

there were not enough bunks for all. My friend, who is a prominent member of the legal profession and professionally as serious as a judge, is a regular schoolboy when out on an expedition of this kind, and his spirit of mischief inspired him with the idea of having some fun. Seizing Rover, he threw him on the floor on top of the sleeping men and dogs, and in an instant there was the biggest of dog fights on hand, in which dogs, Indians and settlers were all mixed up, and the air was blue with polyglot profanity, while Rover's master was choking with laughter under his blankets. After a while order was restored, the dogs were separated, and their owners who had been drawn into the scrimmage, were repairing damages, and anxious to find out how the row had begun. No one seemed to suspect, except the head guide, who knew my friend's propensity of old, but was too loyal to betray him.

I used to drive a dog myself harnessed to a little sleigh with miniature sleigh robes, silver bells, etc., when I was eight or ten years old, but I have had only one experience of driving a dog in the woods and I do not like it. My friend above mentioned, two others and myself, with Indian guides, were going into the bush for a fortnight's caribou hunting, and we had two dogs with us, one being driven by the cook and the other by one of the guides. After walking for some time, as we got near the lake on which we were to camp, the head guide went ahead to reconnoiter and soon returned, saying that there were caribou on the ice. Of course all wanted to go, but that was impossible, because, as all the guides were wanted, some one had to remain with the cook to drive the other dog, for the day was getting on and if we did not hurry we would have to camp in the dark, an unpleasant job at any time, but especially in a snowstorm, such as was then raging and which is ideal weather for caribou hunting, as it is easier to stalk them then. The lot fell to me, so I made the best of a bad bargain; for, in addition to driving the dog, I had to carry my pack, which was not heavy, but still confined my shoulders by the pack strap. The cook was ahead with his dog Boule (pronounced Bool, the French variation of Bull; nearly every big dog here is called Boule by the French-Canadians) and my dog followed pretty well for