

Mr. McAllister hauling them out of the wood just forinst me house last winter, thirty on 'em in a row. I tell ye the woods is clane bate down wid them. But perhaps it's a moose ye'd like to get."

"You don't mean to say that there are any moose round here?" I asked.

"I could put ye on a moose, anyhow," said Tim.

"Far to go for it?" I inquired.

"Maybe a matter of sixty mile or so, and it's the devil's own country to travel," replied Tim. I'm thinkin' you'd best stick to the cariboo; they're handy, you know."

It was now quite evident that there was no making head or tail of Tim Cassidy. I would have said he was a fool, but that curious twinkle in his left eye was dead against that theory. Perhaps he is a great *chasseur* after all, I said to myself, and is having his little joke. But this seemed still more improbable. Finally I gave it up. It was a bitterly cold windy day, and snowing hard, so I pulled my wraps around me, lay back in the sleigh, and was not sorry when the lame horse pulled up at its owner's door.

The appearance of the farmhouse was a pleasant surprise to me as it was a very decent house for the backwoods, and I got a very comfortable room with a clean looking bed in it. So I sat down by the stove and was making myself as happy as my sad prospects would admit of when a small girl appeared bringing in the supper. First came a boiled goose with onions, then a huge dish of black-puddings, then an immense pot of potatoes, then a gigantic pancake covered with maple sugar, and finally in came Tim himself with the tea. "Why, Cassidy," I said, "you