

into the ground and lashing others to them at right angles; he was only tied up, so he managed to slip out of the rope.

How I wished that there were moose in Newfoundland! What a place it would be to call on the lakes by our camp. As the moose are now becoming so scarce on the mainland, it would be an excellent plan and one worthy of the consideration of the Newfoundland Government, to turn up moose in the island. They would not migrate like the cariboo, but remain in the depths of the forest, far out of the reach of the settlers living on the coast. In a few years they would become numerous, and there is plenty of good feeding ground in the woody parts of the island.

We now came to the conclusion that our best plan was to try the high lands, which were distant about twenty miles. Taking a quantity of dried venison, and enough provisions of other kinds to last a fortnight, we lugged them, together with a canoe, to a lake six miles from our camp. This lake was five miles across, and is called Little Red Indian pond. Having crossed it in two trips, we camped on the opposite shore.