

FIVE HUNDRED MILES IN A BIRCH BARK CANOE.

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OUR party was composed of four individuals, a guide and the three heroes of my story, whom I shall alliteratively style the Poet, the Pedagogue and the Parson. A few words about each may not be amiss. The poet was of medium stature, dark-eyed and raven-locked. He was endowed with a good share of muscle, developed mainly on the football campus of Victoria College, and also with a propensity for punning, acquired, no doubt, at the same venerable Institution. He was armed to the teeth with a ferocious knife, a breech-loading shotgun, and an enormous self-cocking revolver. He was by all odds the most literary man of the party, going so far as to carry with him the latest Boston book on the exact locality of the Garden of Eden. Our guide was not literary. He seemed to be engaged in a perpetual effort to appear ignorant of the fact that he could not read. This may be said, however, that if every preacher were as competent at guiding his flock as Albert Russell was at guiding a camping party through the wilds of Canada, there would be no talk of a waning ministry. He was not above medium height, but had the shoulders and limbs of an Ajax. He was clean in his habits, clean in his speech, and hadn't a lazy bone in his body. He could shoulder as heavy a load, handle as skilful a paddle, and eat as hearty a meal as any man in all the country round. As for the pedagogue, he was tall, brown-eyed, athletic, good-looking on the whole. His perceptive faculties were exceedingly sharp. He had a keen eye for the slightest movement of game in the bushes, and as keen a nostril for the first curl of incense that arose from that hunter's altar, the frying-pan. In disposition, he was willing and good-tempered. About the only thing that would make him angry was the attack of a swarm of black flies when both hands were engaged in either paddling or portaging, and that would make a saint angry, to say nothing