

trucks and drawn to the hollows, where it is used to make a very solid roadbed.

Four or five miles from the mouth we were to have found a team to take us across an eight mile portage to Lovell's Lake, and other lakes on the route. But when we reached Foley's Supply Camp, there was no team to be had. The roads were execrable, and to face an eight miles portage with two canoes, 1,000 pounds of baggage, and two guides was not at all an enjoyable prospect.

The trip round by the Wanapitei River, our guide told us, was not at all a difficult one to make, and by that means we could get over to the French River. We were very easily convinced. We came back to the mouth of Elbow, and continued on down the Wanapitei in our canoes. It was an easy portage to Red Pine Camp, and from thence a two miles' paddle brought us to another camp, where our head guide's friend, Jim, a prince of good fellows, whom we found loaded for bear, would insist upon our accepting the camp's hospitality for the night. But a stable full of fever-stricken horses, quite close to the camp, and one huge dead horse, whose odor was spread over the scene for half a mile, decided us upon refusing this very sincere offer. We found two magnificent heads of moose rotting here. The men who had killed the animals wanted to sell the heads to us, and they told us that any number of such trophies could be had in the neighborhood. Evidently it is a good moose country in need of Government supervision.

We paddled for another mile or two and camped on a delightful spot, a little point formed by Paddy Meyer's Creek, running into the Wanapitei at this point. We were told that the dead moose came from up this creek, and that there were many of them.

At the sources of this creek there are a series of lakes—Horse Shoe Lake, Burnt Lake, and Miller's Lake, where there is good hunting and excellent fishing. The waters of some of these lakes run into White Oak Creek, and from White Oak Creek into the Wanapitei. We paddled up White Oak Creek for a mile or two, and found it a very beautiful river, with state-

ly oaks on both sides. There are good flats of land here for settlement.

Today, Oct. 19th, we paddled 16 or 18 miles to a very pretty camp. The water of the Wanapitei is deliciously cool, pure and sweet. It is slightly amber in color, although very clear.

Our outfit we found from experience to be as nearly perfect as it could well have been. I had prepared for myself some oil bags for carrying packs, made of seamless cotton bags, about three and a half feet long and two wide. To these I had firmly attached with copper rivets well fitted shoulder straps, with strips of hickory running up and down the bag. When full the top of the bag projects above your head behind, and forms an admirable holder for another pack thrown across it, which you can carry on the shoulders and neck. In this way the weight of the second pack is on your neck and shoulders, and does not seem to add much to the weight on the strap. These bags, oiled with common linseed oil, are absolutely waterproof as we were glad to find out later on. I carried a very warm sleeping bag, and three pairs of blankets in one pack, and about forty pounds of miscellaneous stuff in another, laid horizontally across the neck, and held by the perpendicular bag, which was strapped to the shoulders. This is an inexpensive, very light, strong, useful, carrying bag. I had with me two bags that I think cost me ten dollars apiece in New York—one was an Adirondack camp basket, and the other a brown canvas, each covered with, and held together by many straps. These did not prove waterproof in all situations. We all agreed that for work in the woods the new invention was infinitely superior, and these seamless bags have a carrying capacity at least forty per cent. greater than the ten dollar bags, and are only half the weight.

We regretted very much that we could not get a good photograph of our camp at the outlet of Paddy Meyer's Creek. It was a really beautiful spot, and our camp was an ideal home of a night. This was so, first in the "Goat-kick-why-not," as the Indians call the poles and crotches that held all our five pans for cooking; second, in the beautiful fire, situated between the two tents, our own and the guides', which