

of water, is the source of the Petewawa, one of the large tributaries of the Ottawa. As far as White Trout Lake this is a small shallow stream broken by rapids, and in many places almost choked up by logs, boulders, and beaver-dams. We had hard, unpleasant work on the way, and were glad when, late in the evening, we swept out upon the bosom of White Trout.

At the foot of this lake were a couple of rapids in whose swirling eddies we expected to make a good catch of speckled trout. On a former occasion, a friend of mine fishing at this spot had three flies on his line, and in the first four casts he made, brought in no less than eleven fine trout. The twelfth was on, but slipped from the hook. I have a vivid remembrance still of my own excitement when, on throwing my line for the first time into the self-same pool, I saw the lightning flash with which a dozen red fins shot towards it. The fishing this year was not quite up to the mark for *that* place, but those who were there for the first time thought it very fine. Our fishing over, we paddled on through Red Pine Lake and several other stretches of water until we reached Burnt Lake, upon one of whose many islands we pitched our tent. Of all the spots on which we camped during our trip, this was the most delightful. The place was so clean and sweet, while the rich carpet of moss was sufficient of itself to give us a luxurious bed. The lake was the largest we had seen since leaving the Lake of Bays, and was dotted with a multitude of islands. The whole scene lay before us as fresh and pure as Eden itself on that primeval day when Adam's eyes were opened to its beauty.

A day of steady paddling and heavy portaging brought us to Big Cedar Lake. Here we began to touch the outposts of civilization on the Ottawa side, in the shape of a lumber farm with its cluster of rude buildings. Here, too, the Petewawa makes a sudden turn, and, issuing from the south-eastern extremity of the lake, goes rushing on its further career of sixty miles. Our course led us to the opposite side of the lake, where we entered a series of small lakes, connected either by portage or small stretches of river. Reaching the head of this chain,