

again, and we had just passed the stepping stones when with a familiar whir-r-r a partridge flew across followed by another and another and another to the number of nine. A couple of these birds was secured for supper, and while preparing them for the pan I found in the crop of one, four fresh clover leaves. This, I think, shows why partridge are to be found most plentifully along the roads leading to the shanties of lumbermen, for experience has proved that you can always get a better day's sport by keeping on these roads than by going into the thick bush. The reason is clear as it is only along these roads, over which the hay for the horses of the lumbermen is drawn during the winter, that clover is to be found. Speaking about shanties I would like to know why almost invariably an old shanty is surrounded by a raspberry patch? Why should raspberries grow on these open spots to the exclusion of hazel, dogroses and other und regrowth? To return to the partridge. There are two kinds very common in our woods. The ordinary wood partridge or ruffed grouse and the spruce partridge or Canadian grouse. They are especially noted for two attributes, both truly feminine; their affectionate care of their young and their great curiosity. When a stranger approaches a brood the old ones with discordant cries flutter along through the bush only just out of reach, as though wounded, in order to draw attention from the young ones, and then when you have followed them some distance and they consider their young safe, they throw off the wounded appearance and fly away. A story is told of a brood of little partridge being attacked by a carrion crow and the old birds made such a good fight that they not only beat the crow but held him there until he was taken from them by a spectator. As to their curiosity, if you come upon them in the woods and imitate the barking of a dog, or whistle, they will strut along the log or remain quiet on the branch, moving their heads from side to side until you approach quite close or throw something at them.

On passing through the narrow exit I have before spoken of and entering Lower Trout Lake we found ourselves in quite a different country. All the rounded hills of hardwood with their autumnal tints were gone and in their place the jagged and rocky heights were covered with the light green of second growth poplar and birch, turned in many places to bright yellow, while here and there the tall stems of red and