

RECREATION

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO EVERYTHING THE
NAME IMPLIES



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would not act in the matter. It is to poor game laws, and to poor enforcement of good laws that we already owe the extermination of some varieties of game. It will not be long before the ruffed grouse will disappear from New York State, unless immediate steps are taken to prevent it.

A SPORTSMEN'S PARADISE.

Vancouver, B. C.

Editor RECREATION: On a bright Tuesday morning in September, my friend L. and I left Vancouver, on the steamer Comet, for Powell lake, about 80 miles to the North. The little craft stopped first at Sechelt Mission, and thereafter at every ranch and logging camp en route. Near Jervis Inlet, a 400 pound rancher, the heaviest man in British Columbia, came alongside, puffing like a grampus. In trying to meet this gentleman, in answer to energetic signaling on his part, the steamer had to do considerable backing and turning. As soon as our visitor could constrict his vocal orifice sufficiently to emit intelligible sounds, he inquired, blandly, "Captain, will you be kind enough to give me the city time?" The Captain, though much annoyed at the delay, could not help laughing, and gave the information.

At last we were put ashore at what we were told was the mouth of Powell river, our objective point. The boat steamed rapidly away and we were left standing on the beach, in the darkness. Our first move was to build a roaring fire. Then we looked, as best we could in the dark, for the river, but failed to find it, and gave up our search until morning. There was nothing for it but to camp right there. We erected our tent, spread our blankets and turned in. Poking our heads out of the tent at daybreak we discovered we had been landed in a small cove with no river within sight. Replenishing our fire we separated to explore our surroundings. L. took a bucket and went along the beach in search of fresh water. I found a trail leading into the woods, and explored in that direction. L. discovered the river about ½ mile from camp, where it entered the straits of Georgia. On our return we sought a more suitable camping ground and found one in a pleasant position on the bank of the river in the woods. The morning was spent packing in our outfit. I tried my hand at cooking, while L. took his rod to try for trout in the stream, in front of the camp. By the time I had the fire going and frying pan hot he had 6 trout ready for the pan.

After dinner we followed the river up to the lake, about ½ mile from the camp. As it was getting dusk, we decided to postpone further investigation. Rising with the dawn next morning and stowing some lunch in our pockets, we struck the trail to the lake. There we took possession of a dugout we

found hidden in the bushes and put in the day exploring the lake, and streams running into it. Game tracks were plentiful. So far we had not bothered the game; but as we needed fresh meat we determined to get a deer. Thereupon we took the guns, and plowing our way through 200 yards of thick underbrush, found ourselves on the edge of a veritable deer park. The ground was carpeted with soft moss, and we could see between the trees, for 500 yards or so. L. took one direction and I another. After traveling about 5 minutes I espied a buck, standing about 150 yards from me. The next instant my trusty Marlin spoke and I had the satisfaction of seeing the deer fall with a bullet through his heart. L., hearing the shot, soon joined me and together we dressed the deer.

During the remainder of our stay we had no lack of sport. Game abounded, and had we been fish and game hogs we could have loaded the steamer with trout and deer. The trout ran from one to 2½ pounds and were exceedingly gamey and eager for the fly.

On the following Saturday our time for departure came and we returned to Vancouver after a most enjoyable trip.

Bullets.

AS TO COLLECTING AND SHIPPING GAME.

Laurin, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: I note what Mr. Wiley says of Mr. Litchfield and your reply. Mr. L. may be the "public benefactor" you claim, but what of those who catch the game? There are men in this Western country who make a business of running the poor brutes on snow shoes, through the deep snow until they are exhausted and lie down. Then the men rope and take them to their corrals where in time, if they do not find a purchaser like Mr. L., the game is slaughtered and put on the market, whether in season or out of season, under the pretext that the men own the animals and have a right to kill them.

This brings to mind another class of hunters I have never seen classed as swine, such as A. J. Stone, the Alaskan explorer. Mr. Stone boasts of the game he kills, merely for the heads and hides, seldom taking any meat to camp. For instance his description of his "last day on the Chee-on-nees."

In this country we consider the head and hide hunter the worst hog of them all. If there is an excuse for these hunters we should be pleased to hear from you.

H. A. Amsden.

ANSWER.

As stated in the article to which you refer, I approve of the catching and shipping of live game, from the West, to a reasonable extent and when proper use is to be made of the animals. If this were prohibited entirely how could Eastern Zoolog-