

report of the Geological Survey of Canada for the year 1887. All through the following night the prairie wolves kept up their dreary howling outside our tents, sometimes not more than a few yards away. Whether they would attack a camp or not, their dismal noise in such a lonesome place makes it difficult for a traveller to sleep.

Five miles below Dried Meat Lake, by the edge of a little grove of maples, there was a signboard posted in a conspicuous place. Going ashore to examine it I found on it the following inscription: "I Moisekenipi kweyn, took possession of these maple trees thirty years ago and claim them as mine."

At the lower end of this lake, where it gradually narrowed down to the width of the river again, it contained a large quantity of reeds and rushes, and here ducks were observed in great numbers. We succeeded in shooting twenty-seven of these, as also some geese, which kept the pot boiling for a day or two. I very well remember how delicious the meat of these ducks tasted, after living as we had for the most part on salt pork. But an old goose that has been for several years on the wing is hardly fit for eating. One of them we boiled several times, day after day, but the meat was still too tough for use and it was thrown away. On July 30 ducks appeared in great numbers, flocks flying overhead and frequently alighting on the river. Sometimes it seemed as though the sky was filled with birds. There must have been at the least estimate many thousand of them.

Our latitude was now fifty-three degrees, and in July at this place ordinary print can be easily read by natural light at ten o'clock in the evening.

A little above the village of Salvays the Pipestone River enters the Battle as a tributary from the northwest. While the Battle is much the larger river of the two, the Pipestone has a wider valley, and from the high north bank, two hundred and fifty feet above the water, the Battle River could be seen to flow a mile or two in the wider valley before joining the Pipestone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN EXPLORATION TO THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

By St. Croix.

(Continued from our October issue)

In the olden days the Algonquin had no fixed dwelling. He moved his belongings here and there as the whim seized him, earning his existence by hunting and fishing, and having no thought for the morrow. But at North Temiskaming there are some forty families who have cast off their primitive habits, and settled down to farming. As farmers they are not particularly successful, the men breaking away now and again and taking to the bush for indefinite periods, during which times the farms have to care for themselves; but these people are living out their simple lives in a way which is entirely satisfactory to themselves, and one of the most contented communities I have ever been in is that of North Temiskaming.

I had been told to make my way, in the first instance, to the store of one Angus Wabie, a particularly intelligent Indian who speaks three languages, English, French and Ojibway, and keeps a store. Captain Redmond, however, warned me not to go very far away, as owing to the lateness of the hour his stay would be a short one; so I hired a young Indian, fleet of foot and long-winded as a race horse, to go in search of Angus, and while he was gone the fates were kind enough to send me an

old friend to keep me company. Years ago, during my first expedition to the Canadian wilderness, I had as hunter—we did not speak of guides in those days—a well-known backwoodsman whose nickname was Jimmy the Duck. His right name is James B. MacDonald, and, although he is now over sixty years of age, there are few better men either in the bush or on the water. Jimmy has married into one of the leading families of North Temiskaming. His wife is one of the McBrides; her brother, John James McBride, the village constable. We talked over old times, and the changes that had taken place since we first saw Temiskaming, until my messenger returned, bringing with him the breathless but radiant Angus. Captain Redmond wanted to be off, but, like an obliging fellow, hung on for a few minutes longer while I made my arrangements, and the upshot of it all was that I carried off one Frank Lemire, together with his canoe, the idea being that he was to bring me back next day to North Temiskaming. Lemire had not been on board ten minutes before he sidled up to me, and told me confidentially that he was very, very hungry; so I had to arrange with the stewardess to give him something to eat. He proved to be a rattling good man at the table, and occupied the better part of an hour in storing away grub where he thought it would do the most good, and when we arrived at Haileybury he followed me into the dining room of the hotel in the most natural way in the world, and proceeded to polish off a second meal without turning a hair.

But if Frank could eat he could also sail a canoe, as he proved next morning, and if I wanted to go down a bad river I would willingly try my best to satisfy his enormous appetite, provided I could have his cunning paddle steering the canoe. And now I am going to make a confession: for years I have advocated travelling light, omitting superfluities; and yet I backslided, and added a lot of canned stuff to my outfit, for which I paid dearly in aching muscle before I got through with the trip. Oh, how easy it is to backslide! After practising what I preached for years, in one weak moment I yielded to the seductions of those cans of Bartlett pears and California peaches, and green peas, things which no man should take into the woods if he wants to be really free of the wilderness—and I promise never to do it again. Next time it will be pork and beans, and beans and pork, and mighty little else besides, excepting the fish and game I can secure by the way.

An epidemic of matrimony was about to strike Haileybury, and preparations for the ceremonies were already under way. In fact, the talk was almost entirely of marriage and giving in marriage, as on the following week two of Haileybury's most charming spinsters were to swear love, honor and obedience to the youths of their choice. So it came to pass that I was asked out into society that evening, to meet some of the high contracting parties, together with several beautiful bridesmaids, and did not get back to my cubicle until after midnight. Consequently, I was inclined to expostulate with Frank when he tried to kick down the door at 5 a.m. next morning. We argued the matter at some length, and eventually, as he seemed to have somewhat the best of it, I yielded myself to my fate, and donned the shirt of flannel and the overalls and moccasins which signified that I would that day bid adieu to civilization. By seven o'clock we were ready to start. The wind was favorable, though showing a suspicious increase every minute, and there was little doubt we should have enough of it ere we reached the sheltered mouth of the White River. Frank rigged up a wonderful sail out of the tent, and immediately we drew from under the lee of the land and began to feel the weight of