

one net in the lake all the winter; but I would not leave the Company, Peter, if I were you,—you are better off here, man, in spite of your ‘starving times!’ You *do* get your game every day, come what may, and a taste of flour every week, and a little barley and potatoes. I call that living like a ‘big master.’”

“I had rather be a free man and hunt for myself,” put in another speaker; “the meat does not taste half so good when another hand than your own has killed it; and as for flour and barley and potatoes, well, our forefathers got on well enough without them before the white man came into our country, I suppose we should learn to do without them again? For my part, I like a roe cake as well as any white man’s bread.”

“But the times are harder than they used to be for the Tenè Jua (Indian men) in the woods,” said Accombà with a sigh; “the deer and the moose go off the track more than they used to do; it is only at Fort Rae, on the Big Lake, that meat never seems to fail; for us poor Mackenzie River