

by the same skilful hand. In bear hunting also Michel was an adept, and he lacked not opportunity for this sport on the banks of the Mackenzie. Many a time would he and, perhaps, one other Indian glide down the river in his swift canoe, and suddenly the keen observant eyes would detect a bear walking stealthily along by the side of the stream! In an instant the two men would exchange signals, paddles would be lifted, and, every movement stilled, the men slowly and 'cannily' would make for shore. In spite of all, however, Bruin has heard them, he slakes his thirst no longer in the swift-running river nor feasts luxuriously on the berries growing by the shore. The woods are close at hand, and with a couple of huge strides he reaches them, and is making with increasing speed for his lair; but Michel is his match for stealth and swiftness, and when one sense fails, another is summoned to his assistance. The eye can no longer see the prey, but the ear can yet detect here and there a broken twig revealing the exact track it has taken. With gun carried low, and treading on in breathless silence and attention, the