

E challenge us to come up to him, as he stood silhouetted on a ridge two thirds of a mile above us. But it was as much as our lives were worth to attempt it, so we left him alone.

They should have been down in the bottom of the canyon at this time of the year, but the great numbers of Cougars' tracks explained their keeping to the bare open elevations, where they could see the crawling cat afar and make off.

Deer were very numerous: saw 73. The hillsides were all cut to pieces by their zig-zag trails, and we saw where several had been killed by cougars. We refrained from shooting them, as the meat would have been wasted. I shot one, a small one, for camp meat, and when we came out we shot one or two more, close to the lake, which we brought home. These gave me a chance to see how my rifle works. The first was nearly 200 yards away, I raised my sight $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees and shot over him; instead of lowering my sights, I simply held well down his foreleg and piled him up in his tracks, with a shot through both shoulders, the two bullet holes in the snow bank at the other side of the deer were within three inches of each other, one straight over the other. My old rifle at this range would have had to be raised 3 degrees or so, while this one shot *high* with $1\frac{1}{2}$. This shows how flat it shoots. I also shot a very big buck with a fine head at 140 yards as he walked across me, twice through the paunch and liver, and *he did not go ten yards* before dropping dead. His liver was torn to shreds, and his lungs were all congested; and bleeding bloody froth from nose showed what a terrible shock the bullet gives; the lungs were not touched by the bullet at all. I saw Golden Eagles and Ravens up there, after the animals the cougars kill.

Vernon, B. C., Feb. 1, '98.—I was near Okanagan Lake, opposite Vernon, during the 2nd and 3rd weeks of January, and brought back a lot of Nuthatches with me, Red-bellied (*Sitta Canadensis*), Slender-billed (*S. aculeata*), and Pigmy (*S. pygmaea*). They were all mixed together in big bands, with Chickadees, Gold Crests, etc. Strange to say, Townsend's Solitaire, a delicate Sialine bird is staying here all winter and singing.

ALLAN BROOKS.