

we portaged into the head waters of the Amable du Fond, or Mal-du-Fo as the vernacular has it. Following down Mink Lake, and on through Mink Creek, we came to the noble expanse of Lake Kioshkoqui. From here there were ten miles of river much broken by rapids and falls. This will appear when I say that it was about mile for mile of paddling and portaging.

We camped over Sunday near the end of this stretch. The bank of the river was a huge sandhill, covered with a young growth of trees, and a lot of fallen pines. Behind us at some distance was a clearance, known as McKay's Farm. On the opposite side of the stream was a settler who had just come in that spring, and who informed the awe-stricken poet and pedagogue that he had already slain no less than seven bears. That Saturday night we were disturbed. By a bear? No, but by that other member of the Stock Exchange, a bull. He came over from Mackay's, and the sight of our tent seemed to arouse his ire. We could hear his angry bellowings away in the bushes as he prepared for a final charge. This was about ten o'clock. We had lain down when the ominous sounds broke upon our ears. The poet arose in his might. His nocturnal garment of gray flannel enveloped him like the robe of a Druid priest. Upon his head he wore a spherical arrangement, about the size of a large football. It was called a gauze helmet, and was designed as a protection against the flies. A strange, portentous figure he seemed as he passed from the tent into the starlight. There was a moment's pause, a whizz of some missile through the air, an affrighted bellow, a sudden rush, and then silence. The bull had disappeared not to return. He had seen a vision. Renan says that in Arabia there is already a fabulous legend of Napoleon fully developed. If among bovine herds there is aught of traditionary lore, then I venture to say that in all that region round about, for years to come, will linger the story of the wonderful being, that appeared to one of the fathers of the community that Saturday night.

On Monday morning we carried all our goods over a long portage, and embarked on a sheet of water known as Smith's Lake. Civilization now began to thicken upon us. At the foot