

approaching. The bullet had passed close to the shoulder blade and into the spinal column, where it lay imbedded; I have the bullet as a souvenir. Afraid lest the magnificent head of the animal might be injured in his death struggles, I stepped back and sent a bullet through his heart.

What to do with the moose was the next question. I talked the matter over with Jacko, and explained that I should like to have the animal brought out, and sent intact to Toronto. That, however, would have been very difficult to do, I found. We were a long way from any road, whilst the route between where we then stood and our camp was very rough. Ultimately we decided to secure the animal's head at any cost, and then to skin and quarter him. We then blazed our way back to camp, taking the nearest route. As to the disposal of the carcase, the meat was left at the camp with instructions that it should be sent over to a lumberman's shanty, about eight miles distant. Jacko undertook to tan the skin, and the head I had mounted and photographed, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration. The hoofs are being put up as paper weights.

The dimensions of the head are as follows:—Between the eyes it measures 12 inches; from tine to tine, at the widest part, it covers 4 feet 5½ inches; the palmated parts measure 15 inches, and the horns at the skull, 12½ inches; total length of palmated part of horns, 37¼ inches; from base of horn to the end of palm, 31 inches; 15 tines on one side, 13 on the other side; 9 inches the narrowest part of palm; 28 inches around the muzzle; ears 13 inches long. I believe him to have been 6 feet 8 inches at withers, and the guides and Jacko put down the weight at 1,100 lbs.

Bear in mind that the date of this occurrence was 6th November last, and the moose was killed at about 8.30 in the morning. It was remark-

able that coincident with the same event the Russian nation was thrown into mourning by the death of the Czar.

I should like to tell how I came upon a herd of moose in a thick bush. I shot at one at a distance of 80 yards, and the animal fell. Running up to within 30 yards of where it lay, I was about to dispatch it, when my guide shouted:

"Don't shoot, he's all right; shoot the other one."

Acting upon this advice, I sent four shots after the other moose, but although they took effect, it did not stop the animal's progress. We hastened after the fleeting game, and followed the track for half an hour, when, concluding that it was not hit very badly, we gave up the chase, and returned to where we had left No. 1. Imagine our surprise on reaching the spot to find that the wounded animal had disappeared. Tracks of blood indicated the direction it had taken, and from the quantity which the moose had lost, we expected that it could not have gone more than 200 yards, and that every moment we should discover it lying dead. The vitality of this cow moose was, however, most astonishing. All that afternoon we followed hot on the trail. With most incredible ease the wounded beast sped through the thickest bush, and through swamps and other places of the most inaccessible character. At times we saw where it had cleared logs six feet from the ground, a most surprising exhibition of agility in its injured state.

The afternoon began to wane without our succeeding in overtaking the huge animal, and as we did not desire to remain in the woods for another night without food, we left the trail and returned to camp, reaching it at a late hour, tired and disappointed. We were buoyed up with the hope and almost absolute certainty of discovering our quarry next day. Accordingly we returned to the trail the