



A PAIR OF SHEEP AMONG THE STUNTED SPRUCES.

or a bush. When we reached camp at one o'clock that night we were, indeed, two forlorn-looking hunters.

Many times during these expeditions I climbed to the top of high trees on the lookout for moose, but while I saw tracks in plenty no moose appeared.

We returned to our cabin empty-handed, but just in time to enjoy the luxuries of cabin life during the holidays.

For six months now I was busy with my explorations along the Mackenzie River, but in July, 1898, the hunting fever seized me once more, so I started out into the Rocky Mountains, this time after wild mountain sheep.

A white boy and two Indians were my companions, our outfit consisting of seventy pounds of salt for preserving skins, necessary blankets, guns, and ammunition, a camera, and thirty-six pounds of food. My pack, one of the smallest of the four, weighed about forty-five pounds.

For two days after leaving the river we pushed on through a dreary, monotonous wilderness of swamp-land, tangled brush, and mire; everywhere the ground was covered by a layer, from twelve to twenty-

four inches thick, of wet, spongy moss. Sometimes underneath this would be found a soft vegetable mould, into which we often sank waist-deep. Nowhere was the footing secure. Moreover, the mosquitoes were intolerable.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the second day we reached the Carcajou River. Before us lay a vast expanse of sand and gravel, glistening in the sunlight; beyond rose the mountains; to the left was the deep cañon whence flowed the Carcajou, and back of us stretched the fifty miles of muskeg we had just crossed. Between the river and the mountains there is a stretch of sand and gravel about a mile in width. When the melting snows swell the river in the spring, it covers all of this space; now its width was between two and three hundred yards. In one place the stream was divided by small islands into three channels. We at once stripped off our clothes, tied them on top of our packs, and, all taking hold of a pole, waded the stream abreast, so breaking the force of the rapid current.

We pitched camp on a little narrow beach between the river and the foot of