

ripple to be either an otter or a beaver. Watching eagerly, it approaches almost within gunshot, enabling us distinctly to recognize a beaver, when from some unaccountable caprice, the feller of trees dives and disappears. He evidently has satisfied himself that the occupants of the canoe are dangerous to his existence. Paddling our craft hurriedly to the spot, the bubbles on the surface show which way he has gone. Following them up for a while, we remain stationary in the canoe, with gun ready at the shoulder for instant firing. The beaver now imagining he must already be far from the suspicious objects, emerges lightly to the surface. As he looks complacently around to discover how far off we are, a charge of No. 2 shot goes crashing through his skull. Picking him up, the size of the teeth soon convinces us this is not the animal whose teeth marks on the aspens and birches we lately examined. Those were made by a far larger animal. Congratulating ourselves on the probability of adding him too to the day's hunting spoils, in all haste we return to the abandoned station. As the sun has now set, we are almost certain our watch will not be a long one. So it proves; for while placing a cap on the nipple, we see the burly architect swimming rapidly past, on business purposes intent. Turning rapidly in the canoe, we instantly fire at the ear. The smoke of the shot clearing away from the now murky atmosphere, reveals to our delighted eyes a large beaver lying quiescent on his back. As he is being lifted into the canoe, the steersman remarks: "This is a lucky bay for us." The observation recalls the fact that the preceding autumn whilst watching a beaver house, we saw a large black bear greedily munching the blueberries about one hundred yards distant. Being to leeward, and knowing from actual observation how shortsighted a bear is, we poled the canoe to within forty yards of him, then rising in the bow, delivered a No. 5 Ely's cartridge right into his heart, toppling him over stone dead. That was indeed a happy day for those whose lives depended upon our exertions in hunting, when we returned to

camp with 400 lbs. of bear's grease and flesh.

Darkness is now setting in fast; our camp too in a straight line is fifteen miles distant, yet both are considered but light affairs, for the route home is thoroughly known, and we are well inured to paddling. Under the dark shadows of the thickly wooded shores, speeds the swift canoe. Anon the moon will soon appear, and when her beams light up lake shores and islands, the paddle home in such scenery will be but a prolonged pleasure. Opposite Cucom's Island already she casts a golden gleam behind the hills. Ten minutes after the great luminary of night shows round, bright and yellow above the tree tops, suffusing all around with her rays. Reaching the "grand traverse," and gazing upon its clear, unbroken stretch of eight miles across, we realize the fact, how night, especially such a night, spiritualizes and beautifies all earthly objects. Arranging the brush more comfortably for our knees, we prepare for the effort across. Under the pressure of the paddle blades the canoe glides on its way. Looking at the islands to the east and west, some assume the appearance of faintly lighted cathedrals; others on which the pines have been burnt resemble water-surrounded stone ruins, long unused to the tread of man. All is still as death, save for the sound of the swift paddle strokes and the cry of the loon as he calls to his mate, far away in the bays. Nearing the further shore the tent is distinctly seen; then a clustering group of children, whose sharp ears and bright eyes have long ago heard our paddle strokes and seen our small canoe in the calm air of this lovely night. Springing ashore we are gleefully welcomed, and heavily laden with game as is the tiny craft, the young, willing, muscular arms soon unload it. Entering the tent we are greeted by bright, happy countenances, who congratulate us on the good hunt made. Supper is soon spread before us, to which ample justice is done. Then recounting and commenting on the incidents of the hunt, we thank God for all His mercies, closing thus the busy day.