

swore in the Indian tongue that he had killed two large black dogs, and pocketed the coin.

When we returned to camp Joe said, 'Everything all right. No India devil been here'. 'Indian devil! Joe, what do you mean by that?' 'Oh, sir; sometimes he gets in camp and throws everything in the fire, and breaks up things in the tent. When he goes away sometimes he leaves tracks like a man, sometimes fox, and sometimes lucivee. Once my father said he heard of a man catching him. He had taken a lot of powder wrapped up in Birch bark and put it in the fire. When it went off it rolled his eyes round till the whites were out, and he could see nothing at all. The man came in and caught him, and tied him to a tree outside the camp. Every day he licked him, morning and evening too. But after seven days Indian devil run away, and left tracks like a dozen men.'

A veritable Puck indeed. Probably Joe's version of an old nursery tale that Indian mothers tell their children, as English Jack the Giant Killer. Coco-Soo, or Kat-Mous, is the name of the Indian devil, and some such name does duty for the wolverine—an animal now almost extinct. Once he was caught (on the authority of Joe again) by placing a man's hat on a sharp upright stake; leaping down on his supposed victim, he forthwith impaled himself. Sometimes he makes moose meat spoil; he wets the powder in the gun; springs the bear traps; calls up the bull moose by imitating the cow and then laughs at him. How much these tales remind one of Shakespeare's impish creation.

One of the most extraordinary facts that applies to all wild animals is that they do not appear to dread so much the sight of man, but have a terror of catching the wind or scent that passes from the human body, which is imperceptible to our duller senses. 'Moose don't trust their eyes,' Joe says, 'but their noses.' Referring to their keen sense of smell, he says, 'Moose kin sent a mile off'.

Before setting forth to our next point of destination, Upsal-witch Lake, at a distance of six miles, we undertook a toilsome journey to the summit of one of the highest of a range of hills that we thought offered a good chance of finding a bear. The day was very sultry and the travelling extremely difficult; nor were we rewarded by a successful quest. There were plenty of berries, and numerous tracks of bears; almost every decayed log was broken to splinters by bruin in search of the ants that inhabit them. Mr. Simpson had lately shot two bears in the vicinity, and Joe was of opinion that this must have frightened the rest away. We had some compensation for our toilsome tramp in the grand view of the lonely wilderness, just before the sun sank behind the hills. From the highest mountain we beheld the lesser