

on the day before, as an advance guard, to get everything ready. On our arrival at our station on the Lake St. John Railway, we found Hébert, the guardian, with his dog team all decorated for the occasion. The dogs wagged their tails at us, looking forward evidently to the prospect of having some preserved meat cans to open, besides other tidbits. Leaving the guardian and the men we had brought with us to bring on the commissariat supplies, we put on our snowshoes, crossed the Batiscan River and climbed up the gorge leading to the first lake of our main chain, on which the club house is built. As we walked on, we took deep breaths of the bracing air whose exhilarating effect it is impossible to describe, and admired the wonderful shapes assumed by the snow as it had fallen on trees and stumps. Having made all our arrangements, we started next day down to the station with the guardian and the dogs to meet our friends. Sitting on the *kometik*, we drove quickly over the road on the ice and also the road through the woods, but when we began to go down hill our troubles began. To keep the sleigh from coming on the dogs, Hébert turned himself into a brake, digging his heels into the snow, and did very well until, at a sharp turn, he rolled off and the brake was gone. Of course the sleigh came upon the dogs' heels, and they, with a howl, rushed madly on to keep ahead of it. We clung on, awaiting events, and fairly flew. Suddenly one dog made a spring to one side, got his thong across a stump, upon which he pulled the sleigh, bringing the outfit to an abrupt stop. Charlie and I flew up in the air like stones from a catapult, he landing head first in a snowdrift, I across a fallen tree, fortunately thickly covered with snow, while the dogs, sleigh, stump and thongs were all tangled up, and the biggest dog fight was going on that I had ever seen. Having pulled my friend out by the heels, we watched the fight, unable even to bet on any one dog, they were so much mixed up, and we too wise to interfere until the driver came down with his whip and separated and disentangled the dogs. We considered that we had had enough driving down hill for one day, so we walked the remainder of the way, the guardian walking also, and, with a thong fastened to the rear of the sleigh, kept it from overrunning the dogs. We had a very plea-