

from the numerous tracks, they must be plentiful, and could be easily got if dogs were used to hunt them.

Proceeding on over some short stretches of water and a couple of short portages, we next got to our long portage. This one would almost break your heart, to say nothing about your back; but we got over it, and find ourselves in a lake of considerable size, our intention being to go out of our way to another lake, which, being in a remote place, would likely afford the coveted sight of a moose. We found, however, at the landing where the trail commences that "signs" gave unmistakable evidence that a considerable party had recently visited the place. We, therefore, walked across the portage about a mile, and at the lake we found that a large, well-equipped party had been there probably two weeks before. There had been two tents, besides those of the guides, as indicated by the balsam-bough beds and the abundance of empty cans. Debris of ducks, partridge and moose fully convinced us that the said party had been enjoying life to their hearts' content. The air was tainted with decaying animal matter, and, following up the scent, we soon came upon the hide of a cow moose hung up to dry, and getting back to the camping spot, we could have picked up several handfuls of exploded rifle shells, which had evidently been used to shoot at a target of birch bark a short distance away. Rough tables and seats had been erected in true picnic style, and other appointments of the camp, led us to infer the party were "tender-feet, and had been made up of probably a couple of older heads and several young fellows, first-rate at wasting ammunition by shooting at a mark, and who, when they are thrust into the presence of a moose, hand the rifle to the guide to do the shooting. Such parties usually have more money than nerve of the right kind, and are interlopers from the other side.

So much for our investigation of this place. We went back to a camping point on our regular route, and here again we had evidence in the shape of shank bones and vertebrae that the same party had preceded us with a harder well supplied with moose meat. That night we decided to go out and

paddle quietly around a small bay, and then two or three miles up the narrows here formed. When we got to the part where we thought we would stand a fair chance of seeing a moose, disappointment met us instead; wafted on the evening air, the fetid scent of decomposing flesh assailed our nostrils. The moose was there, but slaughtered and left in its tracks to rot. We started at once for camp, but in passing the same place the next morning the spot was well marked by the sudden starting up of a number of crows, and upon closer examination the carcass was revealed minus the head. It had been a bull moose, killed for its horns.

About four miles to our next portage, which is short and comparatively easy, we enter another small lake. In a little bay to the right we notice some ducks. They are of the sheldrake variety; they feed exclusively on fish, and the flesh is so strong that they are totally unfit to be eaten. They are also very wild and hard to get near, but we had surprised them around the corner, and one that flew pretty near I induced to wait till we picked him up, the guide remarking that was a good fat fellow and something like a duck. I told him that the old ones were a little strong, but perhaps the young ones (this was a young one) were all right—we would try it for supper. I thought this would be a good chance to have a laugh at his expense. Accordingly, when supper time came, the duck was duly gotten ready. I took particular care to have the fish fried first. Everything being ready, and the tea well boiled, I sat a little apart to await results, which very soon came. The guide, remarking, "It's sthrong, all right enough," yet he persevered; but presently said he could not go any more of it. I gave a little piece to the dog, and it soon got sick at its stomach. Our frying-pan had to undergo house-cleaning that night. The dog soon got convalescent, and the guide said he would get even on some one else the first time he got a sheldrake.

This proved to be our last night in camp. We have twenty miles to go and seven portages to make before we strike the Blanche River, and then twenty-six miles to the "Head."