

garden produce, such as is generally grown without artificial means in Ontario. The growing vegetables looked almost as good as the same kinds seen on the Ottawa market at the same date. Lettuce, particularly, was very large and fine. There was also a large area of barley, which looked well and promised an abundant return, if allowed to ripen. The grain was then full and plump, and just beginning to harden, but fears were entertained that a frost might come and spoil it. The people there claimed that the prevailing cool, cloudy weather had retarded its growth, as otherwise it would then have been out of danger from frost. This cereal has been grown with success at Fort Simpson for many years. The garden altogether presented an appearance hardly to be expected at a point 1,150 miles further north than Ottawa.

The fort is situated on an island just below the junction of the Mackenzie and the Liard Rivers, and the presence of the large body of water may moderate the climate and account for the fine appearance of the garden.

The arrival of a party at a post, it is needless to say, is not an event of everyday occurrence, and hence it is frequently made the occasion of some sort of demonstration or jollification. This was the case at Fort Simpson, where an impromptu dance was got up in our special honor.

During the evening an incident occurred which furnished unbounded amusement. There was at the fort a snobbish young employé of the company, named Miller, whose insufferable conceit appears to have offended the male portion of the little community to such an extent that it was determined on this occasion to give him a lesson which he would not easily forget. Accordingly, when Miller made his appearance, and stepped jauntily into the ring to dance, word was quietly passed around among the men to *let him dance*. All went well for a while, and he continued to have it all

his own way. At length he began to show signs of fatigue, but no one stepped in to relieve him. His partners had been cut out several times, but, whenever he looked around, the men were all steadfastly contemplating the floor. Now, by the etiquette of the dance, it is considered a disgrace to discontinue until relieved, and as it was a warm August night, poor Miller began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. Throwing off his coat, he danced away in his shirtsleeves, the perspiration rolling down his face. The fiddler, seeing the fun, kept up a breakneck pace, and poor Miller's vest, collar, and cravat were soon keeping company with his coat on the floor. Finally, seeing that it was all of no use, his whole body steaming, and his face livid with suppressed anger and wounded conceit, he stopped abruptly, and burst out with, "Well, say! I'm not going to do all this blasted dancing!" A roar of laughter greeted this statement, amid which poor Miller, quite crestfallen, picked up his things and disappeared.

A short distance above the confluence, the Mackenzie narrows to an average width of little over half-a-mile, with a generally swift current. This continues for seventy-five miles above Fort Simpson, and causes this part of the river to be called the "Line," from the fact that large boats cannot be rowed against the current, but have to be hauled by a line attached to them and pulled by men on shore. This is the common mode of navigation on all the northern rivers where there are no steamers, as it is less laborious than rowing against a current.

The season of 1888 was unusually wet, and the water in the rivers and lakes correspondingly high. The flat shores above the Line were all submerged, sometimes for several hundred yards into the woods, so that I found it impossible to carry on the survey in the ordinary manner. I spent two days experimenting, to find if I could not