

laying a foundation for the preservation and future development of rich material resources.

Trousers Lake is made up chiefly of two long "legs" four or five miles in length, extending toward the southwest, and separated by a narrow, low ridge. The "waist" portion of the lake, from which runs the outlet, is small, and is in two divisions, joined by a narrow thoroughfare. The whole aspect of the lake is gloomy and forbidding, owing to the spruce forests around it, but chiefly due to the dead and dying trees along the shores. The roots of these trees have been "drowned" by the building of a dam at the outlet, thus raising the surface of the lake five or six feet beyond its ordinary level, forming a reservoir. The gates of the dam are raised and the water poured through when the lumberman wants a "freshet" to float the logs down stream. Many lakes in the Tobique chain have had much of their natural beauty destroyed in this way, especially Trousers Lake, the Serpentine, and several smaller ones. The tangled maze of dead trunks along the shore have a repellent look, while their tops and sharp pointed branches form a succession of *chevaux-de-frise*, making an impenetrable barrier to the canoe-man should he attempt to seek a harbor of refuge.

With our frail canoe heavily laden with its precious stores, now so essential since we had dismissed our guides and cut off communication with the outside world, we sped up the right "leg" of the lake (it should be *down* in ordinary pantaloon parlance), before a brisk north-west wind. Arriving at the foot of the "leg"—(No! this is rather confusing; it should be *head*, for here we found a stream coming in from lakes further up)—we landed and pitched our tent, which was to be our home for several days. Having explored the portage path to the next lake, *Milpagos*—lake of many bays or inlets—next morning we carried our canoe and other impedimenta for the day's cruise and its enjoyment, across the path, a mile and a half in extent. We paddled up the lake until we found another path leading through to Gulquac Lake, one-third of a mile further on. Both these lakes are shallow, filled with mud and strewn boulders, their surface covered with grasses, carices and lily-pads, their shores boggy, the favorite feeding ground of moose, caribou, and deer. Standing at the end of the portage path on Gulquac Lake we saw our first bull moose, a noble, stately looking fellow, feeding quietly, some thirty yards from us. As the wind was blowing from us he did not get warning of our approach, so we had a fine opportunity to see him.

That was a day of sight-seeing and novel experiences, and we agreed that Paris and its Exposition would be tame in comparison. Before we returned to camp we

had seen nine moose, two deer, one beaver, and a beaver-dam and house, had canoed from end to end on one of the most interesting lakes in the province, had grown so familiar with moose that we paddled quietly up to them as they were feeding in the shallow parts of the lake, and then enjoyed the sport of chasing them, as, panting and frightened, they floundered through the mud and water shoreward.

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### NATURE-STUDY—SEPTEMBER.

A correspondent asks the REVIEW to give a lesson on maple leaves, with illustrations. If pictorial illustrations were given, both teacher and scholars might be content to study these on paper, draw them, and be led to think that they knew the different kinds of maple trees. Not at all. That would be a waste of time so far as nature-study is concerned. Let the children go to the trees themselves and compare the leaves of the different maples (there are five distinct kinds, natives of these provinces). It may take them several months, perhaps a whole year, before they know these certainly, but when they do know them it is for a lifetime.

Of the thousands of school children in these provinces I question whether there is one in every thousand who can tell our maples apart. And yet we sing of the maple leaf (which maple leaf?), and we shall probably all adopt the maple (which kind?) as the emblematic tree of Canada.

Nearly every one knows that the leaf of any maple is simple, that it is raised upon a stalk (petiole), that it has pointed lobes or divisions (generally three, sometimes five), that the edges of these lobes are irregularly cut, usually like the teeth of a saw, and that the hollows (sinuses) between these lobes or divisions are either rounded or pointed.

I have before me, as I write, the leaves of the five different maples, and the trees to which they belong are either in sight or within half a minute's walk. The differences in these leaves are so marked that it would be impossible for one who has seen them and marked the differences ever to make a mistake. And yet if I single out one tree I am amazed at the variety it presents—no two leaves exactly alike, and yet all follow the general plan of that species of maple.

Thus the correspondent who asks for illustrations will see that it would be misleading, in all this variety, to pick off one leaf and use it as an illustration. The children must be brought face to face with the tree. "Must I take my whole school out into the woods?" No, that is not necessary. Teach a few pupils, and impress it upon these few that they must observe carefully and teach others; and they will do it.