

OCT. 18th.—We camped by a lake, where there was plenty of goose grass for the horses, which is considered better food than oats.

ON THE 19th, strong gale, accompanied by snow, was right in our teeth. Camped two miles east of the Two Hills.

SUNDAY 20th.—Deep snow. Alice and I rode on to Fort Pitt, where we arrived at 2 p.m., and were most hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. McKay. Our train arrived at nightfall.

OCT. 21st.—We were delayed, while fresh horses were being driven in for us, but were quite charmed with both Mr. and Mrs. McKay. The latter gave Alice a beautifully-worked pair of gloves and a feather fan in Indian work; and McKay gave me a quiver of war arrows. We were charmed with our stay here, and delighted with Mrs. McKay's stories.

TUESDAY, 22nd.—Left Pitt. Heavy snow all day, but were fortunate in getting a snug, well-sheltered camp at night.

WEDNESDAY, 23rd.—Sharp frost, and a heavy fall of snow in the afternoon. The cold intense, at night, but we were again fortunate in our camp.

THURSDAY, 24th.—Snowed all day. It is delaying us much. Camped by Jackfish Lake. By taking great care to secure sheltered camps, we are snug and warm during the night. Our outer blankets, in the morning, are thickly-covered with ice.

FRIDAY, 25th.—Bitterly cold. Had much trouble in crossing Jackfish Creek, it being frozen over, but not strong enough to carry our carts, so had to cut a passage, with axes, across. Found a Cree idol, from which I took some specimens of Indian work.

SATURDAY, 26th.—Made a late start, our horses having strayed, and, about noon, saw two horses hobbled, and then saw a "buckboard" or light waggon, on the right side of the road. Riding up with Alice and Alexander, I at once saw something was wrong. No fire, and snow lying on the things littered about. Suddenly Alexander exclaimed, "Here's a man frozen to death." I jumped off, and found a man lying by the buckboard dead, with a wound in the left breast. I searched at once for tracks, but found none, the snow having fallen and covered all but deep horse tracks up, and some recent wolf tracks. On examining carefully, found a gun in a cover lying across the seat under some luggage. The muzzle of the cover was burnt, both barrels recently discharged, the cartridge cases being in the chambers. Called Alexander and John, to observe carefully the position of the body, which showed that the deceased had accidentally discharged the gun, against the muzzle of which he must have been leaning, whilst packing for a start in the morning (as there had been a fire, which would not have been the case had he been unpacking in the evening). Death must have been instantaneous. Took from the body a gold watch, stopped at 5.10; a compass, and some tracts. The buckboard was overloaded with luggage, including some cart harness; also tracks of more horses than could be accounted for by the two we found. So I conclude deceased, who, I suppose was a Methodist preacher, had been accompanied by another man, who, on the occurrence of the accident had gone back, probably by the tracks, to Carlton; that they had had a cart with them, and abandoned it, either through a break-down, or by the heavy snow. Some pemmican gnawed by wolves had been dragged some distance from the camp. I had the body wrapped in a blanket and tent, and put into one of my carts, as we could not leave it to be devoured by the wolves. The pemmican had saved it so far. We take the two horses with us, but they are small and weak, and will be of little or no service to us. Quite a gloom has fallen over our cheerful little party. More snow. The road gets worse, and we are yet 80 miles from Carlton, and now overlaid. Got a sheltered camp.

SUNDAY, 27th.—A violent storm of wind and snow from the eastward. Our camp well sheltered. Our horses cower into the camp, for protection and warmth. After service, the wind dropped a little, and we made fourteen miles, and got into a thicket by a frozen swamp, where we lay, snug and warm. I hope the weather may clear, that we may not have to abandon our carts.

MONDAY, 28th.—More snow. Passed a cart left by the trail, as I expected. Two trunks in it. Stopped at noon, by Bear's Puddling Lake, and then a sharp storm of wind, and snow came on. The trail is fast getting obliterated. The snow reaches up to the axle of the waggon. Suddenly, ahead, we heard, "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" and a shout, and saw a party advancing to meet us—one man ahead on snow shoes, followed by a dog sled, and then two more men. They proved to be a party sent out to bring in the dead man we were carrying, whom we then learnt to be a Mr. Skinner, a Methodist preacher on his way to Victoria. He had been travelling with a French Canadian, who, on the accident happening, had taken two horses: leaving the two we found, to starve in hobbles, as poor beasts, they could not paw away the snow, to get at the grass. Without knowing whether his master was dead, or had only fainted, not even touching him, or looking where he was wounded, he had taken fright, and galloped off without blankets or provisions, and travelling two days and one night. 'ad arrived, with frost bitten feet, at Carlton, leaving, what, for aught he knew, was a wounded man, to perish from the cold in the wilderness of snow, his report, being, that he thought Mr. Skinner must be dead by that time. Mr. Clarke, the chief officer, was away, but a hastily organized party, had been sent off at once, returning in twenty-four hours, with one exception, all frost bitten, and reporting they had lost the trail, in the deep snow. The party we now met had been started. Composed of old *voyageurs*, they were not to be so easily beaten; and caching provisions for their return journey, as they went along, were travelling day and night, in hopes of being yet in time, but they are most thankful to be able to turn back, and, at my assurance that Mr. Skinner's death must have been instantaneous. They have fresh provisions, and stay by us, to help