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"The stork has arrived," said the doctor to the absentminded taxidermist.  
 "Put him on the shelf with the ducks and owls," quoth Dr. Moonshine.

## Jack Miner Makes Plea for Conserving of Game Fish

**Noted Canadian Nature Lover Calls for Sportsmen's Convention at Sudbury in June. Discusses Moose Killing. Backs Up Father Crowley's Suggestion for Educational Campaign.**

Manly Forest Miner, son of Jack Miner, the noted nature lover, has kindly forwarded The Advance a copy of a letter sent by Jack Miner to The Toronto Globe in reference to game fish conservation and other matters. All lovers of nature and good sport feel that they know Jack Miner now, or at least that they are old friends with him, whether they have ever seen him or not. He has done so much and attempted so much for fish and game in Canada that anything he writes is of interest. Accordingly The Advance is giving his letter in full as follows:—

To the Editors and Readers of The Globe: Of all the home-run hits in the first innings I have ever enjoyed was that made by Father Crowley of Algoma and published in The Globe of March 17, when at the game conservation meeting this reverend gentleman suggested an educational conservation campaign, and now please allow my grey hairs of personal knowledge, observation and tested-out experience to add a few lines to this keynote suggestion—education.

The facts are that our game in Northern Ontario is in the eleventh-hour stage, and fining a man for blood that he has already spilt will not allow that animal to multiply, but rather, in many cases, it will make that man a worse outlaw. For illustration: You are a settler in our undeveloped North, and you are doing a

little trapping in order to better clothe your family, and the law says you must not take beaver or otter, but allows the Indian to come for one hundred miles and tear the dams out and destroy every one on your trapping ground. Would the men that framed that law observe it? No!

Now, the reader will please pardon me if I am a little partial to the settler. It is experienced poverty and need that has moulded my heart that way; therefore I don't consider I am to blame. Fifty years ago this April my father moved his big family from Ohio here to Canada, and all the money he took in the first summer we were here was four dollars and a half (\$4.50) for one hundred and fifty bushels of wood ashes that we sold for three cents per bushel. We gathered these ashes where we burnt the logpiles to plant our corn. My brother Ted was 17 and I was 13, and I am absolutely certain that we two older boys made more money with our traps and guns to purchase warm clothing the first three years we were in Canada than father and all of us got off the wet, newly chopped-out farm. Dear mother begged to go back to Ohio, but we boys saved the situation, and to-day this dear old homestead is not for sale or exchange for the rest of the world.

Brother soon ceased market hunting, but I followed it up every fall until I was twenty-one years of age

and the murder I committed in my uneducated innocent ignorance privileges me conscientiously to speak to the other fellow who might also be standing in his own light. For illustration: There was a long-whiskered farmer who lived about five miles from town. He owned fifty acres of land and had a rail fence all around it. He was just good enough a farmer to allow the weeds and brush to grow about six inches higher than his corn. This made a perfect winter harbour for bob-white quail. This man would not allow shooting on his premises. I went to him personally and asked permission, but he stoutly refused. Now, he was an enthusiastic politician, and when he went to town on Saturday morning with a basket of eggs on his arm you could best believe he was going to talk politics the rest of the day, and would not return home until night. If there was no snow on the ground, in less than an hour I would be knocking his quail right and left, and would not leave a track because I would wear mocassins. I was the only market hunter in this township, and whose quail was I shooting? Why, bless your life, when I gave the matter a second thought in the right direction, I saw that I was shooting my own brood stock for next year. In other words, in my bloodthirsty ignorance, I was closing an account that gave me over two hundred per cent dividends.

In July, 1925, I spent two weeks in Alaska and Northern British Columbia. One evening I strolled into a butcher shop where a man was selling the hind quarter of a young bull moose to the butcher, I inquired of this gentleman as to where he got the moose. He stated that he went down to the lake about twelve miles to mow wild hay, and near where he was working he saw five moose feeding in a small lake. He shot the young bull and let the two cows and calves go.

The next morning two motor boats loaded with four native hunters started out to mow the rest of the hay, and at the same time there were at least twenty-five guests at the summer resort that would have given at least a dollar a minute for five minutes of their lives to have seen these moose alive. These "intelligent" men, standing in their own light, killed the biggest living financial proposition that ever rapped at their door of need. Moreover, they could have gone to other shallow lakes and gathered lily-pod roots to feed the moose, and in less than two weeks they could have been taking in tens of dollars each every day and left the moose alive with their pictures scattered over North America as an advertisement for this summer resort. But they killed them and sold their hind quarters for five cents a pound, and that opportunity is gone forever.

Now, I will admit there are extreme cases of ignorance, yet we are all stumbling along more or less. But what is the remedy for such blindness? As I see it there are three hopes: education—first, second and last. Remember, education isn't all gathered with one's nose between book covers. I think Pat worded it right when he said: "Get all the education you can and then add the learning."

I want to admit I have no knowledge concerning fish propagation, but only want to say: What other people are doing we can improve on for I am absolutely certain that there is no State or Province in America that surpasses Ontario for game fish possibilities.

One Sunday morning when I was in Northern British Columbia I drifted over to an Indian camp. While there I saw a man come along the shore in a canoe. I approached and asked, "Have you been hunting?"

"No, just fish," was the reply.

"Any luck?"

"Not much, just little," and as he stepped ashore he took a two-bushel bag fully two-thirds filled with fish from his canoe and poured them out on the green, green grass in front of me. Reader, my eyes almost struck fire and my heart leaped with the thrill, as this bag of beauties wriggled and flopped there in the sun on that green sod. My first words were: "Mister, I never saw fish like those before."

"No," he replied, "I don't guess likely you ever did, 'cause dem is grayling trout." If my memory serves me right these fish were about fifteen inches long, and would weigh about two pounds each, and the were as uniform as silver dollars.

We may have grayling trout in Ontario, but I have never seen one. Yet I firmly believe we can have them here by the millions. Another interesting sight for me was when I visited a game fish hatchery near Portland, Oregon. Here a little river came spouting over the high rocks and fell into spray fully one hundred and fifty feet below, where the river took another short tumble into a small lake. This lake appeared to have hundreds upon hundreds of big rainbow trout that were so tame they would actually follow you. These, I understood, were their brood fish. Then I was shown some large cement vats, about eight feet in width and fully one hundred and fifty feet long. The water which was from three to five feet deep in these vats, automatically came in at one end and out at the other, and I know I am not exaggerating when I say there were tens of millions of fingerling trout there all ready for distribution over the State. But what interested me most was that only one man and his wife were required, apparently, in caring for this wonderful success. This gentleman manager told me that those baby trout, that were then about the size of one's finger, grew to weigh two pounds and over in two years.

Now there is one great mistake that fully ninety per cent. of our people are making. They are looking upon this conservation question as a sportsman's proposition only, when the fact is it is the biggest undeveloped commercial opportunity our vast and beautiful Ontario has to offer us. Yes, conservation, as I see it, has got every citizen of Ontario by the coat collar, holding on with both hands, and looking us square in the face, begging us to help ourselves.

In closing, let me make a suggestion that I trust all readers will consider carefully. Let us all line up and hold the biggest national educational conservation convention that ever was held in North America, and let us hold it at Sudbury, Ont., where it will be in easy reach of the trappers and guides, or, in other words, close to the men who know; and let every sportsman's organization in Canada be represented, and let us hold this great convention between the 15th and 30th of June. By holding such a convention in late June we can have outdoor meetings. All of us that have tents can take them with us, and if necessary, camp out in the suburbs in order to help out hotel accommodation. Now, to one and all, if you think this suggestion worth while, get behind it with your pen points at once. I am sure the press will help us. Let us send a special invitation to every member of Parliament. Now who will take the lead? There are dozens and dozens of names I would like to suggest, but for the present let us all be leaders.

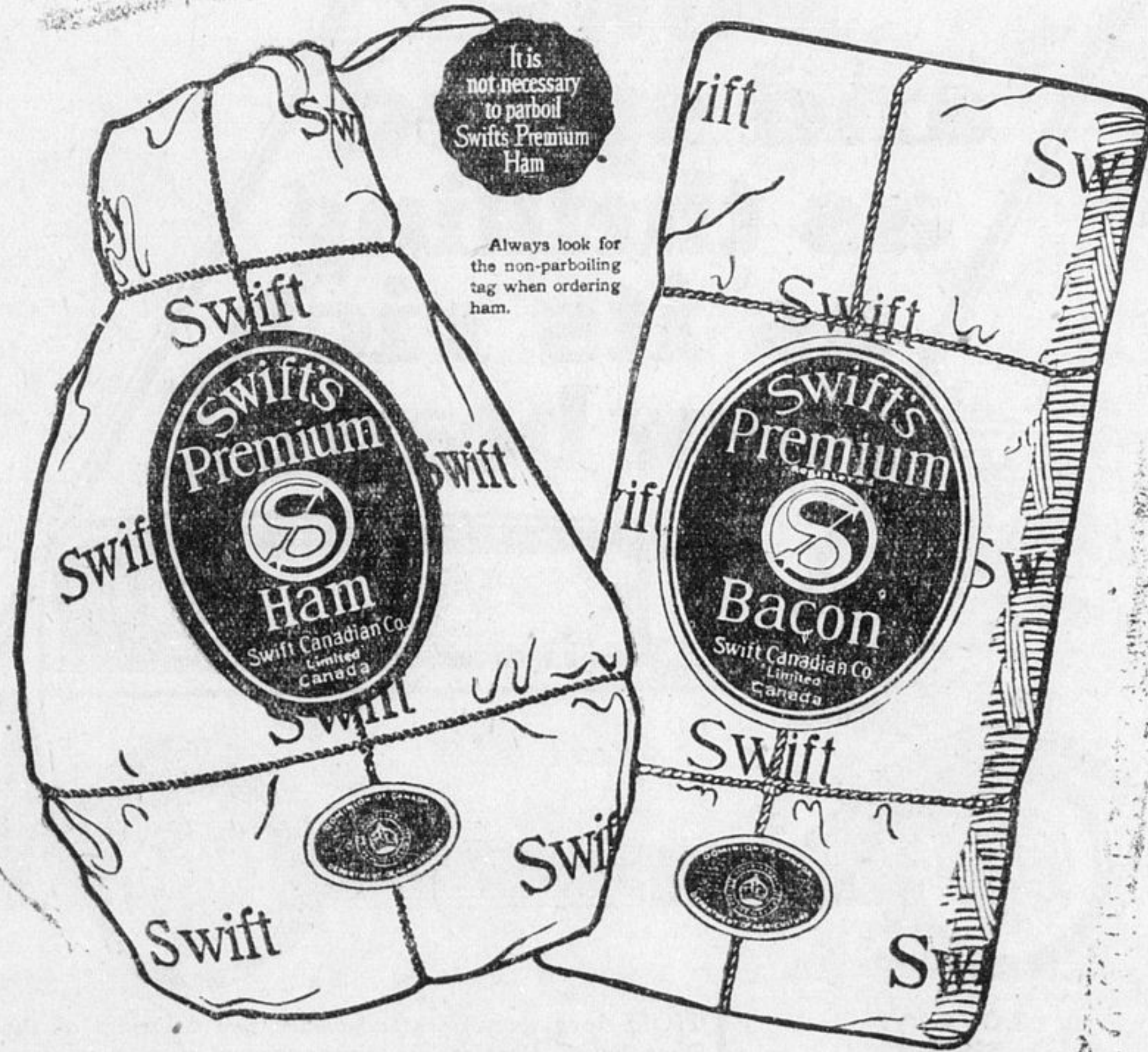
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