

### ATHLETICS.

After unavoidable delays, the skis for the members of the service are arriving, and members who have particular notions about their ski fastenings had better communicate with Mr. W. H. Robertson, Customs Dept., secretary of the association.

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A special meeting for revision of the constitution of the Athletic Association will be held soon, and a large attendance is desirable in order to sound the service opinion on the athletic ground question.

### A JOURNEY FROM THE YUKON TO THE MACKENZIE.

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old bull, had evidently lingered and become snowed in after all the rest had moved down the valley, early in the winter. There were several clumps of willows, scattered through the thin growth of spruce, and he must have procured enough to eat, as he was in full flesh. There was about four and a half feet of snow and his track between the willow clumps was trench.

There were no rabbits in the country, hence the wolverine, desperate with hunger, had laid plans to kill this lone moose. He first tried hamstringing, by lying in burrows in the snow and waiting for the moose to pass by conveniently. Failing this, he climbed several trees, hoping the moose would pass under him, and finally succeeded in dropping on the animal's back. In his struggle to dislodge his tormentor, the moose knocked some bark off the trees nearby with his hoofs, and trampled out the pit in which we found him.

The wolverine would have killed the moose in a very short time if we had not driven him off. There was a ghastly wound in his back from which he was bleeding, and of course once

the spinal cord was cut the moose would die instantly.

Mr. Christie did not see the wolverine at the time he first saw the moose. He was breaking trail with small shoes in deep snow, and no doubt made sufficient noise to alarm him. We all saw the wolverine on two occasions shortly afterwards, and although we had two large steel traps set on his trail for the purpose of trapping him, we did not succeed in doing so, and the fiend is no doubt still at large.

On the 30th we approached the head of the Ross river, the grade of the valley increasing very rapidly. The noise of running water under the ice was continuous; the stream was much diminished in volume.

The timber along the valley was now very scarce, and of small size.

The snow, which was steadily accumulating, was about five feet in depth.

The following two days were spent in locating a route which would take us over the summit in the proper direction. We followed one of the branches of the river, which came into the main stream through a canyon about half a mile long. The grade up the canyon was very steep; but the ice in the bottom was quite solid. We emerged from the canyon on a high bare bench, in which the stream had incised a shallow trench. The only shelter the bench afforded was a few stunted balsam trees, among which we decided to camp when we got our freight moved up. This camp was 450 feet above our last one, and was just at the limit of tree growth. On April 2, Riddell took two light loads up to the camp at timber line. The grade was pretty stiff, being the hardest pull on the journey. The weather became stormy toward evening, and much snow fell during the night. The snowfall, with high winds, continued for two days, during which time we remained in camp, as it was useless to try to keep the trail open.

(To be continued.)