

of the bush would permit. To make things worse the weather turned mild, and the snow became soft, and at every step we sank deep into it. As we dragged our feet out of the holes, the snow-shoes got covered with heavy wet snow, which we had to get rid of by knocking them against the stumps as we ploughed along. It was like walking with a ten-pound shot attached to one's legs, and the treadmill must be easy work by comparison. Truly it was "*misère en masse.*" Should anybody wish to understand the meaning of the word "*misère,*" let him tramp through the bush till he is weary and worn out, and then, with his clothes wet through both inside and out, let him endeavour to roast himself dry at a bush fire with the smoke driving into his eyes till they smart with pain. And then let him try to snatch a moment's repose during the long hours of night with his half-dried clothes upon him, his head reposing on a block of wood, and his bed a few sapin branches stretched on the snow. All this I endured, but it was all of no use. There was so little snow in the bush that we could not get on any pace, and it was ten to one on the cariboo, and any odds against ourselves. So I gave up the contest and returned home, firmly convinced that if I had not seen any cariboo, I had at any rate laid in a store of experience for the future.

The last I saw of Tim Cassidy was when he came to see me off at the railway station, at St. Timoleon.

"Sir," said he, "I hope when ye git up to town ye won't destroy me charackter entirely wid me friends up there."

"Tim," said I, "I have now passed more than three weeks in your society, and I have entirely failed to discover that you have any character to destroy."