



ATTENTION — SPORTSMEN

When preparing for your outing, whether it be **Forest, Lake or Stream**, send for a pair of **Armstrong's Sporting Shoes**. **There is nothing better made in the shoe line for the Woods or Stream.**

The cut here shown is 13 inches high, has bellows tongue to top, all hand-made of oil-tanned "Dry Foot" leather made especially for these shoes, made on right and left lasts, inside counters and flexible welts.

This shoe fits the foot, no slipping about, you get that perfect ground grip which relieves the strain incident to rough walking. They are as near water proof as a shoe can be made out of leather, the leather is stuffed with our oil tar preparation which obviates the rancid oil smell so common with this type of shoe.

We specialize on this brand and sell direct to the consumer.

ASK FOR ARMSTRONG'S SPORTING BRAND

Send size of shoe generally worn and we will send you a pair of sporting shoes that will add to your sports.

Heights: 9 in., \$5.00; 13 in., \$6.00; 16 in., \$7.00 per pair.

Remittance must accompany all orders.

STILLMAN ARMSTRONG CO.

Vanceboro - - Maine, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of Moccasins and Sporting Shoes

The Game Book

STANDARD BIG GAME MEASUREMENTS

Every man wants to compare his trophy with those of other big-game hunters. But comparisons are useless unless there is a fixed standard.

The game book of the Boone and Crockett Club, the foremost organization of hunters of American big-game supplies this. Compiled by J. H. Kidder, it provides directions for standard measurements of the large game animals of America, with spaces carefully arranged for complete data regarding the kill, locality, time, conditions, etc.

It is handsomely and durably bound pocket size. It is an invaluable record for every man who goes into the wild for sport with the rifle, a handy book, a camp companion, and a library reminder of days afield. Leather.

Postpaid, \$1.50

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY, 127 Franklin Street, NEW YORK

Resorts for Sportsmen.

HORSE RANCH

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H. L. FERGUSON, '04 S.
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Do you want good salmon or trout fishing? Or to shoot the lordly caribou? Apply J. R. WHITAKER, Bungalow, Grand Lakes, Newfoundland.

Hunters for Big Game Wanted.

To go into the best hunting country in Montana, plenty of Deer, Bear, Elk, Sheep and Goats. Make your plans early, to be sure and get in, as our hunting season is short.

PAUL T. BEAN, Clemons, Mont.

When writing say you saw the advertisement in "Forest and Stream."

PROTECTING THE GAME.

ALTHOUGH there is a growing agitation all over the country in favor of better protection of the game birds and animals, it has come so late that our forests and fields have been, to a large extent, utterly stripped of the game that once abounded. Still there is a chance that, by proper protection of the wild life that still remains, some of our once great store of game may be preserved, and there may be even some betterment of the supply. Even here in Louisiana, although game is still plentiful by comparison with other States, there is a woeful decrease in the supply. Laws enacted in recent years have checked the destruction, but these statutes are still not stringent enough to meet the requirements of the situation.

It has become evident, however, that if the supply of migrating game is to be preserved there must be co-operation among the States and some sort of uniformity in the game laws. It will be of little advantage for Louisiana to strictly enforce her laws for the preservation of wild ducks and geese, as well as other migratory birds, if similar restrictions are not in force along the lines of migration. How to insure uniformity and co-operation among the States is a rather difficult task, but it is being attempted in other matters, as, for instance, in the matter of divorce statutes, hence there is no reason why similar efforts should not be made in the matter of game laws.

As long as the growing scarcity of game was so gradual as to attract but moderate attention, nothing was done to meet the difficulty, but in recent years, with the improvement of means of transportation and the advent of motor craft, the decline in the supply of game has been so marked as to have alarmed all true sportsmen. The activity of the pot-hunters in supplying the markets is rapidly annihilating all classes of game, and unless something is done to stop the slaughter we will soon have no game at all, either for the pot-hunters or the true sportsmen.—New Orleans Picayune.

WOMAN CHASED BY A RHINO.

OUT he burst at last with a crashing of brush and timber, reaching the open just in front of me, stopped for a minute to sniff the breeze, then advanced at a quick trot toward my pony, says Dora Vandeleur in the Empire Review.

Being mounted and inexperienced I felt a false sense of security. He lumbered toward us with surprising swiftness, yet it seemed so difficult to believe this uncouth animal bent on mischief that I simply sat still and watched its approach.

The pony stood this inaction as long as its nerves allowed, which I should judge was until the creature had got within eight or ten yards, then wheeled with a most disconcerting suddenness, and set off like the wind across the level.

Fast though the pony flew (and having caught his panic I was urging him to do his utmost), to my horror and astonishment the rhino not only had no difficulty in keeping up, but gained.

I heard a shot, and then another, and looked back over my shoulder hopefully. The creature was coming on faster than before. A third shot came from somewhere on my right, and I felt the pony slacken his pace. Evidently the last bullet had found a billet somewhere in the rhino's thick hide, for to my surprise and relief he had wheeled round sharply and set off at a clumsy gallop across the plain at right angles to his former direction.

The whole party followed in hot pursuit. Even the Irish terrier puppy which accompanied us on our expeditions rushed as hard as he could, tumbling head over heels upon the tussocks of coarse grass and emitting shrill yaps of defiance.

We could not get near enough to get another shot at the rhino. It was amazing that such a great unwieldy brute could travel at the pace he did, far quicker than a horse's gallop. Finally we had to give up the chase, much to our disappointment, for my sister and I had been longing for a rhinoceros horn to take home as a trophy ever since we started on our month's trip up country.