

do they. They just sets in the camp and they ates and they drinks and plays cyards, and ne'er a bit of spoort do they see beyant breaking the ould whisky bottles wid their guns when they're through wid the whisky. Sure now, mightn't ye just as well have made yourself comfortable at me house and let Benny here shoot the bastes for ye, instead of trapesin' and trampin' all round the country for nothing at all at all?"

This was about the longest speech that Tim had made, and its untruthfulness was in exact proportion to its length, his libel on the Canadian cariboo-hunters being entirely devoid of the slightest foundation. But to blame Tim for being untruthful would have been about as reasonable as to find fault with a man for being born deaf and dumb, so I left him alone, and as I had got my cariboo I gave orders to strike camp and return to the farm.

It now occurred to me that before returning home I might as well go and look at the country where Benny killed the cariboo, more especially as he seemed to think that there was another gang not far off. So I told Cassidy to keep on the men and that we would go up there and have a look round.

"And now, Tim," I said, "be sure you bring plenty of provisions. There are four of you, so that your packs won't be heavy, and I have any quantity of pork and stuff here, so bring it along with you, as we may be a few days in the woods again."

"That's all right, sir," said Tim, "it ain't much good being out in the woods widout plenty to ate, is it, sir? We'll just pack up everything there is, and bring it along wid us."