

elevation of four hundred and fifty feet above the surrounding country. From this elevation I distinctly counted not less than seventy-five different lakes and sloughs.

As no drinking water could be found on the night of the twenty-sixth, it was necessary to camp without it, and make an early start the following morning before breakfast, when a large lake was found about ten o'clock. The water of this lake was milky in color, but it was found to be fairly good. A number of ducks were seen on it, three of which Maloney killed with his horsewhip, and several others he shot with a revolver. This water we named Hamilton Lake, after one of the members of our party.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## AN EXPLORATION TO THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

By St. Croix.

(Continued from our November Issue.)

This, to my mind, is the whole secret of the wonderful power the adult Indian possesses. His aim and object is to inure himself to hardship and to develop his strength, no matter whether it be walking, or paddling, or portaging, and in the end, should he live through his apprenticeship, he will be a strong, hardy man. Of course, a great many of the young men and boys die owing to their neglect of themselves, and I am quite sure that if we white men who dwell in cities took the same liberties with our health, we should die off to the last one; it is only the wondrous healthiness of an open air life which gives the stamina to resist. After hours spent wading in icy water the Indian will cast himself on a bed of wet boughs, covered, either by a well-worn blanket, or even, perchance, by none at all, and sleep as soundly as we do in our beds at home.

It was late in the afternoon before we got away from North Temiskaming. Frank Lemire was very anxious to accompany me, but unfortunately the poor fellow's eyes are so weak that he has to wear green glasses, and if there is one point I insist upon in an Indian, it is that he shall have good eyesight. We only succeeded in reaching a point on the White River five miles from the mouth, and six from North Temiskaming, just before sundown. We made a good camp, but I could not sleep towards morning owing to the cold. That night the thermometer fell to 38° Far., but there was no frost, and, so far as I know, the wonderful crops raised by the settlers on the lower part of the White River were nowhere touched by frost this summer. When we passed up the river the fields of oats were fast ripening, and, as I learned on my way out, most of the settlers began harvesting on August 24th. But fine as were the oats, I think the great fields of potatoes, with their dark green vines almost knee-high, beat them.

At low water, such as existed when I went up the river, this stream for the first twenty-two miles resembles a canal, excepting that, instead of being straight, it turns and twists like an adder. There was absolutely no current; the water was turbid, and every few rods the greasy clay banks had broken away in landslides. This may not seem an attractive country, but my experience has always been that rivers of this description are the haunts of game, while the clear, rocky, picturesque torrents have only their scenery to offer you. Of course, in the matter of fishing the White River is an inferior stream. There are pike, and doré, and eels and other things in it, but they are all of muddy flavor and not worthy of a

fisherman's attention. Yet the whole valley of the White River is a game preserve, and moose, bear, the fur-bearing animals, and innumerable ruffed grouse make it a most desirable place from the point of view of a sportsman. For the first twenty-two miles the river is navigable at ordinary high water by a steamboat having a draft of four feet; then it becomes shallow, rocks appear, and a couple of miles further on the first rapid is reached. At the head of steamboat navigation an old Englishman has carved a home for himself out of the forest. Uncle Tom is known far and wide, being very popular amongst his fellow settlers. Between his log house and the north pole there is none, save a few scattered Indians, Hudson Bay officials, wandered Innuits, and every now and then the members of some Polar expedition. Uncle Tom is possessed—though he probably does not know it—with the old Anglo-Saxon spirit of adventure, which more than any other force, under Providence, has been the civilizing factor in the world's progress.

The oldest settlers on the lower White River moved in but five years ago; in fact, until a couple of seasons back there was hardly anybody there. Now the axe is being swung right and left, and it will not be many years before all that part of Northern Ontario will be a well-settled region. And, unfortunately, in the wake of the axe comes the fire; and then, where all was green and pleasant, is a wilderness of blackened rampikes waving grimly over the charred remains of the wild things of the woodland. This summer the fire fiend has played great havoc with hundreds of square miles in Northern Ontario, and from the east of Liskard to the west of Kippewa Lake, a tract of burnt land now extends with hardly any interruption. This embraces the first nine miles of the White River. From its mouth to Otter Brook there was hardly a settler's house left standing after the flames had passed. Driven by a furious west wind the flames leapt enormous distances—in one case I noticed the blackened beams of a destroyed homestead which had stood more than 400 yards from the nearest woodland.

However, this was not an unmixed evil, because, now these lands are half cleared, and as they are of first-rate quality, level, rich, and free from stone, they will become farms perhaps sooner than they would have in the ordinary course of events. Yet much distress and suffering was caused, and had not the government stepped in and provided work by which the men could support their families, things would have been at a pretty pass.

It seems to have been the fate of this country to be ravaged by fire at irregular intervals through the ages. These clay lands cake, and become very dry during the long, hot summer. The streams shrink into their beds, and the smaller brooks dry up completely; at such times lightning, or a spark from a hunter's fire, may kindle a blaze which will spread far and wide ere it is extinguished. As I stood upon an elevation near the mouth of the North Fork, on my return journey, I over-looked a great extent of country; I could see twenty-five miles in any direction—and this is what I saw: A great, gently-rolling land, the highest hills of which did not exceed 150 feet in height, covered by a heavy second growth of aspen and white birch. It had evidently been burned over, though undoubtedly long ago. John said that the fire swept it one hundred years ago, but this is an elastic expression with the Indian, and means, simply that a certain thing happened before the speaker was born. I think, however, that there is every evidence that the same fire which undoubtedly swept the shores of Temagaming continued onward in its course, at least, to the Height