

We reached Cache Island early. Here we had dinner, the last meal we were to have together. We then divided our cooking utensils, and, having found our cached effects intact, portioned out the provisions, loaded our canoes, said farewell, and each party—Mr. and Mrs. B. and their guides and I with mine—departed in different directions, expecting to meet at North Timiskaming a week later. I should have mentioned that I called at the Indian camp for the little dog, before referred to, so that we were now a party of three, the guide, the dog and myself. The guide has given the dog an Indian name, Ah-noo-ke, which means hunter. Our route now lies through a rough and wild region. There are fifteen portages on it, two of them being a mile long, and the others not so long, but all difficult. This matter having been discussed, it was concluded that this part of the trip would be too rough for Mr. and Mrs. B., especially for Mr. B., and we therefore thought it the better plan to separate. This route having been mapped out by me in the first place, I am somewhat tenacious of purpose when I arrive at a decision, and I did not feel like making any change in my plans regarding it, especially as I had been travelling through a country full of moose, red deer, bears and caribou, and had only succeeded so far in sighting the tails of two deer. I started out to see a moose, and I do not think I would be here now writing this if my ambition in this respect had not been gratified.

We leave Cache Island at 2 o'clock, and now the Abitibi express puts on full steam. The intervening four miles to the first portage on our route is covered in short order. Here we commence where the good qualities of a first-class guide are brought out. The trail is through swamp and over high rocks, through dense thicket and underbrush, over fallen trees and rough ground. You would wonder how he knows the path. But with a hundred pounds weight on his back, fastened with the tump-line across his head, and the canoe overturned and resting on his brawny shoulders, he trudges along so fast that I cannot follow quick enough. He is soon out of sight, and before I am half across I have lost

the trail, so that I sit down, glad to take a rest till his return, my load of a hundred pounds or over not getting any lighter as I proceed. Little Ah-noo-ke was good company in this wild place, its playful antics breaking the loneliness of the situation. The guide returned quickly, and having got the rest of our effects, which made a heavy load, we proceeded onward and completed the portage. We are now at a lake where the character of the water has altogether changed. It appears brown, just like Lake Ontario water appears blue; but it is beautifully clear, and, after seeing so much muddy water in the other lakes, presents a pleasant relief. We go to a point of land which commands a good view of the whole lake, to camp, pitch our tent, and while the guide is getting supper I go out and succeed in catching two splendid pike—they come out of the clear water bright and shining, and proved to be firm in flesh and of good flavor. Our camp fire attracts a number of large grey owls, which appear to be numerous here; they perched on the tops of the spruce trees, and looked like sentinels, but did not act as such, for they kept up a chattering and hooting noise, which reminded me of those beautiful lines;

“Save that, from yonder ivy mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.”

The owls, however, did not disturb our slumbers. We went to bed early, for we were tired with the heavy work of the long and hard portage. We were astir early next morning, and got started on our way, as we had fourteen more portages to make, and we were in a country where we might encounter a moose at any time. Having passed the next portage, which was a short one, we went to a trail leading to a lake off our route, thinking we would follow it up to see if there might be game there. We saw the tracks of moose and caribou, and plenty of bear spoor, but nothing more. It is rarely that you meet these animals while walking through the woods; but judging