

brown, mottled with black or deeper brown. It looked a ghastly object in the pan, nearly all head, and having a pained expression in its large eyes. This was the last I saw of it, for they eat it amongst themselves. I remember eating owl myself in days long gone by. I lost a friend by it, and yet it was done in all innocence.

I had caught an owl which had been robbing my rabbit snares. I asked my housekeeper to cook it, which she did, roasting it, even as a chicken is roasted, but the head was lacking. Just as I was about sitting down to eat, a friend came along, and I naturally asked him to share my meal. He saw the beautifully browned bird on the dish, and he jumped to the conclusion that it was chicken, so he gladly accepted my invitation, for he was partial to chicken. After he had got away with the bigger half of my owl, I incidentally informed him that what

I noticed that Soosan could not resist plucking the white lilies as we passed them. Few girls can resist them, be they white, or black, or red. Soosan is an excellent type of the Indian maiden; she has all the delightful insouciance of youth, and the irresponsibility of her sex. She would paddle just when she felt inclined to do so, was very self-contained, and was thoroughly satisfied with Soosan.

Much to the amusement of us all, when we arrived at the next portage, the first thing that attracted our attention was a piece of birch bark set up in a conspicuous place, neatly folded, and stuck into a cleft stick. It was evidently a letter, and Meechell, who was the first to land, laid hands upon it. With a laugh he read the address aloud. It was addressed to Soosan, and we all guessed that it was a love letter. Poor Soosan could not turn much redder than she was, but she would have done so if she could, for she was unmercifully chaffed by all.

When we came out on to the Montreal River we prepared a mighty meal, and we did eat, with appetites that only the bush can give. Then we set our faces up stream, paddling with a will against the stiff current.

"Look at the moose tracks," said Meechell, pointing to the clay banks of the beaver meadow.

"They are like the tracks that your cattle make in your yards;" and indeed it was the truth. It was like a cattle trail. There will be good sport for those who like it some day in these regions.

When we struck the rapids the Indians put out some of the load, and proceeded to drag, pole, and tow the canoes up the rapid. Little Noowi wanted to carry a bag of flour over the portage, so his mother put one on his back. It was certainly a good deal heavier than the boy, and yet the little chap walked off with it, while his mother laughed with pride to see her boy thus acting



A HUNTING MORNING.

Many of our best sportsmen do not believe in 'hounding' deer; but, nevertheless, it is a recognized Canadian sport and takes hundreds of men into the bush in Ontario and Quebec during October, who otherwise would not be there.

he had been eating was owl. Then he began to curse and to swear, and he tried to get rid of the owl, but he could not, and from that day to this we have never spoken. But to continue, we were in our canoes and off, before the sun had dissipated the mist which hung over the water. It was a perfect summer morning. The white water lilies, magnified by the mist, dotted the surface of the water like large flecks of foam. A large flock of black ducks rose from behind the first point that we passed, and quacking loudly, flew to greater security. Kingfishers screamed notes of warning of our approach, while a large fish eagle lazily flew into a bay, to perch upon the topmost bough of a dead pine tree awaiting our departure before further continuing his fishing operations.

the man, and she herself picked up a bag, handing it with the ease of one to whom the feat was no novelty, and putting something else on the top of it to keep it down, walked away with it, for was not it "part of the day's work."

And so we made our way to the last of the three rapids, where the river ceases and Bay Lake begins. Here I wanted to try for a bass, so I suggested that a dish of tea would do us no harm, a proposition readily assented to, for we had laboured diligently in the rapids.

I always find that bass bite best when the bait used is something they are hunting for themselves. I noticed several small green frogs hopping about on the shore, and I surmised that bass were probably swimming about close by, watching