

howl murder like —. You scare the fawn out of its — seven wits, so that you can walk up to it and catch it." Jem had a bear once, he told us, that was quiet, but a good fighter. If you held a crying child in your arms it would "show its ivory and perhaps go for you." But if you dropped the child or stopped its crying, old Jerry became a perfectly gentle bear. Jem and Bill are worth visiting, and their camp is on the road to the caves. From their camp these gentlemen put us on the wrong trail to Diamond Lake.

Magnificent views are obtained from the mouths of the caves. Nothing but a long focus lens and an eight by ten plate was of any use to picture this view. It would have been more extensive had we brought the heavy camera up to the top of the hill, but this would have delayed us.

At the foot of the bluff we turned and made a near view of the entrance to the two caves. One of these caves is very deep and well worth exploring. This is a bear, deer and moose country. It is quite uninhabited for many square miles, and with the fair amount of protection the big game is getting today it is likely to improve.

New Lakes.

In Bocage Lake, less than half a mile across we found pickerel. There may be other fish, but they did not come to our lures. We crossed the lake in a north-easterly direction to arrive at the northern landing.

From this point we cut a new trail.

A quarter of a mile through beautiful hard wood, full of deer and moose tracks, and signs of other big game, brought us on a north-easterly course to Grey Duck Lake—a small lake without an island in which there is pike if nothing else. We paddle across this small lake, whence it took another short half-mile walk to bring us into Diamond Lake, famous amongst the Indians for its bass in summer and its lake trout at all times of the year. The narrows in Diamond Lake gave us a pretty view. It isn't too easy a portage between Desbarats and Diamond Lakes, nor is it very beautiful and interesting, because of the caves, but if you wish, a pretty good nine mile drive from Desbarats brings you

up to Diamond Lake if you do not wish to paddle and portage. We had a pretty paddle on this water, and then from Diamond Lake we took a wagon road of three miles to Lonely Lake. We put our heaviest canoe on a farmer's wagon, and carrying the other, did the three miles comfortably. A trail can be cut much shorter than that, but it isn't a bad idea to take a wagon, put all the plunder in it and be ready to start fresh at the end. If you are hiring guides it is not more expensive. By changing the canoe carriers occasionally or resting one does not mind the portage much. The boy who drove us thought the journey was worth a dollar for his double team. As the roads were bad at this early spring time we paid him a little more—a dollar and a half, which is a fair price at any time and with any load.

At Watson's log house on Lonely Lake we got supplies—good milk, excellent potatoes, and a great deal of information about the northern country. When we came back to Watson's it was in a snowstorm, and we thought it a palace. Watson is the stalwart standing at the horses' heads in the picture. He told us there was a very good brook trout about a mile from his house and a good road to it. Good roads in this northern country depend upon the point of view.

Lonely Lake, two or three miles long and a couple of miles wide is famous for its trout, which have pretty well mastered all other species. It is a pretty lake and a delightful paddle to the landing. From Lonely Lake northward to Iron Lake there is a portage of one hundred and fifty yards and this is an easy one. Iron Lake is a spider-like lake, famous for its lake trout and its bass. It is a splendid large fishing ground. We have rarely tasted better fish than the lakereels we caught here. Our after breakfast smoke on the shores of Iron Lake is the subject of one illustration. Frontispiece. We got some very good salmon trout fishing here—and some of the pink and some of the white flesh variety. We were early for bass and we were very anxious to educate our guides up to a strict observance of the game and fishery laws.

When you think you have reached the northern end of Iron Lake, a diligent