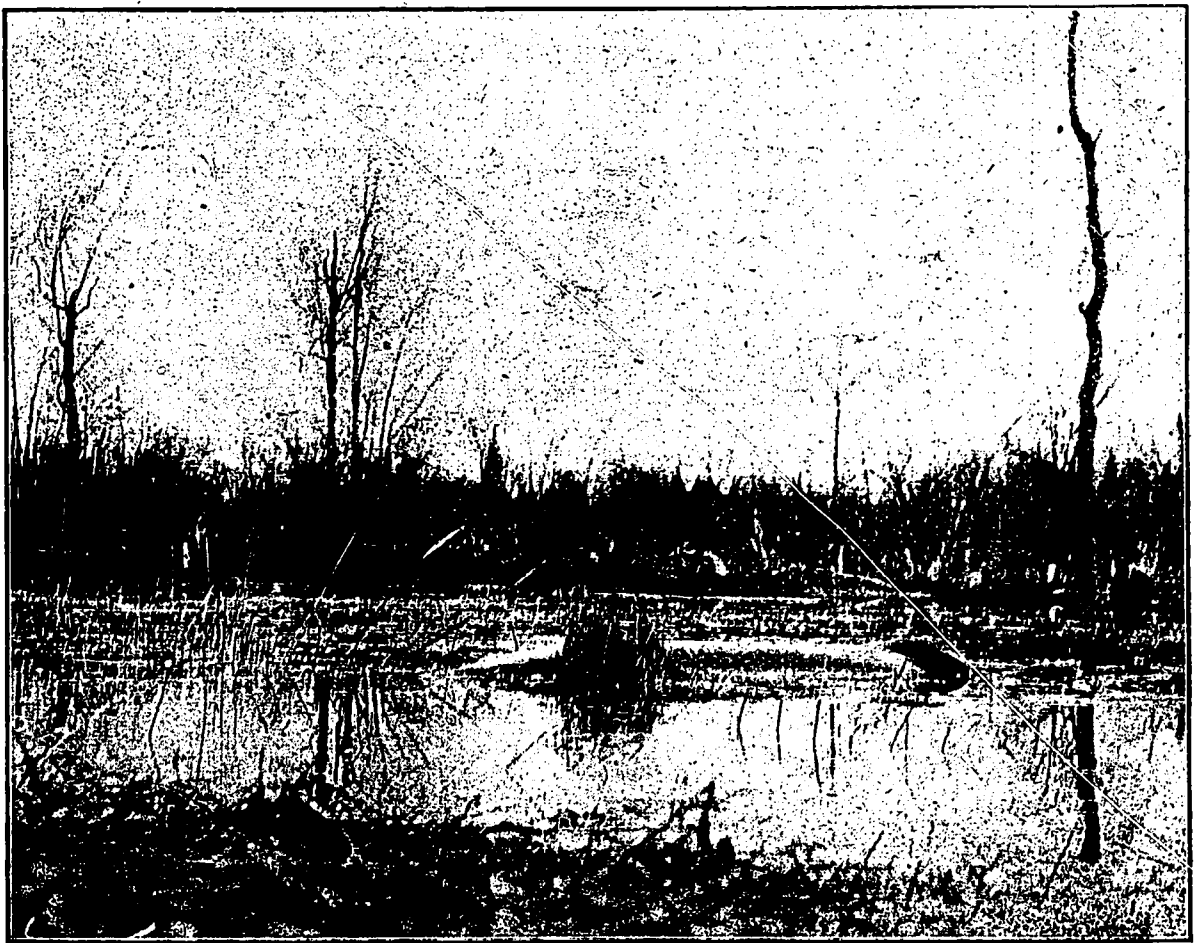


to meet the cold glass. Finally they set it swinging in concentric circles, and followed it, curving and darting, rising and falling, in a merry mad measure so irresistibly comical that I laughed aloud. The covering above me was disturbed. A ray of light flashed in, and the scene disappeared.

Again the robes were adjusted, and again I waited. Soon, far down in the murky depths, I saw a long green shadow swim slowly across the hole. In a few minutes it came back, but higher up;

day the fish gathered about the mock feast. The bass came in couples, in schools even, and gazed and poked at those unapproachable minnows. It might truly be said that their mouths watered as they hungrily circled around the jar, fading away like shadows when the long, green, shark-like nose of the maskinonge appeared. These big fishes swam in many a curving line, solemnly encircling the imprisoned bait; but no matter how great the number of the fish nor how small the circle they did not once



Huge Female Maskinonge Spawning.

then again, still higher, until suddenly the long, sharp nose and big, hollow-looking eyes of a twenty-pound maskinonge were within three feet of my face. So sudden and so alarming was its appearance that I dodged involuntarily; but deceived by the reflection, I dodged the wrong way and plumped my face into the icy water. Whether the great fish was as startled as I had been I don't know, but it swept out of the view circle instantly. All through the cold, bright hours of the

touch one another. The Indian saw and wondered. The fat boy shivered through all his ponderous body until the furs shook him. It was time to go home. With nipped fingers we pulled up our bait, our teeth chattering. A minute afterwards we were speeding homeward on our skates.

The wild ducks were the next to claim the attention of our note-book and camera. On the southern Canadian lakes the great migration north passes, for here are great celery beds, wild rice seed, the