

the water. The blankets and baggage sustained a serious wetting, but we managed to get ashore, and built a fire, where our goods were spread out to dry. The country was more or less well supplied with birch trees, and it was a comparatively easy matter to find a patch large enough to cover the hole in our canoe. A supply of gum was kept on hand for such occasion, and after an hour or two delay we again loaded the canoe and started on our way.

The change from college life to this laborious work in the untravelled woods, naturally made the coming of Sunday very welcome. Instead of the early start before sunrise, it was our custom to make it a day of rest. To Laird and I the experience was new, and it is natural that we should enter into it with enthusiasm. All day paddling in our bark canoes, working our way with heavy loads, against the stream, frequently climbing rapids or portaging our goods, up hill and down, through tangled woods and swamps, all this left us ready to enjoy a Sunday rest. It was necessary for those of us who passed the time in reading, to select a breezy spot, where the mosquitoes and black flies would be driven away. A point of rock out by the river, or a shady hill top were favorite retreats. The Indians were scattered about at various occupations. Some were down in the meadows berry-picking, others off in search of game, while others fished or remained in camp. If the day was fine, it was usual to take astronomical observation of the sun for solar time.

We were all amused at the efforts of Wauba-gaestic to be a tailor. He had met with some unfortunate accident, that had left him much in need of a pair of trousers. But his ingenuity rose to the occasion. Taking an ordinary flour bag, woven without a seam, he split it up the centre to within eighteen inches of the top; he then ran up two seams to form the legs. At the top he made a running string to tie about his waist, and behold, he had a pair of trousers. Surely, we thought, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

During the journey up the river, when other days were spent in travelling, it was necessary for the cook to spend part of his Sunday in baking. All through the summer, the regular camp fare consisted almost entirely of pork, beans, and crackers, commonly known as hardtacks. There were, however, a few cans of molasses, and a bag or two of dried apples, as well as several sacks of flour. The bread was made in an iron bake kettle. This was a pot, eighteen inches in diameter, and twelve inches deep, fitted with a tight iron cover. In this the dough was placed, and the whole then covered over with a layer of ashes. A fire was built over and around it, and in a short time there would be as fine a loaf of bread as would come from any bakery.

On the morning of July 21, the usual four o'clock start was made, and by noon we reached a large body of water which we knew must be Vermilion Lake. We had, therefore, passed the south boundary line of our township without seeing it, for we knew that it intersected the Vermilion River several miles below the Lake. It was therefore necessary to retrace our course, keeping all the while a careful watch for the boundary where it crossed the river. On the shore of Vermilion Lake we found the tracks of deer and bears, though the animals were not seen.

As this Lake lay largely in Fairbank Township, it was decided to lighten up our load, by making a cache of the greater part of our food supply. Then, as more would be required from time to time at camp, it would be an easy matter to dispatch an Indian to the cache for a new supply. This

place was chosen for a cache, for it was easier reached from many points by canoe. To place our goods away from the reach of bears, a platform was built up in the trees twenty feet or more above the ground. On this the goods were placed, and covered over with a rubber sheet, securely fastened down with rope. One canoe was left behind, and with the other two, and lightened loads, we retraced our course southward in search of our boundary line.

Both the wind and current were in our favor, and to increase our speed, holes were cut for masts, and blankets used for sails. The first rapid was easily passed, but the next one, where we had damaged a canoe before, must be run with care.

Landing above the rapids, Wauba-gaestic made a careful survey of the course. For a while he stood on some high rock overlooking the river, and then returned to us, his face beaming with delight. Taking with him one other boatman, he pushed out from shore, giving orders for the other canoe to follow him. Each canoe was manned by two Indians. In a moment they were in the rapids, dashing past protruding rocks, through the foaming water. Sometimes it seemed that they were lost, but the careful boatmen knew their trade. We had trusted them before, and had confidence in their skill and judgment. Eagerly the rest of us watched our canoes from shore. At times they almost disappeared from sight, but in a few minutes they shot out, safely on the smooth water below.

Wauba-gaestic was a faithful guide, and I never questioned his judgment either in the woods or on the river. Nothing brought more pleasure to him than such an experience as this. And while he delighted in excitement, still he was cautious, and never undertook to run a rapids that proved disastrous to him.

Eight miles below the lake we saw some blazing on the trees, which proved to be the long sought-for survey line. A mile or so in from shore was the starting point of our township survey. Bags and baggage were brought ashore, and preparations made for packing through the woods.

A bundle as large as one man could carry was securely bound up with a leather strap called a tote line, the end of which was passed in a loop over the packer's forehead, leaving his arms entirely free. Loaded in this way, with his head bent forward, and balancing the load upon his back, the packer is obliged to travel through the woods, jumping from stone to stone, and log to log, climbing over fallen trees and through tangled bushes, up hill and down, through marshes and swamps, often exposed to the heat of a blazing sun, and more often tormented, in the low land, by myriads of mosquitoes. One of his greatest trials is the frequent absence of drinking water. He was often obliged to go entirely without water, and when on the rocks, exposed to the blazing sun, this is a severe hardship. It was often necessary for the men to leave their packs, and go down in search of water into the swamps and valleys. And while the work is very tiresome, yet the experienced packer frequently enjoys himself. A great variety of amusing incidents are liable to happen, such, for instance, as one entering hornets, falling from slippery logs with load on one side and packer on the other, sinking perhaps to the waist while wading through swamps and assisting each other out of difficult places. The Indians, however, keep good-natured through it all, and it was seldom that they were provoked to anger.

The greater part of a day was spent in preparing for a start. Bush hooks and axes must be ground, and an astronomical observation made of the north star, to establish the