

on the floor. Those that were lucky of the rest of the party slept two in a bed; those out of luck slept on the floor. Mr. Willis was awoke in the night by a third person trying to get into his bed. He at once knocked the individual down, when he heard a voice exclaiming, "Hold hard, Cap. Don't you do nothing till I strike a light." When the light was struck, he remarked, "Why, you are the railroad man," Mr. Willis indignantly enquiring what he was doing in his room at that time of night, he suavely remarked that he was "looking round for a bed without two in it." When I saw the numbers at breakfast the next morning, I could not conceive how they got standing room, much less space to lie down in. A very pleasant and entertaining American travelled down with us, whose business lay in what he called "buggery and fire proof safes." He had been sent for to Winnipeg, the bank there having lost the key of its safe, and being unable to open it. We got on to the regular line at Glyndon, and from thence rattled down via Chicago, to New York, and secured a cabin on board the "Bothnia." The distance ridden on horseback from Fort Garry to the place where we killed the caribou, in British Columbia, and back, is 2,500 miles. My bag has been:—

- 1 Buffalo.
- 1 Wolf.
- 2 Caribou.
- 1 Goat.
- 1 Siffleur.
- 1 Badger.
- 1 Lynx.
- 4 Rocky Mountain Sheep.
- 3 Porcupine.
- 2 Crane.
- 40 Duck.
- 1 Goose.
- 26 Pine Grouse.
- 22 Prairie Grouse.
- 1 Ptarmigan, and
- 1 Water Hen.

*Alice Killed:—*

- 1 Trout.
- 2 Grayling.

*I Killed:—*

- 2 Trout.
- 7 Grayling, and
- 1 Char.

We arrived home December 23rd.

Shortly after our return home I received a touching letter from Mr. Rufus Skinner, of Toronto (in answer to a letter that we had written to him, relating the particulars of finding the body of his son, Mr. Enoch Skinner), and enclosing a photograph of his late son.