

we found Bowen and Joe had arrived a short time before, half starved, having had nothing to eat since the previous morning, nor had they seen a living thing the whole time they were out. Joe had made a mistake as to the locality where we were to have met, hence the cause of our missing our companions. On further comparing notes we discovered that they had passed, during the fog, within a few hundred yards of the spot where Sebattis and myself were enjoying our breakfast.

For several days subsequent to this stroke of luck I did not fall in with any cariboo. Bowen was more fortunate, and on one occasion killed a magnificent stag with larger horns than I ever saw, either before or since, though he was not so old or fine an animal as the big one I had bagged. According to Joe, the horns of Bowen's stag were the largest he had ever seen in his life, they measured three feet nine inches across.

On one occasion when out on a cruise of a couple of days, we found on our return to camp that bruin had called on us and had eaten most of the meat that was hanging up to dry, besides tearing one of our deer skins all to pieces.