

ture, than athirst after the blood of beasts and birds, when the soft whir-r-r of wings in the underbrush betrayed the whereabouts of blue grouse. In a twinkling I was off the pony's back, and having tethered him to a tree, was creeping quietly through the bush. Bang! bang! and a splendid brace fell to my "right-and-left," the third, a fine old veteran, sailing away with outstretched wings and an angry s-w-i-s-h.

Another similar experience, and I returned to camp for breakfast about nine o'clock, a bag of five plump grouse swinging from the pommel of my saddle.

There is plenty of excellent shooting in the neighbourhood of Field, but you must seek it in the right directions, and at the right seasons. For a woman who can climb, there is plenty of goat and bear to be had in the Beaverfoot district to the southwest, but such hunting of big game entails great physical exertion and endurance. Ruffed and blue grouse, ptarmigan and duck afford easy sport within the reach of anyone who is a fairly good shot. Fishing, too, in the vicinity of Field is admirable, mountain and rainbow trout



BANG! BANG!

being very plentiful in the lakes and some of the creeks.



A LOG CABIN IN THE ROCKIES