

ful salmon trout into their net. This particular river is about seventy miles north of Fond du Lac, or the narrows, where Mr. Waburton Pike wintered in 1889. The little wooden hut, in which he passed the winter was still a souvenir of his sojourn there.

I was still travelling slowly along the shore of the lake, which from this point lies in a north-easterly direction. It was now drawing near the last days of July and I was looking forward with eagerness for the arrival of the reindeer and caribou (*Rangifer caribou*) from the coast and barren lands, to where they had gone in the spring to fawn, and to be more free from the pest of flies that would worry them to a much greater extent during the summer season farther south. My guide told me, upon my making inquiry, that the usual time for the arrival of the deer was about the 12th of August. The weather was beautiful, with some days excessively warm; the nights were clear and balmy, and the stars, which owing to the very short time the sun dipped below the horizon for a month and a half previous, could not be seen, were becoming visible again at night. The remoteness and quiet solitude of the surroundings inspired one with a feeling that nature had ceased to exist, and the occasional shrill though melancholy call of the great northern diver (*Urinator imber*) (Gunn), was a relief to the wakeful ear at night.

In this part of the lake, and on a good sized island, stands an imposing huge column of red granite, rotunda shaped, and presenting a perpendicular facade about one hundred and thirty feet high, and probably three hundred yards in circumference. On the top of this column of apparently solid rock, is a small lake, but which can only be seen from the heights back from the lake shore. No one has ever been known to get to the top of this wonderful structure by nature. The natives regard it as supernatural, and are inspired with a superstitious awe of it, as they believe it to be the abode of some genius which it is not safe for them to approach.

Now the much wished for notable 12th of August (a notable day in the Highlands of Scotland) arrived, and with it, in compliance with their instinct, the

deer arrived also at the lake; and the Indians were at their different established points of vantage to meet them, and to give them—not a friendly—but a deadly reception. I must, however, admit that they were all, men, women and children, overjoyed at (to them) the very important event, as they now saw in sight for them, both food and raiment, which cost them very little to secure.

Now the deer shooting, or more correctly speaking slaughter, began in earnest, and the crack of the rifle could be heard on every side. Not only to the hunter and his rifle were these beautiful and harmless animals easy victims, but also to the old men and women, who in their canoes watch for and pursue them when crossing the lakes and estuaries of rivers, and kill them with spears in large numbers. There is really no by-law for the preservation of these helpless animals, even to a reasonable extent. On their arrival the deer are in poor condition, and their meat is scarcely worth being preserved (smoked and sun dried) for food, but they are wantonly killed in great numbers notwithstanding; often only for their skins, which the natives use largely for winter garments and coverings, and at this time they are growing their coat of new hair, which as yet is short and fine, and more elastic and durable and resembling fur, than it is later in the season, when it becomes coarse and brittle. The fawns are as frequently killed as their dams, as their skins are much finer and lighter in quality, and therefore more desirable for young people and children. The women dress these peltries with much skill, and make them as pliable as a piece of fine cloth. The male deer have splendid horns or antlers, especially when they are three or four years old, a new set of which they grow every year, in less than six months. They all, young and old, cast their horns in December, and the horns for the following year do not begin to grow until the month of April. During their period of growth the horns are quite soft, and are covered with a velvet-like skin. This skin falls off, or more strictly speaking, they tear it off their horns by rubbing them against trees and rocks, and this they do about the middle of September, when the horns are full