

The following day business called me to the home of a settler. His shack stood on the bank of a lake famous for its trout. As I approached the little cabin I was welcomed by the baying of a half-starved hound chained to a stump of a tree. The quantity of deer hair scattered around bore ample testimony to the source of his food supply. The owner, a great, stout young man, in the prime of life, stood pipe in mouth by the side of a hole in the ice, hobbing a short line up and down, fishing for trout. A fair average specimen of the poor settler who is a daily martyr to oppressive game laws, and the wolves. There was abundance of work to be had in a lumber camp within an hour's walk of his home, but he was subject to a chronic attack of illness whenever he essayed to swing an axe or pull a saw, while he invariably enjoyed robust health while either trapping or fishing.

On another occasion I had a professional call into another section of the deer country where there were some poor oppressed settlers. Here also the wolves were said to be committing sad ravages. I and my party had snowshoed all day without seeing either a track of a wolf or deer. Towards evening in a small grove of hemlock we came across a dozen or so of old deer beds, but not a single deer. Leading out from amongst the hemlocks were four depressions or trails in the snow as if a log had been drawn through it. All the trails converged into one, a short distance from the hemlocks, which headed in the direction of a settler's clearing. Need we pause to consider what those trails meant? Here was a small herd completely wiped out by *wolves* at a season of the year when the hide was utterly worthless, and there was scarcely flesh enough on the bones to hold them together. This is the first instance on record of wolves having drawn the carcasses of deer through the frozen snow to their dens.