

way with a persistence that even sets at defiance the arts and wiles of the Indian hunter.

Our hunting ground was located in Quebec, about 36 miles from the Ottawa River. All the necessary preparations were carefully made, one important step being the securing of Indian guides. The latter are very necessary if the moose hunter wishes to be successful, for without their aid, no matter what amount of caution he may exercise, he can scarcely hope to creep upon the game sufficiently close to secure a good shot.

Very few, if any, white men ever attain the marvellous proficiency in woodcraft of the Indian, to whom the pathless forest is an open book, which he reads as he runs to track to its death the noble animal so exceedingly sensitive to the approach of man. This gift seems born with the Indian, and is cultivated from early childhood, until he attains a knowledge that is wonderful in the art of intuitively threading the intricacies of the woods.

On the 1st November, our party, consisting of Dr. Sweetnam, Toronto, Mr. Klock, of Klock's Mills, Ont., and myself, reached the Ottawa River, where we may be said to have gained the threshold of our journey. For a few days we remained at Mr. Klock's residence, where we were made very welcome, and were treated with that whole-souled hospitality characteristic of Rocky Farm. The "Queen of Rocky Farm" was a most agreeable hostess, and altogether our stay was so pleasant that we were loth to quit such charming quarters for the hardships of camp life.

But our arrangements were now complete; and accompanied by a team and "jumper," to carry the camp outfit, we commenced our journey. The road from the river to our camping ground had been unused for some time, and to clear it required considerable labor on our part. We had to cut our way along, and to reconstruct bridges, and this work oc-

cupied considerable time. The weather was miserable. Rain poured all day long, and our journey therefore was the reverse of pleasant. Dr. Sweetnam and myself decided to push ahead, and get everything in readiness for the other members of the party. We hoped that on the way we might be favored with a chance shot at moose or deer. Although the road was blocked, we were told there would be no difficulty in finding it, so we took with us the cook, who was not thoroughly accustomed to the woods.

Evening was drawing on before we had accomplished our journey, and we met with some difficulty in making our way towards the appointed place of camp. Darkness had come, when, with sighs of thankfulness, we reached what appeared to be the camp. We were mistaken, however, and with much chagrin learned that we had lost our way. This fact was made clear when we came to examine a building before us, which turned out to be deserted. The condition of the building satisfied us, after a survey of our surroundings, that we were in the wrong camp. The old building had evidently been used by Indians or trappers, for a portion of the floor had been cut away to make a fire, and a hole had been made in the roof to permit the smoke to escape. Speedily we started a fire, which in our damp and soddened condition was very acceptable, and sent the cook out to assist the other members of the party. Within an hour he returned with the report that we were certainly lost, and that the remainder of the party had passed on about a mile from where we were. After holding a consultation, the thought suggested itself of proceeding on our journey. This, however, was out of the question, as we could not see a foot ahead of us, and the rain was still pouring down. We then decided to ask the cook to go on and inform the others that we were safe, and would remain there until morning. The cook was very