

weak spot in the ice. One such experience will illustrate the possibilities. Half a dozen of us formed a fishing party and skated down the Thames River to Lake St. Clair, intent upon trying the tip-ups.

It was a long skate, but a stiff breeze was at our backs and we spun along famously. In due time we reached the lake and found that a floe of shore-ice extended outward for perhaps something over a mile. Beyond its further limit gleamed an expanse of heaving, ice-cold billows. In brief time we had knocked the snow off a goodly supply of driftwood and built a roaring bonfire. Then we skated some distance out upon the ice over a well-known shallow and rigged the tip-ups. Fish were not in good biting humor, and victims were caught but slowly. After an hour or so of rather tame sport we got careless and skated hither and thither, frequently visiting the fire and occasionally dashing for the tip-ups at racing speed when a strike was indicated. It was fun of its kind, and we fooled away time, hoping the wind, which was against our homeward trip, would either moderate or change. At last, for some unknown reason, one of the crowd skated far out toward open water, and after yelling in vain for him to return, we all straggled along after him, letting the wind blow us as it pleased.

We had got within about fifty yards of him, when he suddenly swerved in his course and faced about, made a few hasty strokes, and halted. We guessed that he had reached dangerous ice; so we scattered to spread our weight over a broader surface and leisurely slowed up.

Suddenly he pointed for the shore, and with a