

\$200, certain that it would not be accepted. "It's a bargain," said Jimmy with effusion, "and you're the luckiest man in Fort Frances."

But the prospector does not show at his best in town. When his money is gone and he can get no more credit, he finds some one to grubstake him, loads his canoe with a bag of flour, some rusty bacon, some beans and his blackened and battered tea-pail and frying-pan,



FALLS ON UPPER SEINE RIVER.

and sets off for the woods. Generally two go together in a leaky bark canoe which they must pitch at every other portage to avoid foundering with all on board. They pull hard against head winds on broad lakes where every white-tipped wave slaps in, or strain against the current of a river till the foamy foot of the rapid compels a portage; until at some remote spot where the moose browses the water lilies and the bear hunts for berries, they pitch their shabby tent and commence their explorations. Wherever rock shows on the