

fishing and hunting, for they are expert canoe men and hunters, and understand English, use dogs to haul water from the river and firewood from their reserve. These same dogs are used to haul tents and hunting equipment on winter hunting expeditions, as one of these dogs, following on the track beaten by snowshoes, will haul more than a man can carry and of course it is much easier for the man.

A friend of mine, whose rifle has brought down many a moose and caribou, and who has landed many a fine salmon, once became the happy owner of a Newfoundland dog called Rover, which was a splendid hauler and which he always took with him to haul his own personal baggage. Once when proceeding on a hunting expedition north of Quebec, with Lorette Indian guides, he was accompanied by Rover, while the Indians had two other dogs. On their way they had to stop at one of the camps or log-houses erected by the Quebec Government at certain distances along the colonization road used by settlers proceeding to Lake St. John before the railway was built. Now the keeper of the post, where my friend and party had to pass the night, owned a huge cross-eyed yellow dog which had a great reputation far and wide. He was supposed to be able not only to whip his weight in wild cats, but also to beat any number of dogs as well. There was a certain amount of anxiety among the party as to what would be the result of their dogs coming into contact with the yellow dog, and the Indians especially were uneasy, for if a dog was disabled it meant so much more for his master to carry. When they arrived the canine terror happened to be away, so there was a little respite, but just as the dogs were about to partake of their meal of shorts, oatmeal and biscuit with some of the pea soup, he turned up and announced his intention of having a meal at their expense. The Indian dogs at once recognized his superiority, but Rover was too hungry to lose his dinner, so he made up his mind to fight for it, and, although generally a peaceful animal, he completely conquered the other dog, which acknowledged him as his master. The night was cold and my friend took Rover to bed with him on the top bunk. Early in the morning he awoke, and looking down he saw the Indians with their dogs lying on the floor, besides some settlers, also with dogs, as