

skins and sometimes antlers. Food is light and nourishing. It includes rice, barley, oatmeal, lima beans, hard biscuits, honey, dried fruit, soup cubes, pemmican, tea and cocoa, condensed milk and plenty of sugar.

Venison is the only meat used. Hunters never tire of it. On return to the towns ordinary meat does not satisfy them. At nightfall fires are lighted and venison is cooked immediately. It does not need to be hung; it is tender and very satisfying when warm. Cold snaps in the inland mountain regions are frequent during summer and that forces the men to use woollen undergarments. Woollen trousers are never worn, however, because they are heavy when wet and are difficult to dry. Stalkers frequently get wet above the knees and a change is carried for comfort at night. Some men carry cameras and make records of bird life, deer destruction and new country entered.

Call for Quick Firing.

Quick shooting until the rifle iron is wavering hot depends for success upon the native talent of the shooter, but needs first-hand experience also. There is not much time between the sighting of a herd of deer and their disappearance. Shots are not fired until the maximum effect can be obtained. The standard of shooting may be judged by the fact that hunters use fewer than three rounds for each beast killed. One hunter used only 1.8 rounds for all the deer he killed during a season—a wonderful record. An example of remarkably rapid shooting is that of a man who came on a mob of deer, got into position and fired 42 shots to kill 35 deer without moving from his stone. After 20 rounds have been fired rapidly the rifle iron sizzles and shimmers.

A Test of Nerve.

An amazing exhibition of nerve and marksmanship was given by a deer-hunter last summer when he was confronted suddenly by an "insane" stag. He stood on a narrow shoulder; a big bluff rose giddily behind him and a precipice was below him, a few feet off. Round a rock on the same ledge came the stag, a big 14-pointer. Twelve yards off the stag stood, and man and beast were face to face. The stag immediately lowered its head, belled furiously and charged at the hunter. Twelve yards is not a great distance for a charging stag to cover, but luckily the halfway point was lower than the two extremes that separated the combatants. There was no retreat and nowhere to scramble to safety. Between the time the hunter sighted the stag and the beginning of its scramble up the gut, three shots were fired. The first two failed to stop the charge and only a few feet remained when the stag stumbled in the stones, lost its momentum, poised