

compass, which he examined with great care, but it did not seem to enlighten him much as to our whereabouts.

"I think we'll just go back on our tracks a bit," said he.

"Have you lost your way?" I inquired.

"Not a bit," said Tim, "how would I be losing me way just forninst me own door? but we'll just go back on our tracks a bit."

But when the fog cleared off a little it became quite evident that Tim had got hopelessly adrift, as we found that we had been travelling due west down the lake instead of due south across it. Here was a man who set up to be a trapper losing his way within half a mile of his own front door, as he very correctly put it himself. This made me more than every thankful that I had secured the services of Benny, and I made up my mind that nothing should ever induce me to plunge into the depths of the forest under the guidance of Tim Cassidy.

The next day found us all settled in camp, and knowing that Cassidy was worse than useless, I did my best to persuade him to return to the society of his muscular wife. But he wouldn't stir, and indeed from first to last he stuck to me with the tenacity of an octopus. Benny turned out to be a first-rate man in the woods in every way, always civil and obliging, and equal to any amount of hard work, and now that he was away from the whisky he bore no resemblance to the doubled-up creature that I had seen sitting at the stove a few days previously. I had many a hard tramp through the bush with him, and awful work it was, jumping over windfalls, tumbling into holes, the branches switching into one's eyes and the projecting roots tripping up one's feet. I have been out after cariboo since,