

"Are you well?" I asked again.

"No, me sick, bad cold, got cramps," and he drew his hand across his stomach and pulled a very wry face.

So I turned round to Esmeraldy and asked her whether a little whisky would not be a good thing for him. Esmeraldy smiled and said she thought that it was the very thing that was wanted, and so indeed it was. The Indian's eye brightened perceptibly at the word whisky, and tossing off the glass I gave him undiluted, he straightened up wonderfully and asked for another.

"That do much good," said he, "just leetle more whisky?"

So I gave him "a leetle more," and that completed the cure.

"You go hunt cariboo?" he asked.

"That's what I came for," I replied.

"Me go with you hunt cariboo," said the savage, "get plentee cariboo like that."

"Are you a hunter?" I asked.

"Yes, me Benny, Mr. McAllister Indian, hunt many time with Mr. McAllister."

"Then why arn't you with him?" I inquired.

"Mr. McAllister gone below, hunt with big lord, not want me; you take me, get plentee cariboo."

Here, at any rate, was a ray of light in the darkness. Mr. McAllister was the great sport of the South shore, and if this man had been in the habit of going out with him it was certain that he must be a pretty good man in the woods. So I cross-examined Esmeraldy on the subject, and found that the Indian's statement was correct.