

as "fresh as paint," while we ourselves are as "fit as a fiddle," and have that curious, but pleasant withal, feeling, which most of us know so well, that, come what may, "one *can* hold straight to-day."

We conclude that the majority of our shooting friends, like ourselves, get somewhat wearied of *jours perdrix*, and even of *always* grouse, with no variety in the bag, however big that bag may be. Of course we all appreciate a really good day, either driving grouse in the North, or a big partridge shoot in those pleasant, enormous turnip fields in dear old Norfolk or Suffolk; but we believe that most true pleasure can we get out of an estate where two or three friends can sally forth, and return home happy, though probably pretty tired, with one of those charming bags which are often to be made, with a little perseverance and a slice of good luck, during October. Such a bag we well remember, when a truly good sportsman, dear old General B——, a capital soldier and a first-class shot, and ourselves, accompanied by two keepers and a brace of retrievers and two setters, had a real "red-letter" day in wild, and for the most part marshy, ground at Kenmure Castle, in Kirkeudbrightshire. The game we were after was principally snipe, but we were fortunate enough to pick up a beautifully mixed lot of what old McGuinness called "stuff," in addition to the longbills, which latter, by the way, sat fairly well, and were pretty numerous. The total of that October day's sport we jotted down (as we always do) in our gamebook, and well can we recollect that bag spread out on the terrace of the ancient castle when the then owner of that hospitable old place, herself well over eighty years of age, came out to admire the bag and to congratulate the shooters. We had secured eighty-four snipe (and only lost two birds all day), and besides these we had a hare and a couple of rabbits (we might have killed any number of them, but they of course were kept for covert shooting); then three and a half brace of duck and mallard; a couple of widgeon (just arrived on Loch Ken from northern lands); eleven teal, one red-headed pochard, a golden eye duck, a brace of grouse, one fine old cock pheasant, a brace of splendid blackcocks (with such curly tails!), fifteen golden and a couple of green plovers, two and a half brace of partridge, and a water rail! Sixteen varieties of the afore said "stuff," not counting a coot and a moorhen or two, captured by the retrievers. Where, indeed, could such a day be beat? We know not where in Great Britain; it may be, indeed, often for number, but seldom for variety.* This day's sport took place during the past ten years, and how pleased the good General was with it, and also with his own shooting, as, indeed he had reason to be; for he *did* "haud straight," as the keepers observed, and few longbills, indeed, escaped! Alas, dear old comrade, your shooting days are over; never again shall we see your cheery face on those delightful moorlands, where we together have slain so many grouse; never more will

we hear the merry laugh as you "wiped one eye" at a ricocheting pheasant, for you have gone, like so many, many more of the best of them, to those, we trust, "happier hunting-grounds," far, far away! Of Philip Bainbridge, those who had the privilege of his friendship can honestly say—

Sleep calmly on, in honored peace,
For all who knew you know
You'd many thousand, thousand friends,
And not a single foe!

(Concluded next week)

MAPLE CREEK.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

DEER have been unusually plentiful in the Cypress Hills this fall. Over twenty blacktail deer have fallen to one rifle, and another rifle is credited with about a dozen.

Mr. W. H. CROSS and Mr. A. A. McArthur, late managers of the Canadian Agricultural Co.'s Crane Lake and Gull Lake farms, went east this week. I hear that these and others of the company's farms between Dunmore and Rush Lake will in future be run upon new and more economical lines.

THE weather in this district is wonderfully mild, and a number of lambs have made their appearance. During the past week a score of fine healthy lambs were born on the C. A. Co.'s Kincorth farm.

RANGE stock are doing splendidly and prospects are most encouraging. Should the present open winter continue a little longer hand feeding is bound to be light.



* This bag is a fact. The guns were the late General Bainbridge, Royal Artillery, and Captain Kennedy, on Kenmure Castle, the estate of the Hon. Mrs. B. Gordon