

go no further; our enemy had cut us off; he was master of the situation. It was no time to hesitate. We had no inclination whatever for scorching. It was a very embarrassing position, the more so as none of us had experienced difficulties of such circumstances. At last the craft-maker suggested making a circuit around the fire, at a reasonable distance ahead, and this alternative was decided upon. The bush included a tortuous ravine of a very dangerous description—in fact, one of the worst I ever travelled. Everywhere fallen timber, protruding brushes, entangling obstructions of all sorts, impeded our exit. However, the situation was far too critical not to spur us to surmount these difficulties. We forced our passage through with a creditable record. The agility we displayed was remarkable. I doubt if a fleetling deer which has just felt the scorching sensation of a leaden bullet would have been in it with us; our leaps, bounds and jumps were simply acrobatic feats. Success crowned our intrepidity; we reached our canvas home at last. Since that eventful episode we are known, amongst the club confreres, as members of the "flying expedition." I can vouch as a fact that we did fly on that adventurous run. When we reached camp everything was in good shape, except—ourselves. Regular rivulets of perspiration were streaming down our backs; we had little wind left, and were glad to rest for a while. Dr. Meddon prescribed a sponge bath, a light supper and a half cup of Perlini (home-made medicinal "set-me-up") with good effect, for next morning we felt ourselves again. I must not forget to mention that when we arrived at camp the guide, a very reticent talker, was heard to say he was not particularly anxious to undergo another such experience. Not a word to the contrary was even whispered. For my part I will long remember that escape from Courchaine Lake.

At about midnight on that memorable Friday it began to rain heavily. How pleased we felt at the arrival of this benefactor, whose visit had been awaited for days and days. That downpour settled our impatience and grumbling, and the fire question, too. It may be surmised that our troubles and fears were then at an end. No, not yet, for there is no rest for the wicked; our tempers had suffered wonderful changes. At 2 o'clock in the morning came on a hurricane, every moment a tree was heard to fall. Camped amongst tall giants, we entertained doubts as to our safety. One of these giants, not very far away, tumbled down with stupendous force and noise, causing such a deafening

crash that my comrade Ernie thought his last hour had sounded. He leaped out of the cot with even greater velocity than the wind travelled at, reached the lake shore and stood there on a log until morning, in contemplative admiration of celestial immensity enveloped in mourning color of the night. Morini, ever philanthropically disposed, brought Ernie a few blankets for comfortable use in his odd solitary attitude. This explains the misnomer of "Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Wind."

It would be mean on my part were I not to relate en passant a little incident of mine. On the return from Courchaine Lake I carried my gun and four cartridges. In the excitement of the sudden cut-off by the fire I accidentally dropped the ammunition (like Pellerin on a previous occasion leaving the food sac on the road); I might say threw it away. About a quarter of a

Munday, not quite so enthusiastic a party as on arrival at the camp. Only those who have seen as we did, and at close quarters, the devouring element and its accompanying terrors, can realize how devastating and horrible are those forest conflagrations, though at times they present admirable spectacles of unique and unsurpassed grandeur.

From what could be learned, that great fire originated probably in this manner: A man coming from Lake Jos. Larche fired his muzzle-loading gun in the bush, and the paper wadding ignited the dry grass. Whilst at dinner with us on that Sunday, October 3rd, he frankly admitted having discharged his gun in the locality where the fire had started. I might be asked why we did not try to put out that fire in its incipency. For the reason that when we were first aware of its



A Typical Island—Lady Evelyn Lake.

mile ere we reached camp I came face to face with as plump and as docile a partridge as ever I met, and not ten yards off, on the limb of a maple. I had hoped the bird would not be seen by my friends, but alas, they discovered it. Imagine the remarks made at my expense. "Give it to her mildly, Ned;" "better coax her to come down." Many such expressions of doubtful complimentary meaning were showered upon me. Of course the bird stood perfectly still, seemingly interested in what was taking place below. Its silence and air of independence were even more sarcastic than the remarks of my companions. With a blush I swallowed the bitter pill with as little contortion as possible, but silently vowed revenge on some future occasion.

From the time rain fell no further danger was apparent, but then it was too late to change for the better, so far as we were concerned, for our vacation was drawing to a close. We packed up for home on the following

existence it had already taken large proportions, and we could not possibly have reached the place in time to be able to do anything.

Incidentally, a few words of caution to my camping friends may not be out of place. Too much care cannot be exercised in making fires in the bush. Certain precautions are necessary, and should be taken to avoid wanton destruction. Never leave camp without the assurance that the fire has been effectively put out. From smoldering coals fanned by a sudden favorable wind may originate the greatest of conflagrations in the forest. Again, do not burn more fuel than you actually require. Bonfires should be a recreation of the past. You will recognize the true lover of nature, the perfect sportsman, by the use he makes of the fuel around him in the bush. A sportsman, in the true sense of the word, will avoid any unnecessary depletion of the trees and foliage in the surroundings he visits.