

by one of the most blood curdling screams I ever heard, and as it seemed quite close to the tent I sprang into a sitting posture my hair standing on end and every nerve strained to hear more, but, as no further sound followed I came to the conclusion that our big maskinongé must have been too much for me, and was soon again asleep.

Next morning the scream was brought to my mind by one of the party asking if anyone knew what sort of a noise a panther made, and a little conversation developed the fact that all had heard the hideous yell of the night before. There can be no doubt as to its having been a panther and as we were camped on an island, the brute was probably on the mainland, for I don't think they take kindly to the water, although their smaller brethren, catamounts, swim very well and have been known to cross a river two miles in width. Probably the quiet of night made the sound seem closer than it really was. I had heard this cry once before south of Lake Nipissing and was then told by Indians what it was. It is difficult to describe it and I think the nearest approach is the shriek of a locomotive as it enters a tunnel and scares you from your first nap. There was little attraction to remain long on Trout Lake for sport was poor. Our only fishing apparatus was the ordinary trolling line and spoon bait, and for some reason the fish would not take it readily. Old residents along the route said that the water was too cold and that it was too late in the year. I am not much of an authority on matters relating to angling nor am I aware of the thoughts and imaginations of the fish tribe, but have been told that the spoon bait spinning at the end of a trolling line resembles an injured fish of small size making its uncertain way through the water, and hence the voracity with which it is gobbled by members of the pike family, bass and other fish that prey upon their weaker brethren. If this be the case I fail to see why the lateness of the season should affect the appetite, or why the unlucky one should not be just as acceptable to the palate of a hungry gourmand of the finny tribe, in the fall as in the spring.

Major W. Ross King the author of "Campaigning in Kaffirland," says that the spoon bait resembles nothing in nature and is devoid of taste or smell, but appears, for some reason difficult to imagine, to be perfectly irresistible to pike as to many other fish.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, 13th September, it was "Eastward Ho!"