

expedient. This knowledge of bush travel, though of such importance, is possessed by few, save voyageurs. Many land-surveyors, engineers and lumbermen, all of whom claim to be expert woodsmen, are really lamentably deficient in this art. They are ignorant of the little dodges which make it possible to live comfortably with nothing, to traverse the forest with the instinct of a native, but go handicapped by impediment and a guide.

To prevent its becoming unwieldy, the party was limited to ten or twelve, composed of students from the School of Mining, Queen's, McGill, the School of Science, Toronto, besides one or two gentlemen interested in the subject. The equipment for such an expedition is simple, everything being of the light unbreakable kind: tin plates, shantymen's pannican's, rough knives, forks, spoons, sheet-iron frying-pans, tin pails with covers to serve as pots, a mixing pan, axes, packstraps and geological hammers, and the general outfit is complete. Personal effects consist of a changes of clothes, a pair of blankets, a haversack and a note-book. For ease in carrying, everything is packed in dunnage bags. Five canoes constituted the means of transport. Through the courtesy of Mr. Nash and the other K. & P. officials, the outfit was shipped in a special car to Snow Road, whence the start was made. From the time the trip was planned till the party landed at Snow Road, they had been advised to procure a guide, as it would be impossible to thread the maze of Frontenac canoe routes without the services of a native. However, as part of the training intended was to be that of exploration, it was decided to travel without one. The car was unpacked and the outfit transported to the banks of the silent flowing Mississippi. Then the first meal was served in camp style. The old stagers lighted the fire and prepared dinner, while the novices tried to make themselves useful in their new situation. When the horn announced the meal prepared, all gathered with alacrity round the festive board—an old pile of timbers. The menu was not elaborate but very choice. All conceded that the pork had a most exquisite flavor, the potatoes were surprisingly delicious, the bread was almost as appetizing as that mother used to make, while the tomatoes—well they wouldn't begin to go round. After dinner the canoes were loaded and manned, and a dash for leadership was made. This point being decided, all settled down to a steady stroke and the enjoyment of their new surroundings. In less than a mile progress was blocked by rapids. The more experienced hands swung their canoes on their shoulders and played into the woods. The trail was rough, and Chawley Whiteducks, who started in his barefeet, soon had reason to repent of his negligence.

Meanwhile the tenderfeet, as tenderfeet always do before falling into line with the orthodox Indian method of procedure, attempted to revolutionize portaging. The innovation now attempted was to wade the canoes up the rapids. The picture they cut struggling with the canoes in the rushing water would have appealed to the risibility of the most confirmed dyspeptic. Though rough and the very first portage it was at last accomplished, and the canoes were once more ascending the river. After struggling a few miles against the current the foot of the Long Ragged chute was reached, and here it was decided to camp for the night. This stop was most acceptable to the novices, who were beginning to feel the effects of voyaging upon the untrained physique. The canoes were lifted out, tents unpacked and thrown up. While this was in progress someone discovered a Jackpine infested with a strange species of bird. Lumbago Joe swore it was an owl. Whiteducks thought it was a noble representative of the American eagle. The gallant captain of the Pinto arrived with his gun to end the dispute. Steadily crawling to the foot of the tree he took a deliberate aim and fired. He claims he saw the fur fly, but Whiteducks holds it was a point blank miss. It was close enough to unstring its nerves, for the bird did not fly away; two or three more shots brought it to the ground, where after a deliberate examination the zoologist of the party pronounced it to be a *Hystrix Porcupinalis Canadensis*, and Whiteducks, who got a quill in his finger while skinning it, supports this position.

The first night was one that will long live in the memory. There were the stories, inspired by the fire until the last ember ceased to glow. It was far too beautiful a night to retire, so we sat on the rocky bank and watched the river sweep along; watched the sailor light of the autumn morn struggle through the trees to dance upon the surface of the water, and listened to the plaintive whip-or-will with startling clearness break the subdued silence of the night. Finally we allowed the sweet music of the incessant ragged chute to lull us to sleep, to dream of elves and fairyland. Early next morn the camp was astir and the wooded banks resounded with the shouts of the bathers. After breakfast we found ourselves confronted with a mile portage to the head of the ragged chute. The packstraps were got out and the mysteries of the "portage act" lucidly explained with practical demonstrations. How many leagues there are in the first mile portage one has ever made, with a heavy load in a boiling sun, none but the initiated can conceive. Some dropped out of line, some fell in their harness. Captain Deadshot Dick, who scorned the simple method of portaging a canoe, devised a contrivance for carrying