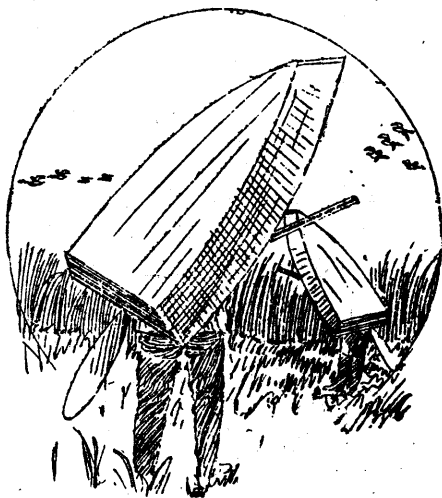


claimed my partner, when his breath returned. "I'll tell you; we will carry the guns and game to the creek first, then return for the boat." This was an idea fit for the great brain from which it emanated; and I gladly agreed. So we shouldered the traps and began to plough through the reeds towards the creek. Now, that creek has no current, yet it must have kept on running just the same, for after we had struggled along about two hundred yards there was no more sign of it than when we started. The traps, too, were very heavy; it is astonishing how much a gun and a few ducks will weigh, when they get a real good chance. We must find that creek; and leaving the loads we set out singly in parallel lines, a few rods apart, thinking it could not now be very far away. Well, I tramped and stumbled on, the reeds every moment getting taller, and at every step I took, showers of a small green insect fell off the stalks, till I was covered with them, and they got down my back and in my ears and made discomfort generally; but no creek. Presently I decided this was not the direction, and I retraced my steps, emerging from the marsh at the same time as my partner, who had been equally successful. "Bad cess to that creek, where is it anyway!," My partner heaved two or three sighs and said, "let us try it again," so we did, and after a season of mud and marsh we found the long-lost creek; it had got mixed up with a lot of reeds and muskrat houses, and could not find the way out. Then we had to make a trip in with the traps, and after that, a tug of war with the boat. We uncoupled and doubled her and started, and by dint of pulling, pushing, lifting and stumbling we managed to get her half way, and that over the best part of the road. We had a time getting from there, my back aches now at the thought of it. The reeds were over ten feet

high, and thick and strong; last year's crop had not been burned off but lay in a tangled mass on the ground about three feet high, and the only way we could make any progress, was, first tramp down the reeds then stand one on each side, grasp the boat well back, pulling her closely forward about a yard at a time. It was terribly hard work. Talk about Stanley's trip through the African forest! My partner said, "he never before experienced what a good time Stanley had." It came to an end, however, and



MAKING A PORTAGE.

"She" floated at last on the bosom of the creek. When we got in to paddle away, she wouldn't move; was stuck fast in the mud, and no amount of coaxing, pushing and wriggling would free her. I proposed throwing my partner overboard to lighten the load, as his avoirdupois was liberally ballasted; but he objected, and as he is bigger and stronger than I, his objection held. However, he obligingly got out, when he found he couldn't do anything else, and pushed us clear of the mud, (he wore rubber boots to the thighs). Once in deep water, we had a real good time among the ducks; they had been interested