were very dry and hard and not at all palatable.

That afternoon we had a piece of luck. While travelling a poplar ridge Fred saw a large porcupine in a tree. His shout brought us over. Jack climbed a tree nearby and with a long stick dislodged the animal and Fred and I killed it with clubs. It was quickly skinned and dressed, but we decided to keep on till night before eating anything, even though we had no dinner, as we hoped to gain the portage to the Mattagami before dark. Reach it we did, very tired and very hungry.

had no dinner, as we hoped to gain the portage to the Mattagami before dark. Reach it we did, very tired and very hungry.

We found a comfortable camping place under the roots of an upturned cedar, in front of which we built our fire and while Fred roasted chunks of nice fat meat Jack and I lined our nest with grass, which grew in plenty in a beaver meadow close at hand.

This was the most satisfying meal we had eaten. The meat was delictous and we had more than enough left for breakfast.

On the trip we had seen moose, beaver, muskrat, as well as cranes and partridges. The porcupine is the friend of the man who is lost, for of all the animals in the bush it alone may be taken with a club.

People in gilded cafes don't as a rule call for porcupine. But if any dyspeptic dollar-a-meal citizen ever finds himself lost in the north without guns or ammunition, as we were, he will probably conclude that a nice juicy porcupine is one of the greatest luxuries ever left off a bill of fare. In fact, so great is my gratitude to this humble, succulent beast, that in order to do him a favour I should say no more about him in this story, for fear he becomes so popular that he will be hunted just like any other common animals such as deer, bear and wild ducks.

We slept soundly that night and got an early start. Fred had cooked our breakfast the night before and we ate it cold.

We pushed forward as rapidly as possible, as we hoped to reach the

ate it cold.

We pushed forward as rapidly as possible, as we hoped to reach the lake next day, but in the afternoon heavy clouds covered the sky and it became necessary for us to prepare a shelter from the rain. Against a windfall we placed a number of sticks and saplings. These we covered with large pieces of birch bark, like shingles on a roof. Sticks were laid on

windfall we placed a number of sticks and saplings. These we covered with large pieces of birch bark, like shingles on a roof. Sticks were laid on the bark to hold it in place. Then we gathered a quantity of brush for a bed and wood for a fire. We had nearly completed our arrangements when the rain came on. We ate the remainder of the porcupine, but as we had not waited to catch any frogs or fish for dinner we were all hungry. The night was cold and we had no coats. The fire kept us warm for awhile but soon went out for lack of wood. However we went to sleep at last and in spite of the cold did not wake till morning.

Hungry and cold we started out at the earliest dawn, through the wet woods across to the Kamiskotia River, which we reached in less than two hours and we knew that we were not more than five miles from the lake. We pushed on as fast as we could, but it was four o'clock when we reached it. In answer to Fred's war-whoops a canoe came over for us and in another hour we were sitting up to a meal of boiled moose meat and fried fish with salt, and above all plenty of hot tea. How sood it tasted! There is nothing like hot tea when you are cold and hungry. Next day I bought a small birch bark canoe from our host and a supply of dried fish and smoked moose meat, and a very small quantity of tea and salt. Flour or sugar he had none to spare. Next morning we started, and on the evening of the third day we sighted the low buildings of Fort Mattagami.

A Comparison.—Lord Northcliffe

A Comparison. — Lord Northcliffe and his papers, hollering for the retirement of Lord Kitchener from the post of War Minister some time ago, reminds us of the chap in the 25-cent bleachers who yells "Take him out!" when some batter gets a hit off Walter Johnson. ter Johnson.

A Proverb Revised.—Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some just grate "non you.







## Here's a Vacation Trip You'll "Write Home About"

Nowhere else in the world will you find a holiday-trip so diverting or so full of variety. Eight hundred miles of lakes, rivers, and rapids included in our trip from Niagara to the Sea. From Niagara Falls to Toronto; thence over Lake Ontario, through the picturesque Thousand Islands; followed by the exciting descent of the marvellous Rapids to Montreal and quaint old Quebec; on down the Lower St. Lawrence and up the famous Saguenay canyon, with its Capes "Trinity" and "Eternity"; and, finally, along the Gaspe coast to the summer resorts of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. Sounds attractive, doesn't it? Then write for our beautifully-illustrated book that describes it fully. Send 6c in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Thos. Henry, Passenger Traffic Manager,

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Limited 178 Victoria Square, Montreal.

