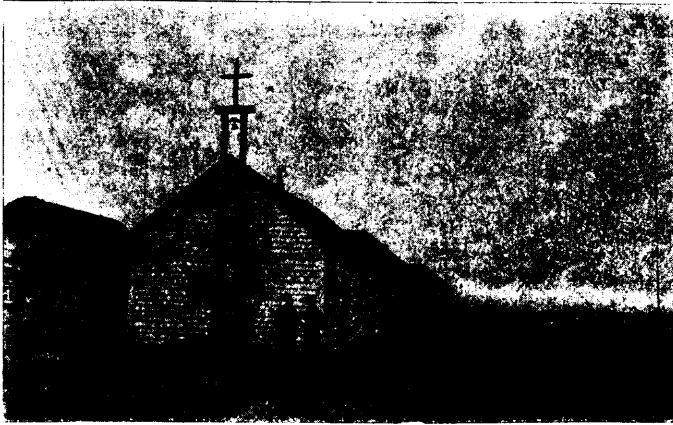


continue the accurate instrumental survey by some other method than that heretofore used, but failed. There are no hills in the vicinity of the river, so that a triangulation was impossible, nor could I find any spots on the shore where cutting trees would enable me to continue the micrometer survey.



R. C. MISSION, FORT SIMPSON.

somewhat over-ripe. At the fort, where we remained over Sunday, the usual collection of buildings at a Hudson Bay Company's post is to be found. The Roman Catholic church has also a mission here. Wheat has been grown here for many years by the Hudson Bay Company, generally being fairly

ripe before it is touched by frost, and sometimes escaping altogether. The wheat is ground in a small handmill, and the flour is used by the people of the fort. While here I ground a few pounds of the crop of 1887, and had the flour made into a cake, which, though not as good as that made from quadruple X flour, was palatable, and would probably sus-

I was compelled above this point to abandon the instrumental survey, and carry on a mere track survey, taking compass courses and obtaining the distances from point to point by the time and estimated rate of travel. I intended to resume the micrometer survey as soon as the height of the water permitted, expecting to find suitable conditions a short distance up. I found the general state of the shores, however, the same all the way to Great Slave Lake, and along it to the mouth of Great Slave River. I was compelled to continue the compass survey to that river and up it several miles before the banks were high enough to permit a continuous micrometer survey. Even then much of the instrumental work was done in mud so soft that frequently one could not stand without sticks under his feet to prevent sticking.

We arrived at Fort Providence on Saturday, the 8th of September. Wild gooseberries and currants were plentiful along the banks, but at this season

tain life as effectually as any other.

A few miles above Fort Providence a small black object was noticed in the river, which did not appear to be moving with the current. An examination with the glass proved it to be a bear leisurely crossing the river. Both canoes put after him at once and drove him towards the shore. Whenever the canoes would come too close he would turn and snort defiance at us, then turn and resume his course. Gladman claimed the honor of the shot—which was accorded on condition that he would not shoot until bruin began to rise out of the water, or at say twenty or thirty yards from the shore. When within two hundred yards of the shore, however, Gladman begged to be allowed to shoot, and I consented, warning him, however, that we ran more risk of losing him in that way than by waiting. Parker and Sparks lay down in the *Mackenzie* to steady her, while Gladman knelt in the bow. Preparing ourselves for a spurt forward with the *Yukon*, Morrison and I waited the