

achieved what has been the lifelong ambition of many an old and more experienced courser.

I have many old friends, some of whom have been coursing for pretty nigh half a century; men who have bred and reared hundreds, I might almost say, thousands of greyhounds; men who have spared neither time, trouble, nor expense to reach the acme of their ambition in the coursing world, but with whom it is still a case of "hope deferred"; but without making the "heart grow sick," for they "come up smiling" Waterloo after Waterloo, and when they see their representative led and beaten, or maybe fall headlong into a drain, they heave a gentle sigh, take a pull at their flask, and console themselves with the thought that they have a sapling coming on which will "do the trick" for them next Waterloo. "Once a courser always a courser," is an old and true saying, for with a very wide experience of coursing men and things, I cannot say that I ever met a man who, once having become imbued with the charms and legitimate surroundings of the sport, in its pure and unadulterated form, ever forsook it. I know when I get my *Field* or *Sportsman* and peruse, as I eagerly do, the reports of the coursing meetings at home, I am carried back by an irresistible fascination, to bygone scenes, and cherished memories crowd themselves upon my mind, so that for the time being, I can scarcely realize that I am so far from the happy hunting grounds of old.

What a grand country this Northwest would be for coursing, if we only had more hares. The "Jack-rabbit," as he is called out here, although he is no more a rabbit than I am, is, I consider, so far as speed and stamina are concerned, quite the equal of the best of our English hares, and if he required any additional assistance (which he does not), to evade his fleet-footed pursuers, he has it in the rolling prairie. I have witnessed many fine courses out here, and if we had only more hares, many pleasant gatherings might be held, where we could test the relative merits of our dogs, and enjoy that pleasure and goodfellowship which is always engendered where true sportsmen meet together.

#### STITCH IN TIME.

"John," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman to his hired man, "are you a Christian?" "Why—er—no, sir," replied John. "Do you ever swear?" "I—I'm sometimes a little kee-erless like in my talk." "I'm sorry, John," rejoined Mr. Goodman. "But we will converse about this some other time. I wish you would take this money and settle this bill of four dollars for thawing out a water pipe, and talk to the man in a careless kind of way, as if it were your own bill."

#### An Interesting Interview.

AT the beginning of the present week, a party of three gentlemen arrived in town from the north, and the experiences of two of them, and more especially of one of the travelers in the far, far north and other parts of the world, would make an interesting and exciting book of travel. The gentlemen I allude to are Messrs. Johns, W. Pike and Brick, who arrived from the north *via* Edmonton. The last named is a missionary's son, on the Peace river, bound for British Columbia. Mr. Pike is an Englishman, who has been hunting in the north for the past twelve months, while Mr. Johns has been up in the north for the past seven years.

Feeling sure that I should be able to gather some very interesting news for your readers, I took myself to the Alberta Hotel, where the popular host, Mr. Perley, introduced me to Mr. Johns. Mr. Johns is a medium sized man, with a ruddy complexion and keen blue eyes,—eyes that look as if they had faced death many a time, and fearlessly faced it too. At first Mr. Johns, like most men of his kind, was very reluctant to talk about himself, but after some pressing, he very kindly consented. About seven years ago Mr. Johns went up the Fraser River with a Hudson Bay freighting party and struck the Peace River; he then traded in furs for a Canadian house, going as far north as Chipewyan. I am afraid, in-

