

thus hobbled he generally limps off on three legs into a corner where he keeps quiet and shows by the expression of his countenance that he feels the disgrace.

The members of the Laurentides Fish and Game Club, to which I belong, had, like myself, many opportunities of observing the habits, training, etc., of Labrador dogs. One of our guardians, who came from that part of the country, had for many years the contract for driving the mails along the north shore, and owned a fine team. This he was allowed by the club to bring with him, as there was a good deal of hauling to be done from the railway station to the club house, and, moreover, the members proposed to have grand rides over the frozen lakes, and also to be able to bring a larger quantity of supplies with them when they went to the more distant camps to hunt or to fish through the ice, which was allowed in those days. They had no end of fun with these dogs for a while, but in the end they died off and were not replaced. They were found to be a nuisance in summer time, as they would devour the trout caught by the members unless constantly watched, and their barking, which was more like the howling of wolves, frightened the game away. They were always in a state of semi-starvation, owing to the difficulty of keeping them supplied with food, and if anyone was rash enough to hand them a piece of bread or meat instead of throwing it to them, he generally had some trouble in rescuing his hand. It was wonderful to see them open cans of preserved meat with their strong fangs. The leader was a very fine brute, but a very savage one, which no one dared to handle but the guardian, who ruled it more by fear than love and who was bitten by it pretty badly sometimes.

We had some very amusing experiences with these dogs. On one occasion several of us resolved to go and spend a few days up at the club grounds, seventy miles north of Quebec, to shake the cobwebs out of our heads, by walking through the spruce woods on snowshoes, breathing the ozone of the mountain air, driving over the ice on the lakes with the dog team, winding up the day's exertions and amusements by quiet games of cards or chess or by spinning yarns, and eating our meals with an appetite which would have driven a boarding-house keeper to despair. Charlie B. and I went