

our wild fruit, and add to the beauty of this great lone land. To the sportsman there is a paradise. In the big game we have the moose, the waphiti or big elk, the jumping deer, buffalo, musk ox, mountain sheep, and goat, the grizzly bear, the black and the cinnamon, lynx, the grey wood wolf, and the small prairie wolf, the wolverine, hare, and other smaller animals. In winged game we have wild swans, geese, grouse, spruce partridge, sage cock, sandhill crane (the best game bird I have yet eaten), five kinds of plover (all good on toast), snipe, twenty-two species of duck, and, in all, "Macoun" gives forty kinds of game birds in this province. No license is required. You are not warned off any shooting ground. A few miles from the cities you can find big and feathered game, and kill it in season. The grizzly bear is only found near the Rockies, but the black and cinnamon are common, the former being comparatively quiet, and the latter seldom interferes with the traveller unless he commences hostilities. Game you can shoot in any quantity in season, and the product of the hunt helps to save the butcher's bill, besides giving grand sport. It is seldom that one hears a goose story. I will tell you a wild goose tale, as I heard it. An officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Prudem, now living but a few miles from Winnipeg, was on the look-out to shoot wild geese as the flocks were passing south from their unknown breeding grounds. He had his chance, fired, and dropped a bird; she turned out to be only wounded, so her captor treated her with care and nursed her. In a few weeks Mrs. Goose was able to waddle around and take observation. So tame did she become that every Sunday, when her owner went to church, the bird attended him to the door, partly running and partly flying. But, spring had come, and with its genial warmth brought the flocks of wild fowl flying north to their nesting places, and one morning the goose lifted herself up on her wings, and joined a passing band of