

we concluded it might have a family somewhere in the vicinity. We forgot all about the duck until some hours after when, passing an inlet, we saw something moving in the reeds. Through the field glass we distinguished them as a whole family of young duck. Thinking to approach them by guile we passed the inlet, landed farther up on the shore, and stealing over the rocks, careful to step only on the moss so our approach could not be heard, we sought a closer vision. No duckling was in sight. We afterwards entered the inlet and searched for some trace of our game, but again the birds proved themselves too wary for men. Paddling up the cove to our camping-ground a solitary kingfisher passed us uttering his rubber doll squeak.

The second day we paddled up the bay for two miles in search of a portage that would take us into a chain of lakes which lay north of the mountain range. Several wild ducks passed us, but flying too high for identification. The only portage we crossed was one that led up precipices so steep as to preclude the possibility of carrying the large canoe across. Climbing this path we were suddenly halted by a covey of partridge who with ruffled neck feathers seemed to ask us to get out of their way. They finally concluded to give us the road and moved aside with no more fear than so many chickens. It was in climbing this elevation that we noted the singular absence of small birds through this region. No other birds met our eye until we were pushing off our canoe to return to Killarney, when we disturbed a small sandpiper who evidently felt he was the sole possessor of this long-stretching beach.

The next morning, having exchanged our one large canoe for two smaller ones, we paddled out on a heavily rolling sea to cross four miles of Georgian Bay into the entrance of Collins' Inlet. After three hours paddling we made the lee of the first island where we landed to caulk our canoes and dry our water-soaked cargoes. This island known as One Tree Island, proved a perfect rendezvous of the gulls, who protested against our lighting a camp fire. The castings of the birds showed that they frequently lunched on the blue-berries, with which these rocks abound. We cooked our supper five miles up the inlet, and whilst gathering some blue-