

stretch of country about 80 miles in extent into which no human being enters. The Eskimo do not hunt so far west; it is likewise too far distant for the Yellow Knives and Dog Ribs from Slave lake to enter. To penetrate this country in the dead of winter would be simply to court starvation. The deer have all departed, and to depend on finding musk-ox at the end of the journey would be risky indeed, for not enough meat could be hauled to see the party safely back through the barren and deserted country which would lay behind them. There still remains, I am happy to say, one spot in this Great Barren North land—which is sacred to the musk-ox—into which human beings dare not enter. Here the animals remain in their primeval state, their solitude undisturbed by the hated sound and sight of man. Long may they remain so. The musk-ox were quite tame, and exhibited no fear, only curiosity. I approached several herds within 30 yards, photographed them at my leisure, moving them round as I wished, and then retired, leaving them still stupidly staring at me in wonder and amazement. When deer were not procurable—and several times we seem to have run out of them altogether—a musk-ox was killed. Fish were plentiful all along the Ark-e-leenik; in fact, I never saw such a grand river for fish. The nets were rarely set, however, when meat was procurable, as it caused considerable delay in the morning, and the nets had to be dried. Moose are to be found on the main Ark-e-leenik, also black bears. On the western branch the woods decrease in size and extent as one ascends, until finally at the height of land there are none, and once more we had to fall back on moss and heaths for fuel. Deer were then very scarce, and the musk-ox we had long since left behind, but something always turned up to keep the pot boiling. One day it would be a wolverine, another time a fat wolf; all animals appear to be good on the Barren Lands, or is it that one's appetite is good? An occasional goose was shot, ducks, ptarmigan, an arctic hare; we always had enough, anyway, and one soon ceases to be particular as to exactly what kind of an animal it is which satisfies one's hunger.

We had the good luck to meet the Eskimo from the arctic coast on the Ark-e-leenik river, who resort to this river to obtain wood for their sleighs. These natives had never set eyes on a white man before, and had no articles of civilization whatever. They were all dressed in deer-skins, and armed with long bows, arrows, and spears, beaten out of native copper. The use of tobacco was quite unknown to them, and firearms they had only heard about. They gave me a good deal of information about their country and the copper deposits along the arctic coast, and I obtained from them several copper implements, such as dags, spear and arrow heads, needles, etc., which were all beaten out of native copper, giving them in exchange knives, files, and needles, which last appeared to have by far the most value in their eyes. They exhibited no signs of fear at our approach. They were a jovial lot, and