

ragged rocks and fallen timber; through marsh and muskeg; coming to an opening in the woods, on the bank of another lake, they quickly toss their burdens aside, and back again they run. The Height of Land portage brought us to Dividing Lake, where, after having started a fire with birch bark and dry spruce, in a drenching rain storm, we cut balsam boughs for our beds, pitched our tent, and, wearied with the first two days

ming across the lake. We allowed bruin to proceed unmolested, not having a great store of ammunition.

On the third night we pitched our tent alongside of Philip's cabin, an old log hut on the Metagamii river, in which, indeed, we had intended to find shelter, but the mosquitoes being extremely numerous and bothersome, we found our tent easier smudged than the hut, and thus more comfortable.



FORT METAGAMII.

of hard paddling up stream, we lay down to peaceful sleep. Before reaching Dividing Lake we passed two very large Kettle holes, which were of great interest to the geologist.

From Dividing lake a portage was made to Mole lake, an expansion of the Metagamii river. Mole Lake is memorable to us, as it was there we were stranded on a rock and shortly after saw a huge black bear swim-

Next day, Saturday, June 21st, Fort Metagamii raised its flag in honor of our arrival. Mr. Miller, agent of the Hudson Bay Company there, entertained us royally over Sunday, showing us everything of interest at the Fort, including his general store, English church, sawmill, garden, cattle, chickens, etc. I may say, in this connection, that the soil at the fort, though very sandy, has, by the use of