

the country, and in fact the nature of the country is such that it is altogether unsuited for them, so that in winter travellers are confined solely to the use of dogs, and in summer time to boats—York or inland boats of the style of the McKinnaw build. As some of my readers would perhaps like to hear of a winter trip, I will briefly describe to you one that I figured in.

I received a pressing invitation one winter from a tribe of Indians living on the Upper Youcon, to pay them a visit, and I promised to comply with their request. After making the necessary preparations, I engaged a man and we set out on snowshoes with one train of dogs to haul our provisions and travelling gear. We travelled through a country partly wooded and partly swamp and muskeg. On the ninth day we were pleased to see in the distance the curling smoke from the camp fires of our friends rising in the still air. As we had run short of provisions the evening before, we hurried on with the pleasing prospect of a good meal and a good rest. We were welcomed by all, from the youngest to the oldest, and were made guests in the chief's lodge. While dropping our travelling clothes it was noticeable that the usual alacrity in preparing a meal for guests was wanting, and we were told to our regret that provisions were scarce, the whole tribe at that time depending for a mouthful on the precarious chance of rabbit snaring, as rabbits were anything but plentiful and the weather very severe. However, the best that the poor people had was placed at our disposal according to the usual hospitable custom of all Indian tribes from their southern to their northern limits. In the course of the evening it was decided that the camp should be broken up and a move made in a direction where moose were said to be plentiful, and where it was hoped the hunters would meet with success.

The following morning, camp was struck, the hunters set out in advance to beat a track for the women who brought up the rear with the children and all the "household goods." The men after travelling six or seven miles marked the place where the camp for the night was to be pitched, and then breaking up into small parties started in search of game. For

five consecutive days we accompanied our friends on the march and as no game other than an occasional rabbit was secured, it was trying to witness the sufferings of the women and children. Dogs, starved to death from hunger and cold, marked our line of travel, as the bleached bones of animals show the route across the deserts of the east.

The sixth day happening on Sunday, notwithstanding the emaciated condition of the party, the day was observed by all as one of rest, not one hunter leaving the camp in search of food; morning and evening religious services were conducted, and all made it a point to attend. It was a long day and it was edifying to note that not a murmur came from one of the party, even though some of the women had to boil parts of their deer-skin lodges to quiet their little ones. During the night a wind arose and long before the day broke, the hunters were scouring the country after the moose, the noblest game of that region. Their efforts were crowned with success and anxiety and want gave place to joy and plenty. Shortly after I set out on my return and was accompanied for some distance by three young men of the tribe. About 100 miles from the fort, the weather became very severe and my dogs after their long enforced fasting were very weak and made but slow progress, eventually giving out altogether. Seeing this, I made camp, tore up one of my blankets as coverings for them and fed them with all the provisions I had, with the hope of getting them home. The next morning an early start was made, but we had not proceeded far, when two of them fell down and refused to rise. They were unharnessed and myself and man took their place in drawing the sled along, with the help of the remaining dog, who was still game. But it was so cold we made little progress and we finally decided on leaving our sled and baggage. We accordingly made a good camp, put everything safely away in the sled and hung it on a tree out of the reach of wolves. In the meantime the two dogs I had left behind, staggered into camp, threw themselves in the warm ashes beside the fire, and there they lay moaning piteously. About midnight we made a start and as we stepped out of camp the two dogs made an attempt