

The panther came nearer, and once we saw the wicked glitter of his eyes, about fifty feet from the tent. He was trotting around us, and trying to get at the pork, with which the tent was stored. When he stopped near the door of the tent, we were both seized with the idea that we had better let him know that there was someone at home, and simultaneously we fired. Crash went the woods, and for over half a mile we could hear him getting out of the country. We did not stop much longer in that locality, and never saw that individual lion again.

During the following season ('84), while up the Bow River at the mouth of Cascade River, where the National Park now is, we fell in with a party of railway navvies, who were just returning from an unsuccessful lion hunt. While at work on the track repairing, etc., they had seen a pair of mountain lions a short distance away to the north, and they sallied forth to kill them. The navvies were armed with axes, spades, picks, etc., and were led by a courageous Englishman, who was determined to have a skin to take "ome t'owd country." It was well they did not come to close quarters, for perhaps some would never have seen "ome" again.

The next experience we had with the panther was on a small lake on the Morley Indian Reserve, within a mile of the Kananaskis River. One evening we were awakened by the same shrieks and cries, but this time knew their source. Ad. and I crawled out, armed, and sat under a cart for nearly an hour waiting his approach, but did not get a chance at him. The ground was grown with clumps of willow, and our horses were pasturing near, so that we dare not chance anything. He came several times quite close (we afterwards found), but we could not tell but it might be a pony browsing, and did not dare to fire. We retired disgusted with our luck. In the morning his tracks were found in the snow which had fallen in the early night while we watched for him. He had been within twenty-five or thirty feet of the tent, and tramped all around the carts and through the willows. I did not measure his tracks, but remember that my hand, fingers closed at the second joints, would not cover one of them.