

from the opposite side of the ridge, and near to a large rocky crag which formed a conspicuous land mark. Stephen was to meet us there with provisions, and whoever first reached the spot was to make a smoke as a signal. I had not gone a mile from camp when Sebattis, who accompanied me, called my attention to an object about two miles off, which on looking through my glasses, I at once saw was a cariboo, and of so white a color that I knew he was almost sure to be an old stag. In a short time we arrived at the spot where we had seen the animal, and followed his tracks a little distance. On rounding a clump of bushes the beast came in sight; there he was, a magnificent old white stag, with beautiful horns reaching far back over his withers. He was leisurely moving along, stopping here and there for a moment to crop the white moss, and looking round intently, evidently in search of does. Dodging behind the stunted spruce, I followed him quietly and carefully. After a stalk of half a mile I got within one hundred yards of the animal, and as he halted to feed, fired. Unfortunately just as I pulled the trigger he made a forward movement, and the ball struck