

berries a couple of chickadees took an interest in our work, and a hairy woodpecker rapped out his compliments from some neighboring trees. We proceeded up the Inlet by moonlight. The almost oppressive silence hushed our conversation, and only the swish of our paddles woke the echoes of the nearly perpendicular walls which closed us in. Once some heavy animal, probably a deer, broke the branches in the dark forest of the right bank; again we saw a porcupine move up from the waters' edge from the left, but for hours these were the only sounds that broke the stillness. Just as we were looking about for a landing place, two whip-poor-wills on opposite sides of the inlet struck up a cheery duet. This music brought us back to the world of reality. We landed, made camp, and not even the droning of the mosquitoes could rob us of the pleasure of this midnight litany from the whip-poor-wills.

We rested Sunday, and on Monday portaged past Collin's Mills, paddled up the Mahzenazing River, and by dinner time had had put the last habitation ten miles behind us. Whilst eating our lunch at a dam, made to raise the water in the river for logging purposes, we enjoyed the company of about a score of cedar waxwings. Up the river we went, finding that this six-foot dam had made miles of marsh, and "drowned" land. Nothing could be more desolate than this marshy stream bordered everywhere by dead trees holding their bare arms rebelliously towards heaven. Repeatedly a large crane got up in front of us and moved lazily on in advance. Black ducks, singly or in pairs, would start up at our approach and quack the announcement of others hidden in the reeds. Once a bittern, startled by the noise of our gun, flew away southward as though determined to leave the region forever now that man had invaded the solitude. We reached the shore of Johnny Lake at midnight, tired, thirsty and wet, for the rain had commenced to fall. To add to our discomfort the little clearing where we were trying to get some wet wood to burn, was literally choked with mosquitoes. No wonder the garrulous chatter of a flock of crow black-birds roused our wickedness. We resolved on a black-bird pie. They must have suspected our intentions, for we never got within gun range.