harvest of death and destruction of property still go on. Big square-riggers, schooners, barquentines, steamers and even men-of-war have all found a common grave on the shores of this wild stretch of coast line.

A few of these wrecks were of sealing schooners which were driven ashore in a fog, but the greater part of them were vessels bound in or out of Puget Sound. There have been many wrecks and a considerable loss of life along that death-haunted region between Cape Flattery and Gray's Harbor, but there are so many stretches of beach and little coves along there that dead bodies and wreckage usually wash ashore in a condition that renders identification impossible.

#### FEW GOOD HARBORS FOUND.

With the exception of two or three good entrances the west coast of Vancouver Island present no such favorable front to the ocean. Rough, ragged rocks, sharp and cruel in spite of the everlasting heat of the surf against them, extend down to the water edge, and under the surface hidden rocks and reefs, in many places, extend out for miles. On these the staunchest ships ever built are quickly ground to pieces and the unfortunate crew, seeking in the fog or darkness to effect a landing on the adjacent shores, meets with a similar fate.

Occasionally a wreck dodges the rocks which guard the entrance to most of these

harbors or coves and gets in where it can be identified before it is pounded to pieces. In a great many cases, however, there is just enough wreckage left intact to excite speculation as to its identity, and not enough to offer a satisfactory clue to the vessel it came from.

The Vancouver Island Indian seems to have suffered worse by contact with the civilization of the whites than any other coast tribe. The advent of the white man found this island populated by many thousands of healthy, well-developed Indians, but bad whiskey and greater evils that follow in its wake have caused the destruction of the race, and today there are certain tribes, notably along Quatsino sound, where the cry of the native papoose will never again be heard, the youngest Indian in the district being five or six years old.

Large numbers of the men have been lost in seal hunting in recent years, and as the seal hunters have always been the flower of the tribe from a physical standpoint the loss to Indian posterity has been severe. In every Indian village on the island are numerous vacant huts that will never again be tenanted by the red man, and deserted villages are by no means infrequently met with.

#### LOSS TO BE REGRETTED.

The destruction of the race, which is so largely due to the adoption of the white man's vices, cannot be regarded otherwise than with regret. In perhaps almost any other part of the West this regret would be softened by the knowledge that the passing of the red man presaged the advent of a higher civilization. Here there is no recompense of the disappearance of the race, which even in its picturesque squalor added interest to a section of the country where nature was lavish in her gifts of scenery, but woefully stingy in passing out

resources of greater intrinsic value. When the last west coast Indian passes over to the great beyond, his place will not be filled by a superior order of being. The respectable white traders and missionaries who now lead lonely lives among them, having no more timber to work on, will return to civilization and the few remaining specimens of mankind will be the cultus squawman and their offspring, the latter in their development retaining all of the evil of both white and red men and none of either.

In justice to a scattering few hardworking prospectors and mine owners now trying to discover what the west coast of Vancouver Island was made for, the above statement should perhaps be qualified. There are numerous mines along the west coast and several hundred thousand good American dollars have been lost forever in an endeavor to make producers of them.

The Government, the Catholics and the Presbyterians have spent considerable money in schools and churches for educating and Christianizing the west coast Indians, but the results have been far from satisfactory. All of the religion that can be forced on an Indian in this country does not seem to diminish his love for lying and stealing, and the morals of both sexes are shocking. The girls, born into the world with a handicap of environment and blood, are taken up by the well-meaning but misguided Church people and taught just enough to make them understand that there is a higher civilization and a better life than that which they are leading. Their intellects are not exactly dwarfed, but through centuries of tradition and breeding diverted into channels which run hot with ours, soon enable them to understand that an impenetrable wall of caste forever bars them from mingling closely with the better civilization of the outside world.



## The Boy Crusoe.

BY MARTIN HUNTER.

Whereas, Crusoe the man, was on an island surrounded by miles and miles of water; this Crusoe, a boy, was at the edge of a lake with miles and miles of the howling wilderness about him.

It was by the sheerest accident we came across him, otherwise, no doubt, he would eventually, have succumbed to hardships and loneliness. He was almost demented from what he had endured both physically and mentally, when we found him.

I had received orders in April from the head officer in charge of the department to proceed overland from my post on the head waters of the St. Maurice to the post of Pointe Bleue, Lake St. John, on a tour of inspection, and this I was requested to do at the earliest possible moment after the lakes and rivers were free of ice.

This opening of navigation usually took place in that part of the country about the 10th of May, but I was unable to secure a guide until a month later and even he was a make shift, for the man had only twice made the crossing years ago when he was yet a boy.

But an Indian's bump of locality is so well developed, that I did not hesitate to start with him and a young Canadian as steersman.

The way we journeyed the distance is nearly three hundred miles. I have never seen a more difficult route to find. Some of the portages would lead off from a water-way in the most unlooked for places. My Indian was never long in deciding where to have the canoe pointed for the next portage, only once was he utterly at fault, and this was when we were about four days' journey from home, and what we considered halfway over.

It was on the biggest lake of the whole trip, long arms or bays, stretched in several directions from the centre, and after a long consideration Shagunash decided the route must be down the bay to the Nor'cast. I ventured to say this was at considerable variance from the general

course we had been going for several days but could not say more.

We kept on paddling down this indent and I saw the guide began to doubt, nevertheless on we paddled until we reached almost the very bottom of the bay. Shagunash jammed his paddle down in the water to wrench the canoe right about face, when George the Canadian said:

"Uegardez lee petit gargon!"

We all looked, and there in the edge of the woods stood a bit of a boy, with a scared, white face. When we got ashore the little lad fell down at my feet and burst into hysterical crying. For a long while my efforts to compose him, were of no avail, but eventually he overcame his emotion and quieted down.

Then we heard part of his remarkable story.

He said, in October last, his father, Frederick Bellmore, and he, left the lower St. Maurice to come into the Pierrish Country to hunt, and that shortly after they reached the lake on which we found him; his father had sickened and died. It was the most heart-rendering story I ever heard.

The boy was too small and weak to carry his father's body out from the camp and bury it, so he dug a shallow trench in the wig-wam, managed to fix a blanket around his dead parent and rolled the corpse into the grave. After filling in the same he cut a number of trees and covered the place to prevent wolves and other animals from devouring the body.

Guided by the little Pierre, for such he gave us as his name, we visited this spot and found it as he had described. By my orders the men returned to the canoe for their axes and fell a number of other large trees on top of the pile to make quite sure of it being protected.

This finished to our satisfaction, the boy next conducted us to the camp the poor little fellow had made with his own hands and where he passed all those dreary, solitary months. The place was wonderfully

well chosen and I could not but think a kind and watchful providence had led his steps thither after he had become an orphan and homeless.

It was a square fissure in the perpendicular front of a high rocky mountain, about six feet broad, ten or twelve feet deep into the mountain and the height was the sky line on top. With infinite labor he had closed up the six feet broad, leaving only a small space for him to crawl in and out, and this egress was securely fastened up at night from the inside by a stout door with double bars and a strong prop. The log front was carried up to about eight feet on which a roof extended clear to the back, a hole being left for the smoke to escape. There was sufficient light from this hole to make all parts of the cave clear by day.

I told little Pierre to gather any small light articles he valued and follow us down to the canoe.

A reasonable time having passed and the boy not coming I returned to the cave to see what was keeping him.

Looking in the small opening, I saw a bundle tied up on the floor and little Pierre kneeling in deep prayer before a crucifix hanging on the wall, with his back towards me. He saw my shadow darkening the door, took the crucifix, kissed it and placed it in his bosom, saying "It was my father's."

With his bundle in his hand he followed me to the canoe in which we all embarked and paddled out of the bay with as much haste as possible.

Shagunash had now studied out his bearing, and this time, took us to the proper landing. The sun was now dipping behind the trees so we decided to camp there and take the portage in the cool of the morning.

That night, and the succeeding ones, before we reached Lake St. John's, little Pierre told us, by the camp fire, of his solitary residence in "Dead Man's Bay."

Fortunately there were many rabbits close to the cave and Pierre, having kept up a line of snares, he subsisted principally on their flesh during the fall, utilizing the skins to line the interior of his hut, which made it very warm when the cold

nights of winter set in. Some of the skins he packed his blankets with to make them heavier and to retain the heat of his body.

He had a little flour, his father's supply, but this he carefully hoarded in case of being hard pressed for food when the bitter cold of January and February set in.

By the calamity of his father's death, Pierre had all at once become much older than his years. He realized that he was alone, over a hundred miles from any one, in a trackless forest, out of which, unaided it was impossible for him to get.

There is no doubt he was an exceptionally brave little fellow. Many a boy under such distressing circumstances would have run blindly into the forest, lost himself, and perished from exhaustion and misery. Not so with Pierre, as he said: "That first evening, after I had buried my poor father, I sat with my head buried in my hands and thought, and thought." "My father, when he became so weak that he foresaw his death was close at hand, managed, between his fits of coughing, to tell me many things I would have to do." "He made me promise to be brave, and not give way to my sorrow. He said God would surely watch over me and direct some one my way."

I could see the hand of Providence in clouding my guides intellect, and causing him to go down the wrong bay.

"My late father had two traps set for beaver in a small lake not far from my hut. These had not been visited all the time of his illness, so the next morning (knowing the path well by accompanying him) I set out to see these traps."

"I carried my father's gun on my shoulder as a defense, ammunition was too scarce to use on small game. It was well I was saving of powder and shot, because once during the winter, as I will tell you later, on, my very life depended on that gun."

"I found a beaver in each trap, one large and one small. The big one and my gun was all I could carry at the time, so I had to make two trips between the lake and my hut."

"I say my hut, but it was not built yet,

I merely had a fire place there and slept in the cut rock."

"It took me till the snow was on the ground to finish my fort, doing a little each day, after visiting my snares and chopping my night's wood."

"I skinned the beavers and smoke dried the meat for future use. This I also did with my surplus rabbits, until real cold weather set in and then I merely froze them."

"However I did not kill rabbits in any great numbers until the cold really did come. I simply got my hedges made and cut down quantities of young birch, tamarac and other tender wood that they are fond of, so they used to come and feed there regularly and others came from further off."

"The morning after the first light fall of snow I went up the valley to see what signs there were and the snow was fairly beaten with tracks coming from all sections."

"There was yet a week or ten days before the freezing up of the lakes. I knew there were other beaver in the lake my father had his traps in, but how to set the traps puzzled me, as I was not strong enough to press down the springs." "One spring I could manage but when I took off some of my weight to press down the other, up would go the first one. At last I thought out a plan. With a slip knot on a piece of cord. I put it over the spring and as I pressed down tightened the string until it was right down. I then tied it fast and pressed the other spring with all my weight, lifted up the pan and the trap was set and kept set by the one released spring. It was simple then to cut the other loose with my knife."

"It took me near half a day to get the traps opened and set in the water. One was on the rim of the beaver lodge and the other at the dam."

"I went back proud to my camp, but that night while lying in my blanket I realized what a risk I had run, for supposing the trap had sprung and caught me by the hand I promised myself I would never take the risk again."

My men having now turned in, I told Pierre to do likewise and continue his story next night.

The following evening after supper I got little Pierre over to the front of the tent, and he resumed his story, while I smoked and listened.

"One morning I found water frozen in a pannican and this scared me to greater exertion at my building and I labored at it for two whole days, and got the front built up the height I wanted it, or rather as high as I could put a ridge pole on, for I saw this was going to be the hardest part, and so it was, for I had first to lift one end a piece and block it, then do the same to the other end, and so on till I got it up to its place."

"For roofing I used round poles, put close together. The chinks were stopped with moss and then earth put on top of this."

"After getting so much done, and the weather turned mild again, I determined to take a day off and visit my beaver traps, which I did on the following day."

"Although I am only a boy, yet I understood that God was good to me, for in each trap was a beaver, a large and a small one, as in the first instance. The flesh of these two would support me for a fortnight and the skins would make me moccasins."

"I did not take time to open the traps, but cut the beaver's feet close to the jaws, hung the traps on a tree and hurried to camp with the large one on my shoulder, and had time to fetch the other before the short November day had closed."

"Firewood I had in advance, so all I had to do was pull my beaver into the hut, barricade the door, take my supper, and set to work, by the light of the fire, at the skinning. This took me far into the night, to finish the two animals. The fire had burnt low, but I did not replenish it as the weather was not cold."

"I was tired from my hard day's work, so offered up my prayers, rolled myself in the blanket, and in an instant was fast asleep."

(To be continued.)

## Our Medicine Bag.

Last month we unfortunately credited Hornaday's American Natural History up to two separate and distinct publishing firms, Messrs. Scribner's name should only have been mentioned.

Three miles west of Edmonton, a fourteen-day journey with pack train, is the Jasper Pass. Here once stood Jasper House, an old Hudson's Bay post, and further west, but a few miles, the still older Henry House. The climate of this part of the Rockies is about the same as that of Edmonton, and from the Pass, southward to the Rocky Mountain Park, is one of the best caribou and sheep countries that we have.

Dr. Judson F. Clark has been appointed by the Government of the Province of Ontario to take charge of forestry work in the Province. Dr. Clark is a native of Prince Edward Island and is a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College. He was a lecturer in the Forestry College at Cornell University and has lately been on the staff of the Forestry Bureau of the United States. His reputation as a lecturer and scientific student of forestry stands high and his appointment should add considerable strength to the development of forestry in Ontario. We are pleased to see Canadians returning to assist in the building up of the Dominion.

No camper or yachtsman should be without the Mayo Diamond Torch. The foregoing reads like an advertisement but it is not. It is, on the contrary, merely a deliberate expression of opinion drawn forth by the superlative virtues of the aforesaid torch. Everybody who has camped, especially in winter time, knows how provokingly difficult it is to start a fire with wet wood and damp matches. The Mayo Diamond Torch is a Brobdingnagian stick about four times as long as an ordinary match. The head will burn for twenty sec-

onds in a gale of wind, or in rain, or in snow. Unfortunately, these matches are not as yet procurable in Canada, but they are to be bought of all outfitters in the United States. They are "sure fire."

### THE "MASSASSAGA" BASS FLY.

The Editor Rod & Gun in Canada:—

Two of us spent last Saturday afternoon on Lake Deschênes. I used what I thought would be very good bass flies and my friend used a "Massassaga" and a "Parma-cicene Belle." He landed four bass and lost three, all on the "Massassaga." I did not rise a single fish. We cast over precisely the same water, and I believe that if I had used the "Massassaga" I might have done just as well as my friend, at least I see no reason why I should not have done, and he said the same thing. Certainly the "Massassaga" is a wonderful bass fly. J.E.M.

Ottawa, 22nd June, 1904.

We regret to have to record the death of Hon. G. W. Stephens of Montreal, which took place suddenly on the 20th June last, while he was on a fishing expedition. Mr. Stephens took a prominent part in the public affairs of the Province of Quebec, and was always known as a liberal and public-spirited citizen. Of late years he had retired from active public life, but was a member of the first Forestry and Colonization Commission appointed recently by the Government of Quebec and submitted an able and well-written report, which contains much valuable material in regard to conditions in the Province of Quebec and forest management elsewhere, particularly in Norway. Hon. Mr. Stephens was a member of the Canadian Forestry Association.

From reports from British Columbia it appears that the season is generally dry and several fires have occurred which required considerable hard work to keep in check. The fire ranging staff is however





KO-KOM.

An Indian woman of the old-fashioned sort.



IN THE ANTELOPE COUNTRY,  
Albany Spring Coulee, Southern Alberta.

well organized. Thorough protection has been provided for along the Foothills of the Rocky Mountains, thus conserving that important watershed. The watershed has been divided into ten districts, each in charge of a ranger. Throughout the rest of Canada the wet weather has prevented any great danger from forest fires. The new system of fire ranging adopted in Nova Scotia is reported to be working out satisfactorily. Reports have been received through the press, however, of forest fires in Cape Breton, which apparently did considerable damage, and threatened the town of Sydney.

The protection afforded to the wild things within the 5000 square miles of the Canadian National Park is beginning to have its reward. After having been exterminated on Mount Rundle, mountain goats have found their way back to their old haunts and only the other day three were seen on the precipices on the east side. They have also been seen recently on Mounts Sulphur and Cascade.

Some young rocky mountain goats were caught by Indian boys of the Shuswap tribe and shipped to the Rocky Mountain Park paddock at Banff. For two days they were fed with a spoon on diluted condensed

milk, and now they have been adopted by some domestic ewes and are doing well. The boys by whom they were captured had a hard tussle, as the little fellows did not submit to the rope without a desperate struggle.

A short time ago one of the buffalo in the animal enclosure at Banff, met with his end in a contest for leadership of the herd, with one of the older bulls. The meat of the animal was used by many in the village, and some found its way to the Indian reserve at Morley, where the Indian chiefs and head men partook of a regular old-time buffalo feed, the only difference being that at the feast of the other day a very devoted grace was said before and after the meal by one of the chiefs, says Crag and Canyon. The old Indian's grace was said in Cree and was something after the following:

"Dear Lord, we all thank you myself, and my brothers, for your big goodness in stuffing us with the strang meat of our bison. We thank you many times; and also we thank the old man bull for killing the young man bull of which we have filled on, and made us big and strong. Please dear Lord, have the bulls and cows fight

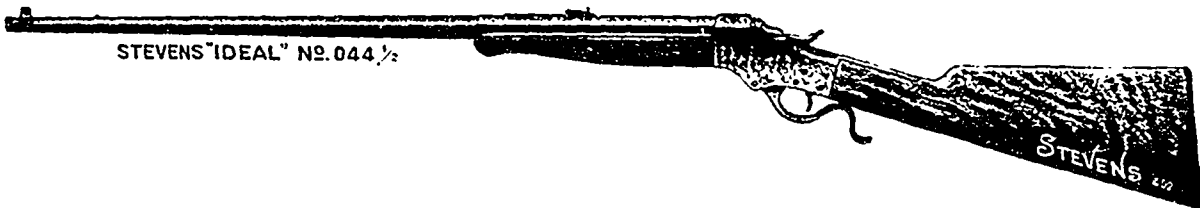
Gentlemen,—We are mailing you under cover electrotype of our new Ideal Rifle, English Model, No. 044½, which will be ready for the market about July 1st. When we issue our new catalog, we anticipated being able to supply it the first of this month but have been delayed.

It is on similar lines to our regular No. 44½ Ideal rifle with drop frame and new sliding breech-block action but has a tamped barrel, military pattern, rubber shot-gun butt and is especially desirable for

field hunting purposes. In weight, the rim fire will be 5¾ pounds, just between the Favorite and Ideal No. 44. Is made for all standard sizes of ammunition, fitted with bead front sights and sporting rear and lists at \$12.00. This is fully illustrated on page 31 of our new catalogue, and, as this is an entirely new arm, believe your readers will be interested in having it brought to their attention.

Very truly yours,

J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.



many more battles so that once more we will eat the buffalo before we die.

The Secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association has sent out circulars to the members asking for lists of names of persons who might be invited to join the Association. There has been a gratifying response in the number of names forwarded, and invitations and copies of the Annual Report are being sent out to these persons. It is desirable that these invitations should be followed up by the members of the Association urging personally its claims to support on those whose names they have sent in. The success of the campaign for increased membership means much for the success and the extension of the usefulness of the Association. The interests for which it stands are of great national importance and have strong claims to public support. It is necessary, however, that these claims should be clearly understood and impressed if the public are to be aroused to take an interest in the movement and a little following up of the printed invitation will help in securing as members many who might otherwise not give the matter careful consideration.

The Secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association has received a reply from the Department of Railways and Canals to the resolution urging that care should be taken for the prevention of forest fires along

the line of the Transcontinental Railway, which was passed at the last annual meeting of the Association. The Secretary of the Railway Department states that the Department fully appreciates the great importance of every precaution being taken to prevent such fires in connection with the surveying of the route and the construction of the said Railway, and that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company have been written to by the Department with the result that they have replied to the effect that the importance of the subject and the desirability of their taking such action as is indicated by the copy of the resolution transmitted has their full sympathy; that they will be glad to do what they can in the direction indicated, and that their engineering department has been instructed accordingly.

A similar reply has been received by the Secretary of the Association from C. M. Hays, the General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, in reply to a copy of the resolution, which was sent direct to him.

One of the longest trips yet undertaken through the mountains will be commenced in a few days by Brewster Bros., of Banff. The party is headed by Fred Hussey, of Pittsburg, and Dr. Stearns, one of the well-known medicine manufacturers of Philadelphia. Eighteen pack ponies have gone ahead loaded with provisions, in charge of W. Potts. They are making their way to



The bullet here illustrated is the culmination of a long series of experiments by Dr. W. G. Hudson of New York City in conjunction with the Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn. The latter state that it is a modification of the Hudson bullet No. 308256. It is one-sixteenth of an inch shorter over all, the point is shaped after the pattern of the U. M. C. Thomas bullet, the length of the bullet from under the band "C" is exactly the same as No. 308256, the middle groove is filled, thus secur-

greater weight at the base and presenting more surface which increases the grip on the rifling. The front band "C" is precisely the same as No. 308256. The ideal dirt catcher is retained. The weight of this bullet when cast from pure lead is about 200 grains and with an alloy of 10 per cent antimony, 10 per cent tin and 8 per cent lead which mixture we recommend the bullet will be about 178 grs. which is nearly the same as the regular factory mid range bullet (180 grs.) Ed. Taylor Inspector of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co. lately tested this bullet with 20 grs. of their new "Marksman" powder and secured about 1600 F. S. there was no fusion.

the Athabasca falls where the rest of the party will overtake them at an early date. The course mapped out is no definite one, but the time it will take will exceed four months. After leaving the Kootenay Plains, above the head waters of the Saskatchewan, the party will proceed through Wilcox Pass, down the Sunwapti, striking the Athabasca and following north to the Miette river. Here a permanent camp will be made, and during the summer the large rivers and surrounding country will be explored. In the fall Mr. Hussey and the doctor will make a collection of game heads and the fur-bearing animals of that part of the Rockies, and considerable time will be spent in drawing maps of the water courses and mountains for future travel. On Mr. Hussey's return he will outfit again at Edmonton to take an extensive trip to the Barren Lands after the

musk ox.

The world owes every man a living—and some of them collect the debt in a decidedly original way. According to the Canadian Gazette of London:

"For the past six months a man, age about 30, height 5 feet 6 inches, complex-

---

The United States Marine Corps have just placed an additional order with the Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., for another quantity of complete outfits with which to equip the various Marine Corps stations, each set consisting of an Ideal Loading Press with appurtenances, Universal Powder Measure No. 5, Armory Mould, bullet Lubricator & Sizer lubrication, etc. all of which are to be used in reloading the 30-40 Krag service shell with the Ideal bullet No. 308245 and a charge of 3 grs. of Laflin & Band's "Bulls-Eye" powder.

Reloaded ammunition of this description is said to be extremely accurate and very cheap, showing a great saving over the cost of new cartridges which fact the militia of the various states as well as Uncle Sam are not slow to recognize, as the use of reloaded ammunition for all ranges up to and in under 500 yds. enables the men to shoot a great deal more for practice at a very much less cost.

ion pale, hair, eyes and moustache dark brown, wearing a grey suit and cap with flaps, has been victimising Canadians and Australians here, by representing to them that he is steward or engineer on a steamship lying at Tilbury Docks, and that by the request of some notable person at Quebec, Halifax, or elsewhere, he has brought them a caribou head, and that it will be sent on by rail. The name of the person mentioned as the sender is generally familiar to those addressed, who, in anticipation of receiving such a valuable present, gladly advance the money to cover the carriage on the railway, etc. Needless to say neither the man, nor the money is seen again, and the caribou head never arrives. The police are desirous of forming this man's acquaintance, with a view of stopping the annoyance both to persons on whom he calls and to the railway authorities, who have been very much pestered by inquiries respecting the stag's head, which they have never received for delivery."

The government of the Province of Ontario has established regulations providing for the safeguarding of the forests by the insertion of a special clause in the agreements of all railway companies building railways through the newer districts of Ontario. The regulations consist of two clauses, one of which is:—

"It is hereby agreed that wherever the line of construction of said railway runs through lands of the Crown, which are not covered by timber license and the Government deem it proper for the protection of the forest wealth adjacent to the line of construction to place on duty a staff of fire rangers for the protection of timber, it shall be at liberty to do so, and all expenses incurred thereby, whether for or in respect of men's wages, or any other services, shall be borne and paid by said railway company."

The other clause is similarly worded and provides for the protection of timber under license.

By this means the control of this fire protection is kept in the hands of the department, and the department, with its experienced ranging staff, will be able to look closely after the work and see that

adequate protection is afforded. The Canadian Pacific Railway, which is building a line south from Sudbury, and the James Bay Railway Company have heartily acquiesced in the arrangement, and it is expected that the results will be as successful as they have been along the line of the Timiskaming road, where an efficient ranging system has prevented loss by fire, though the line is constructed through one of the finest pine forest reservations in Canada.



Mr. Austin Cary has, as reported by the press, been making a statement to the effect that the estimates and descriptions of Canadian forests, which have appeared on this side of the line, have been much exaggerated, as his observation is that the timber and the condition of the forests is not nearly so good as has been asserted. Without any authorized report of the statement made or knowledge of opportunities for observation upon which it is based it is impossible to form a judgment as to how far this criticism is correct. Mr. Cary is a man of experience in timber matters and for years has made the forest a special study, so that anything he may say on the subject is worthy of attention.

As to the criticism of Canadian estimates, however, it may be pointed out that there are estimates and estimates, and undoubtedly some of them are overdrawn. As a rule, however, those issued in any official way are carefully made and while an estimate in regard to an immense country like Canada must always leave large margins of error in the present incomplete state of our knowledge, there are still large tracts of splendid forests in the Dominion and the more careful estimates will not be found to be so very far wide of the mark, even though some districts may not come up to the expectations that were formed of them. It is well, however, to emphasize the fact that an experienced forester, a practical man of business, for such Mr. Cary is, having managed the pulpwood limits of the Berlin Mills Company of Brunswick, Maine, for some years, should find ground for criticism of the condition and management of Canadian timber lands.



The question has been often asked, whether it is possible to introduce any substance into the body of a tree or plant which will destroy insect or other parasites, but any attempts made with that object have been generally and usually justifiably discredited. The Forestry Quarterly, however, gives a review of some experimental work, which has been done by a Russian entomologist to determine the feasibility of some such mode of combating the attacks of insects. The first point to be settled was the proper method to introduce the foreign substance, so that it might be carried throughout the whole body of the tree. Previous experiments in which crosswise holes were cut in trees showed that a colored liquid introduced into such holes would rise to the top, but only in a distinct line in the shape of the cross formed by the holes and that it did not descend to the roots. But by cutting the holes under the surface of the liquid to be introduced it was found that it would pass through all the tissues of the tree. When the holes were cut in air the air filled the cut cells and, as it were, plugged them, although later the liquid was drawn upward by the transpiration force. The other question to be solved is as to the materials that may be injected into the tree to destroy the parasites without injury to the tree. The experiments are not yet sufficiently advanced to determine this, but it is known that plant cells will absorb poisonous substances and in weak solution no injury to the tree might result. It is known that some fungi cannot develop in the presence of even traces of salts of copper, others, in the presence of green vitriol. The final issue of this experimental work will be awaited with much interest.



Trout fishing in the well fished streams of the old country is considerably more difficult than in most of our Canadian waters, and the reward in mere weight of fish is of course insignificant as compared with the rewards obtained by Canadian anglers—but, even so, it is a noble sport and a satisfying one. The Englishman is very thoroughgoing and never more in earnest than when he takes his pleasure, not

sadly, as the witty Frenchman said, but carefully, deliberately and attending with infinite pains to the minutiae of his art. From the days of Walton the masters of the craft have hailed from the British Isles, and English text books are yet the best, though wisdom must be used in adapting their directions of our fishing.

One of the latest, and a capital one, too, is "Trout Fishing" by W. Earl Hodgson, published by Messrs. Black, Soho Square, London. An admirable feature of this book is a colored supplement of artificial flies, of which the author says: "Although, if I be not mistaken, the book of flies now presented is the first of its kind, pictures of flies, arranged for other purposes, are not uncommon; but much more difficultly, I am informed, has been found in the attempts to reproduce the colors exactly. Within recent months, happily, there has been much progress in the methods of reproducing colored pictures; and I am confident that the effort in this volume will be found successful." This claim is certainly justified, and the colored plates of flies will be most useful to Canadian anglers. Many of these flies are as useful in Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia as in the British Isles, though many of our best "fancy" flies do not seem to have found favor as yet across the Atlantic. The price of the book is seven shillings and sixpence.

The prospector is the advance Herald of civilization, and few of us realize how much this Canada of ours owes to the plucky, enterprising men who are exploring the uttermost nooks and crannies of our western ranges.

F. B. Hussey of Pittsburg, Penn., is already well-known throughout the Canadian Park, having been in this part several times for the purpose of hunting, says the "Crag and Canyon" of Banff, Alberta:—He has just returned from a bear hunt with Jas. Brewster of this place, and C. P.

Price, of Golden, with a bag of four black bear, two grizzlies, and one cinnamon. The party started from Golden about a month ago down the Columbia River, and through the Big Bend Country. Wonderful sport was afforded the entire trip. They saw, in all, some twenty-five bear and in some cases where the bear was only wounded the first fire, they narrowly escaped a hand to hand fight with bruno. One large silver tip in particular proved the true fighting character of the grizzly of the Rockies. A shot from Mr. Hussey's Express rifle broke her front leg at which the bear rose on her hind legs looking for the cause of her pain. The boys were behind a sandbank about eighty yards away, and it was some minutes before the huge grizzly saw them, but during those few minutes, trees, stumps, roots and gravel flew in all directions as anything in her path she tore to pieces in her anger and pain. It was not until she was within twenty yards of the hunters that she was brought down with the fifth bullet, one through her head, two through her shoulders and neck and one through her heart. She proved to be a tremendous brute in size but owing to a mange of some sort her pelt was of no use. Her skull, however, will be one of Mr. Hussey's trophies of the Canadian Rockies

The following extract from the report of the Minister of Finance of the Russian Empire on the Trans-Siberian Railway which shows that the same difficulties exist there as in Canada is given in the *Revue des Eaux et Forêts* for February.

It is absolutely necessary to make a more complete study of the taiga (swamp forests) and to determine the extent of land which may serve for the immediate settlement of the immigrants, or which it will be necessary to prepare for that purpose, whether by the labor of the immigrants themselves or at the expense of the state, and when that question is considered it will be necessary to give special attention to forest economy, the present condition of which menaces Siberia with great future perils. Nearly everywhere the forests are either entirely destroyed or devastated by the local population so as to become valueless. The lack of supervision

---

Blue Book on Arms and Ammunition is the title of Caverhill, Jarmont & Co.'s 1904 book showing a full line of guns, rifles, and other sporting goods.

on the one hand and on the other the increase of the price of forest products as a result of the building of the railroad and the development of steam navigation, are among the causes for the exhaustion of the forest riches of Siberia.

The chief scourge of the forests in Siberia are the fires due principally to carelessness and each year immense stretches of the most beautiful pine forests are devastated by fire. In the district of Altai, that granary of Siberia, which has a brilliant future, every year sees the burning of tens of thousands of acres of forests, the result of which is the laying bare of the sands. In the district of Kurgan moving sands have already formed and are covering the cultivated fields. In the province of Tobolsk nothing more remains of the famous forest of Ikovo, which in the reign of John IV. was celebrated for its squirrels, but bare sands and small scattered trees. As a consequence of this wholesale destruction of the forest, the climate of Siberia is certainly changing for the worse and it is probable that that is the cause of the drought which has existed for two years in Altai.

From the preceding it is absolutely necessary to carry on the study of the fauna in line with the forestry organization of Siberia. It is necessary to distinguish between the forests which have a protective character or of which the preservation is a matter of special moment to the state and those which occupy tracts suitable to being gradually transformed into agricultural lots for immigrants.

John Fannin is dead and Canada has lost the best working naturalist she has yet been able to claim as her own home-made production. He reached a ripe old age and was one of the most beloved and respected old timers of British Columbia. The Colonist had this to say about him:

"Few men in British Columbia were more widely known than "Jack" Fannin. Crossing the plains from Eastern Canada in 1862, he plunged into the pioneer life of the province with its vicissitudes and its struggles with a cheery personality which soon won him the reputation of being one of the kindest and most cheery souls in

the community. In common with all men at the period when he came to British Columbia, he followed mining with more or less success during "the Cariboo excitement," but soon found his natural bent in leading hunting parties in various portions of the province. In this he gained an experience which served him in good stead, when during the regime of the late John Robson's government he was appointed to the position of curator. This vocation suited him to a nicety, and to the intelligence and application which he brought to his task in the comparatively early days, British Columbia owes it that she has now so splendid a museum.

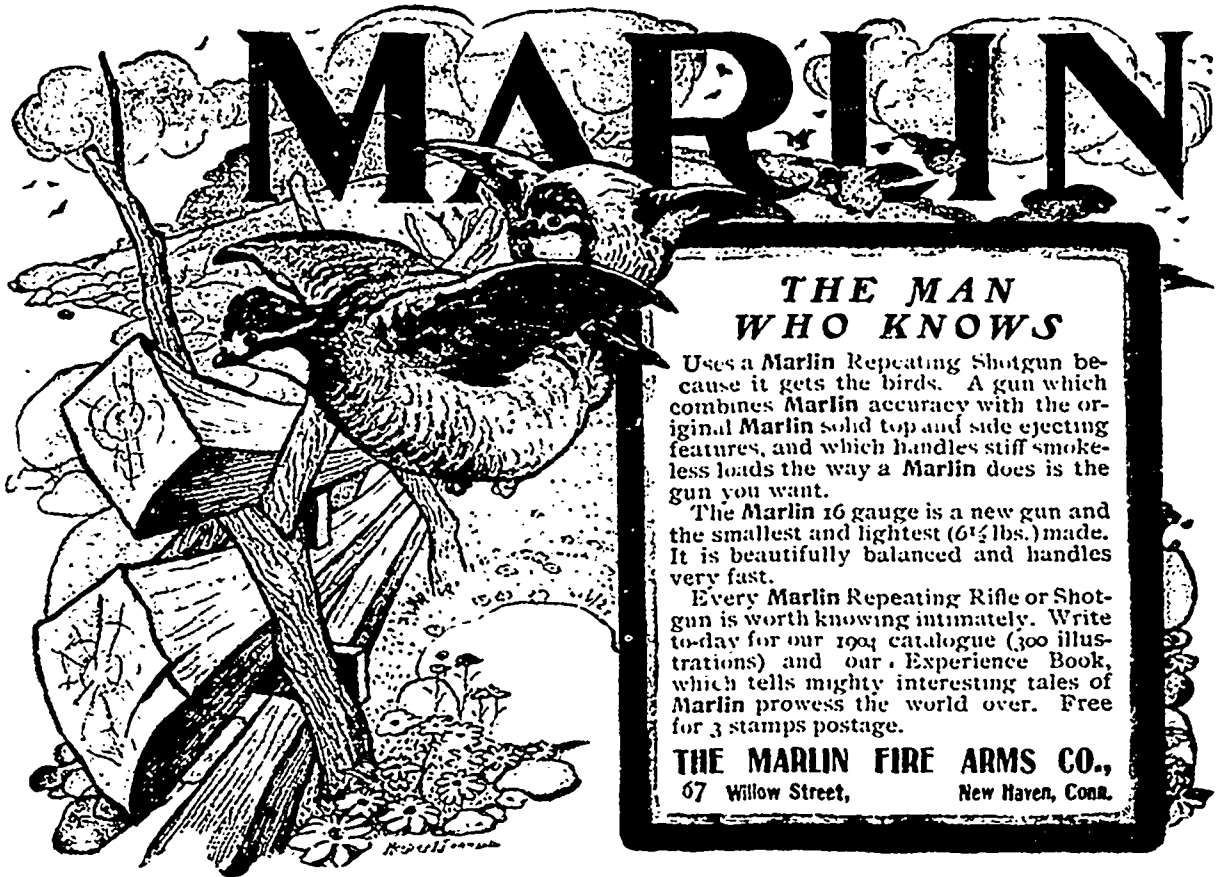
As a taxidermist and historian his talents were recognized all over the continent. He was paid innumerable compliments by high authorities for the specimens he had secured, and the skill and knowledge he had shown in their preparation for exhibition purposes. From an unpretentious nucleus of small birds, the museum grew under his supervision to its present magnificent proportions. Visiting representatives of New York museums and other noted institutions were loud in praise of his collection, asserting it was among the best of the kind they had ever seen. Notable amongst the types under his charge was the "Ovis Fannini," a specie of goat in a class by itself, known only to the Yukon country in the vicinity of Dawson, being given that name because of its discovery and classification by Mr. Fannin.

Deceased was born at Kemptville, Ont., on July 27, 1837. He was unmarried and has a brother and sister still living in the East. Accompanying him across the plains in 1862 were R. B. McMicking, J. A. Mara, John Bowron, G. T. Tunstall and many others now scattered over the province. The funeral will take place tomorrow."

---

A black bass weighing 6 lbs., 8 oz., 22½ inches long and having a girth of 17 inches, was killed near Cobocok, Ont., by Mr. G. R. Symes, last month. He used a rod by Alcock, Laight & Westwood Company, Ltd., of Toronto.





**THE MAN  
WHO KNOWS**

Uses a Marlin Repeating Shotgun because it gets the birds. A gun which combines Marlin accuracy with the original Marlin solid top and side ejecting features, and which handles stiff smokeless loads the way a Marlin does is the gun you want.

The Marlin 16 gauge is a new gun and the smallest and lightest (6½ lbs.) made. It is beautifully balanced and handles very fast.

Every Marlin Repeating Rifle or Shotgun is worth knowing intimately. Write to-day for our 1904 catalogue (300 illustrations) and our Experience Book, which tells mighty interesting tales of Marlin prowess the world over. Free for 3 stamps postage.

**THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.,**  
67 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

**C O N T E N T S**

**August, 1904**

A North Country Troutng Trip. By Chas. A. Campbell	107
Breaking the Way. By Mary M. Schaffer	111
The Old and the New. By C. C. Farr	112
Ko-Kom. By Martin Hunter	117
An Instructive Exhibit	118
The Canadian Summer Girl. By Katherine Hughes	119
Nova Scotia	121
Planting Forest Seeds. By Thos. Conant	127
The Wild West Coast	128
The Boy Crusoe. By Martin Hunter	131
Our Medicine Bag	134
The Trap	xvii to xxiv

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

The Official Organ of the Canadian Forestry Association.

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

ROD AND GUN PUBLISHING CO., Montreal and Toronto.

Price, 10 cents a Number. \$1.00 a year.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT,  
603 Craig St., Montreal, P.Q.

SUBSCRIPTION and ADVERTISING DEPT'S,  
414 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.

# Canadian Forestry Association



**PATRON :**

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

**HONORARY PRESIDENT :**

WILLIAM LITTLE, ESQ., Westmount, Montreal.

**PRESIDENT :**

AUBREY WHITE, ESQ., Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto, Ont.

**VICE-PRESIDENT :**

E. G. JOLY DE LOFBIERE, Quebec, P. Q.

**PROVINCIAL VICE-PRESIDENTS :**

ONTARIO.—HON. E. J. DAVIS, ESQ., Peterborough.	ASSINBOIA.—HIS HONOR A. E. FORGET, Lieut-Governor, Regina.
QUEBEC.—HON. S. N. PARENT, Quebec.	ALBERTA.—WILLIAM PEARCE, ESQ., Calgary.
NEW BRUNSWICK.—HIS HONOR J. B. SNOWBALL, Lieut-Governor, Chatham.	ATHABASKA.—F. D. WILSON, ESQ., Fort Vermilion.
NOVA SCOTIA.—HON. J. W. LONGLEY, Halifax.	BRITISH COLUMBIA.—H. BOSTOCK, ESQ., Monte Creek.
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—REV. A. E. BURKE, Alberton.	YUKON.—THE COMMISSIONER, Dawson.
MANITOBA.—MAJOR STEWART MULVEY, Winnipeg.	KEEWATIN.—THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA

**BOARD OF DIRECTORS :**

WM. SAUNDERS, ESQ., LL.D., Ottawa, Ont.	I. R. BOOTH, ESQ., Ottawa, Ont.
PROF. JOHN MACOUS, Ottawa, Ont.	JOHN BEETRAM, ESQ., Toronto, Ont.
THOS. SOUTHWORTH, ESQ., Toronto, Ont.	E. STEWART, ESQ., Ottawa, Ont.
HIRAM ROBINSON, ESQ., Ottawa, Ont.	H. M. PRICE, ESQ., Quebec, P. Q.

**SECRETARY :**

R. H. CAMPBELL, ESQ., Ottawa, Ont.

**TREASURER :**

NORMAN M. ROSS, ESQ., Ottawa, Ont.

**T**HE objects of the **CANADIAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION** are :

The preservation of the forests for their influence on climate, fertility and water supply ; the exploration of the public domain and the reservation for timber production of lands unsuited for agriculture ; the promotion of judicious methods in dealing with forests and woodlands ; re-forestation where advisable ; tree planting on the plains and on streets and highways ; the collection and dissemination of information bearing on the forestry problem in general.

**ROD AND GUN** is the official organ of the Association, which supplies the articles relating to Forestry published therein.

This Association is engaged in a work of national importance in which every citizen of the Dominion has a direct interest. If you are not a member of the Association your membership is earnestly solicited.

The annual fee is \$1.00, and the Life Membership fee \$10.00.

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary,

**R. H. CAMPBELL**

OTTAWA, ONT.

Department of the Interior.

# Hotel Strathcona

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.

This very pleasant Summer Resort on

## Lake Ontario

is now open for Guests. It is the most beautiful place in Canada for parties to pass their summer vacation in.

Good Fishing, Bathing and Boating.

**ARTHUR WARD, Prop.**

AT THE

# Grand American Handicap

764 shooters took part in the main events.

137 divided the purses.

65 winners shot

# DuPont Smokeless

and won \$2315.15.

There is

# No Dark Room

in the

# KODAK

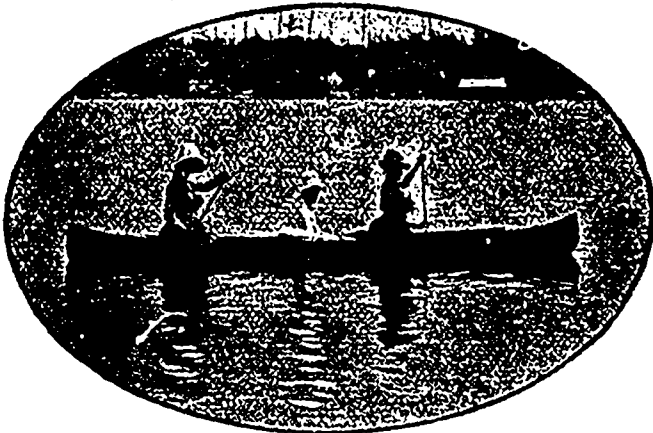
way of picture making. It's cleaner, simpler, pleasanter than the old way, but more important than all, it gives better pictures.

The proof of the complete success of the *Kodak Developing Machine* lies in the fact that it is now in every day commercial use and those establishments which have adopted it are getting an improved quality of work. Machine finished negatives are free from finger marks and other blemishes.

**KODAK DEVELOPING MACHINES,**  
\$2.50 to \$10.00

**CANADIAN KODAK CO. Limited,**  
Toronto, Canada.

*Kodak Catalogue Free, at the dealers, or by mail.*



When you take  
your next  
**HUNTING, SHOOTING  
OR  
FISHING EXPEDITION**

You will require a  
First-class, Reliable  
Canoe You can  
depend upon us to  
supply you with  
one that will meet  
your requirements.

**The Peterborough Canoe Co., Limited**  
PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA.

**BEFORE PURCHASING, it will pay  
you to obtain information  
concerning our products.**

**THE LEADING Manufacturers of  
Canoes, Skiffs, Launches, Yachts:  
in fact everything that floats.**

SEND FOR OUR INTERESTING CATALOGUE.



**The Hudson's Bay  
Company**

Has had over 229 years  
experience in providing  
for hunters

Everything necessary can be  
supplied. Circular Letters of  
Credit issued on all the  
Company's Inland Posts.  
Further particulars on ap-  
plication to . . . . .

**HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY**  
WINNIPEG



**WANT  
A LIGHT?**

Every sportsman knows the value of dry  
matches. They're always a comfort;  
sometimes they save lives.

**MARBLE'S  
WATERPROOF MATCHBOX**

Is the *only* waterproof matchbox ever offered  
sportsmen which is worth pocket room.  
It is substantially made from brass, heavily  
nickled, and holds enough matches to keep a  
man in smokes and fires for several days.

**Price 50 cents.** For sale by dealers  
everywhere, or

**MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO.**  
DEPT. U., GLADSTONE, MICH.

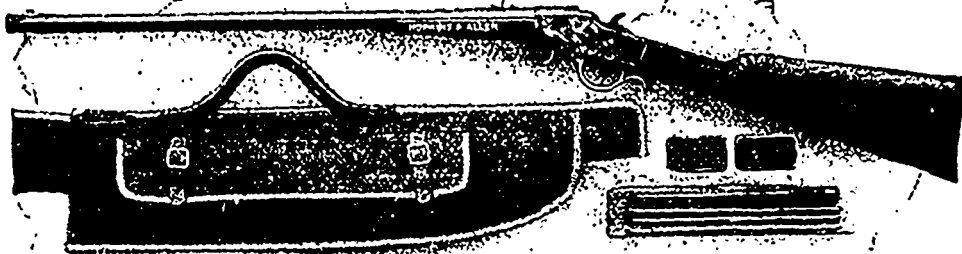
*Our new Catalog shows eighteen new  
specialties for sportsmen. Send for it.*



Cut  
to  
size

Shows  
box  
closed

# Hopkins & Allen Vacation Outfit



Our No. 922 "Popular Junior" Lever Action Rifle, take-down pattern Rebounding hammer always on safety when not cocked. Barrel readily detached from frame. Shoots 22 short or long rim-fire cartridge. 22 in. barrel. Weight 5 lbs.

## Outfit

No. 39 consists of our No. 922 Rifle. Waterproof Canvas Case, Leather Bound, with pockets for Cleaning Rod and Cartridges, Jointed Brass Cleaning Rod with Cocobolo Handle, and Two Boxes of Cartridges. Complete as illustrated above. Prepaid to any Express Office in the United States on receipt of price.

Price  
**\$6.50**

Send for Catalogue No. 72, of Rifles, Shotguns, and Revolvers.

**THE HOPKINS & ALLAN ARMS CO., NORWICH, CONN.**

## Orlan Clyde Cullen, C.E., LL.M.

Counsellor at Law U. S. Supreme Court.  
Registered Attorney U. S. Patent Office.

U. S. and Foreign Patents, Caveats,  
Trade Marks and Copyrights.

Military and Naval Inventions a Specialty.

Address **Box 264, Station G.,**

Washington, D.C., Gun Shop and Model Shop.

Warren White, Sulphur Springs, Totten, P.O., Virginia.



The "KING" is simply wonderful in construction. Puncture Proof Canvas. Equal in wearing strength and model to the best wooden boats, yet it folds in a small package to check as baggage or carry by hand. No repairs or cost for storage. Made non-sinkable and perfectly safe anywhere. The only patented canvas boat on the market. King Folding Canvas Boat Co., 667 N. St., Kalamazoo, Mich., U.S.A.

## Our

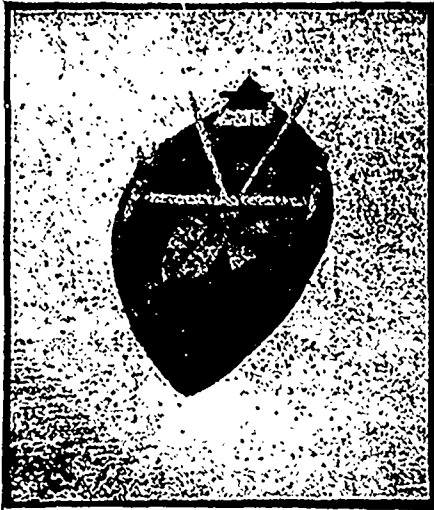
## Detachable Even Spoolers



Have deservedly gained a national reputation by the satisfied thousands whose words of praise have fast brought them into prominence and general use in the U. S. and Foreign Countries. Spoolers sold alone or attached to ball bearing jeweled or steel pivot bearing reels.

That new rubber hook muzzle or shield binds hook and line securely to the rod when not fishing, saving all sorts of annoyance, trouble, danger and profanity in an instant. Write for free catalog and price.

**A. W. BISHOP & SON, RACINE, WIS., U. S. A.**  
Patentees and Manufacturers.



## Life-Saving Folding Canvas Boats

The latest, safest, and best is what we offer you. A boat built on modern lines that will prove a pleasure to own and use. Selected materials used all through, and it comes to you GUARANTEED the best. Latest patent and improved Folding Canvas Boat on the Market.

A handy and safe boat for fishing and shooting. Puncture proof. Galvanised tempered steel frame. No bolts to remove. Folds the most compact of any boat made. Send 4c. in stamps for catalogue and reliable testimonials.

**LIFE SAVING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT Co.**  
755 Portage St., KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S. A.

MAKERS BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE PRINCE OF WALES

PATRONIZED BY THE GERMAN  
EMPEROR, THE KING AND QUEEN  
OF ITALY, ETC., ETC.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900  
AND 38 GOLD AND OTHER  
HIGHEST AWARDS

We are the manufacturers of the highest class Fishing Rods, Reels, Flies, Tackle, etc., in the world. There is no difficulty in procuring goods from us direct. Write us; it will pay you. Remember the best is always the cheapest.

**HARDY BROS., Alnwick, England.**



**Hardy's Rods.** Cane Built Steel Centre. Cane Built and Greenheart Fishing Rods, &c.

**"PALAKONA,"** Strongest Bamboo known for Rod Building.

To Anglers.—Send for "Hints to Anglers" and Catalogue (300 Illustrations), free. Tackle specially suitable for Angling sent to any part of the World.

Branches—5 South St. David Street, EDINBURGH  
12 & 14 Moulton Street, MANCHESTER  
LONDON: 61, Pall Mall S.W.



**GLOVER'S  
IMPERIAL**

## DOG REMEDIES.

The result of twenty-five years' experience  
in the treatment of

**SICK DOGS.**

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN  
SPORTING GOODS IN CANADA.

FREE BOOK ON  
DOG DISEASES AND HOW TO FEED  
On application to

H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S., 1278, Broadway, New York,  
U. S. A.



## Just For Fun

Target your choke-bore with cartridges containing HUMMER spreaders and find how nicely the pattern will be adapted to bird or rabbit shooting. Box of 50 Spreaders, mailed for 20 cts. Six boxes for \$1.00.

Address, DANIEL BROWN, Thornton, R. I.

## GOV'T AUCTION SALE CATALOGUE GUNS

Pistols Military Goods (Illustrated), 15c., mailed 6c. stamps. F. Bannerman, 579 Broadway, N. Y.

## Hamilton Powder Company

HAS MANUFACTURED **SPORTING  
GUN POWDER**

Since 1866. As a result you have

"CARIBOU" made from best materials, perfectly put together. "DUCKING" hard pressed, slow burning, keeps well under all conditions. "SNAP SHOT" high velocity, moist residuum. Cheap. The powder for every day use.

### ENGLISHMEN SAY

Powder can be bought in Canada as good as ever put in a gun. It has a positive advantage over home make, the dirt is soft.—J. J. W. in London Field.

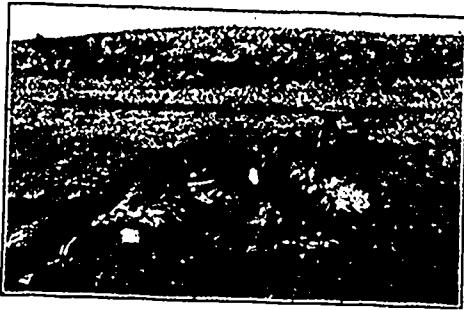
### AMERICANS SAY

The finer English or American Powder and Canadian "Caribou" I am quite familiar with. They give so little recoil that one may shoot all day without bruised shoulder or headache.—Forest and Stream.

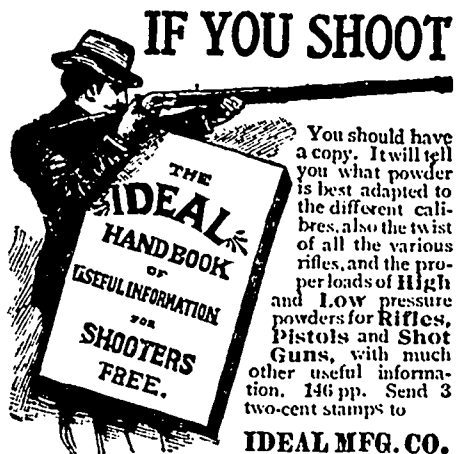
### CANADIANS ABROAD SAY

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

NEWHOUSE TRAPS



LOBO, THE KING WOLF OF CORCORAN, CAUGHT IN ONE TRAP.  
**THE BEST TRAP IS THE CHEAPEST**  
 Send 25c. in stamps for the Illustrated Trappers' Guide, telling all about wild animals and how to catch them, with stories of Life in the Wood.  
 Illustrated Catalogue mailed free.  
**ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD, Niagara Falls, Ont.**



**IF YOU SHOOT**  
 You should have a copy. It will tell you what powder is best adapted to the different calibres, also the twist of all the various rifles, and the proper loads of High and Low pressure powders for Rifles, Pistols and Shot Guns, with much other useful information. 146 pp. Send 3 two-cent stamps to  
**IDEAL MFG. CO.**

390 St., NEW HAVEN, CONN., and mention ROD AND GUN.

**THE BEST OUT**  
 The Illustrated Monthly  
**PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE**

**FORCE**

AT ALL NEWS STANDS, 5 CENTS PER COPY. 50 CENTS BY THE YEAR

An Authority on all Matters Pertaining to Health and Strength for Men and Women and Gentlemanly Sport.

JOHN C. MEYERS, Editor.

ASK YOUR NEWS DEALER FOR SAMPLE COPY OR WRITE  
**Force Publishing Co.,** 312 Vine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

**SALMON ANGLING**

SEASON 1904.

TO LET: The following rivers on the North Shore of the River St. Lawrence.

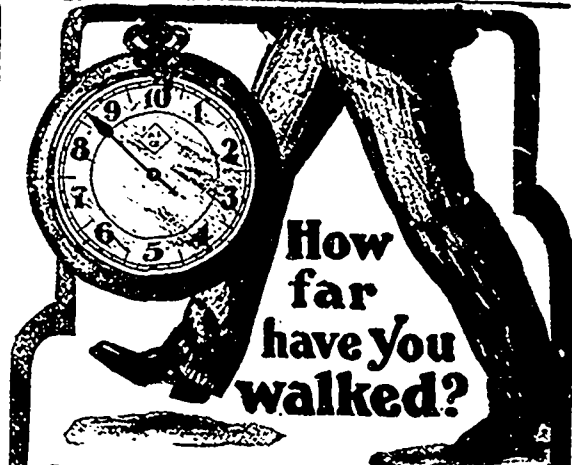
Name of River	No. of Rods	Probable No. Salmon
Birch	1	40
Manitou	1	25
Sheldrake or Sawbill	1	40
Thunder River (trout only)		
Magpie	1	60
Bear or Victor	1	30
Corneille	2	100
Pishteebee	1	50
Minacoughan Quettashoo	1	50
Little Watischoo	2	60
Napissipi	1	25 40
Agwanis	2	75
Mingan	2	200
Manitou, tributary of Mingan	1	75

*NOTE--In August and September, after the salmon season is over, Grilse and Trout of large size are plentiful in these rivers and give excellent sport.*

*These rivers can be reached by first-class steamer from Quebec, sailing weekly in from thirty-six to sixty hours.*

Further particulars on application to the

**Editor, Rod and Gun in Canada,  
 603 Craig St., Montreal.**



**How far have you walked?**

**THE AMERICAN PEDOMETER**

**WILL TELL YOU** CARRIED LIKE A WATCH.  
 100 Mile Pedometer \$1.50 REGULATES TO STEP OF WEARER  
 10-Mile Pedometer \$1.00  
 Numbers on dial represent miles. Hand points out number of miles walked. Case of handsome nickel. If you play golf or hunt, walk for business or pleasure, in search of health or recreation the WALKING IS MADE DOUBLY INTERESTING by carrying a Pedometer. At your dealer or by mail on receipt of price. Fully guaranteed. Write for booklet  
**THE AMERICAN PEDOMETER CO.**  
 125 CHURCH ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

**'Infallible'  
'E. C.' and  
'Schultze'**

Powders to stand by and swear by.

Either dense or bulk; and  
all made in America by the

**LAFLIN & RAND  
POWDER CO.**

**The Ideal Beverage**

o o o

A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.

o o o

And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.

o o o

**ASK FOR**

*Labatt's*

(LONDON)

**Grand American Handicap**

**'INFALLIBLE'**

Won 1st General Average

Mr. J. L. D. Morrison, of St. Paul, Minn., .976 per cent.

**'SCHULTZE'**

won 2nd General Average

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, of New York, N. Y., .973 per cent.

**LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.**



# SPORTING GOODS



**T. Costen & Co.**

1696 Notre Dame Street, Montreal

We carry a large line of  
Fishing Tackle, Guns,  
Rifles, ammunition, Loaded  
Shells, Bristol Steel Rods,  
Marble's Axes, Gaffs, etc.,  
Winchester and Stevens  
Rifles.

OUR MOTTO

**Quality High, Prices Low.**

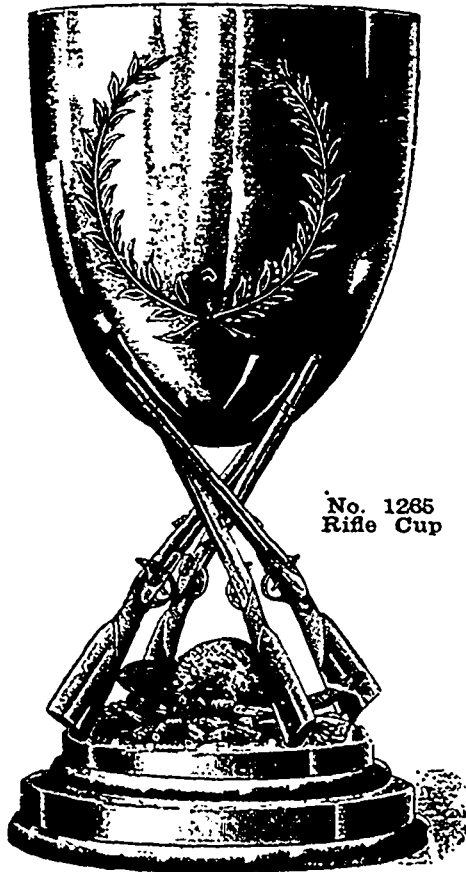
A Sportsman's Outfit is  
not Complete without a

# KODAK

We also have **Century**  
and **Premo Cameras**  
*Supplies Also.*

*Catalogue for the asking.*

**J. G. RAMSEY & CO.**  
LIMITED.  
89 Bay Street, Toronto.



No. 1285  
Rifle Cup

## The **Toronto Silver Plate Co., Limited**

Designers and Manufacturers  
of Wares in Sterling Silver  
and Electro Silver Plate.

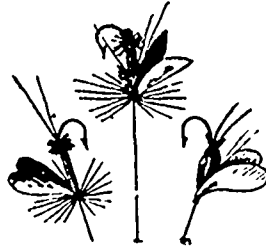
Making a specialty of Designs suitable  
for prizes for Athletic Competition.

**FACTORIES AND SALESROOMS,  
King St., West, Toronto, Canada.**

E. C. GOODERHAM,  
Managing Director.

Small Profits—Quick Sales

# Trout Flies



for trial—send us

- |      |  |                 |
|------|--|-----------------|
| 15c. | For an assorted sample dozen<br>Regular price, 24 cents. | Quality A Flies |
| 30c. | For an assorted sample dozen<br>Regular price, 60 cents. | Quality B Flies |
| 60c. | For an assorted sample dozen<br>Regular price, 84 cents. | Quality C Flies |
| 60c. | for an assorted dozen<br>Regular price, 84 cents.        | Bass Flies      |

## SPLIT BAMBOO RODS

Fly Rods 10 feet, 6 ounces **60 Cents** Bait Rods 9 feet, 8 ounces  
With cork grip and extra tip, in wood form.

**THE H. H. KIFFE CO.,**

523 Broadway, New York City.

Catalogs of any of the above goods free on application.

# R. & W. Kerr

2226-2230 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL.

Write for a 1904 catalogue.  
Fully illustrated: 150 pages, mailed free.

**Angler's Supplies**

**Camping Necessaries**

**Tennis, Golf**

**Baseball, Cricket**

---

Complete Stock of  
High Grade

# BILL PEYTO

**Guide and Outfitter**

For Hunting, Fishing, Mountain Climbing and Exploring Parties.

REFERENCES:

Members of the American and English Alpine Clubs and others.

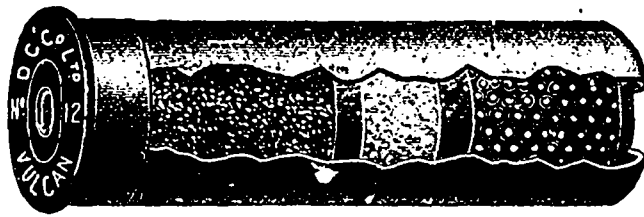
Address - - - BANFF, ALTA.

## HUNTING TERRITORY

**FOR SALE**—Hunting Lodge and Block of Land with exclusive hunting rights to over 50 square miles of hunting territory in Province Quebec, Canada, fronting on the Ottawa River, and convenient of access by water or rail. If interested, address for further particulars

# Sportsmen's Goods

**F. P. BRONSON, Ottawa, Canada**



EMPIRE

# “DOMINION” Ammunition

A LITTLE GOOD ADVICE.

Use Ammunition made in Canada. The imported costs more because of the duty, and is no better. Encourage your own industries.

**DOMINION CARTRIDGE CO., Limited**  
Manufacturers, MONTREAL

*Sold by All Reliable Dealers.*

## The Garrison Rifle Cleaner



Spiral wire shows shape of spring tempered cleaner core.



This cleaner solves the problem of the perfect and rapid cleaning of Smokeless Powder Rifles. The core of cleaner is a spring tempered spiral wire strung with sections of soft brass gauze washers which are separated by smaller soft metal washers. The brass gauze brushes are a little smaller than the bore of the rifle they are intended to clean and in pushing the cleaner through the barrel the spring of the wire core forces the brushes firmly against the entire circumference of the bore of the rifle.

Price 60c. Sold by dealers or by us, post paid.

In addition to this device many other clever specialties are fully described in our 1904 catalog. Send for it now.

**MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO.,**

DEPT. U  
GLADSTONE MICH

# “Century” Cameras.



A New Idea—

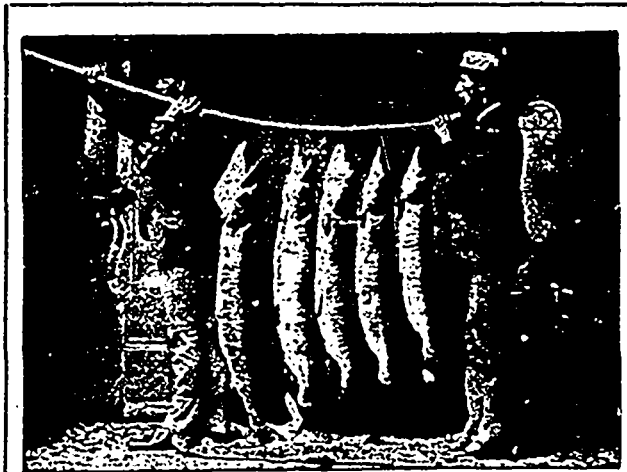
**CENTURY CAMERAS  
WITH REVOLVING BACK**

The most valuable improvement made in the construction of Hand Cameras in recent years. Ask your Dealer, or write us to-day for new Catalogue, describing complete line of 1904 Centurys—from the dainty little Petite to the King of all Cameras, the Century Grand.

**CENTURY CAMERA CO., Rochester, N.Y.**

## Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company.

The  
Finest  
Scenic  
and  
Fishing  
Route  
on the  
Conti-  
nent.



"A MORNINGS CATCH."

Niagara  
To  
The  
Sea.

Write for illustrated guide books, to  
**THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager,**  
Montreal, Canada.

—THE—  
**4th Annual Tournament**  
—of—

The Dominion of Canada  
Trap Shooting and Game  
Protective Association

Will be held at

**Brantford, Ontario,**  
**August 10, 11, and 12, '04.**

Bowron's No. 2 quick set traps and targets will be used.

Best grounds in Canada. Grand Valley cars run direct to the grounds.

Send for programme to

**A. B. CUTCLIFFE,**  
Secretary.

**Hotel Bellevue** Lake Timiskaming.  
In the heart of the moose country. Splendid speckled trout fishing. All modern conveniences. Headquarters for outfitting for the celebrated Temagami canoe trip. Write W. H. LEAVITT, Lumsden Mills, P.O., Quebec, Canada.

### ANGLERS GREAT and SMALL



Come one, come all, and investigate the **live bait fish hook**. Hook will not snag nor allow nibbling of bait on account of position above point of hook. When the fish gets this bait he can't help getting hook in his mouth too. Send 20c. in coin for sample hook, sizes 1/0 to 6/0 or postal for circular. **THE FRANKLIN HARVEY COMPANY,** 72 Mahstedt Place, New Rochelle, N. Y. Department "F."

### POINTER PUPS FOR SALE.

Whelped March 26th, by King Rip Rap Jr.—St. Lambert Witch. For parents wins and prices address,

**POINTER,**  
Care Rod and Gun,  
603 Craig St., Montreal.

Upon receipt of **TWO DOLLARS** we will send a bound volume of Rod and Gun in Canada for 1903. Order now. Address, Rod and Gun in Canada, 414 Huron Street, Toronto.

## Fishing and Hunting

Complete Camping and Packing Outfits.

Experienced Guides furnished to any part of the Mountains on short notice, at reasonable rates.

Special facilities offered Fishing Parties.

**W. & J. Brewster, Guides and Packers**  
BANFF, N.W.T.

FOR YACHTS, STEAMSHIPS, BOATS  
AND CANOES  
USE  
**MCASKILL DOUGALL & CO'S**  
Standard Boat & Spar Varnishes.  
MONTREAL.

## SUMMER COTTAGE 1000 ISLANDS

FOR SALE.—Two Islands (adjoining) in Canadian channel, opposite Poole's Resort, Ont., 7 miles from Alexandria Bay, containing about 5 acres of land.

Large cottage, 16 rooms, boat houses, ice house, bath house, wharves, etc. Water supply to every floor, with drainage. House furnished complete.

Daily mail, steamboat, telephone, electric bells and other conveniences. Everything in good condition and ready for immediate occupancy. Ice and firewood supplied.

Also, if desired, stable on main shore with land, fishing and sail boats, etc. For further particulars address

**F. P. Bronson, Ottawa, Canada**

Moose, Caribou, Deer, Bear and Trout.

## ADAM MOORE

Guide, Trapper and Camp Owner on the Tobique and Upsalquich Rivers.

Double camps with full outfit of stoves, bedding and provisions.

County Line Camp, Nictau or Home Camp, North Camp.

Small Outlying Camps:—Red Brook Caribohole Camp, Foster Hole Camp, Ridge Camp, Caribou Brook Camp, Little North Camp.

P. O., SCOTCH LAKE, York Co., N.B. Canada

Telegraph: FREDERICTON, N. B., CANADA.

## SAIL AND SWEEP

Yachting Motor Boating  
Canoeing

The most beautiful magazine  
in the world.

One Dollar Per Year.

SAIL AND SWEEP,  
Detroit, Mich.

## J. H. MARTIN and WM. OAK

Guides and Hunters of many years' experience in the Rocky Mountains.

GENTLE SADDLE AND PACK HORSES.

Horses to Hire by the Day or Hour.

Will personally accompany all parties. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**P. O. Address: Field, B. C.**

## The Pelman System of Memory Training

Requires only a few minutes daily, and is so simple - child can master it. Mr. Pelman's books, "Memory training; its Laws and their Application to Practical Life," and "The Natural Way to Learn a Language," sent FREE by mail, postpaid. Write right now—before you forget it. The Pelman School of Memory Training, 1608 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

**Established 1855.**

## Bell & Prichard

SPORTING  
TAILORS

Fishing and Shooting Suits a Specialty.

2 LUDGATE CIRCUS,  
Opposite Cook's Tourists' Office) LONDON, ENG.

**FISHING.** BLACK BASS AND SALMON TROUT  
Illustrated Guide with Maps of the RIDEAU, BEVERLEY and CHARLESTON LAKES, free. Apply to E. A. GEIGER, Supt. and G. P. A. Brockville, Westport & North Western Railway Co., Brockville, Ont.

# Westley Richards & Co.,

## Gun and Rifle Manufacturers

Beg to draw the attention of sportsmen to their patent reliable one-trigger gun with hand detachable locks.

**"IT STANDS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF; THE HIGHEST EXPONENT OF INTELLECT, INGENUITY AND ENTERPRISE."**—From a writer in the American Field.

The latest Westley Richards hammerless ejector gun is equipped with hand-detachable locks and reliable one-trigger mechanism. The locks of these guns can be INSTANTLY removed without taking out a single screw or pin. Duplicate locks can be ordered with any gun. The advantage of a duplicate set of locks, which can be inserted in ten seconds, will be appreciated by sportsmen attending large tournaments or starting on hunting expeditions. There are no screw or pin heads on the side of the gun to mar its appearance and finish.

### THE ONE TRIGGER



**The One-Trigger Mechanism.**  
Note its strength and simplicity

The action of this mechanism is independent of recoil, and is not a fractional one. It is guaranteed neither to double discharge nor hang when firing the second barrel. It is absolutely free from the defects



**The Detachable Lock**

and the objectionable features which generally characterize other systems. It has two pulls—not three. It can be fired as quickly or as slowly as the sportsman desires. By its perfect selective action a sportsman can fire right, left, left, right, or as many rights first or lefts first as may be desired. It always acts the same.

## The WESTLEY RICHARDS "ONE-TRIGGER" GUN



Note the absence of SCREW or pin-heads on the side of the gun.

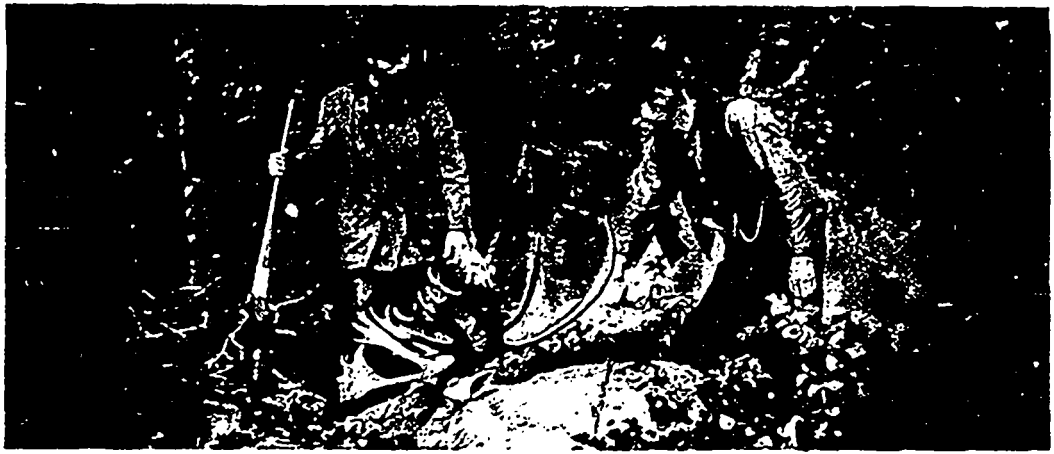
### SOME ADVANTAGES OF OUR ONE TRIGGER:

- (1) You maintain the same firm, steady grip for both barrels. The relaxation of the grip necessary in double triggers preparatory to firing the second barrel, is fatal to a quick, double shot. It is difficult to explain the immense advantage of not relaxing to one who has never used a single trigger.
- (2) Your stock is the same length for both barrels, and you can be fitted absolutely. To say you can be perfectly fitted where there are two triggers, one nearly an inch ahead of the other, is about as reasonable as to say a number 8 hat fits you just as well as a number 7.
- (3) You can use heavy, fur-lined gloves in cold weather, and manipulate OUR trigger as well as with your bare hands. Shooting in cold weather without warm gloves is barbarous—you might as well go barefooted.
- (4) You never get a double discharge, as you do in double trigger guns when the finger slips from the front trigger and strikes the rear one as the gun rebounds.
- (5) The fingers are never cut or bruised by contact with the trigger guard or front trigger as the gun recoils.
- (6) The amount of release necessary before pulling to fire the second barrel is so slight it is almost imperceptible. This is one of the most important and desirable features of our mechanism. Many sportsmen find any release in excess of one-sixteenth of an inch fatal to quick, snappy work.

Order one of these guns now and BE FIFTEEN YEARS AHEAD OF THE TIMES.

Write for special pamphlet and prices direct to the Co.'s Factory, Bournbrook, Birmingham, England

# SAVAGE RIFLES



**A** GLANCE at a Savage Repeating Rifle will convince you that it is different from any other rifle you ever saw. Its beauty of outline and finish will always be a source of pleasure. Besides being the best gun to stop your game, it is the safest and simplest to handle and is sold to you under an honest guarantee. It will not jam or stick when you are in a hurry for a second shot, since accuracy and reliability are two of its particularly strong features. WRITE TO-DAY FOR CATALOGUE.

BAKER & HAMILTON, San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal., H  
Pacific Coast Agents.

SAVAGE ARMS CO.,  
Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

## JAEGER PURE WOOL

Protects From Chill.

JAEGER GARMENTS are worn by sportsmen the world over.

Under Wear  
Sweaters  
Cardigans  
Smart Shirts

*(with and without collars)*

### CAMPING RUGS and SLEEPING BAGS

in Camelhair Fleece, a luxury for the shooting or fishing camp.

*Price Lists and all information from*

**DR. JAEGER'S**

Sanitary Woollen System Company, Limited

2206 St. Catharine St., Montreal

## SPORTING GOODS

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Fishing Tackle

Base Ball

Lacrosses

Tennis

Foot Ball, etc.

**Wightman Sporting  
Goods Co.,**

39 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.

# STEVENS



**A** FEELING of perfect confidence and satisfaction is the predominating characteristic of a sportsman armed with the "**STEVENS.**"

When the man behind this firearm sights his eye along the barrel, he knows that "**STEVENS.**" Guaranteed for Quality and on the market since 1854, are synonymous facts.

We manufacture a complete and varied line of

## **RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS,**

Ask your dealer *and insist on our goods.* If you cannot obtain the "**STEVENS**" let us know and we will ship direct, *express prepaid,* upon receipt of price.

Send for illustrated catalog, an indispensable book of ready reference for Sportsmen. Contains all recent notable additions to our output. Very original Rifle Puzzle will be forwarded upon request.

**J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.,**  
365 MAIN STREET,  
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS. U. S. A.