

The stormy season began on March 5, and continued until April 12. The valley we were travelling in was narrow, with high mountains on either side, and the wind as it swept through often increased to the intensity of a gale. The snowfall was very heavy.

The work of breaking trail became very laborious, for we sank deeply into the snow, and the trail had to be marked at close intervals with branches of spruce or willow.

The tops of these branches were often our only guide: the trench becoming completely filled in a few hours after being made, when the work would have to be done over again. The coldest weather we experienced on the journey was the night of March 10th in camp at the head of 4th Lake, the temperature falling to 54 degrees below zero. This cold spell lasted until the 18th. We had to remain in camp one entire day during this period, for a strong wind blew, which it was impossible to face at such a low temperature. We found that weather of about 20 deg. below zero—provided there was no wind—was the pleasantest for travelling. At this temperature, the dogs worked well, and one did not get overheated while breaking trail.

March 22nd was a clear, bright day, and the warm sunshine was very pleasant after the long period of storm. On this day we got our first view of the watershed ranges: incredibly white, and close, and apparently blocking up the valley through which we were travelling. The famous glacial range, guardian of lost mines and other mysteries (according to Wilson) appeared on our left.

On the morning of the 27th, Christie, who was breaking trail ahead of me, came hurrying back, saying he had seen a moose, and was going to camp for his rifle. He soon returned, and we went forward to where he had seen the animal, which was still standing among some spruce trees on the bank of the river, with its head and neck only above the snow. Christie

stepped aside a few paces from the trail and shot him.

When we reached the dead moose, we found him lying in a pit about ten feet wide, which he had evidently made himself. We were surprised to see several patches of moose hair on the ground, and more so to find a large hole apparently gnawed into the animal's backbone, the spinal cord being almost laid bare.

Our attention was next drawn to the trails and marks in the snow, beyond the pit where the moose lay. The surface of the snow was much broken up, both by hoof and small paw marks. Some of the tracks were quite fresh and some were old. There were moose trails deeply trenched in the snow, which had apparently been used for a considerable time. The paw marks were those of a wolverine, and mostly recent, the oldest not being more than a few days old. There were also several holes, resembling burrows, in the snow at the side of the moose trails, evidently made by the wolverine. There were claw marks and, occasionally, wolverine hairs on the bark of some of the spruce trees.

Beyond the mass of trails and tracks, the trail of a wolverine coming down the river showed quite distinct. There was a sufficiently strong crust on the snow to bear an animal of this size, but it would not hold up our dogs.

After a thorough examination, Christie came to the conclusion that there was only one moose and one wolverine concerned, and that we had interrupted a tragedy which is unique in the annals of the far north country.

We were the only travellers in the region, and with the exception of a few marten, these were the only wild animals. We had seen no moose sign for the last thirty miles, nor did we expect to see any more, as we were now at the slopes of the watershed range, and nearly to the head of the Ross river.

This particular moose, a three-year-