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MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1900.

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603 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

The Boston Sportsman's Show will be held from February 22 to March 10, inclusive. There will be water sports of various kinds in the miniature lake next to the stage, besides athletic exhibitions on the main floor. Parks of Elk, Moose, Caribou and Deer will vie with a live Grizzly Bear and the numerous Wolves, Lynx, Mountain Lions, etc., in claiming visitors' attention. There will be rarities such as the Gila Monster, Tarantula, Scorpions, etc., to see, besides whole flocks of live Wild Ducks of varieties, live Wild Geese, Grouse, Prairie Chicken, Quail and other live Birds. Fish will be a prominent exhibit. Features of special interest to Canadians will be the stage scene representing a view of the Canadian Rockies, the canoeing and other features by Indians from Quebec, Ontario and the North West. The Province of Quebec will have an interesting exhibit which is being specially prepared under the auspices of the Hon. S. N. Parent, whose able administration has done so much for the Province's fish and game interests. Several Canadian Railways and the Hudson's Bay Company will have exhibits. Judging by the successful show of 1898 and the energy with which the Boston gentlemen, headed by Mr. C. W. Dimick as General Manager, are making

their arrangements, 1900 will witness almost as large a step in advance in this connection as the 1898 show was over its predecessors in the United States.



The suggestion has been made by several persons "that it would pay the Canadian Provinces to cancel the license fees imposed on non-resident sportsmen in view of the increased numbers of U.S. hunters who would come to Canada in consequence, and the resulting money spent here." The scheme is plausible, but does not bear dissection:

1st. Game in the U.S. is decreasing rapidly, so says the League of American Sportsmen. 2nd. There are so many hunters in the few wild lands of certain states readily reached, where deer may be had, that the hunters jostle one another and the list of casualties is lamentably large. 3rd. Those whose pocket-books can stand an extra \$25.00 are not only quite willing but anxious to hunt where the danger of getting killed is minimized to the utmost by the fact of the existence of immense areas of wild lands, where the sportsmen can go for days without meeting others. 4th. The wild lands in Canada cover hundreds of thousands of square miles; large sections are easily reached, others more difficult of access, all are full of big game.

Because of all these reasons it is worth \$25.00 additional to shoot in Canada, and the best big game sportsmen in the U.S. are realizing it.



Several of the officers of the second Canadian Contingent for South Africa, in addition to carrying the regulation Colt revolver, have armed themselves by private purchase with the Mauser magazine combined pistol and carbine, the arm which has been adopted by the United States Cavalry. This class of Mauser is 30 caliber, uses smokeless ammunition and is sighted up to 500 yards. It holds 10 cartridges in the magazine, is light, strongly made, simple

in action, not likely to get out of order and altogether a remarkably efficient weapon. The ease with which the wooden case can be fitted to the handle of the pistol so as to form a carbine is one of its excellent features. It is not, however, a handsome piece of machinery, and looks clumsier than it is. We hope one of the U.S. Arms Co's will bring out an American Edition which will retain its serviceable features and markedly improve its appearance.



The dispatching of two Canadian Contingents to South Africa and the expressed desire for good marksmen as volunteers point clearly to the desirability of the formation of clubs throughout Canada for rifle and revolver practice. In the United States there are many such clubs which meet regularly for practice, and at intervals hold competitions at which remarkably good scores are made. While it is a truism that the best target shots are not always the best quick shots in the field, no one will deny that a course of target practice at varying ranges will improve the aim besides enabling the shooter to judge distances with at least an approach to accuracy. The annual rifle practice and competitions of the volunteer force are excellent, but they are not enough. We need to have practice and competitions outside the military.



Canada leads all other countries in the extent of her forests, one and one-quarter million square miles, or to speak precisely 799,280,000 acres in extent. As the area is immense in proportion to population and unforested land, and as big game exists practically undisturbed, what an enticing field for the sportsman.



It is understood that the Province of Quebec Exhibit at the Boston Sportsman's Show, commencing February 22, 1900, will consist largely of live specimens of Moose, Caribou, Deer, Bear, Beaver, Otter, etc.

Reasons for shooting were recently given by a target shot as follows, viz:—
 "I shoot for experiment, study, pastime and pleasure, exercise and health, to demonstrate the capabilities of the weapon and the possibilities of the ammunition—I shoot hoping to find something novel in the manner or method of loading, handling or sighting, last but principally because I want to," and he might have added in view of the present unpleasantness in South Africa, that it is a very desirable thing in the present state of civilization to be able to shoot quickly and straight, for no one knows when the nation may have need of his marksmanship.

A sleeping bag with a waterproof canvas cover and long end flap in our estimation has ceased to be a luxury, and has become a necessity to those who wish to enjoy camping thoroughly during the fall and early winter. The realities of warmth, dryness and comfort in wet or cold weather that are possible by using it, have to be felt to be appreciated.

Commissioner Carleton of Maine believes that every man who hunts big game should pay a license fee for the privilege, the proceeds to be devoted solely to the protection of game. We are glad to note expert testimony to the wisdom of our Canadian provincial laws.

At this winter's legislative session, it is hoped that Quebec will make the open season for Moose in Pontiac (Kippewa and Temiskaming Districts) and Ottawa Counties commence September 15 instead of October 1, as the latter date has been found to be too late.

1900 will see an open season for Moose and Caribou in Ontario, the long closed season ending this year. It is hoped that the Province will make the open season from October 1st to 31st inclusive, those dates being probably the most desirable.

Our article on destruction of bird life in December number has received much favorable comment, and we hope will lead to some tangible results in Canada.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s calendar for 1900 is quite attractive and will appeal strongly to sportsmen. The first illustration shows two hunters in the mountains after Rocky Mountain sheep. The hunters are crouched behind a ledge of rocks watching for a shot at an old ram some distance away. An accompanying picture shows an autumn scene, with a sportsman quail shooting over two setters.

THE STONY INDIANS

By A. Minis

IN Alberta is to be seen an unusually interesting tribe of Indians—the Stony—which inhabits the reservation at Morley. About the 1st of Sept. these Indians are allowed to hunt, and they divide themselves into small bands for different game sections. They are a vigorous, hearty, active, and energetic people, not of the ordinary Indian type, but differ somewhat in features, and more particularly in complexion, which is more that of the light mulatto than the redskin.

Their surnames are invariably Biblical, from either the Old or New Testa-



Mountain Goat

ment, and their features are of a Jewish cast, while their standard of morality is high—for the Indian—and their religious sentiment so well developed as to often preclude the idea of hunting or even breaking camp on Sunday.

There is nothing inert or lazy in the composition of the Stony. In summer he is employed in useful occupations on the reservation, even tilling small patches of the soil; in the fall he hunts and disposes of the heads and skins of game at a good price, smoking the meat for winter's consumption, while in winter he manufactures various articles for the taxidermists and the curio stores of the neighboring towns.

He is a remarkable hunter in his keenness of vision, his rapidity of movements, his stealthiness in approaching the denizens of the forest, and his knowledge of their habits and peculiarities, and is wonderfully graceful and picturesque, whether on horseback, herding his outfit in the early morning, or on foot, rifle in hand, making a difficult ascent. He absolutely disdains to wear the hobnailed boot, but

adheres to the moccasin, by which he insures silence in his movements as he approaches his prey. The pliability of the moccasin permits the Indian to grasp the rocks with his feet nearly as we do with our hands, and his slipping or making a misstep is nearly an unheard-of occurrence. All personal property is transferred from the reservation to the hunting grounds, presenting, in remote mountain fastnesses, an interesting and rather comical sight. It is no uncommon thing to see the hunter riding over narrow trails, through fallen and burnt timber, or on the edge of precipitous cliffs, followed by his cayuse, or ponies, bearing his outfit, the young colts often trotting along with the mares of the pack; his squaw, who always goes with him, riding astride in the rear to keep the ponies on the move, strapped to her back a papoose, while little boys of from five to ten years of age close the procession.

As soon as a suitable site, near the water, is reached, before dusk, the spot for the tepee, or tent, is selected, and while the "buck" is unpacking the horses the squaw is engaged in the heavy work of cutting tepee poles, 20 or more, of about 15 feet in length, which she arranges upright in a circle, converging at the top in a cone-shaped frame, and about this structure she stretches the canvas, leaving a hole at the top as an outlet for the smoke from the fire, which is made in the middle of the tented space.

Having completed the shelter for the night, she cuts a sufficient supply of firewood for the preparation of dinner, for the night's warmth and for the cooking of breakfast, and then proceeds to furnish the evening's meal, always displaying alacrity and an interest in her duties which would delight a thrifty housewife.

The squaws are not a comely set, their laborious life having stamped their countenances with the seal of old age while still young; a woman of 30 often appearing 20 years older. The Stony, like most woodsmen, notwithstanding the belief to the contrary, is not as expert a shot as the white man who has been trained in the use of the rifle at both butts and animate objects;

the former is not as good a judge of distances, he does not make proper allowances for the force of the wind in diverting the course of a bullet and he overlooks the importance of estimating the elevation of his rifle sights with due regard to atmospheric effects, but he uses a light carbine, 44 calibre, carrying about 13 cartridges, and does not wait to see the success of his first shot, but continues firing rapidly till he has exhausted the capacity of his weapon, and by this method generally meets with success.

It seems strange that there prevails universally amongst these Indians a custom which was at one time, and still is in some sections, an indispensable part of good breeding, but which has become to a great degree a distinguishing mark of a gentleman of the old school, for the Stony will never shake hands with an ungloved person without first uncovering his own hand. How and when they acquired this politeness, which they persistently practice, is an interesting problem for the ethnologist to solve.

Indians generally have colossal egotism and conceit, and those of the Northwest entertain a deeply-founded contempt for the white hunter, whether amateur or professional, which they do not conceal, their favorite expression being, "White man no good," and whether their poor opinion of us is the reason for the deception they practice, or whether it is due to innate moral weakness, the fact remains that the sportsman can place little dependence on their statements or reliance in their continued assistance.

It is quite curious to compare the great respect inspired by the grizzly bear in the Indians of the Rockies, Cascades, and Alaska, with the experience of one of the greatest grizzly hunters of North America, residing in British Columbia, who persistently maintains that this animal is a coward, and that he will not charge when wounded.

This guide is William G. Campbell Manson, an exceptional man and hunter, for whom I entertain a genuine admiration and have formed a sincere attachment.

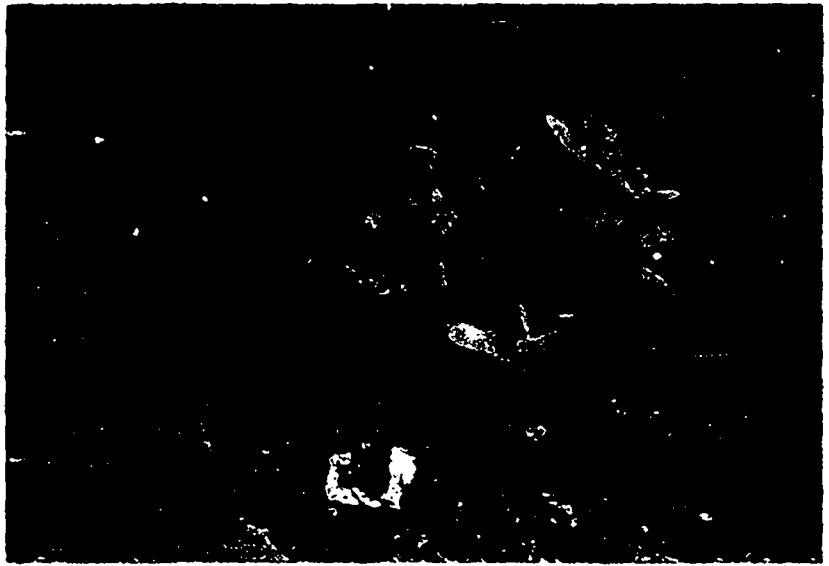
He is the ideal hunter, having been endowed with a fine physique, great strength, and unusual activity; he has rounded off his physical gifts with an amiable disposition, temperate habits, high moral tone and tireless energy, which, combined with great knowledge of game, intelligence, and a conscientious determination to advance the interests of the sportsman whom he carries

out, make him the superior of any guide I have ever had.

I do not mean to account for, or reconcile, such conflicting views. I have heard too many reliable stories of the ferocity of the grizzly, his wonderful vitality, the havoc he has played with the attacking hunter, and seen too many men badly scarred and maimed from his claws, to accept unquestion-

ground of a bear and two cubs. But, alas for the prediction of man! As we rode over the crest of a hill we suddenly came into the august presence of a sow and her noisy little family, who were voraciously ploughing up the ground for the tender roots of herbs.

And this recalls the assertion of an Indian, with the utmost show of wisdom, when he was looking at a distant



W. G. Campbell Manson's lucky day

ly the theory of his cowardice, and yet the assertion of his never charging in the Cascade Mountains I must also accept as reliable, coming from the source it does.

Indians are no more anxious to attack, single handed, the grizzly than are the experienced and courageous hunters of Montana and Wyoming, who will tell you, "I ain't lost no grizzly and ain't huntin' for none."

I saw a grizzly skin, brought into camp by Indians, which was perforated with about two dozen bullet holes from several rifles.

Laughable incidents often relieve the exhausting efforts and the disappointments of camp life.

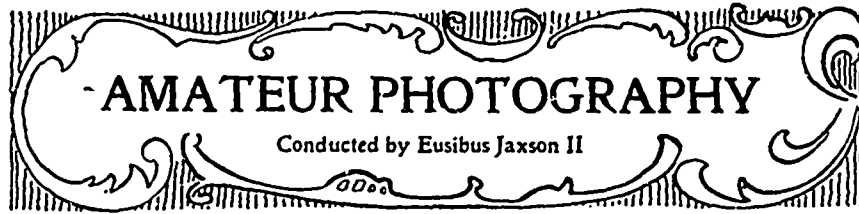
Once I was travelling with my guide, a splendid fellow, whose instinct as to game was wonderfully correct, in search of rams, when our attention was attracted by the frequent uprooting of the soil, which offered strong (though, as we later discovered, not conclusive) evidence of the work of bears. My guide, of great grizzly fame, inspected the ground carefully, and then announced that this had been done three months before, and was the feeding

goat through my field glass. "Goat six year," announced the Delphic Oracle, but when I had killed the Billy and brought in his toothless head, which his nimble legs had carried over the rocks for at least 15 years, Charlie admitted, in his laconic style, his error by conceding one more year, "No, seven year."

The self-laudation of the Indian at the expense of the white man, and his conceit, to which I have alluded, was illustrated by this Charlie, who said, "I shoot bang, goat dead; white man shoot bang, bang, bang." Whether he believed that he had a truer aim for vulnerable parts, or whether it was that a rifle in his hands acquired an additional death-dealing power, I never ascertained, as his limited English vocabulary permitted no explanation of his often ambiguous speeches.

A Satisfied Customer.

One of the best-known Canadian firms dealing in sportsmen's outfits writes to Rod and Gun expressing satisfaction with the returns received from their advertisement, and renewing the contract.



New vs. Old.

"O, the New is but the Old
With the sun a little brighter,
And this Canada's but Scotland
With the skies a trifle lighter."

"The Laurentians are the Highlands,
With their peaks a little barer,
The Canadian maid's a Scotch lass—
Form and face a wee bit fairer."
—Claude Puer.

A few days ago one of the best-known literary men in Canada told me that, much as he appreciated the beauties of our own country, he could not help envying the amateurs of the British Isles, who—as he said—have before them a country with a history, a country that abounds in everything from court to pretty pastoral scenes. Well, that's all true enough, but while he spoke of the attractions of Great Britain he forgot that in all probability the amateurs of the Mother Country would give their eye teeth to get over here and snap Niagara Falls, or Lachine Rapids, or the old fortifications at Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, or, better still, to canoe the great lakes and then strike westward and cover their plates and films with Rocky Mountains and buffalo and Indians and miners, or a hundred and one other things. A celebrated artist spoke a great truth when he said, "If you can't find art at your own door, you'll never find it." Many and many are the tramps I have had through scrubby little pieces of bush of no size or consequence, and around dirty little mud holes, two-thirds full of water, and seldom indeed do I fall to get some little thing which, mounted or framed in its own peculiar way, does not form a pretty picture.

Remember, I am not saying I would not like to go to the Old Country, for I think that the worldover it is the ambition of amateurs to go to England and photograph the historic spots that are so plentiful there. What I am trying to tell you is that there is probably no country so well favored with magnificent natural scenery, such grand mountains, such verdant valleys, immense lakes and deep blue rivers and wonderful falls and rapids as our Canada. Truly it is God's country.

Among other pretty spots which a na-

teurs have it in their power to make better known is a little projection on the northern coast of Lambton County, known as Kettle Point.

Now, Kettle Point is composed of bituminous shales, which overlie the Hamilton formation, and which are here the highest member of the Benonian series. Strewn along the shore, washed from the shales, are a large number of perfect halls of solid rock, called by the Indians "kettles"—hence the name of the points. Such a formation is found in only one other place in the world—Russia, I believe. The point is probably one of the prettiest pieces of natural scenery around the foot of Lake Huron. But, why go farther to mention pretty things, every amateur has them at his own door.

Stray Snap Shots.

There are two kinds of amateurs. One kind takes pleasure in studying his work from start to finish and in finding out just how much one result depends on another in photography, as in anything else. He is the right kind, and is always the one who makes things hum around a club room. Then there is the "You-push-the-button-we-do-the-rest" kind. He is only a very small fish and hardly worth considering as an amateur at all. But no matter what their other qualifications are, both must learn how to push the button properly, for though slight errors of exposure can be rectified by skillful manipulation in the development, radical errors in this direction can never be corrected—hence the importance of making the right exposure always.

All ordinary photography employs reflected light in some form or another. Now, this light comes from the sun, and the amount of light which reaches the subject to be photographed depends on:

1. The position of the sun.
2. The amount of light cut off by atmospheric conditions.
3. The quantity of light reflected from the subject.
4. The actinic quality of this light as determined by the subject to be photographed.
5. The size of the diaphragm.
6. The speed of the plate or film used

Of course, the altitude of the sun varies in different latitudes, seasons, etc. Subjects that would lie in the shadow in full sunlight are often better lighted when the sky is overcast with light fleecy clouds.

Dread under-exposure, and rather err in the opposite direction, for the action of the developer can be restrained enough to get a good negative in cases where, if the plate were under-exposed, nothing would ever bring it up to the mark.

In making the exposure, always use a small stop in preference to the larger sizes. Your definition will be better. There are two methods of marking diaphragms. The first by expressing the ratio which the diameter of the opening bears to the focal length of the lens—as F-16, which means that the diameter of the opening is 1-16 of the focal length. The second method employs the uniform system numbers, which bear the same ratio to each other as the areas of the diaphragms which they designate.

DIAPHRAGMS OR STOPS.

Size proportional to focus.	Uniform system numbers.
F-8.....	4
F-11.3.....	8
F-16.....	16
F-22.6.....	32
F-32.....	64
F-45.2.....	128
F-64.....	256

And when you are making exposures, remember it is quality of pictures you want—not quantity. Don't be afraid to study a view on the ground glass for a quarter of an hour before you snap it. That's the way you get good pictures. A small piece of mirror held at right angles to the bottom of your ground glass will turn your view right side up and will be of immense assistance to you. Of course, I am taking it for granted you are an amateur—not a "you-push-the-button" fiend—else this won't interest you a little bit.

In blue prints, to change blue into black images, the print should be placed in water acidulated by nitric acid, then passed in a bath of water 100 parts, carbonate of soda 5 parts. The image turns to an orange color. It is immersed in a bath composed of water 100 parts, and finally is washed in water acidulated by hydrochloric acid.

Every sunset will not make a good picture. Dark, vigorous clouds, showing long streaks of yellow light in between, are necessary. The sharper the contrast the better. Clouds showing red between will not answer. The result would be a plain black sky.

Select the right day, use a plate of medium speed, large opening for your lens, and take a snapshot—not too fast. When you put the plate in the developer the sun will at once appear, and as the image comes up halation will spread all over the surface of your plate. Do not let this bother you, but go on and fix it. After the negative is dry, rub the affected parts with alcohol until they are sufficiently reduced. This same treatment will also apply to windows in interior views.

By printing your sunsets very dark you can obtain good moonlights. It might just be added that a sunset over water is a thousand times prettier than the same on land.

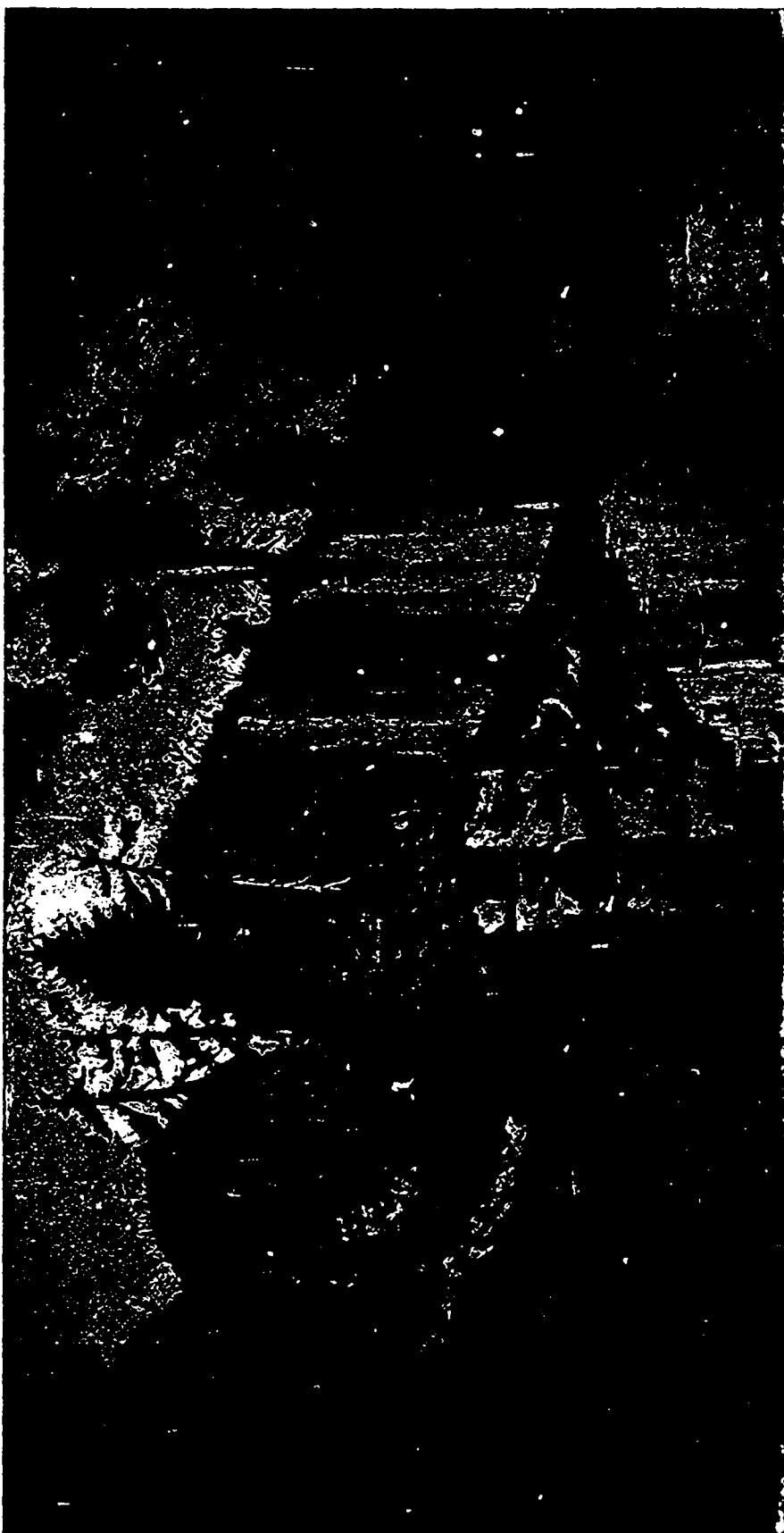
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The Canadian Camera Company, formerly of Montreal, are now open at 178-180 Victoria Street, Toronto. They are the producers of the Glencoe Camera and the Chautauqua plate, as well as all other goods in the photographic line. Evidently their success is no longer a question. They have had to work overtime since before Christmas to fill orders, have shipped their first consignment of goods to China, and recently sent their representatives to the Australian colonies. Their goods are first class in every respect, and as the only Canadian manufacturers in their line they are entitled to the support of their loyal Canadian brethren.

By the way, the flash powder produced by the Canadian Camera Company is put up in the best form and is without exception the best flash powder I ever had an opportunity of using.

• • •

Quite recently I have had an opportunity of trying the Chautauqua brand of plates, manufactured by the Canadian Camera Company, and find them on a par with the best manufactured in the United States, and away above a great many makers. As a test, I took a holder and loaded one side with a Chautauqua plate and the other with the brand I have been using, and which also cost more than those of the Canadian company. Both were exposed under the same conditions, on the same subject, and on developing I found that while the Chautauqua plate did not produce quite so intense a negative, it greatly surpassed the other in brilliancy and detail; so that though from both I got very good negatives, the one produced by the Chautauqua plate was slightly better and a much quicker printer.



Stambout Rock on Lake Wessomeatt, Province of Quebec.



THE Montreal Canine Association held its first members' night in the rooms of the Natural History Society on the evening of Thursday, 11th inst. Mr. W. Ormiston Roy, who had the honor of reading the first paper, was met with a good audience, despite the stormy nature of the weather, and he treated his subject—the collie—to the pleasure and satisfaction of all present. Mr. Reid, the president of the association, was in the chair, and in introducing Mr. Roy, stated that he hoped this was only the beginning of a long series of talks on dogs, as the object of the association was to diffuse knowledge of the various breeds amongst the members, and to increase their sympathies, if possible, in behalf of man's best friend and companion.

Mr. Roy prefaced his remarks by apologizing for the incompleteness of his paper on the subject, owing to the somewhat short time he had had for preparation. In part, he said: The following remarks on the rough-coated Scotch collie are offered, not with the intention of enlightening collie men, who are more familiar with the subject than I am, but with the object of bringing up some of the characteristics of the breed, and perhaps interesting a few who are not yet familiar with the many good points of a collie. The origin of the Scotch collie as a breed, it seems, is not known. He appears to be the result of careful selection of the most useful and sagacious dogs, owned and bred in the pastoral districts of Scotland for several hundred years. At all events, he is peculiarly Scotch, and is acknowledged by all to be a dog of wonderful intelligence. Few breeds have attained such popularity as the Scotch collie, and from his attributes this is little to be wondered at. He has been constantly growing in favor with lovers of good dogs in every country, and this, no doubt, is the cause of our seeing him so often out of his latitude. Indeed, it is a much debated question whether the prize collie, as he stands to-day, would be of much use as a sheep-dog at all, so long as he been bred for showing purposes alone, and unaccustomed to his former occupation.

He is still full of intelligence, lithe, graceful and handsome, but it is feared that his great popularity for the last decade, and the consequent breeding and inbreeding for beauty, has had a tendency to overlook the useful side of his career, and has been the means of dwarfing his sheep-folding instincts. I have met with few Scottish shepherds who would be willing to undertake their former arduous duties with what they call the narrow-brained dogs of the show-ring. Nevertheless, there are collies which are still the shepherd's most useful helpers, and to witness the marvellous efficiency of these dogs, in the Scottish Highlands, or on the great sheep ranges of Colorado, no one would think they had lost any of their inherited instincts and almost human skill. They have even adapted themselves to the stockyards of the West, and when the avenues of those yards are alive with countless flocks of sheep, the vigilant collie may be seen guiding every movement of his flock, and ever on the alert, directing them straight to their destination without losing track of a single lamb, nor allowing a strange one to mix with those he has in charge. No doubt these practical, every-day, working collies are still selected and bred for the special requirements of their country and the work they are called upon to perform, and are not discarded nor thought the less of because they do not resemble the collie of the show-bunch, or because their ears may not be shaped and carried in the latest style. In the Highlands of Scotland the collie is the shepherd's constant companion, sharing with his master every meal, and treated as a member of the household, and even in some of the remoter districts, with the family attending divine worship. Of this feature of the collie's life and creed Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," tells the following story:

"Scottish congregations in some parts of the country contain an element in their composition quite unknown in English churches. In pastoral parts of the country it was an established practice for each shepherd to bring his faithful collie dog, at least it was so

some-years ago. In a district of Sutherland, where the population is very scanty, the congregations are made up one half of dogs, each human member having his canine companion. These dogs sit out the Gaelic services with commendable patience, till towards the end of the last psalm, when there is a universal stretch and yawning, and all are prepared to scamper out, barking in a most exciting manner whenever the blessing is commenced. The congregation of one of these churches determined that the service should close in a more decorous manner, and steps were taken to attain this object. Accordingly, when a stranger clergyman was officiating, he found the people all sitting when he was about to pronounce the blessing. He hesitated, and expecting them to rise, till an old shepherd, looking up to the pulpit, said: 'Say awa', sir; we're a' sittin' to cheat the dowrs.'

The Ettrick shepherd, in his day, claimed to have the best collie dogs in Scotland, and he has recorded in his tales many marvellous feats performed by his own and other dogs. Of the utility of the Scotch collie, he says: "A single shepherd and his dog will accomplish more in gathering a flock of sheep from a Highland farm than 20 shepherds could do without dogs; and it is a fact that, without this docile animal, the pastoral life would be a mere blank. Without the shepherd's dog the whole of the mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth a sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole flocks would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd feel an interest in his dog; he it is indeed that earns the family's bread, of which he is himself content with the smallest morsel, always grateful, and always ready to exert his utmost abilities in his master's interest. Neither hunger, fatigue nor the worst of treatment will drive him from his side; he will follow him through fire and water, as the saying is, and through every hardship without murmur or repining, till he literally falls down at his feet. If one of them is obliged to change masters, it is sometimes long before he will acknowledge the new one, or condescend to work for him with the same intelligence as he did for his former lord; but if he once acknowledge him he continues attached to him till death."

Sheep stealing, when offenders in the

crime were punished by hanging, was nearly always carried on with a shepherd's dog as accomplice. Hogg says he never heard of a sheep-stealer of any importance in his district that did not acknowledge that his dog was the greater offender of the two. He relates of one young man in particular who, when overtaken by justice for his first offence, stated that after he had folded the sheep by moonlight, and selected his number from the flock of a former master, he took them out and set away with them towards Edinburgh. But before he got them quite off the farm his conscience smote him, as he said (but more likely a dread of that which soon followed), and he quit- ted the sheep, letting them go again to the hill. He called his dog off, and

had not ridden above a mile till he perceived that his dog had again given him the slip; and, suspecting for what purpose, he was terribly alarmed as well as chagrined, for the daylight approached and he durst not make a noise calling on his dog for fear of alarming the neighborhood in a place where both he and his dog were known. He resolved, therefore, to abandon the animal to himself and take a road across the country, which he was sure his dog did not know and could not follow. He at length came to a gate, which he closed behind him, and went about half a mile further by a zig-zag course, to a farm house, where both his sister and sweetheart lived; and at that place he remained till after breakfast time. The people of this house were

of Mid-Lothian, who, had it not been for the skins and sheep's heads, would never have been condemned, as he would, with the greatest ease, have proved an alibi every time on which there were suspicious cherishes against him. He always went by one road, calling on his acquaintances, and taking care to appear to everybody by whom he was known, while his dog went by another with the stolen sheep; and then on the two felons meeting again, they had nothing more ado than turn the sheep into an associate's inclosure. This was a female, a jet black one, with a deep coat of soft hair, but smooth headed and very strong and handsome in her make. On the disappearance of her master, she lay about the hills and places he had frequented,



The Clear Waters of the Northern Lakes.



Rapids of the Kippewa.

mounting his pony, rode away. At that time his dog was capering and playing around him, as if glad of having got rid of a troublesome business; and he regarded him no more till, after having ridden about three miles, he thought again and again that he heard something coming up behind him. Halting, at length, to ascertain what it was, in a few minutes his dog came up with the stolen drove, driving them at a furious rate to keep pace with his master. The young man was now exceedingly troubled, for the sheep having been brought so far from home, he dreaded there would be a pursuit, and he could not get them home again before day. Resolving at all events to keep his hands clear of them, he corrected his dog in great wrath, left the sheep once more, and, taking his dog with him, rode off a second time. He

all examined on the trial, and no one had either seen sheep or heard them mentioned, save one man, who came up to the young man as he was standing at the stable door and told him that his dog had the sheep safe enough at the "crookit yett," and he need not hurry himself. After this discovery it was impossible for the poor fellow to get quit of them; so he went down and took possession of the stolen property once more, carried them on and disposed of them, and finally was hanged. The dog, for the last four or five miles he had brought the sheep, could have no other guide to the road his master had gone but the smell of his pony's feet."

Another of the Ettrick Shepherd's narratives on sheep-stealers says: "It is also well known that there was a notorious sheep-stealer in the County

but never attempted to steal a drove by herself—nor yet anything for her own hand."

Perhaps tales of this nature, embellished by such writers as the Ettrick Shepherd, who, no doubt, could countenance a good collie dog yarn with a clear conscience, have had a good deal to do with making the collie so popular. Certain it is that the collie is very highly esteemed and by many believed to have a very large proportion of the brains of the canine race. In describing the collie, even of to-day, few writers but acknowledge that Burns' description of his own dog "Luath," in the "Two Dogs," is an admirable and poetic picture of a Scotch collie, and it would be difficult to portray in eight lines a more life-like and accurate portrait of a modern collie,

although written over a hundred years ago:

"He was a gash and faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonse, baws'nt face:
Ay gat him frien'ds in lika place:
His breast was white, his touseie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black.
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swir'."

In form, color, marking and general appearance the collie is a handsome dog. His build is lithe, graceful and elegant. He has a very abundant coat of a peculiar texture, which enables him to withstand the hardest weather and also adds greatly to his beauty. He is very sagacious, quick and agile, and can act and think for himself. He has a peculiarly wise and cunning expression, and is very engaging and full of fun. His friendship is lasting. A good collie presents nearly everything desirable in a dog.

The following is the standard of the rough-coated Scotch collie, as adopted by the Scottish Collie Club. This standard is also adhered to in the Canadian Collie Club:

Head moderately long in proportion to the dog's size, covered with short soft hair. Skull flat, moderately wide between the ears, and gradually tapering to the eyes. There should be a very slight elevation of the eyebrows, and very little stop.

Muzzle of fair length, tapering to the nose, which, whatever the color of the dog, should be black. The teeth, which are white and of good size, should not be over nor undershot. Both are faults the latter the greater of the two.

Eyes of fair size, but not prominent, are placed rather close together, and set obliquely in the head, which gives that cunning foxy expression so characteristic of the breed. Color, any shade of brown, the darker the better, yellow eyes being a great fault. Dogs of a mixed color should have a mixed or china eye, and sometimes both eyes are of this color.

Ears small, placed rather close together at the top of the head covered with short soft hair, and carried semi-erect when at attention, at other times thrown back, and buried in the frill.

Neck long, arched, and muscular.

Body rather long than short, ribs well rounded, chest deep and narrow in front, but of fair breadth behind the shoulders, which should be oblique. Loin rather long, and slightly arched, showing power.

Legs.—Forelegs straight and muscular, with a fair amount of flat bone, the forearm moderately fleshy, the hind-

legs less fleshy, very sinewy, and hocks well bent, pasterns long, and light in bone. Feet oval in shape, the soles well padded, and the toes well arched and close.

Tail moderately long, carried low when the dog is quiet, gaily when excited, and almost straight out when running.

Coat.—This is a very important point. The coat, except on the head and legs, should be abundant, the outer coat harsh to the touch, the inner coat soft and furry, and very close, so close that it is difficult on parting the hair to see the skin. The hair very abundant around the neck and chest; this is termed the frill. The mask is smooth, the fore-legs slightly feathered, the hind-legs below the hocks smooth. Hair on the tail very profuse, and on the hips long and bushy.

Color.—Any color.

Size.—Dogs 21 to 24 inches at shoulder, bitches 2 inches less.

Weight.—Dogs 45 to 60 lbs., bitches 40 to 50 lbs.

General Appearance.—A lithe, active dog, with no useless timber about him, his deep chest showing strength, his sloping shoulders and well-bent hocks speed, and his "bawsint" face high intelligence. The face should bear a sharp, doubtful expression. As a whole, he should present an elegant and pleasing outline, quite distinct from any of our other domesticated breeds, and show great strength and activity.

Faults.—Domed skull, high peaked occipital bone, heavy pendulous ears, full soft eyes, heavy feathered legs, short tail.

One result of the great popularity of the collie has been to create a market, where enormous sums are paid for the best specimens.

Champion Ormskirk Emerald, the present champion of Great Britain, and in Colliedom that means the world, was sold for the sum of £1,200 sterling, and a £500 dog to boot; or over \$5,000.

A few remarks on some of the most noted collies of the last 12 or 15 years may be interesting.

Champion Charlemagne, born in 1877, was perhaps one of the first collies to create a sensation on the bench. Such a magnificent stamp of dog was he that when 13 years of age he won a championship. He was a sable with broad white collar. He had an abundance of coat seldom met with nowadays.

Champion Metchley Wonder, born in 1886, won everything in his line until defeated by his own offspring. There is hardly a collie of any importance on

the bench to-day whose pedigree does not trace back to Metchley Wonder. He was sable and white and was the first collie to sell for £530, this price being considered folly at the time.

Champion Christopher, bred by Rev. Hans F. Hamilton, in 1887, and sold for £1,000 sterling, was Metchley Wonder's most noted son. He was a small dog, beautifully marked, and did a tremendous amount of winning. He was imported to America.

Champion Sefton Hero, bred in Aberdeen, in 1890, was another dog who, for a time, vanquished all comers and was finally imported to America for £500 sterling. He was described in his day as the finest specimen of a collie that ever graced the show-ring.

Amongst the most noted sons of Champion Christopher are Edgbaston Marvel and Ormskirk Chris, both £500 dogs, that never secured many prizes on the bench owing to slight defects, but each being the sire of many notorious winners.

Champion Southport Perfection, sold for 1,000 guineas; Gold Dust, sold for £500; Portington Bar None, who defeated Perfection, and Southport Pilot, are all crack winners, and sons of Edgbaston Marvel, who, through faulty ear carriage was never very successful in the ring.

Champion Rufford Ormond, son of Champion Ormskirk Chris, was imported to America for £700.

Exorbitant and fictitious though these prices seem, nevertheless, at the most important dog shows in Great Britain, such as Liverpool, where the best dog wins, irrespective of whether the owner is rich or poor, the collie that can capture the Challenge Trophy, and vanquish the cracks at such a show, is sure to claim an enormous figure.

Mr. Motherwell, from Ayrshire, Scotland, who happens to be in the city at present, was called upon to give a criticism of the specimens exhibited, which he very kindly did. Mr. Motherwell is a noted breeder of the collie, with a hankering after the smooth-coated variety, and his remarks showed that he had a keen appreciation of the merits and demerits of both breeds. What he said, however, gave much pleasure to those present. Votes of thanks to Messrs. Roy, Motherwell and the Chairman brought a very interesting and instructive meeting to a close.

The directors of the Canine Association have decided on holding a general bench show in April and have chosen a small sub-committee to go on with the

preliminary arrangements. Anyone interested can learn all particulars by writing to the secretary, Mr. F. C. Saunders, Imperial Building.

The Canadian Collie Club held a puppy show (confined to members) in Evans' store, McGill Street, on Saturday, 13th inst. Mr. Reid, president of the club, was entrusted with the decisions, and gave every satisfaction. Considering the semi-private nature of the affair, and the fact that very little publicity was given to it, the show attracted quite a large number of visitors, not a few ladies coming to see and admire.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,

The first to welcome, foremost to defend,

Whose honest heart is still his master's own

Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."

On the whole, the quality exhibited was excellent, and Mr. Reid had no picnic, especially with Class IV., which was well filled, the honors going, and deservedly so, to Mr. Nalrn Smith's Klondike Queen, a sweet little bitch with a nice head and ears, good body and coat, her only noticeable defect being a tendency to wideness in front, but she will undoubtedly make a splendid brood bitch. Mr. John Cumming, Petite Cote, carried off the club's silver medal for the best collie in the show, with Craikstone Chieftain, a fine, strong dog with good action, splendid head, body, coat and tail, a little deficient in ear carriage, but otherwise deserving of the place he occupied.

The following is a list of the successful prize-winners:

Class I, puppy dogs under six months—1 R. S. Kellie's Cock o' the North, 2 J. Stewart's Dominion Hero.

Class II, puppy bitches under six months—1 Cumming's Scotch Lassie Jean. No other award in this class.

Class III.—1 Mr. J. Cumming's Craikstone Chieftain, 2 Mr. J. A. Brosseau's Dewey, 3 Mr. J. Lee's Fox.

Class IV.—1 Mr. Nalrn Smith's Klondike Queen, 2 Mr. J. Stewart's Dominion Patti, 3 Mr. Walter Ainslie's Meg, 4 Mr. J. Lewis' Stratheona Queen, V. H.C., Mr. J. A. Brosseau's Rhea.

SPECIALS.

Mr. J. Cumming's Craikstone Chieftain, for best dog pup over six months.

Mr. Nalrn Smith's Klondike Queen, for best bitch pup, over six months.

Mr. R. S. Kellie's Cock o' the North, best dog pup under six months

Mr. J. Cumming's Craikstone Scotch

Lassie Jean, for best bitch pup under six months.

Mr. J. Cumming's Craikstone Chieftain, silver medal for best collie in show.

Mr. R. S. Kellie, secretary of the club, acted as steward, and had all the entries up on time, while otherwise contributing to the success of the show. Mr. D. Taylor, of Rod and Gun, was the superintendent.

We understand that Mr. Roy purchased Mr. N. Smith's Klondike Queen at a very satisfactory figure.

Fashionable New Yorkers are exercised over a story told in connection with the late Pet Dog show held in the Metropolitan Opera House. The house, it is said, has since been infested with fleas, which, of course, is all buncombe; nevertheless, the gossip going has given the smart paragraphist and the ubiquitous poet an opportunity to air their wit. Says "The Saunterer," in a New York paper: "Apparently the exhibitors of coddled purps of aristocratic lineage were not extensive patrons of the numerous flea killers that are always advertised so prodigally at dog shows, or else their fine strain canines must have been more than ordinarily afflicted with the tiny but assertive pulices irritantes. These latter seem to have developed a fondness for their unaccustomed surroundings during their week of habitat at the Metropolitan, and when their hairy and woolly intimates withdrew, after the contest of beauty and points, the fleas chose to remain behind. In the hangings of the boxes, in the tapestry of the chairs, in the cosy nap of the thick carpets, the pestiferous atomics arranged themselves for a luxurious and sybaritic winter. The managers of the Metropolitan should not lose one minute in scattering such powders and liquids as are foes to the elusive vermin throughout the house. Otherwise their decollete patrons will have to equip themselves with back-scratchers and even air-tight lingerie, in order to put in a comfortable evening. At the 'Nozze de Figaro' performance, on Friday, one grande dame confided to the women in her box, after they had compared confidential notes on the subject, 'that fleas are all right for flies, but these things stick to you like a poor relation.'"

And the poet joins in with this jingle on the same subject:

The wily old musical flea,
That was quite as obese as a bug.

Once went to the Met
From the hands of the vet.
On the back of a Japanese pug.

The Show was as fair as can be,
And all of the Gotham best
Went there to display
In what manner or way
It were easy to be overdressed.

The pug wasn't even H. C.,
And the flea left the canine locks,
So he gave a high skip,
And all on the tip
Of the rim of an opera box.

Maybe he wasn't anxious to see
Madame Semblich, perchance Emma
Eames,

But whatever his need
He had nothing to plead
That were unsatisfying to his dreams.

Now he feasts with the utmost of glee
On the finest and best of the land;
Never heeding the song,
But goes trekking along,
So blue-blooded he scarcely can stand.

Notes.

Mr. C. Y. Ford, of Otterburn, Kingston, Ont., was the judge at the St. Louis collie show, held January 1.

Among the judges at the Westminster Kennel Club's show, which will be held in New York next month, is Mr. Astley, the well-known English authority.

Mr. W. P. Fraser, Toronto, recently purchased from Mr. Gooderham his terrier, Norfolk Story (Ch. Norfolk Veracity-Norfolk Charm), which did exceedingly well in the show ring last fall. He is to be kept at stud, and we have no doubt will sustain the reputation of his ancestors.

Mr. Robert McEwen, of Byron, Ont., has just made a valuable addition to his already well-stocked kennel, having imported a handsome sable and white collie, son of Leek Chancellor, out of Leek Beauty, from Mr. A. H. Megson's kennel, Manchester, Eng. Leek Beauty was the winner of firsts at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and Edinburgh.

Here is a story, vouched for by the owner of the dog, regarding the sagacity of the collie, which Mr. Roy might add to his repertory. The narrator had occasion to drown a diseased puppy, which he did by putting it in an old bag, weighted with a stone, and throwing it in the river. The whole proceeding was watched by the collie with evident interest, and when, some days after, another of the litter was taken with the same disease and his owner was considering the advisability of consigning him to a similar fate, the intelligent collie ran off, very shortly returning with an old bag, which he proudly laid at his master's feet!

A novel feature of the West End (London, Eng.) dog show, which closed

December 16, was a parade of the "Dog's Brigade." The band played and forward marched the cavalry division, consisting of English greyhounds, Scottish deer hounds, Irish wolf hounds and Borzols. To the strains of artillery, and the artillery or heavy weights, made up of mastiffs, bloodhounds, St. Bernards, great Danes and Newfoundland. A lively quickstep brought forth the head column of infantry, consisting of eight companies respectively known as "British bulldogs," or the English company; the "Die Harcs," or Scottish company; the "Daredevils," or Irish company; the "Loyal Dutchmen," the "Ladies' Own," recruited from toy spaniels, Pomeranians, toy terriers; the "Sportsmen's Own," British watch dogs, consisting of sheep dogs, collies, house guard dogs of any breed, and lastly the "Friendly Foreigners." When all the dogs had marched around the court the band played the music used when a general officer arrived to inspect troops, and Rover, a fine sheep dog, owned by Lord Wolseley, who holds the proud title of "Field Marshal of the Dogs' Brigade," trotted forward and reviewed his four-footed followers.

The dogs' collecting brigade, organized by Mrs. Stennard Robinson, made a grand finale at the show. The fund collected in this unique manner turned out to be nearly \$10,000. There were 300 collecting dogs in the brigade, each owner guaranteeing that his or her dog should collect \$5, the average sum collected, however, has been four times that amount. Hon. Ethel Cadogan's Japanese spaniel, Yona, collected \$120, and Mrs. Murray Guthrie's fox terrier gathered in \$405.

Old Lady (at a Dog Fancier's): "I want a nice dog for a companion."

Fancier—"Yes, ma'm. What breed would you prefer? Scotch terrier, fox terrier, some of the toy dogs, or—?"

Old Lady—"Well, I don't know. I think I would like an ocean greyhound; I hear them much spoken about, so they must be getting very fashionable."

David Hanbury, an explorer of some note, has returned to Winnipeg from a trip to the barren lands in the vicinity of Hudson Bay. He reports that the district abounds in fur-bearing animals.

Rod and Gun acknowledges handsome calendars from the Dupont Powder Company and John Labatt, London, Ont.

Lake Nepigon

By D. C. Scott

Wherever and whenever big trout are mentioned you hear of the River Nepigon, but the lake from which the river flows is not so celebrated in song and story. The parent is worthy of the child, however, and no one who has ever ascended the forty miles of splendid water which connects Lake Superior with its fellow, three hundred feet higher in the hills, can ever forget the lake with its wonderful extent, its beautiful islands and shores, its many deep bays surrounded and guarded by mountains. If he be lucky enough to feel his line taut, with a thirty pound trout flourishing at the other end seeking the very deepest pool in the lake with a charge like a young steer, he will have livelier recollections than any, even the most beautiful scenery can give him. Lake Nepigon is guarded only by its remoteness from being a popular summer resort and the day may not be far distant when its islands will be dotted with the huts of sportsmen and the homes of seekers for rest and health. Its deep bays form lakes in themselves and the many islands, tradition says over six hundred, break up the main sheet of water into many stretches and traverses. It is not counted one of the "great" lakes, but it is nearly one hundred miles long and can lash itself into as dangerous waves in as short a space of time as any skillful sailor could wish to encounter.

Guides may be found on the Nepigon River who know the lake well and others who do not know it at all. I happened to be lucky enough to get Charley Laronde to go with my party, a guide who is conversant with every point on both river and lake, who is cautious enough to be trusted amid the dangers of the latter, and who knows just the spot in which to drop your lines. The only decent sailboat, and that is a small one, is owned by the Hudson's Bay Company and, as that is not always available for the sportsman, canoes may have to be resorted to. Skirting the shore in rough weather and making quick rushes across the long "traverses" in smooth, the canoe is a safe and speedy vessel for even such a large body of water as Lake Nepigon.

On an afternoon in mid-July, we left

our camp of the night before in Three Mountain Bay and began to skirt the rocky shore, crowded with spruces and tamaracs. It had been blowing hard all morning but the wind had gone down and the sea had collapsed into an easy swell. The sky was full of snowy clouds that moved slowly over to the south. Our guide looking at the weather with a critical eye said we would have more wind before long. But we were bound for Cariboo Island and in the meantime we would fish; so as the ground was good we dropped our spoons alongside a shore broken with square masses of rock, scored with weather-stains and lichen. Here, as we passed slowly along, we had an



Nepigon House.

hour of as exciting fishing as one could wish. The first visitor to come aboard was a beautiful speckled trout which showed five pounds by the scale. Then followed a gray or lake trout, a few pounds heavier. But we soon lost count of the pickerel, speckled and lake trout which succeeded each other as rapidly as we could pay out our lines, until a twenty pound lake trout, that fought for his life like a hero, put a full stop to proceedings. It was felt generally that fishing so exceptional, should be treated with unusual courtesy and should not be overhauled in any spirit of greed or selfishness.

We lit our fire for supper on St. Paul's Island and went off an hour before sunset. A cloud passed over, dropping a thin rain, and showed a double rainbow arched over the ruggedness of Gros Cap. At seven a little wind blew up out of the north that made our guide whistle, and when we were off Cariboo Island we were pounding into waves that threw spray and broke on the rock-bound shore with a shattering noise. It was an exciting race, with the wind down the coast, the dark mass of the island looming above, the only light came from the stars and the

flash of the waves as they broke astern and rushed around us in foam. We went feeling for the harbor mouth, striking into what looked like promising openings and sheering off again as they proved false friends. At last we slipped into the right pocket, as dark and still as a mill-pond; a harbor that winds upon itself until it is land-locked, and here we had to lie for twenty-four hours until the gale wore itself out.

It was a pleasant afternoon upon which we arrived at the Hudsons Bay Post, "Nepigon House," as it is called. Its situation upon the high shore of the Lake is one of great natural beauty. Opposite is the mountainous Jack-Fish Island and to the south there is a great extent of lake, with the striking profile of La Roche Frapper. The scenery of the northern end of the lake is said to be finer than the southern. Certainly the view of the inner and outer Barns, as they are called, is highly picturesque. These huge dome-like masses of rock rise sheer from the water to a height of six hundred and twenty, and five hundred and seventy-five feet. They look like great stacks of hay or enormous barns, as their common name suggests. When you round the point of the small island opposite Nepigon House you have turned your back upon the only civilized house on the lake and you feel anew the sense of the immense grandeur of the scene and the absolute loneliness of these miles of restless water, this wilderness of islands.

It may not be amiss to give the distances, as lately measured, between the chief points on the lake, as they may prove of some use to sportsmen:

	Miles.
From Nepigon to Gros Cap.....	21
From Nepigon House to Flat Rock.	42
" " " Popular Passage.	41
" " " Bay View.	57
" " " Nipogina.	55
" " " Red Rock.	71

It was off the Dry Beaver Islands that we took one of the big trout for which the lake is famous. Tradition says that here the Indians from all points on the lake used to meet and feast on the dried meat of the beaver. Here we were stormstaid for two days and on one afternoon trolling in the calm water to the north of one of the islands we met our record fish. As fore-runners he had half-a-dozen of various sizes and weights, ranging from five to seven pounds. But there was no mistaking either his size or his temper when he laid hold upon the hooks. The first sight of him looming through

the water was sufficiently interesting, but when he broke away and went boring into the bottom of the lake, disappearing into the shadow as if he would never come up again his behavior was intensely exciting. It took twenty minutes of careful work to land him in the canoe, and when he was tested ashore he pulled the scale down to thirty-two pounds and held it there. Trout of this size are by no means uncommon, and, as Lake Nepigon has not been largely fished, good sport may be found almost anywhere within its waters.

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

Continued.

Of all the furs that this northern country produces, to my taste the Otter is the most beautiful. Of course, there is a great difference in the quality, the blackest and glossiest being held in most esteem. As a rule, the largest skins are not the best, a big male otter often having a brownish tinge which impairs its quality.

The fur becomes "prime" about the end of October, and remains so until about the middle of May, though by that time, and fully a month before, it assumes a shabby tinge, caused by the whitening or bleaching of the extreme ends of the coarse hair, which have almost the appearance of having been singed.

The condition of the fur can usually at once be determined by the appearance of the skin, especially of the tail. If an otter has been killed a trifle early in the season, the skin of the tail is black, and though the fur on the rest of the body is in good, marketable condition, the fur on the tail is short and lacks its full gloss. If the otter has been killed in the summer and is absolutely useless, the skin of the tail is yellowish black, and the main skin a sickly, blotched yellow. But a winter-killed otter is unmistakable. The whole skin, tail and all, is white, tinged with red, which, to the experienced eye, is an infallible indication of its perfect condition.

The Indian name for the otter is "nik-cek." It, like the beaver, figures in the Indian's mythology, though, as a matter of fact, the Indians of the valley of the Upper Ottawa seem to be singularly deficient in the quality that clothes the common objects of their lives with legendary lore.

The Indians of the coasts of Hudson's Bay are much more imaginative in this respect, and I verily believe that most

of the legends that are current amongst these inlanders have been brought from their more imaginative brethren of the sea coast. The only legend that I know associated with the otter relates to the peculiar shape of its head, which, as most people probably know, is exceedingly flat. It is said that the animals were once gathered together with the object of choosing a chief or king. The aspirants for the honor were numerous and exceedingly eager in setting forth their claims, especially the otter, which would push itself forward to such an extent that the great spirit who was presiding over the meeting set his foot right down on him, literally and metaphorically, to such good purpose that the otter came forth from the press with a flattened head, a mark which he still retains. The flesh of the otter is not a highly esteemed delicacy, even amongst Indians, though they do occasionally make use of it when meat is scarce.

I remember once, many years ago, coming back at night, after a long walk to my little log hut, built upon an island on Winiwayah Lake, which served me as a temporary trading post, I found an Indian making use of my fireplace and cooking utensils. He was cooking something which, to my hungry senses, sent forth a most appetizing aroma. On investigation it proved to be an otter, which he invited me to share with him. Nothing loth, I accepted the invitation, and between us we managed to polish off nearly the whole of it. Next morning, being mindful of my previous evening meal, I thought to make my breakfast off the cold remains. Whether the heat or the hunger had obscured the real flavor of the beast on the previous evening I know not, but this I know: that of all the fishy abominations in the shape of flesh that I ever ate, that otter headed the list. It tasted like meat boiled in a pot exclusively used for fish and rarely washed. Perhaps I am not fair to the otter, but I have eschewed the flesh of otter ever since and would advise others to do the same.

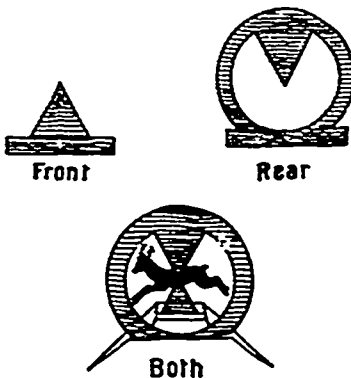
The otter is a very playful animal and makes an excellent pet. The Indians tame them with great success. They even train them to catch fish for them, like the cormorants of the China Seas. The favorite dwelling places of the otter are old abandoned beaver houses. Here the Indians set their traps for them in the winter and at the holes in the ice through which they come on shore to eat their fish.

It is a strange thing that the otter

has regular spots for coming ashore when on his travels up or down the streams. It does not land promiscuously. It selects a spot, and every time it passes this particular spot it goes ashore and rolls about and plays. The Indians watch for these places and set their traps there, sometimes even lying in ambush for the chance of a shot. Unlike the beaver, however, they are nomadic in their habits, and though an otter may take up its residence on a certain stream for a season, next season it may be miles away. Hence, an Indian does not feel that he has the same vested right in the otters upon his lands that he has in the beaver.

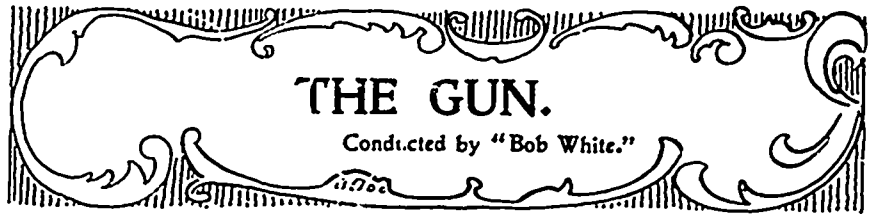
During the first few winter months the otter does little travelling, for it can make but poor progress through the soft, deep snow, but when the March sun has made a crust upon the snow it makes long journeys and travels with great ease and swiftness. I remember once, while walking up Kippewa Lake, seeing an otter in the act of crossing the lake within a few hundred yards of me. Both I, and the Indian who was accompanying me, threw down our packs and gave chase. At first we rapidly gained on it, and I began to wonder how much its skin would fetch. But the otter was apparently playing with us. As soon as ever it saw that we really meant business, it changed its gait, which had been a very modest canter, into something like a hop, step and a jump. It took three jumps, then a slide of about ten feet, a living toboggan on legs, automatic and self-propelling. It reminded me of the undulating motion of a porpoise, but the pace it travelled instilled me with respect, and as we wearily resumed our bundles, and could see the hills beyond in which our destination lay, looking still blue in the distance, I envied the gait of that otter and wished that I could do likewise.

C. C. FARR



POINT BLANK GUNSIGHTS

The invention of Frank P. Warner, (Ben De Feo) of Florence, Colorado.



A TRAP SHOOTING RETROSPECT

IN its issue of December 30th, The American Field gives a synopsis of the leading trap shooting events in the United States during the past year, and in doing so makes remarks thereon which cannot fail to interest Canadian readers. We take the liberty of quoting from The Field article:

Trap shooting events of 1899 are now matters of record, and after to-morrow they will be referred to as the records of a trap-shooting season, the like of which has not been seen since this gentlemanly sport became a factor in the pleasures of American sportsmen.

That the season of 1899 has been a memorable one, and one in which a number of important records have been established, no one who is sufficiently interested in the sport to keep himself posted will, for a moment, deny, for during this year some of the largest tournaments ever known to American sportsmen have been held, and all, without exception, have been more successful than their promoters had anticipated. The Grand American Handicap, held at Elkwood Park, N.J., 1st April, was of itself a record breaker so far as the number of entries is concerned and also as to the size of the purse that was competed for. The state tournaments, this year, have also, all, with perhaps one or two exceptions, been more liberally patronized and more successful from a financial standpoint, than in years past, while league events and club tournaments have more than met the anticipations of their promoters.

That the sport is growing in favor, and growing with great rapidity not only in this country, but also in nearly every country on the face of the globe, there is not the slightest question. And why? Simply because it is a clean, gentlemanly sport that has, by its supporters, been placed upon a plane which excludes that class of men who demoralize and corrupt everything with which they are associated.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago the number of trap shooting tournaments held in a single state, in a season, could be counted upon the fingers of one hand, while to-day that many are held

in nearly every county of a single state. No association, club or promoter then thought of guaranteeing a thousand dollars in a single event, or of adding any money to the purses, while now it is not an unusual thing for a club of any pretensions to add from \$250 to \$1,000 to the purses when giving a tournament, and the patronage is usually so good that the association, league or club which does this generally comes out at the finish with a good balance on the right side of the cash account after paying all expenses, a fact of itself that proves beyond all question that the sport of trap shooting, as conducted in this country, is growing rapidly in popularity and is being patronized by the better element in all branches of business and professions.

In the palmy days of Bogardus, Brewer, Carver, Payne and other noted wing shots, inanimate targets were not known to the shooters of America, if indeed, they were to the people of any other nation, and the then comparatively few people who enjoyed trap shooting had to confine themselves to live birds, a target which to-day is far more popular than any of the inanimates, but which then, as now, was too expensive to permit the man of moderate means to indulge his love for trap shooting to any great degree, and therefore the number who followed the sport as a pastime or for pleasure was few as compared with the thousands who to-day find trap shooting a health-giving and pleasant recreation, and indulge in it because, we repeat, it is a clean, gentlemanly sport.

The growth in trap shooting has been phenomenal and of incalculable benefit to many business interests of the country, as the gun manufacturers, the powder, shot and shell makers, and the target and trap manufacturers have been obliged to enlarge their plants and employ more workmen to meet the demands for their products, all of which have been of immense benefit to the mechanics and unskilled laborers of the country.

Twenty years ago glass balls and the trap for throwing them, first introduced by the veteran, Captain A. H. Bogardus, were the only substitutes for live

birds, and the then cumbersome and unwieldy rope-pull trap, while to-day we have the expert target trap, electric pulls, the popular Magautrap, which is operated much the same as a bicycle is ridden, and the automatic, underground pull live-bird trap, all of which are inventions that do very much to popularize the sport and make it attractive and interesting, both to participants and spectators. And the improvement in guns, powders, shells and wads has been quite as great as that of traps and targets, for now we have the hammerless ejector and the repeating shotgun, smokeless nitro powder and shells and wads of the highest grade, instead of the non-ejector breech-loader, with hammers, the muzzle-loader, black powder, and shells and wads of comparatively inferior quality; and these improvements have all resulted from the demands made by trap shooters for better firearms, powders, shells, traps, etc.

Before the advent of nitro powders and improved guns for trap shooting, the man who attended a tournament lasting two or three days usually returned home "all used up" from the almost constant roar of the black powder and with his shoulder looking as if it had been hammered with a mallet; but to-day, with improved ammunition and gun, a man can shoot a week if he wishes and feel none the worse for it.

The great increase of shooters and the demands made by them upon shooting park managers have also caused better parks to be established and the erection of more commodious club houses, with lockers, gun racks, dining halls, etc., and now a sportsman can go out for an afternoon's sport at the traps and find everything at the club grounds nearly as comfortable as if he were to remain at home or at his place of business.

Thus it will be seen that the growth of trap shooting has been something phenomenal during the last twelve or fifteen years.

At Toronto Traps.

Toronto is a city of several gun clubs and many first-class shots. I have often wondered why the many enthusiastic sportsmen there have not got together and given the Canadian shooters a tournament on a large enough scale to bring together the best talent among them. As an old Toronto boy, I would like to see it, and am sure it would be well patronized.

The Stanley Gun Club of that city

held a shoot, on Christmas Day on their grounds, corner of Booth and Eastern Avenues, which was well attended, when the following scores were made:

Event No. 1, ten artificials—R. Buck 8, H. Herbert 7, J. Wilson 7, C. Wilson 6, S. Apton 6, W. Kingdon 5

Event No. 2, five sparrows—H. Herbert 4, J. Wells 4, A. Mathews 3, W. Kingdon 3, Christie 3.

Event No. 3, five sparrows—A. Hulme 5, Wilton 4, G. Platt 4, Kingdon 3, Page 3

Event No. 4, five sparrows—E. Kerr 5, A. Hulme 4, G. Platt 4, R. Buck 4, W. Hulme 3, Devaney 3.

Event No. 5, five sparrows—A. Hulme 5, R. Green 5, R. Buck 4, Kerr 4, W. Hulme 4.

Event No. 6, five sparrows—R. Buck 5, A. Hulme 4, R. Green 3, W. Hulme 3, Kerr 3, Platt 3, Curtis 3.

Event No. 7, ten artificials—S. Mc-

Clure 10, Lucas 9, O'Leary 8, Green 8, Herbert, S. Buck 8, A. Hulme 7.

Event No. 8, ten artificials—M. Mershead 10, O'Leary 10, J. Townson 10, Lucas 9, A. Hulme 9, Green 8, Dixon 6, McClure 6, Simpson 6, Moore 6, S. Pearsall 5, T. Loudon 5.

Event No. 9, five sparrows—H. Herbert 5, A. Hulme 5, J. Wells 4, Green 4, J. Townson 4, O'Leary 4, Curtis 3, Gooch 3, Wilton 3, Forman 3, Mason 3.

Event No. 10, ten artificials—Mershead 9, O'Leary 8, Mollon 7, Moore 7, Forman 7, Thompson 6.

Event No. 11, ten artificials—J. Townson 9, O'Leary 8, Gooch 7, Martin 7, Wilton 6, McClure 6.

Event No. 12, ten artificials—O'Leary 8, Mason 7, Pearsall 7, Green 7, Kingdon 6, Curtis 6, Dixon 6.

On the following Saturday they held another shoot, when the scores made were as follows:

Event No. 1, ten sparrows—Green 8,



A Crack Canadian Shot.

Mr. Forest H. Conover, whose photograph we reproduce on this page, is a foremost exponent of trap shooting in Canada (Western Ontario) besides being notably successful with the ducks. Mr. Conover was among the first in Canada to use nitro powders, and since their advent has acquainted himself thoroughly with them by practice and numerous experiments, and now by preference uses Dupont's smokeless, loaded in Ely and U.M.C. shells, in the L. C. Smith Ejector Gun with which he has won the trophies of which he is justly proud.

Mr. Conover has contributed to the columns of Rod and Gun in the past, and readers will look forward with interest to future articles.

McCarney 8, O'Leary 8, Edwards 7, A. Hulme 7.

Event No. 2, five sparrows—Buck 5, W. Hulme 5, Green 4, Herbert 4, McCarney 3, A. Hulme 3.

Event No. 3, five sparrows—McCarney 5, Buck 4, Edwards 4, W. Hulme 4, Herbert 4, A. Hulme 3, O'Leary 3, Green 3, Ellis 3.

Event No. 4, ten artificials—Lucas 9, Green 8, A. Hulme 8, McCarney 7, O'Leary 7, Buck 6, Ellis 6.

Event No. 5, 10 artificials—McCarney 9, O'Leary 8, Ellis 8, Lucas 8, A. Hulme 7, McDuff 7, Green 7, Herbert 6.

Event No. 6, five sparrows—A. Hulme 4, Edwards 4, Green 3, McCarney 3, W. Hulme 3, O'Leary 3, McDuff 3.

Event No. 7, ten artificials—O'Leary 10, McCarney 8, McDuff 8, Lucas 8, Thompson 7, Green 7, Ellis 6.

Event No. 8, fifteen artificials—A. Hulme 13, O'Leary 12, McDuff 10, McCarney 10, Green 10.

Toronto Junction Gun Club, on New Year's Day, held an interesting shoot at D. Blea's grounds, Humber Bay, between teams chosen by the president and vice-president. The day being fine a large number of members took part. There was also a good gathering present from the other clubs, including Mr. O'Leary, the president of the Bison Gun Club of Buffalo, N.Y., who, besides being a good shot, is a jolly good fellow. After the team shoot a number of matches were shot at pigeons and sparrows, and some good scores were made. At the conclusion of the day's shoot the members and guests repaired to Mr. Blea's hotel and partook of the good things provided by Host Blea, after which the evening was spent in speech and song, and this ended one of the most enjoyable shoots ever held by this enterprising club. The following are the scores:

President.	Vice-President.
McGill..... 2	Wakefield..... 9
Burgess..... 8	W. Blea..... 8
D. Blea..... 9	A. Stell..... 7
Briggs..... 7	Green..... 7
Shaw..... 6	Townsend..... 9
Wilson..... 4	Deye..... 6
Walton..... 4	Richardson..... 2
Sproule..... 4	O'Leary..... 9
Stone..... 3	Hardy..... 3

Total.....47 Total.....60
Majority for Vice-President's team, 13 birds.

Townsend 6, Wakefield 5, Brown 5, B. J. Sweep at seven pigeons—O'Leary 6, gess 4, Briggs 4, Vint 3, Green 3, McGill ret.

Sweep at five pigeons—Wakefield 4, Townsend 4, Burgess 4, O'Leary 3, Vint 3, D. Blea 3, Briggs ret.

Sweep at fifteen sparrows—Burgess 15, Wakefield 14, W. Blea 14, D. Blea 14, A. Stell 14, Briggs 13, Townsend 13, Green 12, W. Hulme 12, O'Leary 11, A. Hulme 10.

Sweep at ten sparrows, one barrel only—A. Stell 10, Wakefield 9, W. Blea 8, Burgess 8, D. Blea 8, Green 4, Briggs 4, Townson ret.

Gin as a rifle stimulant is a novelty. One rifleman believes in taking no chances with rust, hence when he has finished shooting for the day he cleans the rifle barrel with gin, and oils it carefully. Next day he can push a bit of clean flannel through the barrel without collecting any substance that will stain the flannel. He claims no other method of cleaning will give like results.

The new 1900 model of the Spencer repeating shotgun is now ready for the market. It is a take-down, the parts of the best forged steel, with fine twist Damascus barrel. The stock is of close grained American walnut, has a pistol grip, and is oil finished. It has a case-hardened frame and mechanism, increasing the wear and giving the gun that beautiful mottled color seen on all first-class work. The slide lever has the roll-bearing cam, making it easy of manipulation. The new features of the model 1900 gun are, first: the double extractors, which grip the cartridge on each side, making it almost impossible for nitro powder to expand the shell in the chamber of the gun enough to prevent the double extractors bringing it out and slipping it clear of the gun to one side. The second feature is the newly arranged magazine. The magazine on the model 1890 caused some inconvenience in taking the repeater apart, owing to the spring and follower being detached. In the new model they are fixed permanently in the magazine. Another feature is that the take-down, which consists of two thumb latches, one on the magazine screw, the other on the screw that holds the barrel in place. It is only necessary to turn these two latches in order to take out the magazine and unscrew the barrel. All grades of Spencer guns are now take-down and the prices remain the same as heretofore.

One of the well-known British makers of express rifles, in its experiments to ascertain the best calibre to adopt in its latest model express rifle, settled upon .350 calibre. The shell is bottlenecked, and in addition tapers from the shoulder to the head. The bullet weighs 310 grains and is made with full jacket or soft point. A muzzle velocity of 2050 feet per second was obtained. Loaded with Cordite its striking energy was 2908 foot-pounds, as against 1928 for the .303, 1776 for the .450, and 1784 for the .500 express, the two latter loaded with Curtis & Harvey No. 6 black powder. The maker's aim has been to supersede the ordinary type of express and big game rifles by a new series, in which the acknowledged advantages of the small calibre sporting rifle shall be extended to weapons combining equal or higher velocity with heavier projectiles of greater diameter.

English manufacturers have recently brought out some new rifles for the use of both black and smokeless powder. These are of the express type, double barrel generally, and of 40 or 45 calibre. The English big game hunter wants a big bore rifle that will shoot smokeless powder, which is mainly for close range jungle shooting, such as tiger shooting, where the value of smokeless powder is apparent. But he wants that

rifle made so in case smokeless powder is unobtainable, black powder can be used in the arm.

Marin County, California, has an ordinance prohibiting the use of repeating shotguns. The ordinance is to be tested in the courts.

On a Sunday morning at inspection in New York each policeman was required to produce his revolver, and then it was found that some carried the regulation Colt new police revolver, others carried pawn tickets instead, a few had revolvers of other reputable makers, and some had their favorite 99 cent weapons. The fault they found with the Colt revolver was it was so heavy and it cost so much more than the cheap things they became accustomed to before Theodore Roosevelt, when Police Commissioner, insisted that the policeman should carry and know how to use a good revolver.

Michael Dorrier, the veteran rifleman and expert offhand rifle shot, in open competition in the 100-shot championship match at Greenville Schuetzen Park, 200 yards offhand, recently scored 2246 points on the German ring target, which is the best known 100-shot score on record to date. Such a score shows wonderful proficiency in offhand rifle shooting and is far beyond what most persons can expect to attain.

"I have often seen the Canadian wilderness. I have worked my way by canoe and portage in warm weather. I have journeyed by snowshoe in winter and dragged my toboggan; and it is my firm belief, Caspar Whitney and Frederic Remington to the contrary notwithstanding, that there is only one climate in the world more enjoyable than the Canadian summer, and that is the Canadian winter. The discomforts of that wilderness are mostly imaginary. You can put on a pair of snowshoes and travel all day in them, the very first time you try, and not be nearly as tired at night as you would be after a ten-mile walk on the pavements of a city. You feel the cold a great deal more on Broadway, Island of Manhattan, than you do in the deep woods of Northern New Brunswick."—Frederic Ireland, in Scribner's Magazine, January, 1900.

It was Mr. Ireland who wrote that excellent article, "Why Don't You Go," which appeared in October number, Rod and Gun in Canada.—Ed.

Moose hunting is not so successful a sport in Nova Scotia nowadays as it used to be. About the best ground in the Province is the back country of Annapolis and Digby Counties, and the total number captured there the past season is scarcely worth mentioning. In Nova Scotia there seems to have been too much sport. The moose is the noblest game we have, and it is a thousand pities that he should be hunted too ruthlessly. The experiment in stocking the woods with deer in some parts of the Province has been only fairly successful. The game society's regulations are too often violated.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW

My good friend, Mr. L. H. Smith, of Strathroy, Ont., has certainly made a very pretty defence of the house sparrow, though I cannot say it is a very able one. This is not his fault, however, but rather that of the sparrow. He has indeed made much of a bad case, and is to be congratulated upon the interesting manner in which he has presented it. The sentiment of his article will doubtless be charming to the unenlightened, but unfortunately, in this age of the utilitarian, sentiment alone is not sufficient. It is facts, and facts only, that will satisfy.

After a careful perusal of Mr. Smith's essay we fail to see that he has given any good or satisfactory reasons for defending the sparrow. He has replied, but very feebly, to only one of the charges brought against it, and has made claim for only one good trait in its character. Consequently, it appears that he takes his stand merely on account of a sentimental attachment, which he has strangely formed for the bird. He says, "I love the sparrow because he is an emigrant from the same land which I am. In my boyhood days he was the object of my highest nimrodian aspirations," etc., and again he says, "Perhaps but for the sparrow and his pursuit, the innate love I have for all things out-of-doors might never have been awakened in me," etc. These are his reasons for throwing down the gauntlet on behalf of passer domesticus. That they are pardonable, we grant; but that they are justifiable, we cannot admit in these matter-of-fact days, when everything is submitted to the crucible of utility.

As Mr. Smith was one of the first to introduce the sparrow into Canada, he doubtless felt it incumbent upon him to take up the cudgels in its behalf. From the title of his essay one would hardly expect an impartial presentation of the facts of the case, and it is, therefore, no matter of great surprise to find that the article gives one the extremely erroneous impression that the English sparrow is a most desirable, insectivorous bird with a charming song. In his zeal to defend his pet Mr. Smith has ignored the mass of indisputable, condemnatory evidence in regard to the bird sparrow's economic relations, which has been accumulated by a host of observers in all parts of the continent.

We, therefore, consider it is in the interest of justice, and only fair to the readers of "Rod and Gun," that the other, more unfavorable, aspect of the question of the sparrow's character should also be presented. Nowadays the desirability of the presence of a bird in a country depends chiefly upon its relation to agriculture. It is not so much a question of the bird's utility as of its non-injurious tendencies. It is its negative rather than its positive characteristics that determine its status. If the bird does no harm, or if its evil deeds are counterbalanced by its good, then we say let it flourish.

In his introductory paragraph Mr. Smith states that the English sparrow "was introduced to this country to perform a task which our native birds did

not appear to do—the destruction of the larvae of the measure-worm, that so often infest the trees in our streets and parks." That this was the honest, but mistaken, intention of Mr. Smith and the other misguided gentlemen, who so zealously brought the bird to this country, we do believe, but that the sparrow has accomplished the object of its introduction we regret that we cannot assert. It is now a well-known fact that the sparrow, like most of our birds, will not eat hairy caterpillars, and that, according to the report of the Biological Survey of the United States, fully two-thirds of its diet consists of vegetable matter, chiefly in the form of grain, seeds and buds. If the introducers of the sparrow had studied our native birds more carefully, they would have found that a foreign importation was unnecessary, for we already possessed certain species, the cuckoos, that consider hairy caterpillars most delectable morsels and destroy them in great numbers.

As already noted, Mr. Smith attempts to refute only one of the charges against the sparrow, to wit: that it drives away our native birds. At first glance his arguments and illustrations seem most sound and plausible, but on closer inspection we find the former fallacious and the latter not to the point.

In the first place, he asks how it is that the sparrow in England has not driven away some of the other species. In reply we would ask Mr. Smith how he knows that it has not done so. As he himself admits, the sparrow has been striving with the other birds in Great Britain for centuries. Consequently, there is no doubt that the present relationships of the feathered bipeds of that country are the result of the inevitable law of "the survival of the fittest." The weaker birds yielded ages ago to the pugnacious sparrow, and now we find living in its proximity only those birds which are well able to defend themselves against its ravages.

Mr. Smith cites the case of the house martin, which has flourished in spite of the persecution of the sparrow, but this does not prove that our Canadian birds shall be able to prosper likewise. The martin is quite competent to cope with the sparrow, for, if it were not, it would have been compelled long ago to seek its nesting-place beneath the brow of some remote cliff, rather than under the eaves of the dwelling of man. It would have been as much to the point if he had cited the case of the rook.

Mr. Smith claims that the sparrow did not drive the native birds away from his own premises, but, by anyone acquainted with the facts, this cannot be accepted as an argument. It was my privilege to live in the same rural town with Mr. Smith for many years. If my memory serves me truly, he not only provided boxes for the sparrows, as he states, but for other birds as well, and further, he protected the wrens from the depredations of the foreign usurpers by making the entrances to their nests too small to admit them. Besides this he provided food for the birds, and the sparrows waxed fat and indolent under his beneficent care.

(To be continued.)

SMOKELESS POWDERS.

To the Editor of Rod and Gun.

I read with a great deal of interest Mr. Conover's article in your December issue, in which he speaks very highly of the well-known American smokeless powder—Dupont. Without in any way detracting from what he says in laudation of his favorite powder, I think he has, in his communication, made a remark regarding two well-known modern explosives which, no doubt unintentionally on his part, might be read to their injury. The remark I take exception to in his article is his reference to Schultze and Noble's Ballistite, where he says: "As each of the modern explosives was brought forward it was examined and its defects noted—Schultze, among the first in Europe; next the powder of Reid & Johnston, in England; and in France the poudre B of Vieie, and the ballistite of Noble."

Now, whatever may have been the defects of Schultze powder when it was in its experimental stage, when all smokeless powders were an experiment, there can be no doubt that now it is one of the best propellants in the world. I have used both Dupont and Schultze with satisfactory results, but if I had to choose between them I would select Schultze. The action of the two powders I found to be very similar, the recoil from each the same, but I have always thought Schultze a stronger powder than Dupont.

Regarding Ballistite, I know nothing from actual experience, never having shot any of it, or even seen it. This I do know, however: that it is one of the most popular powders among the trap shooters in England. For instance, take the scores at live pigeons, at the Gun Club, Notting Hill, and the National Gun Club, Hendon, the other day. In a three pound handicap sweepstakes at the Gun Club there were 17 subscribers and six used Ballistite, including the winners of the money, who divided 71 pounds. In the next event there were 16 subscribers, six of whom shot Ballistite, including the two who divided the purse. Of the others, eight used Curtis & Harvey's Amberite.

At Hendon, in a race for the Members' Challenge Cup, value 25 guineas added to half sovereign handicap sweepstakes, there were 12 subscribers. Of these, four used Ballistite, five Schultze, including the winner, who shot at 33 yards, and the others Amberite and E.C.

So much for these various nitros, in which I have no further interest than any sportsman who wants the searchlight thrown on all matters affecting his favorite sport.

But one serious defect all these powders have, or rather their manufacturers have, and that is that none of them seem to have the good sense to properly advertise their wares in Canada. And the same remark applies to other articles, such as guns, shells, wads, shot, etc., pertaining to the want of Canadian sportsmen. How these gun and ammunition makers expect to reach the thousands of Canadian shooters without doing so is more than I can understand.

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

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

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

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

ONE HUNDRED subscriptions at \$1.00 each, an Ithaca Hammerless Double Barrel Shot-gun, quality No. 3, 10, 12 or 16 gauge, listed at \$80.00.

PLACE VIGER HOTEL

MONTREAL.



Facing Place Viger, a pretty open square, named after the first Mayor of Montreal, is the Place Viger Hotel, erected by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company—the latest addition to

its chain of magnificent hotels which extends from Quebec to Vancouver and includes, amongst others, those charming resorts in the mountains of British Columbia—Banff, Field and the Great

Glacier. This imposing structure occupies the site of an old fort, and is built in the quaint style of the French Renaissance, partaking of the type of the old chateaux found on the banks of the Loire.

In the heating, lighting and sanitary arrangements, which were specially designed for this hotel, the name of perfection has been secured, and the entire building, which is modern in every respect, is as absolutely fire-proof as human ingenuity can devise.

The Place Viger Hotel is advantageously situated for those reaching the city by train or boat, being a short distance from the principal steamer docks, and combined in its erection is the Place Viger Station of the Canadian Pacific Railway (from which trains leave for and arrive from Quebec), and although located amidst quiet and restful surroundings, is only a few minutes' walk from the business portion of the city, and convenient to the city's street car system.

There is accommodation for 350 guests.

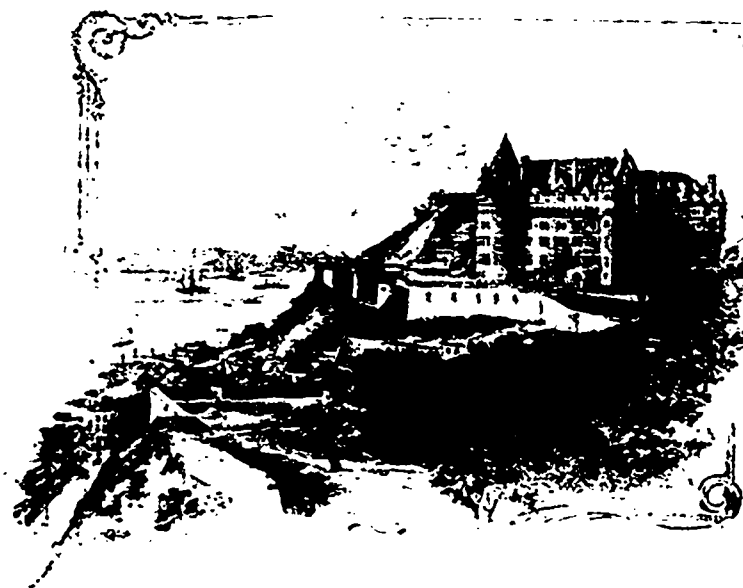
The rates are from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day, with special arrangements for large parties or those making a prolonged stay.

For further particulars address Manager, Place Viger Hotel, Montreal.

The Chateau Frontenac, a magnificent new fire-proof hotel, erected by a number of capitalists of Montreal, stands at the eastern end of a splendid esplanade known as the Dufferin Terrace, just below the King's Bastion of the Citadel, commanding delightful views of the St. Lawrence as far as the eye can reach—down past the Ile d'Orleans, across to Levis and beyond, up stream to Sillery, and, to the left, the country along the beautiful valley of the St. Charles River. The grandeur of the scenery is indescribable; it is matchless in diversity and charming in effect. No grander site for such a structure could be found on the continent and it would not be easy to combine the advantages it possesses in any place the world over. This elegant hotel, on which nearly \$1,000,000 has been judiciously expended, and which has been enlarged to meet the increased demands of travel, is erected on an historic spot of more than ordinary interest—the site of the old Chateau St. Louis, so famous in Canadian history and once the vice-regal residence of the Governors of Canada, both before and after the conquest.

CHATEAU FRONTENAC

QUEBEC.



The rates are from \$2.50 upwards per day, with special arrangements for large parties or those making a pro

longed stay. For further particulars address Manager, Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

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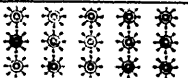
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