

the sky, some barren, pointing long withered fingers at it, nature's exclamation points. The pines of the upper river appear in miniature above it. A basin, broad and blue, deep in the solid rock receives it, and the rapids glitter below. The wilderness enwraps and shadows haunt it, outstarting from their ambush at high noon.

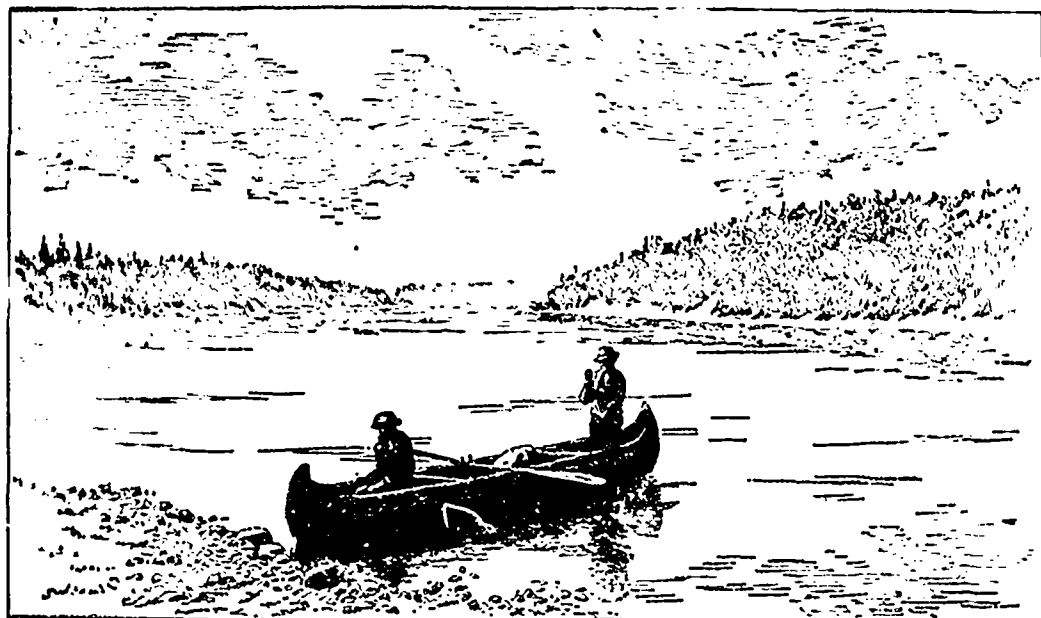
Above the cataract the difficulties of our way increased as we advanced. I had pictured myself in imagination dragging the canoe a hundred miles up a dry stream, but the jams were more than I had bargained for. They are made by drift wood accumu-

tracks, and an enormous braid was coming round the point upon our left.

"Here is the bear," said Peter, who always talked like the showman in a menagerie, or Peter Parley in the Pictorial Natural History. I raised my gun.

"Don't shoot—not yet," he whispered. Prowling along shore, now invisible, and now coming out of the brush upon the bank, the brute was nearing us every instant, and at the rate he was coming, in a few seconds would have been in the canoe. "Shoot now," whispered Peter, as the game, in plain sight of us, was

stepping over a fallen log. I took deliberate aim and fired. Down fell the bear, losing his foothold, into the water, and for a moment such a floundering about! He turned round and round two or three times and was up again. In my excitement seeing him, as I supposed, in his last agonies, I had not reloaded. Before I could do it he had plunged into the woods. The canoe at the same instant, with a single stroke of Peter's paddle, touched the shore, and snatching up three cartridges—I had jerked a pocket-full in my haste into the bot-



"LOST NOW, ANYHOW!"

lating from time immemorial—the Muskoka has never been "driven" (cleared for the passage of timber)—in narrow places. They encumber the air more than the water, sticking out in every direction; and you have to go round them. The first we had encountered was a quarter of a mile in length; and the poplar bush which lined the banks almost impenetrable; but there was no help for it. Sideways, forwards, backwards, struggling through it with our burdens, like convicts breaking out of prison, we forced our way.

"I don't think I'll build any camp," said Peter at night, when we came to a halt, and, rolling himself in a blanket, was lost to toil and the mosquitoes. I was chopping sticks against a balsam in the dark to stretch the tent with when a piece of the gum flew into my eye, and for five minutes I struggled blindly, wild with pain. The tent went up, however, I got into it, and in the time it takes to tell it was fast asleep.

The stump where I had hung my shoes at night to dry—I had not been able to wear my boots the day before—caught fire; and one of the shoes dropped into the blaze, waking Peter. He showed it to me in the morning, burnt to a crisp. The situation was getting desperate; we rose to meet it, and before we knew it we were in the first lake.

The tell-tale beach opposite suggested hunts, perhaps by moonlight. "We want no jack," said Peter. There were blueberry and checkerberry bushes and crisp moss, with a few trees, on the granite rock, commanding the lake, on which we rested. When he got ready in the afternoon, he proposed a hunt. We went up into Canoe Lake from the nameless one in which we had encamped. It spread out before us like a broad mirror of plate glass, one round island in front.

We were returning to look for deer where we had seen fresh

tom of the canoe—I leaped out upon the track.

"Stop," said Peter, "not too fast; if he's not dead he might come at yer."

Coming up behind me, knife in hand, he listened for a moment, and, hearing nothing, muttered, "I think you killed him," and began slowly following the track into the woods, examining the leaves.

"I see no blood," said he at length, "I think you missed him;" and we returned to the canoe.

Half an hour later as we drew near the camp he broke the silence. "It's a pity you missed him, we might have had some mutton for breakfast."

An Indian never forgets a joke nor anything else, and when he can't or won't do a thing is best let alone. I knew the bear was dead or dying. But in the twilight, after Peter's warning, I didn't care to press the matter to a demonstration.

It was not Canoe Lake, after all, but an unsurveyed lake, according to the map, that we had been up into. Going on our way the next morning we found an inlet, much obstructed by drift wood, farther to the east, where the map showed it.

"The main stream," said Peter, returning from a short examination of it to the canoe. He had found a "sny" where the stones had been dug out of the bottom and piled up on both sides leaving a passage between.

We reached the lake. A loon in front did not move till we were within two rods. What next? I wondered. The shores which, according to the map, should have run north and south, ran east and westerly, and the deep bay upon our left had no business to be there.

"Not Canoe Lake at all," said Peter at length. "That must be Canoe Lake where we were last night. We're lost now. any-

