

caribou. But the reindeer appears to profit no more by experience than the Indians themselves. In following a leader they are very much like sheep, and I saw many of them killed by Indians who ran to a point where a herd was passing, and which continued to very nearly hold its course despite the proximity of the enemy. Caribou run in single or double file, and very rarely bunched. It is in summer-time, however, that the Barren Ground caribou falls a victim to the rapacity of the Indians.

They are then moving in vast herds of countless numbers, are easily approached, or turned in desired directions by tufts of moss or rock set up in lines, along which the Indians lie in ambush, or driven into lakes, where they are slaughtered by the hundreds. The waste in summer of these food-providing animals of the North on the lakes is almost incredible. Hundreds are shot down merely for their tongues, and calves are killed for no other reason than to gratify the North-land Indian's love of destruction. In winter the caribou's eyesight is keener; they are separated into small herds, and infinitely more difficult of approach. If, therefore, the Indians starve because of unskilled hunting, it is only just retribution for their improvidence and rapacity. It was a bit hard on me that I happened at this particular time to be an innocent sufferer in the result.

After this experience of caribou-hunting I joined no more "chasing" parties; I was having every day all the running I could well attend to, and so thereafter when we sighted reindeer I devoted myself to stalking those that had been cut off from the main body. But never in all my life have I seen such wretched marksmanship as those Indians displayed. They not only miserably bungled their approach to the caribou, but their indiscriminate firing and the commotion they and the dogs created made it about impossible for me to get within range.

Not the least trying of Barren Ground hunting, too, is the bewildering glare that assails your eyes when you have put up your glasses, as you must so soon as you start in pursuit of game. Even the darkest of smoked goggles, and, what are still better, those of native manufacture, that are made of bone, with only a T-shaped aperture before the eye, cannot insure you against snow-blindness. There

were very few bright days during our wanderings in the Barrens, nevertheless every man in the party but myself was more or less severely snow-blind, one or two so badly as to necessitate their holding on to a sledge-line for guidance.

As I had in times past been very badly snow-blinded, I took extraordinary precautions in the Barrens; for the thought of getting up with musk-oxen and being unable to sight my rifle was unendurable. So I drew the handkerchief that was wound about my head in lieu of a hat down to the tops of my goggles. This kept the sun from shining down in my eyes, while little pieces of black silk fitted to the wire screening at the sides shut out all light from that direction. I always walked behind my sledge, and kept my eyes on the tail of its moose-skin wrapper. While my eyes pained me incessantly, as much from the smoke of the tiny fire in the lodge as from the glare of the sun, I was never snow-blind.

Referring again, before I go on with my trip, to the handkerchief I wound about my head after the Indian fashion, I may say it served me better than all the other head-gear I possessed. I had set much store by a worsted hood knitted for me in Canada, with a neck-piece that fitted about the chin, and a draw-string by which I could close it up to my eyes. But I found it more harmful than beneficial, for the reason that the freezing of my breath transformed its entire front into a sheet of ice, which it was impossible to thaw by our wretched fire, and served only to freeze my face more quickly than exposure. For the same reason I carried a small pair of scissors to keep my beard and mustache clipped short. So the worsted hood was discarded, and the handkerchief held my hair, which reached nearly to my shoulders, in place over my ears, and permitted me to draw the hood of my fur capote forward and bind it snugly in place. Of course my cheeks and nose and chin froze, but they would have done so anyway, and I could thaw them out by rubbing with snow—a limbering process to which the worsted hood was not susceptible. To be sure, the method was rather hard on my face, which by the time I returned to Beniah's lodge was as blackened and cut up as an alligator-skin; and it was hard on my fingers too, which froze with about every