

ROD AND GUN.

THE CAMP FIRE.

Away up North, in a great natural basin surrounded by forested, rounded hills, sleeps what was one of the prettiest small lakes to be found upon this continent. We chanced upon it in 1887, and we were almost startled by its peculiar beauty. Even our guide—that fluent liar, who claimed to have led us to the lake, when in reality he had never before set eyes upon it and only happened to find it by the merest accident—was compelled to admit that it was about perfect. Its miles of curving shore had no mark of man's intrusion; its sands bore imprints of moose and bear, its girdle of forest was unbroken, indeed, the entire scene was flawless.

We lingered by the lake only three days, yet in that brief time one-third of the forest-picture was irretrievably ruined, and by the guide, too, who should have been the most careful man of the party. It was the same old story of carelessness about the fire. The guide swore that he had drowned out the fire—that he and the tea-pail had made three trips for that purpose—yet before the canoes had floated a mile from the camp-site we beheld a puff of yellow smoke, a leap of red flame and the mischief was done. Since then the party (without a guide) has twice been at the lake, but the first and best camp-site has not been used, because the lean rampikes and the fire's broad scar remain as a lasting reproach. Our guide's carelessness did more damage in one hour than will be repaired in twenty years. Let other campers profit by the lesson and make it a binding rule never to leave a spark of life in the tire when breaking camp. Some of the most destructive of forest fires have resulted from inexcusable carelessness on the part of campers, especially at this time of year when all growths, as a rule, are yet dry from their summer baking.

FISHING.

Very frequently the early part of September sees capital sport upon many waters, in some cases almost as good as the early Spring fishing. The first cool nights rapidly lower the temperature of the water, the fish regain their activity and eagerly rise to seasonable lures—in fact between the first and fifteenth days is an excellent time for an angling outing. It is true that one may hardly expect to fill a basket so easily as it may be done in the spring, yet the late sport has charms which the earlier lacks. One now finds the first traces of ruddy autumn—that unrivaled season when “The sky is blue as steel and the water clear as glass; when the mist is on the mountain and the network on the grass,” and it is wondrous pleasant to be abroad in the sweet air, to watch the first sparks of color glowing amid the foliage on distant hills, to feel the need of good blankets at night, and last but not least, to be able to enjoy one's sport by lake or stream without being remorselessly pursued by a cloud of tireless and exasperating insect pests. These, the sworn foes to the pleasures of angling, mer-

cifully cease from troubling during fair September days.

This season appears to have been a bit better than the average, judged from the anglers' point of view. Trout, bass, muskallonge and ouananiche have attracted thousands of rods to northern resorts. and from Nepigon to the eastern coast, the sport has at least been what may be termed satisfactory. That uncertain fellow, the salmon, also has done more than his usual share toward affording sport; indeed, the records might show this season prominent among the best known Weakfish have been unusually plentiful; while bluefish made their appearance hereabouts earlier than expected and in considerable numbers. At the time of writing, saltwater fishers are confidently looking forward to grand sport with bin bass and blues. The fly-casting fixtures also attracted a proper amount of attention, so all parties interested should have reason to feel satisfied. Perhaps the talk about holding an international fly-casting tournament next year may not prove to be mere idle discussion. Why not hold such a tournament in 1897? There are surely enough men interested in the matter to assure a success if the affair is once talked in earnest. Here we have a number of experts who are able to give the pick of all creation a stiff argument; Canada holds a few scientific and keen disciples of Izaak who might prove dangerous rivals, while needless to say, some of our British cousins know a thing or two about the game. A fly-casting tournament next season, with the best representatives of the three countries competing, should prove a most interesting affair.

Apropos of the season's fishing, it is interesting to glance over the record of weights. The boss back bass of the season, a small-mouth, seems to be a fish taken from Lake George: This husky fellow weighed seven and one-half pounds. The best ouananiche I have noticed was a seven-pounder killed with the fly at Grande Décharge.

SHOOTING.

Earlier in the season, when the heavens played the rôle of grand garden sprinkler, it was feared that the crop of game would suffer. Recent advices, however, are more encouraging. From up the State I hear that the prospects for ruffed grouse and woodcock are excellent, and that the Adirondacks contain enough deer for all comers. A friend, who has been sketching in Pennsylvania wilds, reports that not in the past dozen years has he seen so many broods of From the Ontario country about Lake St. Clair, comes a cheering word. The Lake is rising—which means better duck shooting—while the quail, so nearly destroyed a short time ago, have increased wonderfully. This signifies a good time at the International field trials and some lively sport for the boys later on. From several points in Minnesota I hear that both duck and chicken are more abundant than for several seasons. Manitoba, too, appears to be up to the average. notwithstanding a few cheerless reports from districts usually excellent.

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