

From this point on for several days we had uniform experience of travel through lakes and portages, full of interest as a canoe trip, but almost void of ornithological specimens. An occasional duck on the lakes, with partridge and golden-wings on the portages composed our whole experience with the feathery tribe. Once when two of us got lost in the forest and had spent the greater portion of the day without food, we counted it a providential thing that we stumbled on a little lake where two small saw-bills were sailing around. We killed one and wounded the other, but failed to reach the wounded one. When we got back to camp at eventide, nearly exhausted, a loon was laughing at us from across the bay.

Passing out of Lake Panache on Saturday—a large lake beautifully indented with promontories and sprinkled with islands—we entered a marshy lake known as Lake Levasse. Here ducks were abundant. A coot gave us so much trouble in identifying him, that we didn't stop to classify any other specimen. Besides, there seemed to be so many miles of this lake, and it was so overgrown with rushes that it became difficult to find the channel and we must get through before dark. Pushing on, we entered a picturesque river which brought us, after an hour's paddling to the falls of Round Lake. Here a few cedar wax-wings that had not yet gone to roost watched us pitch our tent and prepare for another Sunday's rest.

Sunday morning found a gale blowing from the east, and there, riding majestically above us, was a beautiful fish-hawk. That day whilst sauntering over rocks and tracing the boundaries of a great diorite upheaval, we disturbed a pair of hairy woodpeckers. But what was that larger woodpecker beyond? The field-glass showed us that he had a bright orange-yellow crown and black back. To us this arctic woodpecker was such a novelty that we thought of collecting him. But then it was Sunday, and we had no fire-arm with us but a 44 calibre rifle. We concluded that to kill and skin a bird with one shot was too delicate an operation, so we only aimed our field-glass until he went dipping away into the depths of the forest.