

fixedly at the camp. Presently the whole seven drew together—there was an old dog fox, the vixen and five cubs—and when I fired into the bunch they all sprang into the bushes and disappeared, so I thought another miss had been scored. But after breakfast I strolled down to the sandy little bay, where they had been sitting, and on looking carefully saw a drop or two of blood. A short search showed the vixen lying dead.

There are many islands on the lake, and as we could not see the northern extremity from where we were, I decided to leave the camp standing and explore it. We were away by seven o'clock, and did not return until half-past eleven that night. It was six miles from our camping place at the Narrows to the

tracks of moose, caribou, deer and bear, and they have evidently been little hunted. They are hunted occasionally, however, and unfortunately the head of the lake has been visited a week or so before my arrival by Jean Baptiste No and his numerous progeny, so that, though we saw many moderately fresh tracks, we did not see the animals themselves, and it is our common belief, that is to say, that it is the conviction of myself, and of John, and of John's little son, that the flesh of those moose was converted into provender for the use of the said Jean Baptiste No and the issue of his loins, and that the hides of the defunct animals are probably by this time made into babiche.



READY TO EMBARK.

This snapshot was taken at the foot of one of the rapids on the main White River between the mouths of the North and N.E. branches. The canoe shown in the foreground is a good specimen of the birchbark as made by the Temiskaming Indians.

head of the lake, and a very pretty paddle it was too; the water clear, the sun hot, and the scenery beyond description. I should have to live far beyond the allotted span of man's life ere I could forget the delicious sweep of those blue hills, which are really and truly the boundary between the Arctic slope and the basin of the St. Lawrence—for Chiminis is at the apex. Along the eastern shore of the lake a bold ridge runs almost north and south, its western front sufficiently abrupt, its eastern flank dipping at the same angle as the strata of which it is composed. Then the charm of this region is emphasized by the fact that there are no men in it; here you have nature unspoiled and uncontaminated. On either hand were the fresh

I shall have a good deal to say about Jean Baptist. No, but I will defer the saying of it until we meet him, as we shall do further on in this narrative.

We arrived at the head of the lake for luncheon; and after having eaten we ascended a crooked, sluggish, dead water for several miles, until at last it terminated in a beaver meadow, which John said was the height of land. Then, as we were not bound for the North Pole, we homeward turned and arrived at the mouth of the dead water just as the sun was sinking, or rather apparently sinking, in the north-west. Of course we boiled the kettle once more, but could not leave well enough alone, and so instead of paddling to camp like sensible men, we