

axes, and the occasional crashing of the branches of a big tree as it fell.

It was past noon when we stopped work for dinner, and to feed the horses. For the horses we had brought bundles of hay and their usual allowance of oats, and for ourselves several very substantial rounds of toast, and some equally substantial slices of cold fat pork. Fat pork and thick toast may not sound very appetising, but, after all, the enjoyment of food is all a question of the keenness of one's appetite, and in the bush I would not wish for a better dinner.

As we did not expect to be home very early, we also made a fire, melted some snow in an old saucepan, and made tea; hot, strong, black tea, without milk or sugar, served in a tin mug, and with more than a suspicion of smokiness, is just splendid in the bush.

It was not till we sat down by our fire after dinner that we noticed a change in the weather, or rather I should say Big Ben noticed it. The clear blue of the patch of sky we could see overhead through the tree tops was becoming hazy, and dimmed by a thin film of quickly moving cloud. We on the ground felt no wind, but the upper branches of the trees were swaying gently, and as we listened keenly we could hear a long, weird sighing pass through the woods;