

understand that one hundred years or more ago, according to Indian tradition, this immense country was swept by destructive fires. Hunting in the bush here is difficult work owing to the denseness of the undergrowth, so we always confined ourselves to the small creeks that make into the lakes.

To return to our story: We found on exploring the various bays, outlets and inlets of Island Lake that our geographers are much astray. There seems to be no end of islands, which hide the shore line but as we had lots of time, we determined to make use of it, and discovered that on the east side, there is a short channel leading into another large expanse of water, of very irregular shape, almost, it seemed to me, as large as the main body, and this is not shown on the map.

On Friday, the eleventh, we determined to reach the northern end of the lake and find the stream that leads into it from Labyrinth Lake, through which latter runs the boundary line between Quebec and Ontario. But though we went several miles up a small creek, which seemed the right one, we had to abandon following it farther owing to the fallen trees which obstructed our passage. Here we found plenty of fresh moose sign. We camped in a veritable jungle for the night, and retraced our way next morning to the lake, where after another hour's hunt, we found the right stream, the outlet of Labyrinth Lake. At its mouth we made our headquarters for the rest of our stay. Here away from the route of the fur traders we enjoyed complete seclusion from the rest of mankind, and had things all to ourselves.

Though we had rainy weather most of the time, and very windy, yet a few evenings and mornings were calm enough to call moose. George Crawford acted as my guide, and William Paulson for my friend, Mr. Jenkins, while Angus Bastein acted as cook. Every day when it did not rain too hard we paddled across bays and up creeks, in search of fresh signs of game and found that they were here somewhere. Monday, the fourteenth, we thought we had them located and started off, George and I up the creek where the logs were, and William and Mr. Jenkins farther west to another creek. We were not there long, and had called only a few times, when it

was evident that our chopping the day before had scared the moose out, and soon we heard shots in the direction of the other party. Returning to camp for breakfast, we had not long to wait before Mr. Jenkins and William returned with smiling countenances, and after hearing their story, we breakfasted and went with them to skin the moose. We found him near the water, and he proved to be the largest that I have ever seen on any of my trips. His antlers had a spread of fifty-one inches, which though often surpassed, were nevertheless very symmetrical and we were well pleased with them. After cutting him up we returned to camp, and as they said they had heard two or three more there, it was resolved that we try there again next morning. This time George and I went, and after some time meeting with no response to the call, concluded the other moose had been frightened away, and accordingly we paddled for headquarters. But we were to have our share of sport before we reached camp, for on approaching a point of land that makes out into the lake, George espied a black object on the shore, and after watching it a while, to ascertain if it moved, he called my attention to it, and there was Bruin sure enough.

The wind was blowing at this time, but fortunately from the bear toward us. Approaching him carefully we came within about one hundred and fifty yards, then stopped to see what he or rather as it turned out, she would do. The bear was evidently undecided herself, for after walking backward and forward a few times, on the shore, she started toward the bush, when George instructed me to fire, which I was about to do, when she retraced her steps to the water's edge. Being requested to reserve my shot, we watched her awhile longer, edging nearer meanwhile for a closer shot. Why she did not see us I cannot understand, but she was evidently thinking of something else, and after looking all round, she plunged into the lake and started to swim across and strange to say, in a direction almost directly toward us. When within about fifty yards of the shore, she raised herself in the water and looked straight at us with a very much surprised air, then turning made haste for the point.