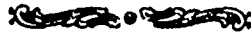


Near the head of the river is Virgin Falls—a miniature Niagara. At the foot of the falls may at any time be seen, disporting in the foam, hundreds of whitefish and speckled trout; and the former takes the fly as to the "manor born." A few miles above the falls is Lake Nepigon itself, a most beautiful sheet of water, measuring some seventy miles long by fifty wide, with a coast line of about six hundred miles. The

lake is thickly studded with islands—it is estimated some one thousand in all.

The descent of the river is not the least enjoyable part of the trip, and is of course accomplished in a much shorter time, as most of the rapids are "run" in the downward journey. Frequently the canoes of several parties may be seen descending a rapid in quick succession—a most thrilling sight.



## Game of British Columbia.

BY CLIVE PHILLIPS-WOLLEY.

*(Concluded from the July issue)*

In Cassiar the moose is so plentiful that a party of surveyors for the Cassiar Central Railway Company when on duty, *i.e.*, making plenty of noise and not hunting, saw eleven moose between 8 a.m., and noon, as well as two bands of caribou. Over forty moose were reported to have been killed for food by the Indians and others round Dease Lake the winter before last, and although the largest heads ever secured came from some distance north of British Columbia, Mr. A. S. Reed, who obtained the six extraordinary heads now in the Union and Badminton Clubs, has killed one moose in Cassiar, which would not disgrace that phenomenal group. No sportsman should leave Victoria without a visit to those heads, for such a bag has never been made before to the knowledge of living man, and it is extremely doubtful if there is in existence an "honest" head as large as the largest of these giants from Cook's Inlet.

As to caribou, Mr. A. S. Reed's head at the Union Club is the finest I have ever seen, and it has been my business to make a note of big heads. That was killed, I believe, in Cassiar, in which district I have myself killed my two bulls, as many, that is, as I could handle, between breakfast and lunch of my first day in, and spent the rest of my time wishing that I had not been in such a hurry. I could have killed a dozen that day.

I have done with the deer, and yet I have the pick of the basket left. If you want to enjoy nature, to sleep in cup-like hollows of sun-dried yellow grass, away up at the top of the world, where the air is sweet as a young girl's kiss, and as maddening as that of champagne, be off sheepshooting to Similkameen, Empire Valley, or, if you want the new sheep (*ovis stonei*) to Telegraph Creek. Don't go where most men tell you to, unless they have a really warm friendship for you and are practical hunters who have been out lately. Don't follow the trail of even the best of our sportsmen too closely, because if you do you will find good camping grounds worn bare and the sheep will be at the back of the next divide. But they are not killed out, they have only moved on, and if you are man enough to cut your way through a bit of timber to the next range whose bald tops you can see above the timber line you will find as good sport as I found in Ashnola in the eighties, and the world does not hold any better. Perhaps the biggest sheep of British Columbia come from East Kootenay, but they are less plentiful there than they are in Chilcotin. A 16-inch ram is about as good as you are likely to get in British Columbia. The new sheep (*ovis stonei*) is plentiful in Cassiar. His horns are lighter and stand out more widely from his head than those of *ovis Montana*, and this is all the difference that an ordinary hunter will