

notice between him and *ovis* Montana. The snow-white sheep of Alaska must be sought for further north, at Cock's Inlet or on the Kuskoquim, and Fannin's saddle-backed sheep further north still, in the mountains at the back of Dawson.

There is a poor relation, awfully out at elbows and as common as poor relations always are, to be found hanging round the sheep's hills, on the steep and barren rock faces which are on one side of every sheep range. This is the Rocky Mountain goat. He is a survival from the ark; his appearance suggests it, and his mental development confirms the theory. No self-respecting beast would go about to-day in the long frilled drawers which he wears in public; his shape suggests the 'prentice hand of Nature; he is content with the worst food and the most inconvenient residence, and if you want to shoot him he is either so stupid or so sick of life that he will not take much trouble to get out of your way. Be merciful. He is at least a quaint ornament to the rough steeps on which he dwells.

And now I know I am going to get into disgrace. If someone would give me half a dozen drinks I could tell you all about grizzlies as it ought to be told, but in the Duncans district we are not as well supplied with whiskey as are the people in town, and seen through the sober medium of tea or milk, the grizzly does not weigh 2,000 lbs., and does not feed exclusively on his hunters.

As a matter of fact, the ordinary grizzly of the Kootenays, of Kettle River, of the Clearwater country and of the various Fraser River districts weighs well under, very well under, 1,000 lbs. I should call a 600 pound bear a big one, and so would anyone else who weighed him, but there are individuals who attain far greater weight, and on the Stikine River, on your way into Cassiar, where *ursus richardsonii* (a variety of grizzly) is very plentiful, the average bear is larger. Its diet is very largely salmon, and the supply is unstinted. Further north still there is a giant, and our local giant killer, Mr. A. S. Reid, is even now on his trail, and unless I am utterly mistaken we shall see that gentleman back here in the winter with more than one skin which will measure ten

feet from nose to the place where the tail ought to be. The secret of that giant's habitat is not included in the price of this article, but others of his kind are brought back occasionally by our sealers from the Kamschatkan coast.

I apologise humbly for knowing nothing of the grizzly's ferocity. The first time you hunt him, when the shadows are beginning to move in the foothills, and there is no sound but your own footsteps, you will know all about it that I know, and when you see him, grim, rugged, and in no great hurry to be going, you will no doubt feel the pleasantly creepy thrill up your backbone which I ought to communicate to you by printed words, but as a matter of fact he never did any harm to me, and I am not going to libel him, or he might treat me worse the next time I meet him.

In dealing with the black bear and the panther, our two other "ferocious" quadrupeds, I have no scruples. I have known a small and much wounded black bear charge home. The man he charged could almost have licked him with his fists, and there is now in this district a fine old Welsh farmer who kicked a black bear off his dog with his boots, but still the little brute I first mentioned did charge home. I should think he was the only black bear who ever did such a thing, and the panther is a worse coward than the black bear.

Both are extraordinarily common on Vancouver Island. I have known in recent years a black bear killed in the limits of Victoria; another was killed within the limits of Vancouver; I have known them shot in men's orchards; one was round this farm this spring; four were seen in one round on the coach road between Nanaimo and Alberni, and when the salmon are running they are plentiful on every river up the coast.

Panthers are so plentiful that in 1892 the British Columbia Government paid bounties on the scalps of 72 of these great cats, all but two killed on Vancouver Island. I have known two instances of panthers killed within three miles of Victoria post office in the last five or six years, but unless you keep sheep you are extremely unlikely to see one in half a dozen hunting trips. Though the panther weighs about 150