

a chain of shallow lakes. At the end of these we climbed a high granite ridge, and found the river on the other side but four miles distant. By making three short portages and traversing another chain of lakes, we finally reached it. In places, tall, bleached rampikes show where fire had swept along the shores of the river for miles, giving the scenery such a dreary, monotonous tint that the heart aches with a sense of wild loneliness. For over 100 miles from its mouth, the river runs in a shallow valley, cut into stratified sands and clays. It is fully as large as the Ottawa at Ottawa city, with an average breadth of a-third of a mile. In one place the whole river rushes through a cleft in the rocks, *less than twenty yards wide*. It must be very deep, and it runs so swiftly that stones weighing over a hundred pounds were carried long distances before sinking out of sight. A few yards apart, neither of us could hear the halloo of the other. While the outfit was being carried across, we "ran the line" down and around the semi-circular gorge, obtaining several fine photos of rapids and falls by the way. The total drop was 230 feet, and it took us nine hours to go less than three and a-quarter miles.

On the portage, the men had even a worse time, wading through muskeg for over a mile and a-half, and climbing over fallen trees the greater part of the remaining mile. They were so tired that they slept on the rocks, rather than go to the trouble of pitching their tent.

One evening we had "a big time" capturing geese. When pushing their

feathers, they cannot fly well, and when pursued they poke their heads under clumps of grass and pieces of bark. Making a slash for one, we'd wring its neck, and start after another. The fun grew fast and furious, and reached a climax when Tommy tripped and flew over a fallen tree, with a big fat goose in each hand. Johnnie used to say, "I tell you, fine goose, he taste good when you have eat much pork and bean."

All along the river we saw signs of beaver, and shot a few on the way down. Very few Indians hunt on this river now. It is difficult to navigate, and fish are so scarce that we only made three or four hauls, though we set our nets about twice a week.

We were on the East Main for 27 days, and did not meet a living soul until within two days of its mouth, when we met an Indian and his family going up to hunt. Almost every day we saw bear tracks, but only one bear, which was swimming up the river, and too far away for a shot.

In 1887, however, the Chief and J. M. M. (who recently figured in the Behring Sea controversy), landed on



MASTER'S HOUSE, ETC. MOOSE FACTORY.

an island in James' Bay to pick berries, and came across a bear some distance from shore. M. had a tin pail in his hand, and asked the Chief