

trails some few miles, then to break a new road, through the deep snow down to a small creek. I had turned off my old trail and was busy preparing a place to set a marten dead-fall, when I had a presentiment someone was watching me. I looked back on the trail, thinking Jack might have followed me, but there was no one in sight. Yet ! I could feel there were eyes upon me. Dropping down on my knees I continued the making of the trap, only for a second, and I was on my feet again, looking anxiously around me, and I believe I felt like calling out. For the moment my thoughts darkened. Had I fallen a prey to the awful superstitions of the race I lived amongst. No ! there before me, moving slowly from behind a fallen tree, was a huge timber wolf. It pleased me to see something, but when I recollected my only weapon of defence was a small hatchet, it would have pleased me more if the whole thing had been imagination. I watched him closely, with his tail gently wagging and his eyes rivetted on me, he moved a few yards nearer, stopped, sat up and looked at me. What a target, had I my rifle ! For want of something better to do I commenced chopping at a sapling beside me, which I pushed when ready to fall, so that it would drop across the wolf. As the tree fell, he jumped to one side, showing freely those beautiful teeth. Then he howled until the howl echoed and re-echoed through the forest. Slipping my feet quietly into my snowshoes, I started towards the cabin, looking round at every second. Presently his mate joins him, and they both follow on my trail. It was an exciting walk and lasted until I arrived within a few hundred yards of the cabin, when the wolves suddenly turned from the trail and beat a hasty retreat into the thick undergrowth.

It is now the end of February, perhaps the best month for trapping, at all events we are getting plenty of fur every day. Our supplies are beginning to run short, all the dried meat we put up in the summer is finished, besides the fresh meat of twenty-eight caribou, that two wolves had driven off their range on the summit of the mountains, where the snow is blown off, into the deep snow on the side where the animals could no longer travel, and were about to be killed by the wolves when an

Indian spotted them, and collecting his forces, surrounded and killed every caribou.

The trapping was a pastime I enjoyed keenly. As I write now, I can hear the familiar sound of my snowshoes, going through the great forests of fir trees, where that strange stillness of Nature always prevails, where that rasping caw of the raven, or the weird yelp of the coyote, brings one to a standstill for the moment. On one occasion, whilst visiting my traps, I came upon the carcass of a full grown deer, which had evidently been pounced upon, dragged to the ground, and killed by a lynx, at all events these were the only tracks in evidence. I built a miniature fence of willows round the carcass, leaving three small openings, putting a trap in each. Next day I found the lynx in one of the traps. The following day I got a wolverine, and on the evening of the third found to my astonishment a beautiful specimen of a golden eagle, which I released, to fly back to its mate and its "Bald Mountain" home.

The snow was still deep on the ground, yet it was soft enough for the horses to travel, consequently we rounded them up from the valleys they had pawed in all winter. Some were fat, others too weak and thin for the trip so many hundreds miles back to civilization. The fat ones we made ready, loaded with skins and trophies and after a farewell shake with my good mountain friends, our homeward journey commenced. We had little or no food when we left the cabin, however three days travel brought us to a salt lick, where we killed two mountain sheep, the meat of which we partly dried, and lived on for many days. As we journeyed the ice in the rivers and creeks began to break up, the snow melting filled to the banks the smallest water courses, all of which we had bridged by felling three big trees across, and placing pine boughs on top. The horses took fright going over, crowded each other and one unfortunate pony, pack and all, was pitched off into the rushing water some distance below. Alexis, ever good with a rope, lasooed the pack the first throw, and in three minutes from the time of the accident, all was well, and we were again on the move. We had finished the sheep meat, and as rabbits were scarce, we were