

ahead, and in a few minutes we heard a cry in front: "Hold on boys! Stay where you are!" We felt disinclined to stay where we were, with a heavy canoe on our shoulders, so we dismounted it and went ahead. The scene which met our eyes was, to say the least, astonishing. The Doctor was standing straight and silent, while around him several uncouth forms, which we were able to identify as Mac. and the boys, were rolling about on the ground, uttering uncontrollable shrieks of laughter. In broken sentences, interspersed with peals of merriment from Mac., we were informed that we had returned by a very circuitous route to within a few yards of the place whence we had so confidently departed. Then two more voices were added to the chorus and two more forms performed the turf-rolling act on the shores of the "hard-to-leave" Lake Joseph, while the Doctor stood grim and silent, with a slight smile playing beneath his heavy blonde mustache. In pure deference to his feelings we at last forcibly calmed down, to give him an opportunity of explaining the situation. He failed to see anything laughable, and thought only of the time and energy uselessly expended. In explanation he informed us that he had followed a somewhat obscure path for over a mile, and had at last caught a glimpse of water. He naturally concluded that what he saw was Clear Lake. This journey had evidently taken him within a few yards of the spot where we were sitting, but as we were silently doing justice to a noon-day meal, he had heard nothing to apprise him of his whereabouts.

Nothing daunted by one failure, Ben and Mac. tried their luck as path-finders with much better success, returning within half an hour. They had followed a fairly good road for a mile, had found a lake, and had returned at a run. To shoulder our burdens again and transport them to Clear Lake was the work of less than half an hour, and we were soon paddling along the eastern shore in search of the outlet into the next lake.

Although we thoroughly enjoyed the remainder of the day, we found more labour in store for us than we had been led to expect. The information which the Doctor had received would have been valid in the spring or early summer, but in September all was different. The majority of the watercourses were either too shallow to allow of passage or were dried up entirely. The