

"Very well," I said, "and get all ready to-night so that we can make an early start."

Next morning we were off at daybreak, but before leaving the house I again asked Tim if he had plenty of provisions in the packs. "Hapes and hapes of stuff," said Tim, "more than we'll ate in a month." So on we went, but scarcely had we got into the bush when Tim insisted that Benny was taking the wrong route. Now, one of the peculiarities of the noble savage is that he won't stand talking to; if you thwart him or bully him, he is just as likely as not to walk off and leave you in the bush, and perhaps the next thing you hear of him is that he is away ahead of you driving off the cariboo. So when Tim began to argue, Benny slipped behind him and told him to go ahead. The practical result was that instead of reaching our destination that evening, we were nearly as far away from it as when we started, and it was not till the following afternoon when Benny took the lead that we arrived at our camping ground. Just before getting there we came upon perfectly fresh tracks, and it was certain that there were cariboo not far off, so I was much astonished when I saw Tim building up an immense fire opposite the camp—a regular fifth of November blaze and at least three times as large as there was the slightest necessity for. "Heavens! Cassidy," I said, I thought you told me that a fire like that would scare the cariboo, and you know that we have just passed over fresh tracks."

"Ah! divil a bit will it frighten the bastes now," said Tim; "sure now they like it, I tell ye. Didn't Benny and me light a fire twice as big as that the other night,