

"Any prospect of good sport, Tim?" I asked.

"Spoort?" said Tim, "ye'll have plenty of spoort."

"But are there plenty of cariboo about?" I inquired.

"Is it cariboo, thin?" said Tim; "sure there's hapes upon hapes of them; sure the whole place is clane bate down wid them, like sheep round me barn door."

"Then I suppose you shoot a good many through the winter?" I suggested.

"And why should I be after shootin' the poor bastes that niver did me any harm?" said Tim.

This was such a novel sentiment for a sportsman that I felt completely posed.

"But surely," I said, "you don't mean to tell me that you have never been out in the woods after cariboo."

"Bin out in the woods, is it, thin?" said Tim. "Divil an inch is there in them woods that hasn't seen me tracks; many's the night I've bin in them woods, and ne'er a bite in me stomach neither, afther me traps."

"Why, of course I know you go round your traps," I said; "but were you often out after the cariboo?"

"Well, now," replied Tim, "talkin' of that, did ye ever hear the story of how Paddy O'Rourke stole the widdy Maloney's pig? Sure thin I'll tell it ye; it's a fine story now." And out came the story of the widdy's pig, to which I had no choice but to listen.

"Well, but, Tim," I asked again, determined to get at the truth if possible, "do you really mean to say that you never were out after cariboo?"

"And who was it said I was niver out afther the cariboo, thin, I'd like to know?" replied Tim, "don't I tell ye there's hapes upon hapes of them; sure, now, didn't I see