

great district which I was now able to submit for his verification or disapproval. He was even then preparing to make another trip to this northern post, on which he urged me to join him, and I would gladly have done so had I been able. Perhaps the three most interesting subjects of this district are the fish, the caribou, and the wolves. Reindeer lake is about one hundred and fifty miles in length by fifty miles in width and abounds in fish of many varieties and unusual size. During the winter great herds of caribou drift as far south as Du Brochet and are slaughtered in alarming numbers by the Indians. In fact, during the past winter, Umbach informed me, some two hundred Indians camped about this post had killed an average of two hundred and fifty caribou each which made a slaughter of fifty thousand of these valuable animals. Wolves also killed great numbers and it is quite evident that steps should be taken immediately for the protection of the caribou to prevent their extermination.

When ready to leave again we were provided by Umbach with an eighteen-foot canoe and two Indians who were to take us to the head of navigation at Sturgeon Landing. Leaving with a fair wind at five o'clock on the afternoon of July 23rd, we sailed till dark, and camped at the head of Sturgeon-Weir river. As we bid farewell to Pelican Narrows our late guides from Stanley were observed, with a number of friends, busy about a camp fire preparing a feast of the rations provided for their return. I have no doubt that they did not stir away till the last morsel had disappeared. Storm-bound or not storm-bound, the troll supplied by Tom Bear would be called upon to supply them with a fish diet for the return trip.

The 24th of July saw us make one of the longest journeys of any day on the trip. Sailing away from camp at 6.30 in the morning we caught a fair wind, and, between sailing and running rapids, traversed the whole length of the Sturgeon-Weir river by seven o'clock in the evening. There are several portages to be made on this river but they are quite short, especially the one at Scooping rapids. At this point we found a lady prospector camping alone and doing her own representation work. She was delighted at the opportunity of sending out letters by us and expressed perfect contentment with her unique manner of living. Below Scooping rapids the river rapidly changes to assume a more uniform flow. The country becomes lower and flatter with less rock in sight. Banks of sand appear and small flats of light sandy soil which might be cultivated. Dense patches of small second growth poplar on old burns, stands of large spruce which has been missed by the fires, brule and wind fall, small areas of good grass and sandy ridges covered with jackpine were noted.

The river enters Amisk, or Beaver, lake on its west shore. The evening being ideal for crossing open water we decided to make a dash, as this was the last lake lying between us and the head of steamboat navigation. Simultaneously the sun set behind us and the full moon rose in our faces as we paddled across this beautiful sheet of water. Two years ago I had made surveys on this lake but had not reached the western part, and it was not until we neared the southern end that I could identify familiar land marks. At eleven o'clock we completed the long day's journey and disembarked at the little settlement of Beaver Landing, now almost deserted.

Beaver lake sprang into fame in 1912 owing to discoveries of gold on its northern shores. The nucleus of a mining town sprang up at this point and had it not been for the great war it might have thrived and grown to considerable dimension. Beautifully located on a high point of land overlooking the lake at the head of the Sturgeon river, up which canoes toil from the steamboat landing on Sturgeon lake and having also an alternative wagon route, it occupies a strategic position. When mining is resumed, as it doubtless will be, it may yet come into its own. Here I met my friend William Hayes, under whose hospitable roof pleasant evenings had been spent two years ago. He had retired for the night but was roused by the barking of his dogs and hastened up to welcome us and extend that genuine hospitality again.