

country, now expanding into small irregular lakes, and again contracting into swift rapids over boulders. The banks are everywhere ill-defined, and there is no sign anywhere of the stream having cut out a channel for itself. The country is generally low and mossy, dotted with occasional groves of small black spruce. Here and there long bars of sand and gravel extend across the country in a direction 60° S. 70° W., parallel to the direction of glaciation, keeping this course entirely regardless of surface contours. On the sides and crests of these ridges are groves of fine large white spruce rising to the height of 50 or 60 feet, and measuring 6 feet in circumference 2 feet above the ground. These trees were much the finest that we had seen anywhere since leaving Lake Athabasca.

Further northward, the country became more stony, and the west shore of Barlow Lake, in lat. 62° , is composed of low hills of boulders and irregular masses of granite. Trees are confined to a few isolated groves on the banks of the stream.

It was now five weeks and four days since we left Fort Chippewyan, and our provisions were disappearing rapidly, for we had seen no game that we might add to our stock from time to time; but on the evening of July 28, my brother shot a small poor doe on an island opposite our camp. The next morning, as we were paddling across Carey Lake, making for a high point with a huge boulder lying on its summit, one of the men drew my attention to an immense herd of caribou on the eastern shore. They were standing on low flat land, feeding on soft grass, and endeavouring to catch a little of the breeze from the lake, which gave them some relief from their habitual summer tormentors, the black flies. Swiftly, but quietly, we paddled to the shore, and that afternoon was spent in shooting a number of the best bucks of the herd. The continuance of the exploration depended on our obtaining an abundant supply of meat, and the knowledge of this fact added to our excitement, as we stood in the midst of the tens of thousands of deer, as they ran madly to and fro, endeavouring to escape from a danger which they could not understand. That evening we were tired as we returned to camp, and the men collected sixty-eight tongues from the deer that we had killed. I had determined, if possible, to kill fifty, but we had rather overshot the mark.

Our camp was close to a small grove of stunted black spruce and tamarac. The past ten days had been cold and wet, but the next three days were bright and warm, with a dry south-west breeze, and in that time we cut up and dried about twenty-five of the best of the deer that we had shot. Immense herds were still about us, but we did not shoot any. Instead of our rifles we took the camera, and, walking gently, we would often approach within a few yards of the animals as they were quietly grazing, and thus managed to secure thirty-seven photographs, showing the herds of deer in various positions. The animals were very lean and