

favorable. More minute details concerning them are impossible in a book of this nature, and unnecessary, as the game, except at a point here and there, is as abundant as it was before the first rifle shot woke the echoes of those monstrous canons.

The sportsman contemplating a trip by the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent to these fields of sport must bear in mind that heavy weapons are needed for satisfactory work. Lighter ones may do—the Indians kill grizzlies with the lightest Winchester rifles; but it is better to take a repeater of the heaviest make. Plenty of powder and lead means sure work if the rifle is held right, and by using such you will lose less wounded game, and greatly lessen the risk of a clawing from some infuriated bear. The Indians, it must be remembered, are greatly your superiors, both in the approach of, or retreat from dangerous game; they steal noiselessly and patiently upon their victim, and never fire until they are at close range, and sure of dropping it in its tracks. You will not be able to accomplish this, and therefore require a weapon that will do deadly execution at any reasonable distance. Properly equipped, you will drop your bear or elk cleanly and well; and when your holiday is done, and you are speeding homeward by the "Royal Road," with your muscles strong after glorious work, and your skin tanned by the mountain air, you will think over every moment of your outing; of the splendor of the sunrise, the magnificence of the scenery; the glaciers, the torrents, and the thousand and one marvels of the wonderland you have left; your beautiful trophies, and, as you take your last backward glance, and your straining eyes catch the last glint of the snow-clad peaks, you will say "My heart's in the mountains," unless, indeed, it should happen to have been left elsewhere.

