

many you have got." This was such a reasonable proposition that even Tim could not object, so he took off his night-gown and night-cap, stowed them away in his pack, and off we started.

The walk across the lake was pleasant enough, and Tim had very little to say beyond telling me that I had better take the bearings on my compass in case I got lost in the woods; but when we commenced to mount the hill on the other side I found that I had enough to do. The hillside was simply a network of roots, brushwood, and fallen trees, covered with about a foot of snow. There was not enough snow to enable us to use our snow shoes, but quite enough to fill up the holes and crevices and make the going dangerous. What a scramble it was! climbing over the windfalls, tripping over the roots, and tumbling into the holes! I was truly glad when I got to the top of that hill and found myself on what might by comparison be considered level ground. Here Tim halted, pulled out his night-shirt and night-cap, and rigged himself out to his own entire satisfaction.

"Now," said he, "we must put out our pipes; this is just where the bastes are, and if they got a whiff of the pipe, they'd show us their heels." So we put out our pipes, and Tim commenced crawling on all fours like a pointer dog with a pheasant close under his nose. I crawled after him, wondering what on earth it was all about, till we had got over several hundred yards of ground, when I began to get rather tired of the performance and pulled up. "Tim," I said, "what on earth are you up to? There isn't a trace of a cariboo anywhere about. Surely you ought to get on tracks before you go through this performance."