

certainly has its charms, which must be experienced to be appreciated, though probably a very few days would suffice for most people.

As soon as I began to stir in the morning, I was greeted by a chorus of howls from wolves, who had been tempted to come a little nearer than they otherwise would have come under cover of a mist that hung over everything; but none came near enough for a shot. Shortly after 7 o'clock I was again under way, as time was getting precious. At about 11 a huge cinnamon bear appeared walking quietly along the shore about eighty yards away. I at once picked up my rifle, but the noise made in doing so attracted his attention, and he sat down on his haunches to take a good look at the intruder. The lurching of the boat made it impossible to take a steady aim, so I exchanged the rifle for the paddle, and made for the shore, thinking he would wait, as he was taking matters so quietly, but as I was stepping ashore he beat a hasty retreat into the bushes, where I did not feel inclined to follow him. It took some days to recover from the disappointment caused by his sudden departure. In the afternoon, the current having become comparatively sluggish, and a head wind having sprung up, I decided that faster progress could be made with oars than by paddle, and landed and reconverted my paddle into a pair of oars. By 6 p.m. I reached the mouth of the Brazeau River, and camped at a spot that apparently had often served as a camp ground, judging from the number of stumps and inscriptions on blazed trees.

I hoped now to reach my destination easily in two days, but the current in the river was becoming more and more sluggish as I proceeded, and this fact, combined with the almost incessant head winds, made it impossible to do so.

The following day was spent as before, the crookedness and sluggishness of the river becoming exasperating.

The next day provisions began to look alarmingly scarce. After breakfast a piece of bread about as large as my hand, and less bacon, were all I had left, but, as I went on, the country began to show signs of the presence of man; stranded saw logs were occasionally to be seen, and here and there a deserted hut occupied some picturesque spot, and I expected soon to fall in with some lumbermen. At about 1 p.m. I heard the sound of chopping on the bank of the river, and was not long in landing and making my way to where the sound came from. I found a man working alone; his two companions, he told me, had gone down the river with a raft of timber. I was never more delighted at meeting any one; he was the only human being I had seen for nearly five days. He gave me enough provisions for a week, and I had some difficulty in preventing him