

connected by pretty little creeks. Here and there where a creek was lacking, the imagination of the draughtsman evidently supplied the defect. As a matter of fact, some of the lakes are connected by creeks—about five feet wide—which twist and turn through acres of tall marsh grass, where paddling becomes a farce.

There is only one way to proceed along these streams that is, by slow and laborious poling. We made our last camp on Dismal Lake. The country for miles around has been swept by forest fires. As far as the eye could reach lay bare ridges of rock, strewn with the charred trunks of trees,—a mute reminder of man's carelessness.

It was a Dismal Lake indeed, and a dismal camp. In spite of all this, that night, as we filled our pipes and sat round the

camp fire, scenting wood smoke for the last time, listening to the low musical voices of the Indians, the little hardships of the trip were all forgotten. Once more the wild spirit of the North stole over us, and with it came that indescribable longing for the forest and the trail, that every woodsman knows.

The next day, August 15, after a twenty mile paddle, we reached Bisco. We had travelled between three and four hundred miles and had made seventy-two portages.

Now it was all a thing of the past. Silently we landed at the little wharf; once more we tied the tump-lines and started for the Company's store, on this—our last portage.

Manitoban Duck Shooting.

By A. R. DOUGLAS.

Far up in the northern portions of the prairie province is to be found a region unsurpassed for game and here especially will the sportsman in search of the aquatic species of the feathered tribe be amply repaid for a visit to that section of the country. Natural feeding grounds abound where thousands of ducks and geese congregate annually prior to their migration towards southern climes. Through the kindness of F. K. H. I had the good fortune to spend a few days on the shores of Lake Dauphin during the duck season and the pleasant experiences of that trip will ever remain fresh in my memory. After a drive of ten miles to the mouth of the Wilson river, through mud unequalled in its tenacity, we embark on the good ship "Cutty Sark" and set sail for the northern corner of the Lake, arriving at our destination late in the evening. Here our host has erected a comfortable log cabin on a high and dry portion of land not far from the vast marshlands bordering portions of the Lake shore.

A few ducks having been shot during the trip up, we proceeded to roast them, and not long after this was done, little remained save an inert mass of bones, our appetites having already reached alarming proportions.

The following day just before sunrise we set off in the direction of the big marsh and after hastily constructing rude blinds of reeds wait impatiently for the morning flight; at last a small dark speck is discerned on the horizon gradually becoming more distinct and almost before we are aware of the fact, with a whirr of wings, a flock of mallards pass rapidly overhead; two loud reports break the stillness of the morn and simultaneously two mallards, describing a series of circles, strike the water with tremendous force.

And now the flight has begun in earnest, hundreds of ducks of all varieties, from the handsome mallard to the rapid flying teal pass overhead on their way to the feeding grounds, while high above can be heard the "honk" of geese. Under such conditions as these a large bag can be obtained in a short space of time, but the true nimrod ceases to shoot when a reasonable number of birds have been secured; if not then content with the morning's bag let him return for the evening flight and he will again have an opportunity of warming the barrels of his gun. On a cold October night what is more delightful than to sit around a cheery camp fire, over which the