

which resembled compressed yeast. Macdonald noted the additions with sparkling eyes and itching palate.

"You have once more aroused my curiosity," he said. "What do you intend to do with the cakes in that small box?"

"Those cakes," Jack replied, "are compressed grapes, the juice retained by a process kept secret in Italy. I have only to dilute a small piece in a cup filled with cold water and I have a deliciously cool, light wine."

The two men seated themselves on the bear skins, placed the bark between them, and while they satisfied their keen appetites on the venison and biscuit, finishing up with currant jam and wine, they discussed their separate tastes for the different kinds of food which comprise the bill of fare in camp life, and agreed that they were enjoying very fair luck at the meal of which they were partaking.

When they had filled and lighted their pipes, and had twisted themselves into comfortable positions, Macdonald interested Jack with a description of the work which was before him during the short summer months in the mountains.

"My orders," he said, "are to follow the Bow River to its source, cross the Divide, and winter between the Rockies and Selkirks at some point on the Columbia River."

Jack whistled to his dogs, threw them the remains of the dinner, cleaned his hunting-knife by burying it to the hilt in the ground and working it up and down, and