

scene, and had it not been for the flies and the intense heat, the place would have been a veritable paradise. As it was, however, the black flies taking a particular fancy to me, my face was soon covered with smudges of blood.

We camped at what was shown on the map as the head of the river, but the next day finding that it was connected inland with a whole chain of lakes we decided to paddle back and try and get an Indian at the mouth of the river to act as guide.

Starting out with a handful of grub and the mosquito net, we paddled down in the cool of the evening and made the portages comfortably, but by the time we arrived at the lake we were caught in a heavy downfall of rain which lasted all night. We were unable to keep a fire on and were forced to crawl under the canoe and wait for morning. The next day, being unable to persuade any of the Indians to accompany us, we returned, spending a week or so in the district, explored and prospected it as well as we could, without, however, meeting with any success.

Striking down again to the main lake we were fortunate enough to meet an Indian, a young buck, who offered to act as our guide for four days pending his departure for his Treaty Reserve. As we wished to work some country about twelve miles to the south, and which would entail a good deal of travel in the bush, we were glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity. The contact we wished to strike extended round a lake which lay four or five miles inland. Paddling down and camping on the shore of the main lake, we started early the following morning into the bush, the Indian carrying the axe, "billey" and most of the grub. My companion and I taking our picks and a sandwich of bacon and bannock which we were unable to squeeze into the "billey." After following a trail some three miles we struck off into the bush trusting to our Indian and the compass. When we reached