

moves along to the traps or snares, or other appliances used to capture these animals.

In his "criticisms" of a breakfast on a wild-cat, and our reference to some of the difficulties of getting supplies when we were near the trading-posts of the Hudson Bay Company, he forgets that his own conduct as an inveterate fur-trader on the sly with the Indians had so embittered the Company that they had passed an order-in-council that their posts, except at York Factory and Winnipeg, were only for trading with the Indians.

Mr. McDougall would have the readers of the *Guardian* think that these inland posts were like great general stores in civilization, where anybody could go in with his money and obtain what he wanted. They were nothing of the kind. They were stocked with goods for the fur-trade, which was carried on by barter. I saw no money for years. Even if I had had it, these traders did not want it for their goods. They wanted furs, on which, when sold in London, they would make their enormous profits. Yet John McDougall, surely knowing this, writes as he has done. It is true they would, when they had abundance of any particular article, sell a little to us *grudgingly*. I distinctly remember once Mrs. Young, at the beginning of a cold winter, asking one of the officials at Norway House if he would be so kind as to sell her six yards of flannel. His answer was: "Can you not possibly manage to do with four?" and four was all she received. After a while, when they found out that we stuck to our missionary work, and left them alone in their fur trading, they relaxed their rules a good deal, and life was more bearable. As regards the food supply, there were two summers when, owing to the first Riel rebellion, and other causes, we were so cut off from civilization and our base of supplies, that almost starvation was the lot of us, both at the Hudson Bay Fort and our mission. A free trader, who had a little flour (and very poor it was) would only sell it at forty dollars a barrel. Of course, we could not purchase at that price; so the Hudson Bay Company's dog-sleds and my own were sent all the way to the mouth of the Saskatchewan for sturgeon. Living as he did in those days in the land of the buffalo, it is very poor taste indeed for him to ridicule our breakfast on the hind leg of a wild-cat.

Perhaps our "critic" would have thought twice before writing some of these foolish things if he had been aware that his conduct in so persistently engaging in the fur-trade was what so annoyed the Hudson Bay Company, that they in the first place refused to grant the usual £50 to the missionary work in the Saskatchewan, as they were doing in other places, and that later on they made it, and the trading with the Indians by some