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brother called out, "Chimo, Chimo; Ta'appe tacco Innuik; Kudluna awunga" ("Peace, peace; we are glad to see Eskimo; we are white men"), on which a number of people rushed from the tent and answered, "Chimo, Chimo." We pulled in to the shore, and were met on top of the bank by a tall, fine-looking Eskimo with a spy-glass in his hand, and wearing a pair of moleskin trousers and a deerskin coat. He was quivering with nervousness, but after we had shaken hands I presented him with a plug of tobacco, which set him more at his ease. My brother talked to the man for a few minutes, and then the women unlaced the front of the tent, which had evidently been tied up as tightly as possible, and invited us to come in. The tent held one dual family consisting of one man, two wives, and five children. The man drew us a rough map of the river down to salt water, but he could give us no idea of the position of the mouth of the river, and he appeared to know nothing of Marble Island or the coast of Hudson Bay. However, the fact that this man had a telescope, two old guns, and a pair of moleskin trousers, assured us that he belonged to the Eskimo of Hudson Bay, rather than to those of the Great Fish River and the Arctic Ocean.

After remaining a few hours with this friendly family, we proceeded on our way, hoping to meet other camps of Eskimo on the banks of the river from time to time, and to gain additional information from them.

On Lady Marjorie Lake, where we spent two days in a search for our course, being delayed by heavy winds, we shot several fine fat bucks, and replenished our supply of fresh meat. Shortly after leaving this lake we travelled north-westward, down a well-defined river, and our hearts sank as the river took us further and further towards the north-west, for we were making straight for the Great Fish River, which flows into the Arctic Ocean, and while we were only about 100 miles from that river, we were 350 from the nearest point on Hudson Bay. At length we reached a wide sandy plain, on which we were overjoyed to see willows growing, while around were scattered drifted trunks of spruce trees a foot in diameter, and limbs of balsam poplar. We had reached the mouth of the west branch of the Telzoa River, the banks of which must be wooded not far above the forks.

It was August 25, we were in north lat. $64^{\circ} 36'$, and the night was cold, so that we enjoyed the luxury of a fire, while the men baked bread and boiled a large supply of meat. Our safest plan of operations was now to ascend the west branch of the river and reach the wooded country before the winter set in, and find our way to Great Slave Lake, or back to Athabasca Lake. But I could not forego the pleasure of tracing to its mouth the great river that we had descended so far. Therefore the next day we pushed on to Aberdeen Lake, whose gravel shores were still deeply scored by the shoving of the spring ice. That evening I called the men together and told them that they had a long journey yet before them, that the summer flowers had all withered, and