

British Columbia are legion. The general tenor of their letters may be found in an extract from a letter written by the Bloomington Hunting Club, which went through the country recently in a private car, stopping over at those points pre-arranged for exploitation. They say : The sport met with on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway more than fulfilled our expectations, and many of the party will return home with handsome souvenirs in the shape of goat, sheep, caribou, and deer heads, and pelts of the grandest big game of this continent.

Sportsmen who have shot in the famous wilds of Africa and India are apt to feel-proud of their lion, tiger, and other handsome skins that originally covered the works of some of the bloodthirsty big feline; but, with all due respect to them and their prowess afield, many would prefer the hide of a grizzly of their own killing than half a dozen peltries of "Leo" or "Stripes" or any other eat that ever jumped. Although undoubtedly there have been many occasions when it was a nice question whether at the close of the affair the tiger would be carried into camp or would find inside accommodation for the hunter, and although we know that men hunting in South Africa have occasionally felt that a lion looks best behind the bars of a menagerie, yet, as a rule, you can "pot" your lion over a carcass, and be yourself, meantime, perfectly safe on some prepared post, or natural stronghold; you can bore holes between the stripes of the fur "blazer," worn by his feline majesty of Bengal, while you yourself are squatted in a howdah, strapped to the back of a twenty-odd hand elephant, while a tribe of bare-legged natives yell and scream and hoot to keep their own courage up and drive the jungle prowler to the "Sahib." You will probably get the tiger, and, should he charge, experience a temporary excitement, but not often incur much danger.



Shooting the grizzly is other work. The big plantigrade is always looking for trouble, and when he digs up the hatchet he goes on the war-path. You will have no friendly elephant, nor army of beaters, to satisfy his craving for somebody's scalp. You start on his track and follow him into his gloomy fastness amid a chaos of rocks, with your life in one hand and your rifle in the other; and, unless you are made of the right material, stop before the scent gets too hot, or peradventure you may be found empty handed by your party.

However, this spice of dan—, or rather this danger spiced with a chance of escape, is very fascinating; and, if you would fain be fascinated to your heart's content, seek the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia and enjoy your whim.

And such fields for sport. Not pen, nor brush, nor tongue can convey the proper idea of the sublimity of those marvellous