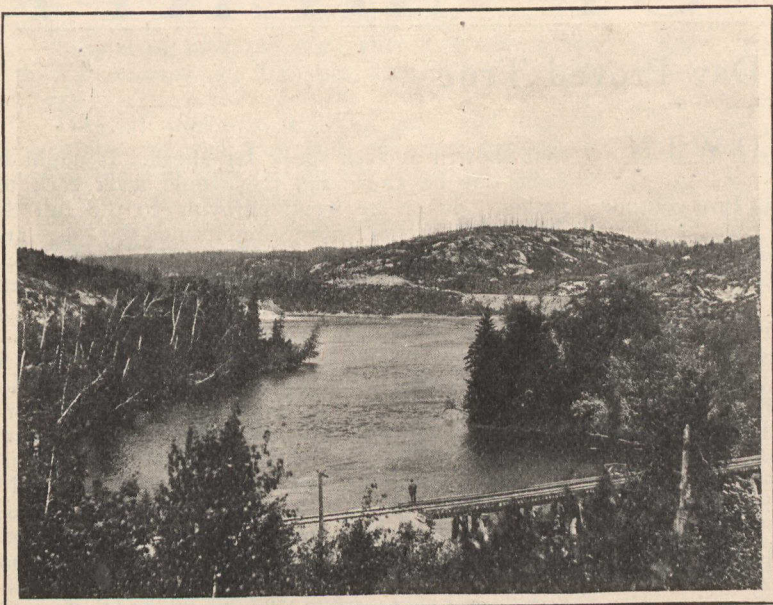
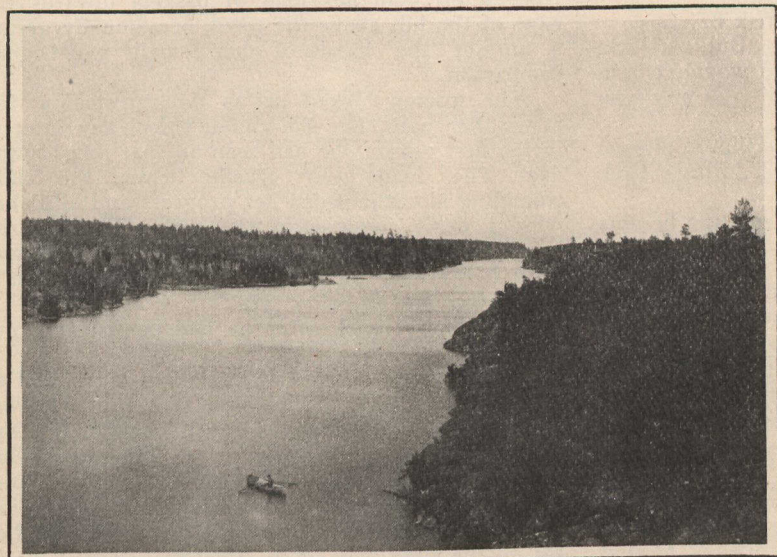


## THE DEER COUNTRY ALONG GEORGIAN BAY



The Elbow on the Wahnapietae.



The Pickerel—A Sporting Stream.



The Still River, from C.N.O. Bridge.

## HUNTING BLACKTAIL IN THE FOOTHILLS

By SHERWOOD B. MARSHALL

IT had snowed the day before; those big, soft flakes which cover the trees and ground, and pile up fantastic shapes where the low underbrush held the snow, making the scrubby second growth appear tall and phantom-like — the ghosts of their former greatness.

Contrary to all expectations, the morning broke clear and cold, the snow-covered trees seeming to resent anything with life coming into contact with them, as the snow in great clouds would fall upon the slightest touch.

We had arrived the previous afternoon during the snowstorm, prepared to take the trail for a still-hunt the next day. Our camp was located at the foot of a long coulee running back from the table land of the foothills. We had built it during the early fall when we were getting out timber for our corrals. It was part dug-out and part logs, snug and warm. The door being near the roof, and there being no windows, we called it the "Bears' Den." A typical mountain stream flowed by the door.

We started just at daybreak—three silent figures in heavy woollen mackinaw and moccasins, which let us glide through the timber and under-brush as silent as shadows. The first trail, which we struck about a mile from our camp was that of a small jumping deer, and we did not bother with it. However, the next trail was that of a deer of different calibre, the long toe and uneven hoof, which we could see plainly defined in the snow, telling us that a large Black-tail had passed, and within the last hour. My companions proceeded onward while I immediately picked up the trail, running with the short silent steps that my old "breed" friend had taught me, keeping about a foot from the trail so as not to destroy it. I had gone but a short distance when I came across some cattle tracks where some cattle had passed the same morning. The deer which I was following had taken advantage of it, they walking in the same track, making it very confusing for the moment; but getting the direction which he was travelling by a close study of the footprints, I started off at a good steady dog-trot, confident that my game must be near, but suddenly discovered that I was no longer following his trail. It was then I reaped the benefit of keeping to the side of the trail, for I retraced my steps, examining every inch of the way, and about one hundred yards back discovered his trail again, but to all appearances the world had swallowed him up, as not a

sign or mark could be seen of where he had gone. I stood in perplexity about a minute thinking of what I should tell the boys at the camp, when suddenly I remembered what one of the boys had told me about deer retracing their steps, so I determined to follow the back trail. I had gone perhaps fifty or a hundred feet when I saw in the trail where he had jumped, taking one of those great side leaps which only the Black-tail can take. Making a detour, I struck the trail again about twenty feet to my right, showing up clear and distinct in the snow.

Having lost about fifteen minutes getting the trail again, I set off at a good fast pace and having gone about a mile, was beginning to tire, when suddenly to my left I heard a crash, and, almost before I had time to think, Mr. Black-tail jumped out of some brush about twenty feet away. The second he jumped I fired, but he was too quick for me and I made a clear miss, shooting under him, so he was in the timber before I could get another shot, running up the side of the coulee. However, knowing that he had to cross several open spaces before he reached the top, I got my rifle sighted on the first space, about one hundred and fifty yards away, which I knew he was going to cross, judging by the noise he made. A large deer, when frightened, makes a noise like a troupe of elephants going through the bush, and he certainly was frightened. The moment he appeared I fired and caught him fair on the back of his head. He fell like a log and never moved a muscle. I ran up and drew my knife across his throat, and after tearing my red handkerchief into a couple of pieces and placing them on sticks near by to keep away the wolves, I returned to camp, tired and hungry. The other boys were in ahead of me, one of them having got a splendid jumping deer, while the other started on the trail of a Black-tail but lost it, returning to camp without anything.

The next day, with our pack horses we returned to where I had shot my deer and took back to the settlement one of the largest Black-tail bucks which ever came out of the foothills.



A newly-killed Moose, suspended by a wire.