

few steps between two sunken logs. We reached the lake at different points, and all wrong! and we rummaged round the wrong cove for a good while feeling for our canoe. After a bold change of base, Jones suddenly came on Mr. Little's duck-shooting punt, or *bunn* as they call it here, for the use of which he had an order. We quickly got this to the water, and, finding the oars all right, were soon out on the glassy moonlit lake, where it needed but a glance to show where we had left our canoe; and Jones and Xavier in that, and I in the *bunn*, were soon on our way through the romantic alleys of the wilderness of islands. That night we supped heartily on trout, and after a long theological discussion with the sage Murphy, retired to our welcome and somewhat fuller couch. Next morning it was an easy matter to go and find our *cache*, and bring back with us a box of biscuit, but it took all the morning; and in the afternoon we fished with canoe and *bunn*, cut down trees, etc., reserving for Tuesday, the last of our stay, which of course was rainy, the finest enjoy-

ment of all—the examination of the traps set on the first day of our stay by the trapper and Mr. Robertson. Before starting, we were called to account by the faithful Watty McCullum, who had found his way to the island, along with a stout friend, on a raft, to know why we had taken the *bunn*. The order was produced, and the voyageurs of the raft retired. Proceeding in the Cat and Kitten to the same beautiful port at which we had before parted with Robertson, we struck back into the bush. After going about a quarter of a mile, which was purposely left un-blazed, we came on a sort of path. We had with us a gun and two canoes, one of which Murphy carried, and the other Jones and I turn about. Canoes are carried by tying the paddles lengthwise along the bars, just far enough apart to let the head go between them, so that the handles of the paddles rest on the shoulders. The pressure there is painful to those unaccustomed to it, but, it is said, soon passes away, and otherwise the canoe incommodes one very little. In a shower of rain—and we had abundant means on the

