

was spent in getting weapons offensive and defensive in order, getting grub into handy and easily got-at packages, and sundry other details. After a while the genius of the place—one Jessup—appeared. He looks after the greenhorns who occasionally frequent Trout Lake; this lake having very undeservedly a great name among nimrods and fishermen; he rows them around and shows them where good sport is *not* to be found. The genius of course began after his kind to spin yarns and tell about the big fish to be found in the lake and the difficulties of hauling them in when hooked, etc., etc., and soon made us regret having left our landing nets and gaffs at home. "But," said he patronizingly, "Of course you have a revolver." "Well! *when* you catch your big fish just fire a shot or two close to his head, and the concussion will stun and enable you to lift him in without trouble." This idea was stored away for future use, and it was not necessary to wait very long for a trial of its value, for that very evening two of our party hooked a twenty pound maskinongé and found that concussion was very useless, but that pistol bullets used in the ordinary manner were very effective, for the first big fish was landed, but not until he had had three shots put into him.

While camped here we received a visit from Mr. Gilbert, an American geologist, who lives in Washington, D.C. Mr. Gilbert said that his object, in this part of the world, was to trace a connection between the waters of Trout Lake and Lake Nipissing, and to find proof that in days gone by the flow of water had not been separated by a height of land as now, but had all passed out towards the south-west through the channel of the French River. He stated that as far as he could judge the waters of Trout Lake are twenty-five feet higher than those of Lake Nipissing, also that he had found an old water line twenty-five feet above the then head of Trout Lake, and another old water line fifty feet above the waters of Lake Nipissing, showing that at one time they were united.

Our next camp ground was in the prettiest spot on the whole lake, viz. : in a grove of pines on "Big Island." I mention this camp ground on account of an incident that occurred, and was recalled to my mind by reading in the December number of the OTTAWA NATURALIST a most interesting paper by W. P. Lett. During the night I was awakened