

tion that they had had supper and breakfast. It was with a feeling of great relief that about nine o'clock we at last reached the camp. When we came to exchange adventures, it was a matter of doubt who had had the worst lot. The father of our party, Mr. Klock, it appeared, had started for camp shortly after we left, accompanied by one guide, leaving behind the team and men. Unfortunately the two missed their way. When near their goal, they had taken the wrong road, along which they travelled for a couple of miles, until they reached a small stream; then they discovered their mistake, but decided to follow the stream. The rain made them pretty wet, but their situation was rendered still more uncomfortable by the fact of their slipping into the stream whilst tramping along the bank. They were fortunate in reaching the camp at eleven o'clock, but in an almost exhausted condition. A good supper, and a bask by the fire, considerably restored them, and when we reached camp, tired and hungry, they were just getting astir.

The time occupied by the cook in preparing breakfast for the doctor and myself, seemed interminable. But at last we were able to satisfy our appetites, and then we were disposed to take a brighter view of things. Most people would probably endorse the sentiment of a friend, who, after hearing the recital of the night's experience in the lonely Quebec woods, said to me in a pitying sort of fashion, "And you call that fun?" Well, I do not pronounce it fun, but it was an experience to prepare us for what was to follow. The fun came later on, although it may have been of a kind that would scarcely have been relished by my friend. All that day was spent in making arrangements for our sojourn. Beds were got ready, stoves placed in position, a stock of supply wood cut, and the hundred and one details that are necessary to camp life performed. Some of the provisions brought for

our use had suffered from the day and night's heavy rain, and the supplies had intermixed in a manner that was scarcely to our liking. Coal oil does not improve the taste of bread, or in fact any kind of food. The doctor devoted himself to the task of ascertaining whether the flavor was American or Canadian refined.

Eventually, everything was in readiness for our moose hunt. Some of the members of the party had gone to considerable trouble in selecting suitable hunting suits. I was given to understand by those who were hunting moose for the first time, that it was necessary to wear clothes which as nearly as possible resembled in hue the color of the trees, as the moose could see—I forget exactly what distance—and could smell a man at a distance of 500 yards. I was also informed that before lying down to rest, the animal makes a circle of the neighborhood, or almost a circle, afterwards lying down, where it could both smell and watch the point from which it was commenced. Many such stories were told me, and possibly they may all be perfectly correct. At the same time, I found that the animal did not always follow the course report ascribed to it. That may have been due to the fact that the moose I encountered had not received a proper education. Imagine my surprise, when our guides—old, reliable men, the greater part of whose lives had been spent in hunting game in one form or another, and who had hunted moose for many years—appeared in quite a different kind of dress. They did not consider the color of the dress of great importance, but they were all careful to insist upon quietness in our progress through the woods.

Breakfast was speedily over, and we were ready for our tramp by daybreak. We had discussed our plan of operations the previous night, and had decided on our different routes. At last the hunt begins. Our course takes us up hill and down dale, and through