

on eye and mind, allowing them quietly to imbibe the beauty, the blending of light and shade, of pristine nature and her scenes.

In this neighbourhood the land was low,—large wet barrens, interspersed with lakes and patches of woods, extending for miles on both sides the stream. We hunted here far and near for eight days and saw but one solitary cariboo, at which I did not get a shot. Joe informed me that formerly there were many deer in this vicinity. But of late years the cariboo have decreased most lamentably in Newfoundland, from the slaughter that takes place in winter by the settlers, at the southermost end of the island, and I fear in a few years these animals will be almost extinct. Numbers also have been killed by the employes on the Atlantic telegraph line. In the spring when returning to the north, and when the does are heavy with young, they are intercepted in certain places at rivers and lakes chased in skiffs and canoes and killed by scores, both with the gun, axe and spear.

The slaughter that takes place in the winter is the most destructive. At that season the deer congregate in large herds of fifty to a hun-