

miles. At Tea Lake Falls we caught our first meal of speckled trout. On the lake itself we saw our first deer. Above Tea Lake, and connected with it by a narrows, is Canoe Lake, so called because long ago one of Sir Wm. Logan's surveying parties was detained here long enough to build a canoe. Leaving Canoe Lake, we found the Muskoka a very small stream indeed, widening at intervals into lakes or ponds of considerable size. At last we came to Island Lake, a most beautiful sheet of water, and the fountain-head of that branch of the Muskoka.

Into one of its deep bays I made a solitary excursion. I kept skirting around the shore, watching the manoeuvres of a wild duck with her brood of ducklings, and hoping by quiet going to come in sight of a deer. At the east end of the bay a little creek came flowing in, and beyond the bushes through which it wound was an open space, evidently a marsh. I pushed the canoe quietly up the little stream until I reached the last clump of alders between me and the marsh. Another push with the paddle would have sent me through, when my attention was arrested. Something was moving. The first thing I noticed was the swaying of what looked like the tall branches of a dead pine. Then I saw a great brown body, and I knew that I was in the presence of the lordliest game that walks the Canadian forest. Those swaying branches were the antlers of a gigantic moose. What was the issue of this sudden encounter? Nothing very romantic. I did not shoot the moose, and for several reasons. First, it was contrary to the law of the land; secondly, it would have been a wanton thing to leave 800 or 1,000 lbs. of meat to rot in the wilderness, and lastly, and in case the aforesaid considerations were not sufficiently urgent, I had nothing to shoot with,—rifle, revolvers, and shot-guns were all at the camp. But I had seen a moose, and for that day at least the parson was the hero of the camp.

At the east end of Island Lake we found a portage of nearly a mile. We lifted our canoes out of water that flows into the Georgian Bay; we set them down in water that flows into the mighty Ottawa. Otterslide Lake, a lonely and beautiful body