

places very difficult to traverse. Carefully we pick our steps, making as little noise as possible. We keep a continual look-out for tracks. We discover many old tracks, and are enabled to trace where the moose have been feeding. In this manner we scour the country, in search of fresh tracks, for four days, but without success, when on the evening of the fourth day, my guide Jacko points to a track. (It evokes the exclamation: "My, that is a big bull!"). But the guide, on examining the brush where the animal had been browsing, pronounces the track a day old. Our daily tramps had not been light in character. They occupied at least ten hours each day, and the distance covered in that time would average 20 miles. With each fruitless trip the rocks, which abound in that country, seemed to grow more rough and harder to scale, whilst the hills and mountains seemed more difficult to climb. And as we returned to camp wet, tired, and hungry, the intervening distance seemed to have visibly lengthened. Eight o'clock was the hour at which we retired each night, to be up before daylight the following morning.

It was 7 a.m. on the morning of November 6th, when Jacko discovered tracks which are apparently those of a big old bull. The marks of his browsing are still fresh: I can see that easily enough now. But further proof is afforded when I snap off a branch at the spot where it has been broken off by the moose, and compare the broken parts. Yes, there is no doubt the tracks are fresh. I notice that Jacko has begun to walk very cautiously, and without loss of time I imitate him. He picks his way with extreme nicety, whilst, on the other hand, my tread falls every now and then on a twig which breaks and startles even myself. In spite of the exercise of every care, the branches of withered hemlock will persist in catching in my hat, and forcing it down over my eyes, then my foot catches in an obstruction and

causes me to blunder head foremost through a brush heap. It is very trying to the temper, and I felt like giving vent to expressions removed somewhat from prayers, but dare not for fear of alarming the moose. I can see Jacko smile in a suggestive sort of way at each exhibition of unskilfulness. We quit the hard brushwood now, and skirt the bottom of a hardwood hill. The wind is blowing from the hill towards the swamp. There is more moss and damp ground here, and the walking is better, so that our progress is less noisy. We leave the low land behind us and ascend the hill. The wind now is right in our teeth. Another examination of the track satisfies us that it is going in the same direction. Once more we pursue our way. This time it is downward, and on reaching the foot of the hill, we trudge across the low land for some 20 minutes. Then we ascend again. Just as we reach the summit, Jacko halts and looks around. I am some ten yards behind, but involuntarily I stop too, and follow his example.

"Moose," laconically exclaims Jacko in that subdued tone of voice peculiar to the Indian.

I move to where the guide stands, and look in the direction indicated by his pointed finger. An object is there, true enough, but it resembles more than anything else the shadow of a passing cloud moving at a slow rate.

"Is that a moose?" comes in a whisper from me.

"Yes," is the almost inaudible reply, coupled with the admonition "shoot."

"Are you sure?" I ask doubtfully, but just then the shadow moves, and up goes my express rifle.

"Wait," warningly advises the guide, and then after a pause, "Now shoot."

The huge outlines of the animal are visible through the trees, and hastily estimating the distance at one hundred yards, I sighted for the heart of the beast. The 110 grains of powder made reply to my inquiry of the trigger. Stepping aside, out of the radius of