

for twenty-one miles, reaching the neat little village of Shawinigan, a strictly temperate locality, there being only one boarding house, quite neat and clean, and where the traveller can sit to a very good substantial meal. After an hour's delay the driver is again at the door, having then eighteen miles more to travel, through a very pretty forest, where one can kill partridges from his seat; this party, having bagged six for his share. Then the driver points out Dutresne; it is the name of a well-to-do farmer, who is most obliging, and where the old ones open the flask to salute him and his wife. His home is situated on a high coteau looking towards a large lake. Then ten more miles to the club house, passing through large open land very good for culture. Then the six miles portage, made at the expense of the club, a splendid wide road through the thickest forest, where partridges are occasionally seen, having again bagged several, and, at last, the club house is seen through the trees at a distance. On reaching the door, the men immediately hoist the flag, and a general salutation of contentment issued; a substantial meal was served, and, among other things, partridges which had been killed with stones the day before. During the evening the tents, camp kettles or cuisine, blankets, drinkables and eatables, the last articles being composed of boneless pork, flour, rice, pea and other substances, all prepared, with cheese, biscuit, and marmalade, carrying also a baker and a portable stove for the tent. This last item being a most comfortable piece of furniture in O'tober; all were packed up and divided as evenly as possible, to be carried easily over the several portages to be made. We left the club for Matarvine river, going through lake Wapizagonke, paddling seven miles in one hour and forty minutes, against the wind, and through a creek into lake and isles, a couple of miles long; then, a portage of several arpents, where partridges were killed right and left; remarking also the imprints of bears, it was decided on the spot to send two bear traps to be placed on this portage when we returned; then another portage of several arpents into another lake; then the grand portage of two miles to lake Antingumack, remarkable for its forests, huge rocks and its natural echo. This lake is famous for its pike, dore and ducks, but at this time of the year, when the water is still low, the fishing is not so good, but much better for ducks, which were plentiful, the

Black Ducks specially being in quantities, and of very large size; then, on through the Serpentine river, ten feet wide and two miles long, leading to the Matarvine river; partridges were shot on each side from the boat as we went along. The Matarvine, at its entrance, is about three arpents wide; land on each side being level and good; hard wood growing out freely; it is astonishing to see no settlers here, the land being so much better than in the vicinity of Shawinigan and St. Mathieu, and not very far from the Piles Railway. The Matarvine at this point runs five or six miles long to the Castor Noir, very picturesque for its islands and sand banks, the water very smooth and clear; trolling is much enjoyed all along. Some places dore are caught abundantly; then, the pike are of eighteen and twenty pounds weight. Still-fishing at the Castor Noir is quite a curiosity, catching dore just as quick as one pleases, and of large size. Several little lakes can be found a few acres on the north side of the river, full of trout; some of these contain pike. The tent was pitched on the north side of the river, on an elevation and quite close to another tent occupied by an Indian and his wife, who were there several days. The Indian was away shooting; the wife was quietly knitting, her dog beside her; she spoke French fluently and was glad to see us. In front of their tent could be seen some fish being smoked and quite a lot of partridges, well preserved. The Indian was quite a novelty and a good companion. During the evening he was questioned on his fishing, shooting and trapping expedition. He had travelled very far north, near Montichire and the Manavoine; had shot many caribou and moose; trapped many beaver and otter, and had fired at a bear quite recently, face-to-face, at ten feet distant. He told also of seeing the day before, five caribou together within an arpent, and was preparing to shoot, when his partridge dog started after them, running half an hour before coming back. He stated that caribou were plentiful, their footprints were seen everywhere, near the lakes and ponds, and sometimes in the portages. Though this trip had been got up to shoot large game, not one was seen, but as a consolation, many traces quite fresh were found everywhere. The party left, enchanted with the scenery, promising to return again. The weather was not very clear, being windy at times, still the air was bracing and cool helping to keep one's spirits in good condition.