

ridges of rock and through "muskegs" where we sank knee deep in the soft moss. Bert under the weight of our packs, we could see but a few yards ahead. Once, hearing a crashing in the bushes, we looked up in time to see a moose disappearing in the underbrush that lined the trail.

Moose signs were everywhere, and now and then we would pass a rotten log, torn apart, and still showing the claw marks of a bear.

One afternoon after passing through two lakes we were paddling quietly along a shallow creek, when suddenly rounding a bend in the stream, we saw two hundred yards ahead, knee deep in water, two moose, one a large cow, the other a yearling calf. For a moment they stood, calmly regarding us, then, as the canoes approached, they turned and walked slowly into the forest.

After making two short portages on this stream, we reached Macaming, or Beaver Lake, a beautiful body of water, perhaps fifteen miles in length and a mile across at its widest point. At the mouth of a deep bay, rising abruptly from the water to a height of almost one hundred and fifty feet, is a circular island of solid rock. From a distance this island resembles an immense Beaver House, from which fact the lake receives its name. From Beaver Lake we travelled up a narrow and shallow creek, almost filled with driftwood. For three miles we poled up this stream. Often we had to wade, one of us at each end of a canoe, over a bottom of slippery round stones, which bruised our feet through the soft moccasins.

All along the creek in the soft muddy bank, were tracks of moose, bear, mink and otter. From the source of the creek we portaged to Kop-a-kai-og-a-mog Lake. As we came down to the shore we noticed two red deer, feeding among the lily pads, on the opposite shore of the bay. Although it was closed season, we were in need of meat, for it was a long way to Flying Post—That night we camped early, and dressed the deer, a fine two hundred pound buck.

All the next day we paddled in a cold drizzling rain, passing through Trout Lake and nine smaller lakes. The scenery for the most part was magnificent, but we

were too wet and cold to appreciate it. During the day we made eleven portages and at night camped on the shore of a diminutive lake with a three-quarter of a mile trail ahead of us for the next day. The following afternoon, after crossing two small lakes, and packing for two miles over trails, on which, judging by tracks, moose were the most frequent travellers, we launched our canoes on Kenogaming Lake. This lake of many islands and winding channels, is eight miles long, and is but sixteen miles, by land, from Flying Post. In the winter the dog sleighs from the Post cross the ice on Kenogaming Lake, on the way to Fort Matagami.

From Kenogaming Lake we followed a small creek into Lake Aquesqua. This creek is very shallow, and just as we were entering the lake we ran on a submerged snag which penetrated the bark of the canoe. Water entered rapidly through the hole, and we were obliged to go ashore, build a fire and repair the canoe with spruce gum, which we always carried for the purpose.

A portage of half a mile brought us from Lake Aquesqua to Opishingquaqua Lake, a long narrow sheet of water, with low spruce covered shores, indented here and there by little bays, where the wild rice and water lilies flourished. On the upper end of the lake we came upon a camp of Indians who were busy drying the meat of two moose, which they had killed. From Opishingquaqua Lake we paddled up what in civilization would be called a ditch. In the North it is called a creek. We called it various other things. It was narrow, shallow, overgrown with marsh grass, and so winding that it was almost impossible to make the sharp turns with the canoes. This, however, was but the beginning of our troubles. Leaving this creek we portaged through a marsh, to the Weasel River. The Weasel River looks nice and straight on the map, but stream with a more tortuous course cannot be imagined. Twisting and turning through one of those almost limitless muskegs of the Northland, it finally finds its way into the Ground Hog River.

We had gone but a short distance when our way was blocked by a veritable abatis of dead trees, which had fallen into the