

"You were near in an awkward fix then, Robert."

"If he'd come at me d'ye know what I'd have done? I'd have put my back agin a tree and the handle of me sheath-knife to my brist; the first thing they do is to hug; he'd have hugged me tree and all and the knife would have gone to his heart; when he felt it prick em he'd have hugged closer."

"But wouldn't he have bitten?"

"Not he; they niver bites till they've hugged, and be the time his bitin' time had come he'd have been quiet enough. Many a bear I've shot, but only that one with patridge shot, and I wouldn't like to try another in the same way."

"I wonder," said John, "how the Red Indians used to kill them and the wolves?"

"They used to dig holes in the ground and put spike sticks in the bottom, cover over the tops with boughs and put some bait in the middle. Did ye hear how that poor injin got served by the wolves a few years ago? He was comin' from Green Bay with some letters, and he brought his little boy, a lad about 14, with him. Just afore he comed to the tilt, where he was goin' to stop for the night, he shot a deer and paunched and quartered him. The snaw was thick on the groun' and he wint to the tilt and left his things with his gun too, and then he and the boy comed back for the deer, and when he gets to the place he seed a wolf tearin' away at him. The wolf turned right to the mau, and he caught hold of the boy and shoves em afore em up a tree and gets op after. He jist got awa' in time, for the wolf made a lep, and tore his mocassin. Ginuerally, you know, a single wolf kips clear of a man. The wolf was there for an hour, and the injun told me he thought his poor boy would have dropped, it was freezin' so frightful. He took off his comforter and lashed him on to the branches and rubbed his feet and hands to keep life in him. At last the wolf geed a howl and prisently three others answered and kummed down to where the deer was; they soon eat up the whole and then made off. The Injin thought they got the scint of the others for there were five or six deer with the one he killed."

"Aren't wolves getting very plentiful now?"

"I think they're on the increase lately and they kills a sight of deer."

Few sports are more exhilarating than ptarmigan shooting such as I have endeavoured to describe. Plenty of exercise by day in the clear bracing air induces a sound refreshing sleep and a corresponding appetite. A little time so spent and one begins to find a new life within. He returns invigorated and realizes what it is to possess "*mens sana in corpore sano*."

My tour resulted in a bag of one hundred brace, which George declared to be "the biggest bag he iver seed brought out," and proudly her marched into Killrose with as many as he could carry.

The parting cup was passed around, and I and John bid adieu for a while to Mrs. Whiston, old Robert and his sons, Uncle James and all, and long may they, who have contributed so much to my recreation, live to enjoy the fruits of their honest labour in healthful happy homes.