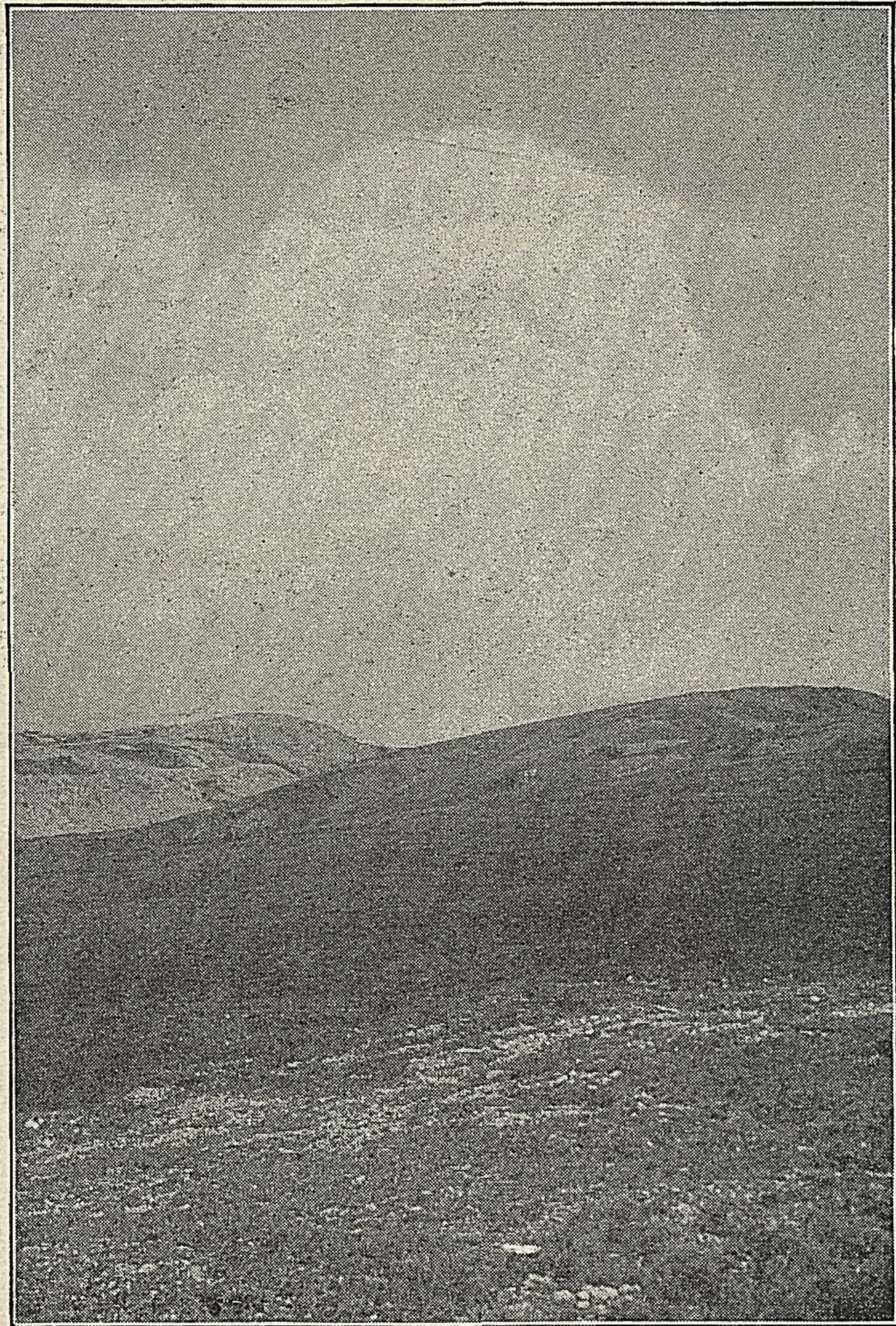


They are very difficult to approach. Their flesh makes good food, and their skins and sinews are worth preserving for clothes and threads. They dig their food with their hoofs from beneath the snow.

After our return from the caribou region, by the 1st of December, our cabins had been made comfortable and plenty of wood gathered for the winter; but I could not bear to settle down to a monotonous indoor life. Moreover, there was no fresh meat in the post, and I was anxious to get some moose specimens.

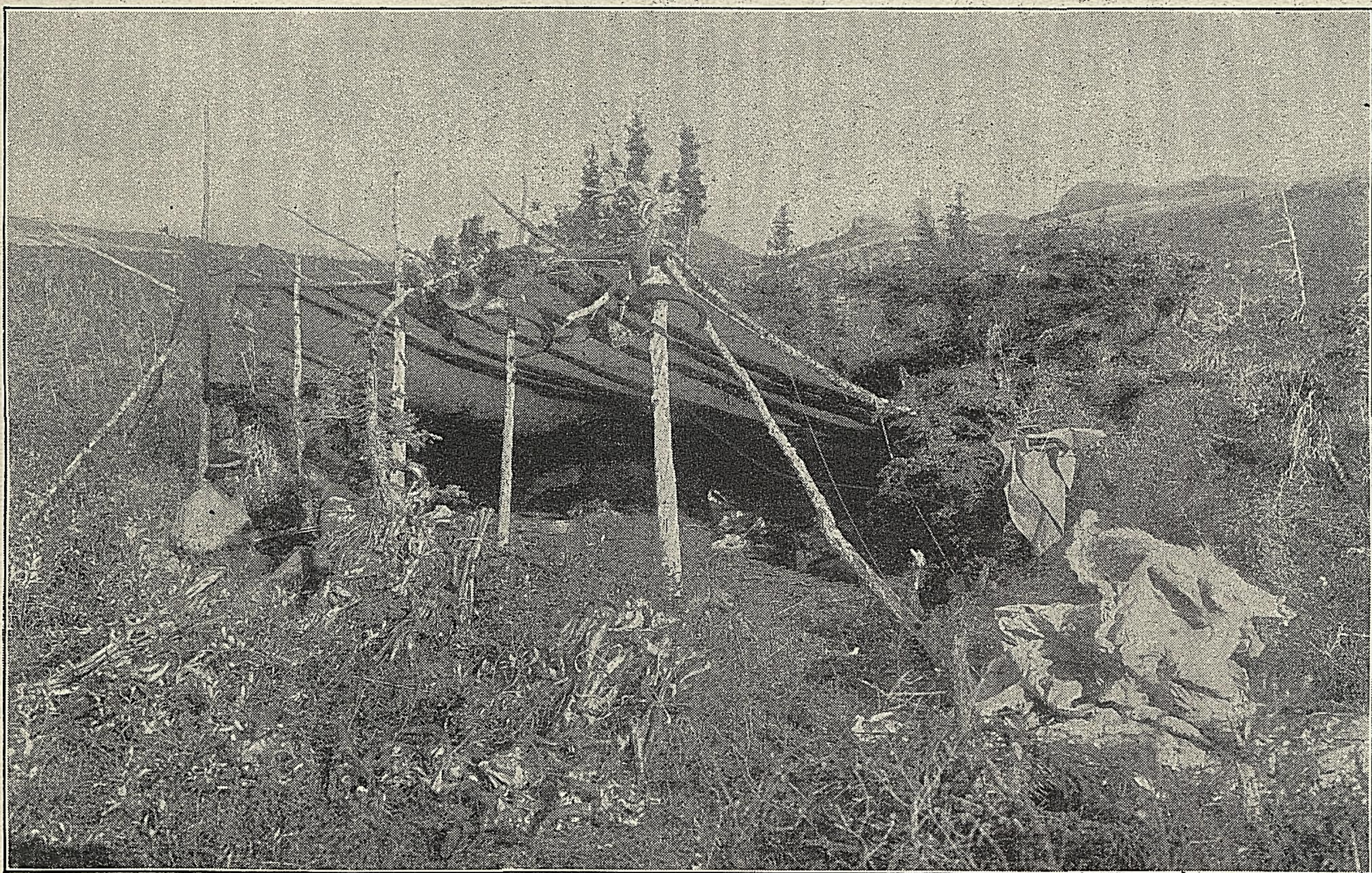
The country up Black River was decided upon as the best region to hunt for moose, so I at once fitted out two dogsleds, and with three companions—this time one white man and two Indian boys—I started up the river.

On one of the sleds we placed flour, bacon, rice, tea, and food for the dogs; on the other, blankets, a canvas fly, rifles, and a camera. Deep, soft snow, and water overflowing the ice, compelled us to work our way slowly, often chopping through miles of ice jams to make a road for our sleds. On the immediate riverbanks narrow, level stretches, upon which grew clusters of large spruce trees, pro-



A STORM APPROACHING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

tected our camps from the winds and always furnished plenty of wood.



MR. STONE'S CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS.