

At many points on the coast one can obtain sport with deer, bear, grouse, and water fowl. And again another field is open on Vancouver Island, that land beloved of Englishmen. Within short distances of the beautiful city of Victoria, grouse and the blue quail, generally styled California quail, are plentiful, and favorite game with the residents and visitors. A short journey into the interior of the island will bring you to the ranges of deer and bear, both being readily killed. Added to these are several varieties of duck, etc., and last of all the English pheasant, introduced several years ago, and now perfectly acclimated and thriving wonderfully in the new land. The cry of "mark cock," or "ware hen," may sound strange to many; but the newly arrived Briton knows right well what it means, and what rare sport the long tails furnish; and it is ten to one that he knows how to stop them, too.

And now, in conclusion, a few words about the country just covered.

The pursuit of what is generally dubbed by the craft "big game" in the mountain wilds of Canada is no child's play. To be successful, a man must possess iron nerve and unflinching determination; he must be a good shot, and strong enough to stand rough work; for the latter is frequently necessary before the game can be reached, and the former is very liable to be an extremely useful accomplishment, *especially* if the quarry happens to be a grizzly bear.

The accounts published by parties and by individual sportsmen of their shooting trips through the Northwest and British Columbia are legion. The general tenor of their letters may be found in an extract from a letter written by the Bloomington Hunting Club, which went through the country last season in a private car, stopping over at those points pre-arranged for exploitation. They say: "The sport met with on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway more than ful-



filled our expectations, and many of the party will return home with handsome souvenirs in the shape of goat, sheep, caribou, and deer heads, and pelts of the grandest big game of this continent."

Sportsmen who have shot in the famous wilds of Africa and India are apt to feel proud of their lion, tiger, and other handsome skins that originally covered the works of some lithe and bloodthirsty big feline; but, with all due respect to them and their prowess afield, many would prefer the hide of a grizzly of their own killing than half a dozen peltries of "Leo" or "Stripes" or any other cat that ever jumped. Although undoubtedly there have been many occasions when it was a nice question whether, at the close of the affair, the tiger would be carried into camp or would find inside accommodation for the hunter, and although we know that men hunting in South Africa have occasionally felt that a lion looks