

the *Pinta*, which none but a most expert engineer like himself could have operated. Notwithstanding the portage was successfully made, and the lake above was attacked with a relish hitherto impossible. We crossed the lake, with its granite-girt shores, and stopped for dinner at the rapids at its inlet. While here we were entertained by a half-breed boy shooting the rapid. He stood erect in his little craft, and with calm eye and steady hand guided it through the waters to the lake beneath.

Proceeding, we soon arrived at a deep and narrow chute. The leading canoe hesitated a moment and then dashed in; a few moments' struggle and it was through. Canoe No. 2 decided to lift over; the cautious captain of the *Pinta*, who came up next, followed suit; No. 4 determined to make a bold attempt, but not heading in exactly the proper angle, was hurled to the rocky side, where its occupants hung on for dear life. Deadshot Dick, though it touched his heart to see the cook in danger, dared not stem the flood to assist. At this juncture Backwoods Ike came up, threw them a line, and towed them from their trying situation. Soon after another long rapids was reached; it was decided to portage the dunnage, but run the canoes. The two most experienced hands entered the *Pinta* to make the attempt. The rest of the party took up positions along the banks, anxious spectators. Deadshot Dick stationed himself at the eddy, the most trying part of the rapid, in breathless concern for the safety of his craft. She is shoved from shore and her nose pointed up the current, she pauses, then quick hard strokes force her into the rapids; she trembles amid the conflicting forces; she staggers from the foaming surge, but strongly plied paddles press her through; she hesitates a moment before its unsettled waters; will she make it? If she swerves in the eddy she is lost; unless the lightning-like strokes can be maintained and hand be strong and eye be calm, she'll never do it. Deadshot Dick stands with his heart in his mouth, he sees his vessel reel, he sees the mad waters dash over her, 'tis more than he can bear, and with a groan he closes his eye. When again they are opened the *Pinta* is floating serenely in the placid water above. Camp was pitched at the upper end of this portage.

When all were called, it was found that several were on the hospital list, having succumbed to the change of diet and unwonted exercise. A quantity of wild grapes was discovered of which everyone, especially the invalids who were not in the humor for punishing pork, ate freely. This night again we were lulled to sleep by the music of falling water. Next morning Lumbago Joe, who at home dare not take a complete bath, astounded everyone by participating in the cool, early-morning dip. This proved

so successful that next day his plasters were removed and he was recognized as the most intemperate plunger in the party. Upon resuming our journey we found ourselves confronted by a little lake rather more than a mile long, completely blocked by a "drive" of logs. In this the students had three hours experience in breaking through a "drive." Save a ducking to Backwoods Ike this was accomplished without mishap. From this lake we portaged through a dry chute into Cross Lake, whose wide expanse and granite shores made a pleasing contrast with the wood-banked streams and narrow lakelets from which we had emerged. Here we met a canoe of half-breed hunters, who were after the antlered monarch of the forest. After leaving Cross Lake, a number of short rocky portages followed. They weren't long but that fact was not to be known till the portage had been crossed once, so that the sight of each filled our hearts with dismay. These portages served to impress one important geological fact, that the topography depends upon the geology. Where the watercourse followed the strike of the rocks it was smooth sailing, but wherever it crossed the strike then there were portages and rapids galore. On one of these portages there was an exciting Mink hunt, very exciting so long as the hunt was conducted with geological hammers, but when a gun was procured the sagacious Mink bid us good day and took a trip south for his health. We were now in the long lake which is known by the euphonious appellation of Mud. It was a revelation to us all and convinced the most sceptical that at least one geographical name bore reference to some leading feature in the topography. Beyond all question, the leading feature about this lake was mud, or if it wasn't mud it was mosquitoes.

All afternoon was spent upon its bosom. No one without the experience can conceive of the exhilarating effect of dancing in a light canoe upon the placid mud, or with bow bedecked and paddle festooned, tearing through sagitaria and waterlily at the break-neck speed of an Arctic Glacier, while Sol beams down with summer heat. Towards evening there were noticed unmistakable signs of civilization. These were the first seen since leaving Snow Road. Soon a house appeared. With a mighty shout five canoes shot forward and a royal race for shore began. But it was a case of the last being first, for the forward canoes stuck on a mud bank and came sheepishly in, when the other canoes were ready to start with a supply of farm produce. We were told that the city of Ardock lay three miles before us, and it was determined to camp there that night. After paddling three miles we came to a pine-covered point, which promised a good camping spot, and so a halt was made.