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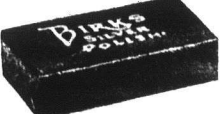
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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

without stopping the wagon, dropped quietly to the ground about fifty yards from the hole and waited. As I expected, when the wagon had got past him, the badger popped up his head to have another look. A forty-five calibre bullet through the head procured for me my winter mitts. Tying him underneath the wagon, we had not gone many miles before we saw a skunk crossing the trail ahead of us. A skunk skin is worth a pair of moccasins in trade, so off I got in pursuit. A skunk is never in a hurry, not being built for speed, and will often wait for one most obligingly. This gentleman not only waited for me, but, seeing that I wished to speak to him, most politely came toward me. Letting him get within about thirty yards (for I wanted to be sure of hitting him in the head), I pressed the trigger, and he rolled over with a bullet between the eyes. Picking him up gingerly by the tail, I secured him under the wagon with the badger, and we proceeded on our way. He was with us all day. We had skunk for dinner and skunk for supper, and would undoubtedly have had him for a bed-

clouds, the dusky natives—all form a picture that requires the brush of an artist to do it justice.

We obtained a few fine whitefish from the natives in exchange for a little bacon, a welcome addition to our meal. We rested our horses for an hour or two before starting for Birch Lake (our prospective camp), and this interval we spent in studying the aborigines. A few of the children had never seen a white man before, and they peeped out from behind their mothers' blankets at the shemanginis (soldiers) in awe.

We were still sixty miles—two days' travel from our destination, and had the hardest part of our journey ahead of us. From the camp to Pelican Lake there is no trail other than a mere track made by the occasional passage of an Indian cart, and only one camping place forty miles from our present camp. Both days' journey would have to be made in single drives, as there is no water for a noon camp, and in the last twenty miles we should have to cross a small range of hills.

We got an early start the following morning, and after some little difficulty



A PRAIRIE ROSE.

fellow, if the sergeant (in a thoughtless moment) had not hurled the carcass into the lake.

During the latter part of the morning we were riding through a thick bush, and only left it, as, without any previous warning, we suddenly emerged upon the shore of Turtle Lake. The scene is one of the most beautiful it has ever been my good fortune to gaze upon. The lake of the most intense and vivid blue, stretches away for twenty-five miles. We could just make out a high range of hills upon the farther shore. A brisk, northerly wind blew, cresting the big blue waves with foam and sending the heavy billows tumbling in at our feet. We stood on a beautiful, clear, sandy beach that would make the fortune of a summer hotel, and just behind us was the dark fringe of primeval forest. A fleet of birch canoes was hauled up on the beach, and just within the edge of the timber were scattered the tepees. The white canvas merging into smoke dried brown, the dark green of the pines and spruces, the snowy whites and yellows of the birches, the waving tassels of the tamarac, the blue lake, the scurrying

found the trail and were again in motion for the north. We reeled off the forty miles in a little over eight hours, and reached our camping ground in the middle of the afternoon. Hitherto we had enjoyed the best of weather, but all this day it had been getting colder and colder, with a promise of snow from the northward, and one by one we donned our fur coats. As we were pitching our tent the first few white flakes fell, and inside of an hour came down thick and fast, accompanied by a furious gale from the northwest.

We were fortunately in a very well sheltered situation; had we been on open ground, our tent would not have stood a moment against the gale. Each of our camps seemed more beautiful than the last, and this was no exception. We were in a deep hollow on the shore of a small lake, a perfect circle in shape and surrounded by a larger but no less perfect circle of pine-clad hills. It was exactly like a large amphitheatre. The lake seemed so utterly lonely nestling down among the hills as though to escape observation; it seemed such a long way off to civilization, we could almost imagine ours to be the first foot-

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