

wood of the cedar, being very light, is valuable as a lining for the canoe, and when the summer heats have dried up the streams so that even this light draft boat scrapes on the sharp rocks of the river bottom, he lovingly protects the frail sides of the vessel with long strips of cedar splints bound together so that it glides unharmed over the pebbly bottom.

On the morning of September 1, a sharp thunderstorm of the previous day having cooled and cleared the air, a chill nor'-wester swept down the river. Yesterday summer was still reigning: this morning saw autumn usurping her throne, a revolution in a single night.

Though the river dwindled much in size, it grew very pretty above, no recent fires having defaced the green woods. We passed several high blue hills or mountains, one—Spider Mountain—being very beautifully shaped: a symmetrical, ideal mountain.

Fifteen miles above Portage Brook we pitched our tent on a grassy plateau, lit a roaring fire—for there was a most unseasonable frostiness in the air—and cooked our primitive supper.

On the morning of September 2, we struck camp early and proceeded up the river, that here became very small and shallow. Clothed with long luxurious wild grasses that lined the edge, and with copses of hazel and alder bushes that reached out their branches to make a deep dark liquid mirror, the banks often resembled reaches of the Upper Thames; but when the eye is withdrawn from the rich grasses and bosky masses on the shores, to rest on the stern, rugged hills that rise in the background, the illusion is abruptly dispelled.

A few hundred yards from the camp the canoe swept suddenly round a sharp curve in the river, when lo! about 150 yards ahead of us, on a small grassy island that marked the end of a lovely little reach of river, standing in the rank grass, was revealed an enormous well-antlered bull moose, gazing at us in a beautiful attitude of attention. Startled at the sudden apparition of the canoe, the animal had reared his head to attention, and plucked up his long ears, looking truly graceful and majestic, the outline of the form clearly defined against a background of thick bushes.

Joe and Peter stood as if turned to stone, watching the huge beast. Not a syllable was uttered between us. I raised the rifle and fired. My bullet fell rather low and went through the lungs. Tracking the wounded animal for about half a mile we found him in a dying state on the steep side of a beautifully wooded mountain. We found the flesh in fine condition, and stripping off the hide, which was in very good form, left the useless portions for the delectation of the bears, evidence of whose presence in large numbers