

nothing more than the same unevenness of snow which the buried underwood and fallen timber cause everywhere; but Joe has 'guessed' it, and he is never wrong when he expresses an opinion so strongly as that, so he digs a well in the snow with his axe, and there sure enough is a trickling stream far underneath, which we adulterate with brandy, drink, and proceed on our way rejoicing.

When Joe says he 'thinks' he is mostly wrong; when he 'sposes,' very nearly always right; when he 'guesses' it's gospel, and I should despair of ever reaching the Barrens many times to-day, if Joe were not passing his royal 'guess' that we are right all the time, so I toil on in faith of the *ipse dixit*.

At last, an hour or two before sunset, Joe surprises me by suddenly proclaiming that we are within a mile of the Barrens. He can't tell me how he knows; I don't believe he knows how he knows himself; he 'guesses' it. 'This,' he says, 'goot place camp: if camp too near Barrens, scare Caliboo.' I am not without my suspicions that Joe thinks that he has had enough of the treboggan for to-day; but I defer to his judgment, so we go through yesterday evening's process over again, making this camp, however, rather more elaborate and comfortable than the last, as we are to spend four nights in it, and roofing the side which is not fire with about a dozen planks, which Joe, with no weapon but his axe, cuts and splits in about half-an-hour out of the side of a large pine.

All our stores are hard frozen to-night, and meat, potatoes, and onions have to be chopped with an axe, and stay a long time in the frying-pan before they will begin to cook; but Joe's resources rise with difficulties, and our new-year's dinner is the best I ever tasted. And don't we relish and scramble for the tid-bits of the hodge-podge which Joe serves up fresh from the fire in the frying-pan, which is our only dish and plate! And don't our hunting knives—for we are guiltless of forks—go quickly backwards and forwards from the pan to our mouths, bearing on them the delicious mixture of pork, beef, biscuit, potatoes,

onions, grease, and dirt, which, with creamless tea, forms the orthodox camping diet. The greatest contest is for the grease remaining at the end, which we soak up with biscuit, or scrape up with knife, according to its consistency. Verily camping makes one acquainted with strange trencher-men, and stranger trenchers.

Joe is less stolid to-night over our grog and pipes, and tells not very interesting stories of his former haunts and prowess, the chief point of them all being the 'big drinks' with which he has concluded days' huntings, till good humour gets the better of good judgment, and taking the palpable hint, I allow a bigger drink than usual. And Joe is to-night more log-like than before, and more pertinacious than ever in answering all appeals to make up the fire by moving the previous question as to its present 'gootness,' till I am forced once and again to be stoker myself for the dear life, for it is no joke letting the fire out when the thermometer is twenty-five below zero.

AT THE BARRENS.

We start next morning in slightly different guise and order, Joe now making tracks, and the treboggan and its contents, and everything but guns and ammunition, being left behind in camp. About twenty minutes' walking brings us at last to the Barrens,—large desolate plains, not inaptly named after Cain,—enclosed all round by the bush, which here and there straggles into them, and exactly fulfilling the received etymology of the Latin '*saltus*,'—to wit, open spaces wherein all the beasts of the forest may leap.

Joe takes a good observation, but can at first see nothing to our advantage. We soon, however, cross a double line of tracks, which Joe feels with his hand and pronounces to be, 'last night caliboo;' so we follow them. Soon there is a large hollow beaten in the snow. 'They sleep here,' says Joe, gathering a twig which they had browsed upon, and we follow straight on. The manual scrutiny is renewed every two or three minutes, till Joe affirms them only an hour old. He is un-