

few things for us, as we would be off before daybreak, and that we might want some tea and biscuits with us.

"And how will ye be doing that, thin," asked Tim, "when there's neither bite nor sup in the camp. The biscuits and poork is all gone, and there is ne'er a drop o' tay for your breakfast."

I am not given to indulging in violent passions, but I must admit that I now broke down, and I swore at Tim Cassidy as I am quite sure I never swore at any man before or since. I am not sure that I did not cock my rifle at him. At any rate, I frightened him, as he started off post-haste and was back at the camp with provisions within twenty-four hours. He had to travel all night to accomplish the feat, and it was the only bit of decent work I ever got out of him. I then started off with Benny on the tracks. A whole day had been lost, and it was a very forlorn hope, but I was anxious to make an effort so long as there was a remote chance of doing something. We had not got a mile beyond the camp when we came on the spot where the cariboo had lain down the day before. Benny looked at me and said, "If we start yesterday morning, got cariboo sure."

"It is no use thinking what we might have done if we had started yesterday morning, Benny," I said; "the question is, Shall we go on now?"

"Yes, go on," said Benny, "cariboo go slow, *pas farouche*, but must camp out to-night."

So on we went, and we camped out that night and the next night, and yet another night. We made long circuits so as to keep off the wind, fearing that the cariboo might get our scent, and we travelled on as fast as the bad state