

trail from Morleyville. The missionary there insisted upon sending a Stoney Indian along with me; but I was firm in my refusal, because I wished to be alone."

"And you are positive the missionary outwitted you?" Macdonald queried, as he tried to detect the Indian on the watch at some point in the valley.

"Was it not strange," asked Jack, returning question for question, "that I should meet an Indian familiar with my mother-tongue, at the forks of the Kananaskis and White Man's Trails; that he should warn me of deep snows ahead, and advise a detour to the Bow River Pass?"

"Was it not stranger," continued Jack, "that frequently my dogs were prevented from leaving me on a mad rush forward only by my authoritative commands, and that the well-disciplined animals should take the lead on the trail with all the confidence of old-timers?"

"Certainly," replied Macdonald, his eyes twinkling merrily, "the dogs have been on the scent of a leader possessing rare intelligence."

"And the most bewildering occurrences," said Jack, "are, that every day since my arrival in this valley my dogs will leave me for an hour at a time and return gorged with food; and when I hunt the noble brutes lead me, with slight deviations, to the lair of the mountain lion, the haunts of the bear, or the coverts of the deer, giving me a surfeit of maddening sport, and saving the stock of provisions which I brought upon my pack-mule."