

November 24, 1906

CANADA

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE. AMONG THE INDIANS IN NORTHERN WATERS.

Specially Contributed to "Canada" by PROFESSOR PELHAM EDGAR.

IT was my privilege during the past summer to accompany a Government expedition over a wide extent of territory in the wilderness of Northern Ontario. The ordinary tourist merely touches the fringe of this vast region, and as for the camping enthusiast, he can rarely command the purse, the time, and the energy to traverse so wide an area.



TWO MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT EXPEDITION AT ROOT RIVER, LAKE ST. JOSEPH AND LAC SEUL.

Our expedition was known as Treaty No. 9 Commission, which title suggests some brief explanation of the purpose for which it was framed. It is not necessary to discuss the many treaties which have been made in times past with the Indians of the remote West and of the Maritime Provinces. I shall have said enough for my purpose when I state that the Crown has established its title to the lands of Ontario by treaties dating from the time of Haldimand, who settled the Six Nations after the war on land purchased from the Mississaugas. The Indian tribes dwelling in the peninsula and central portions of Ontario gradually surrendered their lands for money considerations. In 1836 Manitoulin Island was ceded by the Indians without consideration. The cession was taken by Sir Francis Bond Head. In 1850 the Treaties now known as the Robinson Treaties surrendered the land lying between the northern shores of Lakes Superior and Huron and the Height of Land.

As years went by and civilisation began its irresistible northward march, the Ojibeways and Crees, who hunted in Ontario north of the Height of Land, began in timid Indian fashion to press upon the Government a recognition of their claims. The first step towards this recognition was an agreement entered into in 1894 between the Provincial and Federal Governments, whereby the latter consented to make no further treaties with the Indians without the concurrence of the Provincial Government. The next step, for Governments move with slow dignity, was taken eleven years later, on July 3rd, 1905, when the Ontario Government gave its assent to the framing of a

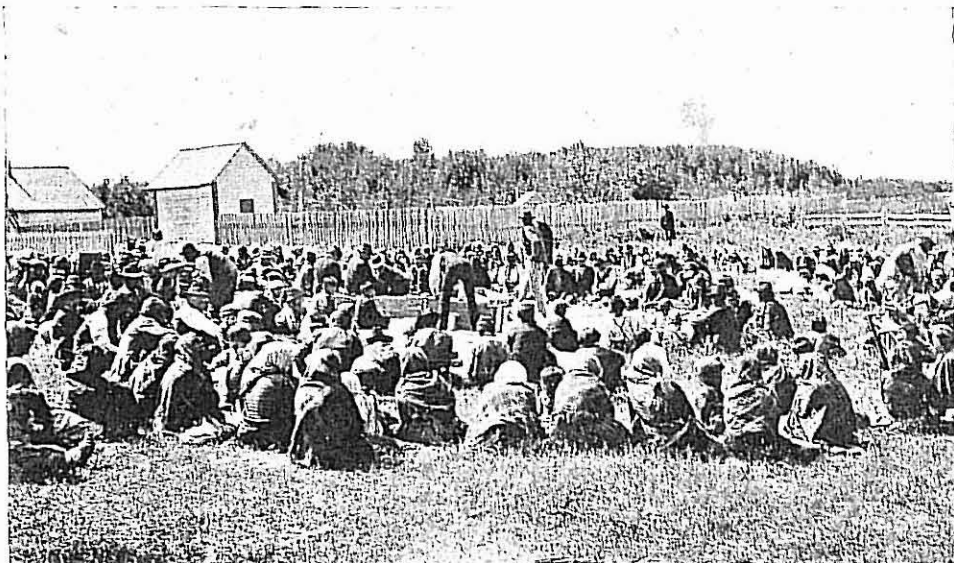
new Treaty, and agreed to duplicate the terms of the existing Robinson Treaty. They thus bound themselves to an initial present of \$8.00 to every certified man, woman, and child of the Indian bands in the new Treaty Territory, and a perpetual annuity thereafter of \$4.00 per head. They guaranteed further to grant a reserve to each band in the ratio of one square mile for every five Indians.

It will be conceded that the Province of Ontario treats its Indian population with a fairness that amounts to generosity. Quebec refuses to recognise the Indian title to the waste lands of the province, pays no annuities, and withholds reserves. Ontario, on the other hand, has purchased almost all its lands with a price, and still conceded the Indians all the hunting and trading privileges which they have ever possessed. In pursuance of this agreement, the James Bay Treaty, otherwise known as Treaty No. 9, was inaugurated last year by the appointment of two Dominion Commissioners, Messrs. D. C. Scott and S. Stewart, both of the Indian Department; a Commissioner for Ontario, Mr. D. G. McLartin; a physician, Dr. A. G. Meindl, of Winnipeg; and two Dominion policemen to lend awe and add respect to the party.

An interesting account of the 1905 expedition was written by Mr. Scott, and may be found in *Scribner's* for November of 1906. The party went in at Dinorwick, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, reached the Albany River, which they descended to the James Bay and finally ascended the Abitibi River, coming home by water from Lake Abitibi to Lake Temiskaming. En route they made Treaties with the Indians at Osnaburgh, Fort Hope, Marten's Falls, Fort Albany, Moose Factory, and New Post. The last Treaty was signed on the 21st day of August, when, owing to the shortness of the summer season, it was found necessary to postpone the Treaties with six remaining bands until the ensuing year.

It is therefore the conclusion of the James Bay Treaty which I hope in following letters to describe. To Canadian readers who are lovers of wild life, I can offer perhaps nothing that is entirely foreign to their experience, for the wilderness lies at our doors. For their advantage I can only describe new routes of travel, not new modes of life. They have run many a seething rapid, where a swift turn of the paddle alone wards off sheer destruction, or with pole and tracking-line have conquered the heavy water foot by foot. They know the delight of casting a fly in streams unwhipped of fisherman since time began, and the stirring of the nerves they know at the swift uprush of a brown trout through the foam. But what can the dwellers in Babylon know of these primitive joys, who fish in preserved streams and shoot over private moors where the game is little wilder than a startled hen? Yet with all his disadvantages, the Englishman has the instinct and the passion for wild life. He is a natural lover of the trail, without ever having chopped a sapling from his path, and though he might make withering comments on an overdone chop at his club, he would himself cook and uncomplainingly eat pork and beans for a month. It is for the Englishman more particularly with these potential qualities wasted upon Piccadilly that I write these simple letters of travel.

(To be continued.)



SCENE AT AN INDIAN FEAST.

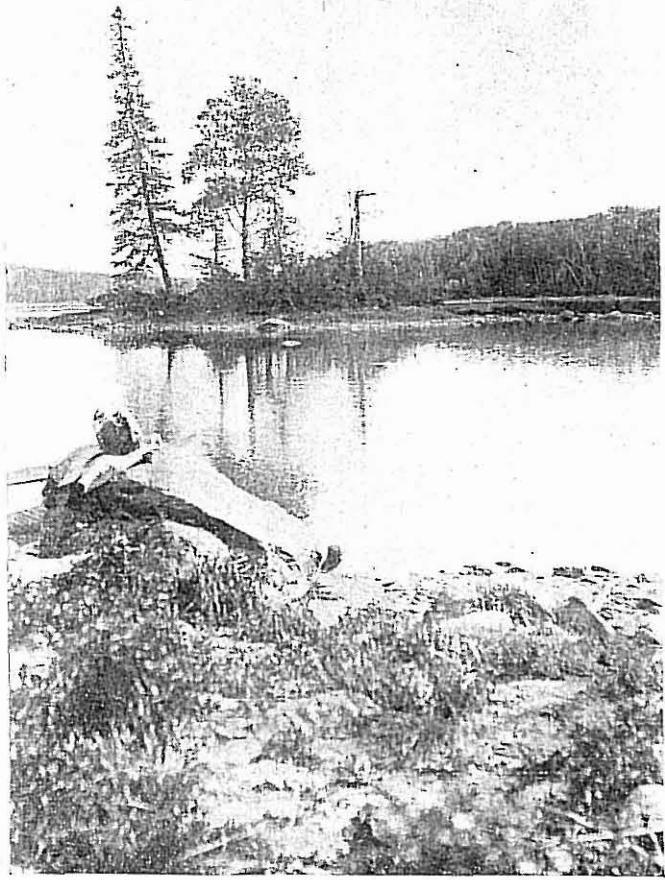
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SECOND LETTER.—OTTAWA TO ABITIBI.

OUR party, composed as I described it in my last letter, left Ottawa by the Imperial Limited Express at 1.15 p.m. on the 22nd of May. We disembarked at Mattawa at eight in the evening, when we were met by our doctor, A. G. Meindl, M.D., of Winnipeg, and by our



ON THE ABITIBI RIVER.

half-bred cook, Harry Black, who had come to meet us from his home at Missanabie, several hundred miles westward. We had some additional stores to lay in that evening, and an engagement to keep with that jolliest and most voluble of storekeepers, Mr. J. Loughrin, ex-M.P.P., who had undertaken to provide us with two permanent camp servants and canoe-men. And right well he discharged his obligation, for Walter Ferries, canoe-man and interpreter-extraordinary, and Joe Benneway, canoe-man, packer, and utility-man-in-ordinary to the expedition, were a most valuable adjunct to our staff. Constantly shifting crews as we were from point to point, it was a great pleasure to have these good, willing fellows permanently with us. There was enough Indian in both of them to make them perfect woodsmen, and enough Irishman in both to lighten their willingness with wit.

We spent the night at the leading hotel of the place—two in a room, and fill your own water jug at the pump—and entrained at 9.15 on the little C.P.R. "local," which plies between Mattawa and South Temiskaming. Our objective point was North Temiskaming, and we would have saved some hours by proceeding on to North Bay, and thence by the T. and N.O. to New Liskeard. But we had chosen our route wisely, for the line skirts throughout its whole distance the plunging waters of the Ottawa River, and from its terminus there is a pleasant six hours' sail up the narrow waters of Lake Temiskaming.

We spent that night on board the *Meteor* in the muddy harbour of New Liskeard, which owes its existence to the genius of Israel Tarte. I feel sure that the little town will justify his forethought. It is a hustling place for its size, and is supported by a fine farming country at its back. Moreover, it is not, like its more ambitious neighbour Haileybury, dependent upon a mining boom for its prosperity, and represents the evident contrast of healthful activity with feverish energy.

On the following day a tug took us across the head of the lake to North Temiskaming, in the Province of Quebec. This is a charmingly situated frontier village, half Indian and half white, which hitherto has formed with Ville Marie the base of supplies for the Abitibi country. The building of the Transcontinental Railway, and the extension of the T. and N.O. will diminish its importance in this regard, but, with splendid water powers at its doors, and a fine farming country at its back, a prosperous future seems assured for the town of North Temiskaming. Were the C.P.R. to extend its Mattawa branch along the east shores of Lake Temiskaming, and north to a junction with the Transcontinental Railway, land in this neighbourhood would prove a profitable investment. I have a note of some of the prices recently paid for farm lands. A French-Canadian, Grenier, paid \$1,100 for one hundred acres, twenty-nine of these on the town side, and seventy acres on the opposite side of the river. He told me that he had recently refused \$1,100 for the twenty-nine acres under cultivation. The rest of his farms consists of twelve thousand acres of uncleared land near the first chute, which he bought at seventy-five cents an acre.

Here it was that we hired our canoes and secured our local crew to take us over the well-travelled route northward to Abitibi. The first sixteen miles is a wagon portage rougher than the wildest imagination can conceive. It is not to any picturesque qualities that it owes its roughness. There are no canyons to traverse, no jutting promontories to surmount; the tale is rather of corduroy, bog, blue clay, and ruts innumerable and of portentous depth. Four teams transported our camp equipment and canoes, and we footed our way with such skill and patience as we could muster. Eight hours brought us to Douglas Farm, on Quinze Lake, with the loss of one canoe. The weather was bitingly cold, with a north wind sweeping down the lake, so for two days we continued to enjoy the hospitality of Douglas Farm.

(To be Continued.)

PROSPERITY AMONG CANADIAN INDIANS.

Mr. Frank Pedley, Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs of the Dominion, stated in the course of an interview that the North-West Provinces, including Manitoba, have 24,000 Indians; Ontario, about 21,000; Quebec, 10,000 to 12,000 and the Maritime Provinces, 3,000 to 4,000. There was 10,000 to 12,000 outside the treaty limits. The Indians were, he added, gradually emerging into civilisation and adopting the ways of the white man. Some of the best farmers in certain parts of the West are Indians. Mr. Pedley instanced those in the Qu'Appelle district, where they raised 35,000 to 50,000 bushels of grain, being possessed, too, of good houses and farm buildings, together with machinery.



INDIAN FAMILY AND PETS—HEN, RABBIT, OWL, AND DOG.

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE.

AMONG THE INDIANS IN NORTHERN WATERS.

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OTTAWA TO ABITIBI.

ON Tuesday, May 20th, the weather had sufficiently moderated for us to make our start. We accepted a tow in an alligator boat, which was on its way to the Barrière Rapid, fifteen miles distant, and after our mid-day meal we stowed ourselves on board. This was the first alligator boat I had seen, so I examined it with some curiosity. They are quite common in our northern lumbering waters, and



TWO INDIAN CRONIES.

are much more serviceable than the ordinary tug for towing logs down the lakes. They carry a seven hundred pound anchor in the bow attached to a mile and a quarter of cable, which is rolled round a winch on board. When the logs have been gathered into a boom—to the number sometimes of sixty thousand—the boat steams a mile and a quarter ahead, drops anchor, backs down to the logs, and attaches them by a cable from the stern. The anchor meanwhile is gripping the bottom a mile and a quarter ahead. The anchor cable is then wound in round a steam winch, and the logs are a mile and a quarter further on their journey. The boats are flat-bottomed, because not infrequently they are required to pull themselves over the portages. On our journey northward we saw an interesting example of this. An enterprising German, named Biedermann, had decided to make a bold bid for freighting the transcontinental supplies on Lake Abitibi, so he constructed a large alligator boat at the foot of Quinze Lake, and then leisurely proceeded to walk his vessel over all the intervening portages to Abitibi, one hundred miles away. On our upward journey we met this strange craft at the beginning of the long Height of Land portage, and on our return we saw it steaming up a hill in the middle of the forest! A broad path is cut, skids are placed under the flat bottom, and a cable working on double pulleys is attached to a stump about one hundred yards ahead. Then the captain whistles full steam ahead, and with a heavy tug and a lurch the winch slowly begins to turn, and the boat to move.

Our own alligator had no such heroic

work to perform, but it showed itself an adept at dodging through labyrinths of logs with a pikeman at the bow to aid, and when a boom apparently barred our further progress it displayed remarkable acrobatic powers by jumping it as lightly as a hunter takes a five-barred gate.

The Hawkesbury Lumber Company was concluding its season's drive at this point. One large boom had been broken shortly before we arrived, and multitudes of logs were grinding and leaping like live things through the rapids. Another boom which was still unbroken would soon bar the ingress into Obicoba Lake, so we decided to press on no farther that afternoon. After tea I strolled about watching the river men at work, and listening to the thud and bumping of the logs above the hollow roar of the rapids. A little above where I stood a group of Abitibi Indians was squatted amid a litter of Hudson's Bay stores waiting for the river to clear. Just at the set of sun the last logs came through, and the sturdy little beggars loaded up their great canoe, handling huge bags of pork and flour like pounds of tea. Six shanty men who had been clearing the logs above came over the crest of the hill, and under the irresistible fascination of watching others work they stood in black silhouette against the ruddy sky, as motionless though not so rigid as statues, rather with an easy muscular grace, their pike-poles resting carelessly perpendicular in their hands. When the last bag of flour and pork was thrown in, the paddles of eight men caught the water swiftly together, and soon the rhythmic thud against the sides of the canoe died away round the bend of the river.

Our life now settled into the ordinary routine of a daily shifting camp. I do not propose, after the manner of contributors to magazines of sport, to state specifically in pounds and ounces how much flour and pork, and sugar and tea we carried per man. Suffice it to say that we were never hungry except before meals. Nor will I specify too particularly, though here I must be allowed some licence, the weight and length of my rods, and the flies and baits which I found most effective. I must confess that on the Abitibi journey my piscine lures were of little avail. At the best of times it is a poor fish country, and the water was so exceptionally high when we passed through it that I had to remain content with a few stray pickerel at the foot of the rapids. Excerpts from my journal jottings will now tell of our progress from La Barrière to Abitibi.

Wednesday, May 30.—Our first night under canvas was bitterly cold, and by midnight my nose and feet were like solid blocks of ice. But that won't occur again, if I have to wear two pairs of socks and tie my feet up in my dunnage bag. The river men broke another boom of logs about four the next morning, but by ten the river was clear again, and we set off. We passed through Obicoba or Barrière Lake that day, and into Lonely River. We paddled through eight or nine miles of primeval stillness along spruce and balsam shores, and camped about half-past five a mile below Long Lake. The forest is so dense in this part of the world that a party, such as ours, of six or eight tents, is compelled to make use of the old-established camp sites. The next day we breakfasted at a shocking hour (7.30), struck camp, and started at nine. A mile of river brought us to the somewhat monotonous stretch of Long Lake. The afternoon was well advanced before we had left its twenty-six miles behind us. A short portage and a little lake a mile long brought us to our camp at the second



THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST AT LONG LAKE.

Height of Land portage. Here the enterprising Biedermann had his wondrous alligator craft. D. C. S. levelled his camera at it as it was just beginning to climb through the woods. When we get back again it will be steaming through the middle of the bush.

On Friday we postponed breaking camp, as it had been raining, and was still threatening. We started the heavy portage at ten, and lunched at the other end. All our stuff was across by three, and we began a delicious paddle through Island Lake. D. C. S. and I sit side by side in the big bark canoe, and we gloat over things—cloud effects, peeps of vistas through the islands as they shift past us, and lights and shadows on the water. When we are near shore the birds are very vocal, especially the white-throat sparrow, and, mellowest of songsters, the hermit thrush. Occasionally we heard that voluble preacher, the red-eyed vireo, his musical chatter floating out over the water from the dense covert of the forest. We had a delightful camp at the north end of Island Lake, on the right-hand side, where it begins to narrow into a point. We heard a mouse splashing in the water just as we were going to sleep. The frogs were clamorous, and a whet-saw owl was grinding out his harsh tune all night. The little white-throat sparrows are always with us, and even through the night we hear their sleepy "Canada, Canada, Canada."

On Saturday we made a better start, and two miles brought us to the first of the three carrying places. I fished, and caught a few sleepy pickerel at the foot of the rapids, while the men were bringing the stuff across. They ran two of the rapids with the unloaded canoes, which is a very easy matter for good paddlers who know every inch of the way. I stood on a little wooded point and saw them flash round a curve and come whooping down the white water. Their eyes fairly gleam with excitement.

The river which flows into Agotawekami is long, winding, and quite monotonous, so we are glad to get to our new camp at six o'clock, on a bulbous point a mile down the west shore of the lake, and just sixteen miles from the H.B. post at Abitibi. We were now within easy striking distance of our destination, so we decided to make Sunday a day of rest. And a perfect day it was, rounded off with an evening as perfect. I was not tempted to break the law by fishing, for there was nothing to be caught. I read and slept and roved the woods, doing some amateurish prospecting, and rejoicing the while in the immunity from black flies and mosquitoes.

In the evening we had a lazy drift in a canoe. The colours were superb. There had been a brisk wind all day which died with sunset, and, as we floated, the swells were lapping melodiously on all the island shores. Beautiful it was, too, as we turned our reluctant prow campward, to see the red fires glowing on the shore. The velvet black water flung back their reflection, and in their warm rays the birches gleamed a spectral white amid the gloom of the surrounding firs.

On the next day, Monday, June 4, at two o'clock, the white buildings of the H.B. post came into sight round a bend of the river, and only a broad bay separated us from our destination. We must have made a brave appearance as we swept in with flags flying and four abreast. As we neared the Post we were greeted with a royal fusillade of rifles, blunderbusses, and toy pistols from the Indians, and before we landed the H.B.C. flag swelled out in the breeze. We pitched our tents in the H.B.C. garden in a steady drizzle which ended in a heavy downpour. The rain lasted all Thursday, so we did not see a great deal of the little Ishnabis, except in our doctor's extemporised office, where, when it was not too painful, I stayed from time to time. The band is a fairly healthy one—but oh! the twisted, swollen joints and shrunken tuberculous limbs of some of the wee things. (Since our return I observe, with regret, that this Abitibi band has been decimated by measles, which with the aborigines is almost as fatal as smallpox.) Wednesday was a splendid day, and I pottered about the Indian camps a good deal. Their tents and wigwams are scattered over several acres, each with its sharp-faced little dog, fathers of families enjoying a quiet pipe and gossip after their long winter's hunt, and mothers strolling about with their babies strapped in moss-packed "tikanagans" on their backs, or nursing them at their tent doors in the sun.

One tent would present an indiscriminate squalor of pots, dirty tin dishes, and filthy rabbit skins; another would reveal tidily-rolled blankets, neat cedar bark floors, a hand sewing machine, and a gaudy clock which measured the hours, but never the time of day. I realise how far from civilisation we are, for not two per cent. of these Indians can speak a word of English. I should not say a "word," for I have discovered that they know the meaning of "sweeties," which is the term they also use. When I see a pair of bright little eyes round a corner I call, "Sweeties, hi! sweeties." Half the time they run away, and half the time, encouraged by their mothers, they come for their sugar-plum, and retreat with their booty. They know me now, and are getting bolder. I extemporise races for them, or make them climb for their prize.

(To be continued.)

From a Habitant's Note-Book.

(By a Special Contributor.)



"The Day of Gifts." NEW Year's Day, to French-speaking Canadians, is as much of a social holiday, as much of a children's festival, as Christmas is to their English-speaking fellow-citizens. As in the United States, France, and England, so in the Province of Quebec, the religious observance of Christmas is very much more imposing than that of New Year's Day, but among French-Canadians the great day of social festivity and family reunions, and of the giving and receiving of gifts, is not Christmas but New Year's. To many of the younger portion of French-Canada's population, New Year's Day is still known, as it

was in those provinces of France from which their forefathers came, as "Le Jour des Etrennes"—the Day of Gifts.

A modern French-Canadian poet voices the French-Canadian welcome of the day as a children's festival in these lines:—

Salut, beau jour doré, Premier de l'an!
Toujours, quand tu parais, dans un joyeux élan
Nous saluons ta bienvenue;
C'est toi qui viens sourire aux enfants si joyeux,
Qui viens mettre en secret dans leur berceaux soyeux
Mille jouets de toute sorte!

When Every Lady is "At Home."

New Year's is the one day of the year when every French-Canadian woman is supposed to be at home to receive visitors. More social calls and ceremonious visits are generally paid by French-Canadian men on New Year's than on any other day of the year, though the custom, like many another of those of olden time, is gradually falling into disuse. In many of the country parts of the Province of Quebec this visiting often begins as early as eight o'clock in the morning. Among rival village belles, and even among young leaders of French-Canadian city life, there is much rivalry as to the number of calls received by each of them on New Year's Day. The popularity of New Year calls is doubtless largely due to the rule which permits the callers to kiss all the young women to whom they are related in even the most distant manner. Inter-marriage is a marked characteristic of French-Canadian society, and the circle of relationship is often, therefore, very extended.

Blessing the Children.

Among other New Year's Day customs perpetuated in parts of French-Canada is that known as La Bénédiction Paternelle—the blessing of the children of the household by their father. Sometimes this ceremony is performed after the return home of the family from mass. In other households it is made the very first experience of the New Year. Abbé Casgrain, the historian of Montcalm and Wolfe, who died only a few years ago, relates in his memoirs how the New Year was ushered in at the home of his father, the late Hon. Chas. E. Casgrain, of Rivière Ouelle. "At early morn," he says, "our mother woke us up, attired us in our best Sunday suits, and gathered us all together, with the house servants following, in the parlour. She then thrust open the bedroom door of our father, who, from his couch, invoked a blessing on all of us ranged kneeling about him, while emotion brought tears to the eyes of our dear mother. Our father, in an impressive manner, accompanied his blessing with a few words of paternal and loving counsel, raising his hands heavenwards. Of course, to us, little ones, the crowning part of the ceremony was the distribution of New Year's gifts, which at first he had kept concealed behind him."

PROPOSED JAPANESE COLONY IN ALBERTA

Mr. B. R. Nagatany, of Kyoto, Japan, has been in communication with Mr. J. Obed Smith, Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, and Mr. A. T. Griffin, Canadian Pacific Land Commissioner, with the object in view of establishing a Japanese agricultural colony in the heart of Alberta. Mr. Nagatany, who represents private capital in Japan, proposes to purchase 50,000 acres of land from the C.P.R. and to bring out a colony of well-to-do Japanese farmers, who would be settled on the land and would go in for raising wheat and the cultivation of sugar beet and all kinds of fruits and vegetables which would thrive in the climate. He will look over the West, and will return in the fall if his scheme is successful. He has been in Canada four years studying conditions, having attended Queen's University at Kingston, and later taken a course in the Agricultural College at Guelph, Ontario.

January 19, 1907

CANADA

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE. LATCHFORD TO MATACHEWAN.

Specially Contributed to "Canada" by PROFESSOR PELHAM EDGAR.

THE INDIANS whose winter hunting grounds are on the Ontario side had been coming in very slowly since our arrival, but by Thursday the Commissioners decided that a sufficient representation had appeared to consent to a Treaty. The Treaty was consequently announced for 2.30 p.m. It was a frightful day, with a gale of rain from



HUDSON BAY POST ON LAKE ABITIBI.

the south, but that is neither here nor there to your true Redman. For our own comfort we met about thirty heads of families in a back room of the Post. They sat along the floor on an old broken-down bed, and then the palaver began, Drever, of the H.B.C., interpreting. Everything went smoothly, and the Indians appeared highly delighted with the terms. We pay them to-morrow, and hold a feast for the whole band of three hundred, Quebec Indians included, although they are not in the Treaty.

I was much struck with the volubility and apparent eloquence of their spokesman, Louis McDougal, who has the blood of an old factor in his veins and his brains in his head. His old father, McDougal, senior, is over eighty, and looks like a well-bronzed Sir Wilfrid Laurier. We shall photograph him to-morrow. "Many thousands of dollars that man has been worth to the H.B.C. in his day," was Drever's comment. I wondered how many thousand cents of those dollars had found their way into McDougal senior's pocket. Sire and son and cousin signed the Treaty, the son with toil and sweat in Roman characters, Old Cheese and the others merely making their mark.

We paid the Indians in crisp Dominion bills on Friday morning. Each head of a family brought all the persons he was immediately responsible for, and all the daughters of the family brought the children they were responsible for. In the latter case the tracing of identity was sometimes difficult. Payment was made only to the offspring of Indian fathers. The supply of sugar-sticks held out for most of the papooses and youngsters, and, on the whole, it was a great day for the Redman.

They are a curious people. Kishtapish, who was elected one of the headmen of the Quebecers, has a settled distaste for work, though perfectly sound in wind and limb. He came with many others for medicine, and the doctor prescribed fly-blisters, fore and aft. Another Indian, a squaw of seventy, childless and a widow, craved medicine for loneliness. Poor soul!

We made a quick return from Abitibi to North Temiskaming,

and found ourselves in the busy little town of Haileybury on June 13th. We spent a comfortable night at "The Attorney," quite the cleanest frontier hotel I have known, and after laying in additional stores for our Montreal River journey, we took the train for Latchford. We camped at the river side on the 14th, waiting for our crew and canoes from Matachewan. To our annoyance we found a numerous and well-equipped army of black flies and mosquitoes already in possession, but we stormed and carried the position at last after a desperate fight. Our long battle with these winged pests of summer had begun, and while we are still waiting for our canoes, I may as well describe our methods of defence and attack. In the former category I include such things as fly gloves, veils, canopies and oil; in the latter category smudges, fly-powder and hands. My veil was blue mosquito-netting drawn about the rim of my hat, with a hem of buck-shot round the bottom, each shot separately stitched. This veil is an absolutely necessary safeguard on the portage, but the smoker will appreciate its obvious disadvantages. When it becomes necessary to smoke, substitute a branch, and smear a little fly oil on your face and neck. We found most effective, and not unpleasant or dirty, a mixture of oil of citronella and olive oil in the proportions of three or four to one. When paddling through a narrow stream, a smudge-pan in the bow makes life endurable. There is a certain amount of exhilaration in the contest by day, but one's courage can be sustained only by the prospect of a peaceful night. Your mosquito is a far more potent guardian of hidden treasure than the fabled dragon, and on this Montreal River expedition we met scores of prospectors in precipitate

flight, defeated for lack of the necessary precautions. A tent always appears to concentrate every black fly and mosquito within the radius of a mile, and no sooner is it pitched than the walls are black with them, and they fill the air like magnified motes in a sun-beam. I strongly recommend tents (preferably of balloon silk) provided with a fly door and sod-cloth, but even in an ordinary tent one can ensure an unmolested night. Enter the tent



A FINE VIEW OF LADY EVELYN FALLS.

quickly, duly bedaubed with oil. Close the door as tightly as possible, although you can never hope to make it mosquito proof. Burn about one heaping dessert-spoonful of Dalmatian insect powder, and in five minutes the flies and mosquitoes will cease to bother you. Then you leisurely make your bed. We carried light stretchers with us, and as soon as our blankets were spread we hung our canopy, tucking the bottom under the blankets. New hordes of mosquitoes, scenting blood, have meanwhile filled the tent, but you are under



THE SQUAW WHO CRAVED MEDICINE FOR LONELINESS.

your canopy, and are swiftly lulled to sleep by their musical roar.

I find on consulting my diary that flies, heat and rain are the most important items mentioned on our northward journey. We left Latchford on a Friday morning with a strong crew of Matachewan and Temagami Indians, for the last stages of the journey are very arduous. Rain and heat, heat and flies and rain for that day and the next, and never a fish to put in our pot. On Sunday I remember we rested on Mountain Lake—a windless day of pitiless sun it was, with no shade other than the mosquito-ridden forest. Our last day, Tuesday, was interesting on account of the fierce water we encountered. We poled up a long succession of rapids, using tracking-lines wherever the shore made it possible. It took us from eight till five to make the fifteen miles to the fort. Arrived there, our Abitibi experience was repeated on a small scale, but what the band lacked in numbers it made up in enthusiasm and politeness, all the squaws and young girls lining the hill as we ascended, and gravely shaking hands with us all.

The post is unpretentious, but most romantically situated, with wooded hilly lakes to north and south, and a tumbling rapid between. The forest is all-attractive in this part of the country. The timber is not large, but is charmingly varied—spruce, balsam, red-pine and jack-pine supplying the sombre hues, which are relieved by the delicate green of birch and ash and poplar. Here and there one comes upon a grove of splendid cedars of fine girth and noble spread. On the whole, however, the scenery is not so interesting on the Montreal River as it is on the Abitibi route. The shores are too uniformly low, and the rock exposures too infrequent. But



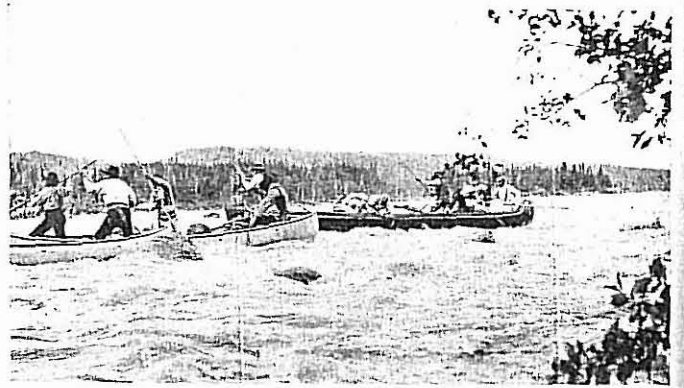
PART OF AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT AT MATACHEWAN, LOOKING NORTH.

wherever the rock does crop up it is not waste time to tap about with pick and hammer, for mineral is widely distributed in this region, and last summer's discoveries justified the mining activity we saw displayed.

Our treaty-making was unattended with any special incident; Wednesday and Thursday saw everything concluded, and we struck camp on Friday afternoon at 3.30. It had been raining all morning, and was threatening when we left. We got a pretty thorough soaking, but kept right on down the swift water and through successive rapids. It was truly exhilarating, and we reached in a little over three hours the spot we had taken a day to come up from on our north-bound journey.

Instead of tamely retracing our route to Latchford, we decided to make a detour through Lady Evelyn Lake and Temagami, connecting with the T. and N.O. at Temagami station. We therefore branched off at the Mattawabika River, and camped a short distance above the falls. A short paddle the next morning brought us into Lady Evelyn Lake. There was a tonic clearness in the air which sent our spirits mounting up, after the low pressure of the preceding days. We were coming upon enchanted waters with finny life gliding beneath the waves, and furry life basking upon the shores. We had been paddling for ten minutes when we saw a red deer frisking on the south shore. We then skirted the north shore, and ten minutes later a bull moose was good enough to show himself grazing on our right. He caught sight, or rather scent, of us, and slowly trotted into the bush. He was a young buck about two years old. We had a rifle, but were not shooting. Twenty minutes later we came upon a big fellow knee deep in the water, innocently browsing on lily-pads and the succulent roots of the lily. Every few moments the enormous head would disappear, and then he would lift his dripping muzzle, which glistened in the sun. I am afraid that our Nimrod's finger

ached upon the trigger! Personally, I felt that I would almost prefer to be reduced to a diet of lily-pads, rather than bring low that vast bulk of shaggy magnificence. Here was the true denizen of the wilderness, the embodied expression of the



POILING RAPIDS ON THE ABITIBI RIVER.

ragged, pathless forests of the north, and we, but for the accident of our cunning—our mastery of the red fire and the stinging bullet—were mere puny invaders upon his domain. But a truce to sophistry, however poetic! There is a time for slaying and a time for sparing, but I am glad to say that on this occasion my memory picture is not marred by the vision of a glazed eye and lolling tongue. In the backward glance of fancy he still lifts his dripping muzzle in the sun from among the shining lily-pads.

Will it tax credence too severely, if I say that we were to see still three more moose before the morning ended? We presently descried a large cow moose with two young about half a mile to our right. They were feeding in some sedgy marsh land on the north shore, and the wind was blowing from them to us. So we decided to paddle towards them for a closer inspection. We stole up quietly through a little stream that drained the sedge, and were almost upon them before mamma moose knew we were there. She looked at us in a puzzled way, while D.C.S. leisurely levelled his kodak at her. She then decided that we looked strange, and were probably dangerous, so she splashed off, followed laboriously by the little plungers. We had time to take four snap-shots of her, two before she saw us, and two after she had taken to her heels. It would have been an easy

matter to have caught the baby moose if we had been stocking a Zoo. (To be continued.)



LATCHFORD: TOWN LOTS FOR SALE!

A CANADIAN CONTRACT FOR PANAMA.

The Robb Engineering Company, of Amherst, N.S., has, through its branch in the United States, secured a contract for twenty-four boilers of 300 horse-power each, for the work of construction of the Panama Canal. This branch is located at South Framingham, Massachusetts, and is known as the Robb-Mumford Company. Both companies are about to be amalgamated, under the presidency of Mr. D. W. Robb, of Amherst. It has become quite a common thing for United States companies to have branches in Canada, but so far as is known, this is the first case of a large Canadian industry establishing a branch in the Republic, and winning a good contract in the face of severe competition.

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE.

BISCOTASING TO FORT MATAGAMI.

Specially Contributed to "Canada" by PROFESSOR PELHAM EDGAR.



ON THE SPANISH RIVER..

north-west arm of Lake Temagami. We pressed on to Bear Island, as our food was running low, and pitched our tents on an island half a mile to the south. We had travelled fast and far, so we determined to take our Sunday in the middle of the week. I had brought with me, in addition to my fly-rod, also a steel-rod with an extra tip for trolling, and a hundred yards of copper line for deep fishing. I did not use the usual stiff copper wire which kinks in the reel, but a pliable line in which the copper is twisted round an ordinary silk line. To reach two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet of water it is necessary to use in addition a couple of heavy sinkers. Thus equipped, you are sure of fish. I went out twice in the following day, and in a very brief time caught the regulation limit of salmon trout—four great beauties, which came up firm and cold from the deep lake bottom.

Most people go into the Fort Matagami from Bisco—the name is colloquially abbreviated—on account of the facilities there for laying in stores and procuring guides and canoes. Those who were already equipped with these essentials would save fifteen uninteresting miles by leaving the C.P.R. at Matagami station. However, if one is travelling light, there is a short cut across country from Biscotasing, by which almost a day may be saved. As we were not travelling by any means light, and had arranged for crews and provisions at Bisco, we took perforce the longer route. The first part of the journey is through a desolate burnt country, relieved only by some beautiful miles of the Spanish River. When the burnt region is left behind, everything delights the eye and the travel is interesting. Fort Matagami is reached early on the third day, and a delightful place it is.

What makes the post so charming is the soft flowing contour of the shores to the north and south until they are folded in the distance. Banksian pine and spruce are the prevailing trees, but there is a refreshing variety of white birch and poplar gleaming along the shores. White pine of moderate growth is

I HAD hopes for bass in Lady Evelyn Lake, but although June was well advanced they were not biting, and I had to content myself with pickerel, which at certain places, especially under the Lady Evelyn Falls, I could catch in any number. If the Government had consulted me in drawing up the schedule of our journey, we would have turned northward here, to the Suckergut. But as we were not subsidised primarily to test the trout streams of Northern Ontario, we perforce turned southward into Diamond Lake. Here we camped, and the next morning found us paddling down the

scattered but sparsely along the ridges, and I gathered from the conversation with Mr. Kenneth Ross, the energetic chief fire-ranger stationed at Matagami, that there is no great wealth of white or red pine remaining in the country. But the pulpwood growth is dense in all directions, and the despised jack-pine (or Banksian pine) along all the inland streams is of such unusual girth and height as to furnish excellent lumber of scarcely inferior quality. It is by no means to be classed here as a scrub-tree, but grows to eighty or ninety feet, and keeps its dimensions with scarcely any abatement to the top.

I may say a word while I am on this subject of the work which the fire-rangers are doing in this northern country.

They are stationed only in those districts which are set aside by the Government as forest reserves, and their primary duty is to save their district from the ravages of fire. If we realise that one fire extinguished is a saving to the province of perhaps a million dollars, not to speak of the æsthetic advantage of keeping the country beautiful, we will recognise that every dollar expended on this important service bears interest a hundred fold. The electrical storms are very frequent in this northern country during the dry summer season, and, as a rule, they are accompanied by very little rain. At least half our forest

fires are from this source, and of these fires a large proportion have gained such headway before they are reached that to check them is impossible. But with an effective fire-ranging staff constantly moving through the country, it often happens that a fire is discovered in its initial stages, and then it is possible to check its ruinous advance. The task is not always easy. A hundred trees are blazing, the forest is as dry as touch-wood, and a fierce wind fans the flames. Now a large spruce or cedar is burned to the core, and falls with a heavy

crash. Presently you see the red flame licking at the bottom of a silver birch. In an instant the forks leap up the ragged bark, the wind seizes the loose burning fragments and hurls them to kindle a dozen fires fifty yards away. Human energy is paralysed, and cut and dig and trench as you will the fire resistlessly advances. But night comes, and the wind dies down. The flames smoulder angrily and crackle in the underbrush, but sleepless arms are plying axe and shovel, and daylight comes to find the victory half won.

And so by day and night the fight goes on until man or element is vanquished. At night man is the aggressor, and by day the flames. A night of wind will adversely incline the scale of victory. A day of calm or rain with toil incessant will win the hard-fought battle. If lightning were the only destroying agency, many charred



TYPES OF INDIAN GIRLS.



WHERE THE MATAGAMI ROUTE LAY.

hundreds of square miles would still be waving verdant green. But careless humanity has to be reckoned with, and reckless humanity also, which wantonly lays acres desolate in the lust of gold. At Long Lake several fierce fires were raging, but they were not chargeable to prospectors. One which did wide



AN OLD INDIAN AND CHILD AT MATAGAMI.

damage was traceable to a neglected camp-fire, two or three had been kindled on islands to prepare the ground for blueberries, and one fire that was furiously burning when we left had been started to promote a hay crop.

Another of the duties assigned to the fire-rangers is to follow in the wake of hunting or exploring parties, and it is very seldom that an expedition is thus followed without the discovery of an ill-quenched camp-fire along the route. In the hunting season, too, it is not an infrequent thing to come upon a fifteen-hundred-pound carcass of a moose, with ten pounds of meat cut out. Last year, between Temagami and Michipicoten, one party left twenty-three moose to rot beside the trail. They had killed twenty-three animals before they had secured a big enough head to carry home as a trophy! And their home, I am glad to state, was not Canada.

The limits of the forest reserves are so vast that it would require an army of rangers to police them effectually. When we think of the immense outlying areas, it is permissible to frame apologies for the apathy of the Government. But in all seriousness the time has come for a systematic extension, and for a rigid organisation of the fire-ranger system in Ontario. There will always be an immense margin left for wantonness and destruction, but within well-defined areas there should be jealous supervision of our wealth. The custom is at the present time to appoint for the summer season a few youths who want a lucrative holiday at the Government's expense. An experienced man is usually selected as chief-ranger, but his staff is largely composed of green-horns, who lose themselves the moment they leave the trail, or upset in the nearest rapid. They cannot pack a hundred pounds for a mile, and they swing an axe only with imminent danger to themselves. This state of affairs should be remedied. These same youths who are green one summer are sufficiently expert woodsmen the next season to be of some service. But they seldom return. A system of three years' contracts should be instituted. Fitness for the work, and experience rather than political influence, should govern the appointments, and a larger number of Indians should be given permanent service on the staffs. Nor does the work end with the summer. At present our northern country is almost impenetrable, save by the regular water routes. These lie almost north and south. Therefore to go, for example, from

Matagami to Flying Post, one cannot comfortably strike westward. It is necessary to retrace one's steps south to Bisco, and strike north-west again from that point. The improvement of old trails, and the cutting out of new ones, is a perpetual task of no small importance. If lightning started a big forest fire twenty miles west of Matagami, it would require two days of strenuous travel to reach it. The proper time for doing all the preliminary work on these new trails is the winter season. In summer progress must be painful and slow, and you might blaze and cut to no purpose in the confusion of the forest tangle. No labour is more arduous than to attempt to take a compass direction through the bush in summer. You have your pack or your canoe to carry. The latter is at least a fifteen foot Peterborough, and you swing it over your head at the river's edge. You plunge up a steep and tangled bank, and before you have gone ten feet you are confronted with a network of wind-falls, which would make plain walking a precarious process. With a heavy canoe swinging on your head and straining at your shoulders the labour is Herculean. A hundred yards ahead lies a cedar or tamarac swamp, with trees slanting across your course at every conceivable angle. Into this treacherous labyrinth you swing your painful way. The perspiration is streaming down your face, on which a hundred mosquitoes and black-flies are pasturing at leisure. Here a moss-covered root invites your staggering footsteps, and down you plunge to the hips through the treacherous green carpet. Such are the delights of summer travel in the unbroken wilderness. In winter you swing along on the surface of the frozen crust with an easy stride that devours the miles, blazing your way as you go. In the following summer you send in half a dozen men who have nothing to do beyond cutting their way at leisure along a trail that has been marked out for them. This is the proper way to open up new country, but the Government will not listen to reason in this matter, and concentrates its efforts in the summer season with comparatively fruitless results.

(To be continued.)

H.M.S. "DOMINION."

Alarmist Statement Denied.

The report circulated last Saturday as to the unseaworthiness of the battleship *Dominion*, which is on the way home from Bermuda, has been denied by the Admiralty.

The report was to the effect that dockyard officials had been informed that the *Dominion* was in such a condition that it was doubtful whether she could stand the strain of a severe gale. The announcement created considerable anxiety amongst those who have relatives and friends on board the warship, but on inquiry being made at the Admiralty it was stated there was no basis whatever for the statement.

In naval circles at Portsmouth no doubt exists as to the stability of the ship, and officers are con-

vinced that the Admiralty would never have ordered the ship home in such uncertain weather had there been the least ground for the rumours that have been circulated.

When the *Dominion* arrives, which will be in the course of a week or so, she will be docked at Chatham to undergo permanent repairs.

EARL GREY AND JUVENILE COURTS.

Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, recently attended a meeting of the Canadian Club at Ottawa to hear an address by Judge B. Lindsay, of the juvenile court of Denver, upon the subject of the police court treatment of juvenile offenders. In moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Lindsay, his Excellency declared that he was profoundly impressed by what he had heard, and especially by the convincing illustrations. He was certain, in the words of the Denver gamins, that "the judge was dead right in banking on the honour of a kid." Nelson made heroes of his sailors by showing that he believed in them, and "the boys of Denver would rather die than throw the judge who has placed his bottom dollar on them." In conclusion, Earl Grey expressed the hope that the principle adopted in Denver might spread over the border and become the established practice. He was convinced that there was much to be done along these lines in Canada.



THREE INDIAN GENERATIONS AT ABITIBI.

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE.

FORT MATAGAMI.

Specially Contributed to "Canada" by PROFESSOR PELHAM EDGAR.

I REGRET that our stay in this delightful post was of necessity so short. The surrounding country would lure one to many an adventurous voyage of exploration, and the waters between the post and the bay (i.e., James Bay) have an excellent reputation for fish. Joe Moore, who lives at

Matagami, desires no more civilisation than a week of deep potatoes once a year at Biscotasing with his old croney, Macleod, of Flying Post. The distant Hebrides stir no regrets in his heart. He has lived in the wilderness, and there he chooses to end his days. Who is there that will question the wisdom of his choice?

As usual, the Indians held a dance in honour of our arrival. This suggests to you, doubtless, weird tom-toms, spells, incantations, and unearthly cries. These are, unfortunately, the allusion of romance. The dancing hall is a room in the fire-rangers' house, an Indian fiddler plays an interminable jig, and men and maidens, who look no wilder than our frontier farmers, dance a rude lancers with much thumping of clumsy feet upon the floors. The old Pagan traditions are dying out except at the remoter posts. At Long Lake, one hundred and fifty miles north of Lake Superior, the Indians promised us a native dance, but I must confess that it much disappointed my expectations. A kettle-drum was improvised—a strip of moose-hide stretched over a tin pail of water—and one of the older men began to this rude accompaniment an incantation which might have been an invoca-



HUDSON BAY BOATS ON LAKE NAHAMET.

Wawiatin Rapids, a day's paddle to the north, reports speckled trout in abundance, from two to five pounds. Mr. Kenneth Ross and Dr. Goldie, of Toronto, discovered a chain of lakes south-east from Wawiatin, where the lake-trout are very greedy for the bait. But as I am not inditing a sportsman's chronicle let this be said merely by the way.

One could not fail to be struck by the excellent temper which prevails here among the Indians. They seem not to have a grievance in the world. They make good hunts in the winter, they sell their furs at an excellent price for credit and cash. This year, when all debts to the post were cancelled, the balances of the men ranged from sixty to one hundred and fifty dollars. This is in refreshing contrast to the condition of affairs at certain of the posts, where the Indians are treated like so many dogs, to fetch and carry at the bidding of the Great Company.

Let us give the credit where it is due, to the H.B. trader at Matagami. As Miller, of Matagami, is representative of the best type of traders of the old school, let me describe him. Imagine to yourself a tawny-bearded Scot now well advanced down the vale of years, but energetic as ever, and capable still of carrying five hundred pounds on his back, if put to the test. Half a century ago he said a final farewell to his Hebrides home, and serving as a boy and man in various posts of our remote interior, reached at last, by slow and arduous stages, the rank of trader. Like most of his class, he has practically lived the Indian life, and married a woman of the tribe. His elder brother retired five years ago, and a yearning seized him to pass his last days in his Hebrides home. So he called his Indian sons and daughters about him, shook hands with them with no more sign

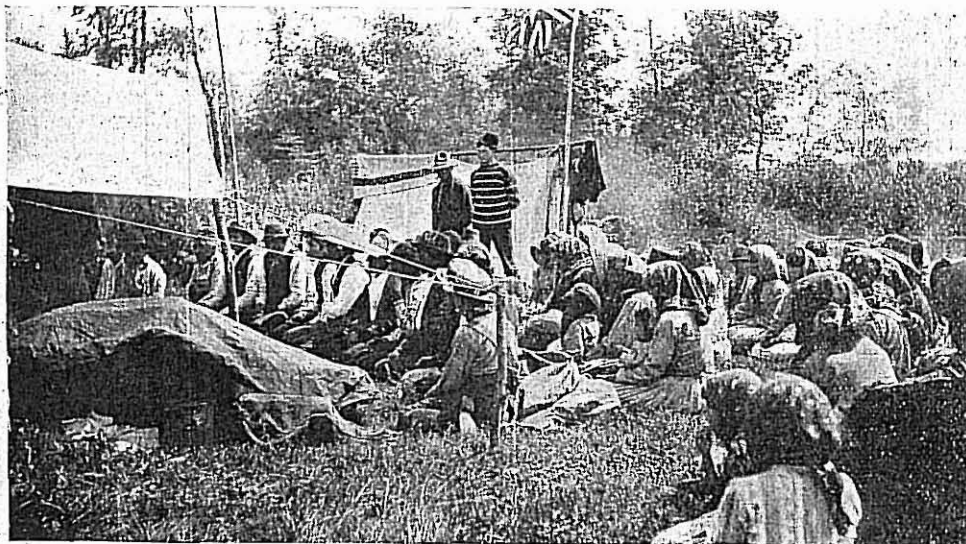
of emotion than if they were going on a fifty-mile journey to return in a week, and sailed across the sea with his old squaw. It is a strange story, and not without its pathos. The brother spoke to me about it with a twinkle in his eye. "He'll pine like enough for the old life again, you bet, and I'm thinking that the wife will be wanting a smell of the woods and a wee bit camp-fire in the cool of the night." Miller, of

tion to the ancient deity of his tribe, or an adjuration to the evil spirits, had he remembered the words of the formula. As it was, he contented himself with the incessant repetition of two or three words, of which I could distinguish "Manitou, Manitou, Manitou," and a hundred youths and maidens drifted round a huge bonfire to the measure of the song.*

It took us about an hour and a half on Saturday afternoon, July 8th, to pay all the members of the band, a process which was much accelerated by the genial despatch of Mr. Miller, the trader.



TWO INDIAN CHIEFS.



ONE OF THE INDIAN FEASTS GIVEN BY THE GOVERNMENT COMMISSION.

An Episcopalian missionary from the line was on the spot for the purpose of collecting as much of the annuity money as he could for a church that was to be built eighty miles away, at Biscotasing. The process of canvassing over, adjournment was made to the

*Last year the Commission saw the Indians of Lac Seul engaged in a "white-dog dance," and I asked one of the party, Mr. L. Vanasse, to describe the ceremony for the readers of *Canada*.

store, which soon was thronged with eager buyers. Prints and calicoes and Paisley shawls were there in abundance to meet the demand, and of blankets and bright silk handkerchiefs there was no stint. It was rather distressing to see a few of the more aristocratically-minded of the women moving

about their tents in beflowered and be-ribboned hats, and here and there men with their feet painfully encased in sacrificial leather boots. But much may be pardoned to such an occasion, and we will trust that the accustomed shawl or bright silk head-dress was soon resumed, and deer-skin moccasins substituted for the penitential leather.

Sunday arrives, and it is announced that King Edward is giving to-day a feast to his loyal Indian subjects at Matagami. Flour, pork, raisins, lard, tea and sugar have been distributed two hours since, and as I sit at my tent I see the moccasined men, with their wives and children, troop silently



A TYPICAL OLD-TIME OJIBWAY INDIAN.

by in single file, as if they were threading a forest trail, to the place of feasting. Eighty of them will soon be gathered. They will seat themselves in families about a vast tent-cloth, on which will be spread a prodigious pile of raisin-bannock, with Homeric cauldrons of fat pork and tea. There will be no unseemly grasping of savoury morsels; everything will be decorous and proper. Three or four of the chief men of the band will walk about on the table-cloth solicitous that even the tiniest shall have his share before he squats on his heel in front of his own pile. Meanwhile the tea untasted has grown cold in the tin bowls, and the pork gravy has stiffened in the dishes. At last the signal is given, and now you will hear not only the munching of busy jaws, but quiet jests will be banded in the soft Ojibway speech, and the musical laughter of the girls will attest that some thrust has struck home to its mark. The silent, smoky Indian of poetic legend is a creature of myth. With the white man he is reticent, because the point of view is so different and communication so difficult. But if it is ever your lot to sit in the middle of a canoe with an Indian at bow and stern, your ears will weary with the incessant chatter.

We left the feast after the presentation of the flag to the newly-elected

Chief, and as we were sitting at our own evening meal the voice of old Rostelle, the orator of the band, was borne to our ears.

(To be continued.)

It is announced that the Porto Rico Lumber Company, in Moose Jaw, has sold out to the Beaver Lumber Company, Limited, of Winnipeg, at \$250,000.



A GLIMPSE OF THE MATAGAMI FEAST.
Chief Luke and his Flag in the Background.

CANADA.

THE COUNTRY AND THE PAPER.

Special Offer to our Readers.

THE readers of this journal are learning every week from our special articles and illustrations the many opportunities for a career which the Great Dominion of Canada offers to those who are not afraid to seek their fortune in a new land. Canada offers a freer life, where conditions are easier, competition is less severe, wages are larger in comparison, and opportunities are far greater for men or women of courage and enterprise. A sunny land with a bracing climate that gives more energy than the climate of the Old Country. The Dominion wants workers of every kind, those who work with their head, as well as those who work with their hands, and although she allows foreigners to come in and enjoy her heritage of law and order and prosperity, she is most anxious to get those of her own race, her own flag.

Perhaps 200,000 men and women will leave the shores of the Old Country this year. They will be of all classes. The young man with enough money to take up a big farm, or to embark in business or trade; the young business man with only his knowledge and energy; the young woman, who will find various occupations offering—and probably a husband (the most serious occupation of all)—mechanics, artisans, shop-assistants, labourers, domestics, all can find comfort and prosperity in some part of the Dominion.

We are interested in all and every of them. In publishing *Canada* our object is to present every portion of that great country to our readers, to give information useful to every class, and to teach our fellow-countrymen the value of their great heritage in the Western Hemisphere.

This paper is now known to almost every one in the Motherland who is interested in Canada; they see it in their clubs, libraries, reading-rooms, and they buy it on the bookstalls. Scores of them write to us asking questions, which have been fully answered time and again in these columns; many refer to the paper in terms of warm approval, but hardly one in a thousand makes any criticism or suggestion as to its contents. We want the opinions of our readers, and in order to get them we offer substantial inducements, which are fully set forth in another column. We ask three simple questions each week, and from the answers we receive, we shall be better able to gauge their tastes and supply their requirements.

In return for this little courtesy on their part, we are putting a number of free passages, with some additional attraction in the shape of "pocket-money," at their disposal. Those whose answers are most in accord with that of the majority, i.e., those who most accurately gauge the public taste—and *Canada* appeals to a very varied circle of readers, perhaps to more varied classes than any other first-class illustrated weekly paper in the country—will win our gifts. These they can use themselves, or pass on to any of their friends.

It is probable that this offer will introduce *Canada* to more readers, who, perusing our columns, will gain a better knowledge each week of the wide and varied attraction of the Dominion, and they, in their turn, will become an educative factor of greater value, when discussing matters affecting the interests of our great Empire.

The City Clerk of Winnipeg is asking for tenders for the supply of thirty miles of assorted water pipe and a quantity of specials for the City Waterworks. The tenders are to be addressed to the chairman of the Fire, Water, and Light Committee, and must reach the city by March 1st. Specifications and forms of tender may be obtained at the office of Mr. H. N. Ruttan, City Engineer, Winnipeg, Man. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque or draft payable to the order of the City Treasurer, or cash deposit for the sum called for in the form of tender supplied.

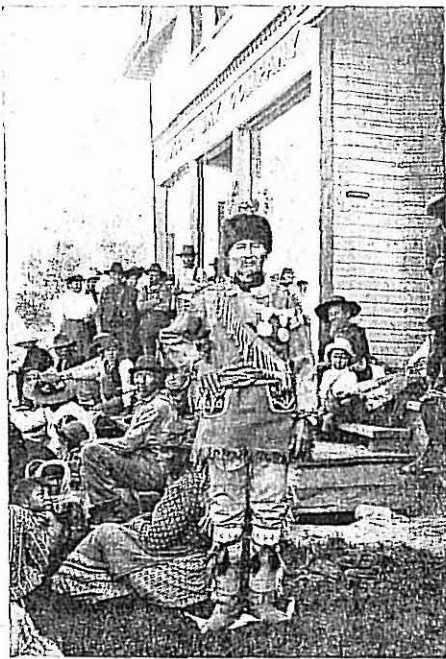
The Department of Agriculture has issued Bulletin No. 55, which contains the results of experiments on trial plots of grain, fodder, corn, field roots and potatoes from various experimental farms conducted by this department of the Canadian Government. This Bulletin can be seen by those interested at the offices of the Assistant Superintendent of Emigration, 11 and 12, Charing Cross.

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE.

FLYING POST AND NEW BRUNSWICK HOUSE.

Specially Contributed to "Canada" by PROFESSOR PELHAM EDGAR.

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CHIEF LOUIS ESPANOL.

THE photograph of Chief Louis Espaniol reproduced here requires some explanation. There is no romance about the ordinary attire of our North Country Indians. Waking or sleeping he is dressed like any disreputable white—a dirty flannel shirt, patched trousers, and a shabby felt hat which he generally removes when he goes to bed. Moccasins or shoe-

packs mark the most important difference, and he has usually about his waist a Hudson's Bay sash, and about his neck a coloured handkerchief. But Chief Louis was sufficiently seized of his own importance to signalise it in his attire. We found him at the Company's store on our return to Biscotasing on the hottest day of a hot summer. He had on his head an otter cap with eagles' feathers on either side dotted with red, and a feathery plume which swept proudly from front to back of it. His coat and leggings were of deerskin decked with fringes and relieved by pockets of red and blue cloth, plentifully beset with multi-coloured beads. He wore two King George medals, one of them a very rare one, and a bandolier of priceless wampum. On the whole he cut a brave figure in the Fenimore Cooper style, and was eminently more picturesque than the ordinary Indian with blue overalls and a shirt of flour-sacking.

The voyage in to Flying Post is of the same length and character as to Matagami. There are eight or ten full-sized portages from one quarter of a mile to a mile and a half, and numerous short lifts where the stream momentarily narrows or loses depth. Midway there is a beautiful rapid and portage, Kahopeekeshikichung, which translated means "narrow cedars with water." The river flows down with a beautiful swirl,

gleaming dusky brown beneath the white curl of the waves. In the centre of the current a cedar island breaks the stream, and cedars fringe either bank, with taller spruce behind.

We returned to Biscotasing on Friday, July 20th, and entrained the same afternoon for Chapleau. Here we were joined by Mr. Edward Morris, who remained with us through the rest of the trip, and whom we left behind at Long Lake when we set out for home. For two months he lived constantly among the Indians, and the result is the most faithful and artistic collection which exists of Indian heads and typical scenes of their daily life.

The payments completed at Chapleau, we passed on by train to Missanabie, which was our starting-point for New Brunswick House. Two and a half hours' paddle south from Missanabie is Stony Portage, which bears an excellent reputation for large trout. I found myself with an afternoon to spare, so I ran down in a little steamer for an hour or two of fishing. I had rather poor results, but satisfied myself that it was at least an ideal-looking place for trout.

The journey to New Brunswick House is short and easy. A day's strenuous paddling would accomplish it. The travel is



INDIAN CHIEF CHEESEQUINI, CHAPLEAU.

principally by lake with short portages from Dog Lake into Crooked Lake, and from the latter into Missanabie Lake. The last-named is a beautiful sheet of water. The shores are more varied and bolder than on Temagami, and there is the additional charm of remoteness and solitariness. On the report that there were lake trout here I trolled for twenty minutes with three hundred feet of copper line, and curiously enough, at a depth of over two hundred feet, I reeled in a pike and a pickerel. It surprised me equally as much at the upper end of the lake to pull in dead leaves repeatedly at the same depth, and a mile from shore!

Needless to say, when we arrived at the Post, Morris's interest was wonderfully stimulated by the novelty of the scene. The now familiar appearances of an Indian encampment took on a quite novel aspect for us when seen in the company of an artist whose eye was alert to seize every nuance of new suggestion. We used to stroll among the tents and wigwams in the evening light, and catch innumerable hints of colour and characteristic attitudes—the gleam of the fire through the opened folds of a wigwam, and the yearning face of a blind woman crouched beside the bubbling pot. Under a rude strip of sail-cloth which cannot shelter her from the wind or driving rain, a tattered crone squats on her rabbit-skin patching a moccasin. At the next tent door sits a young mother suckling her child. On her face as we pass is the shadow of a great content. The prospect of hardship and the retrospect of pain are alike obliterated in the joy of the living moment.

(To be continued.)



EN ROUTE TO FLYING POST.

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE.

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

Specially Contributed to "Canada" by PROFESSOR PELHAM EDGAR.



LONG PETER IN HIS CANOE.

and scrambled up the nearest tree till he was just a little palpitating bundle of fur at the top.

AT breakfast-time on the first morning of our homeward journey we saw a bear and its cub swimming across the lake about five hundred yards from camp. The Indians got very excited and jumped into two canoes. From where we were we could see old Mother Bruin making great headway for the shore, with little Bruin struggling bravely behind. As the men had only paddles with them I knew that if the bears got ashore they would be safe. Presently, to our great relief, Mamma splashed up the bank, and a minute after, amid a chorus of wild yells from the pursuing canoes, Baby Bruin landed,



AN INDIAN GROUP AT HISCOTASSING.

spray. Groups of dusky firs complete a colour picture which on a sunny day is superb. The Sand Hill Falls, which we reached early on the following morning, are less graceful but no less imposing. They do not, like the White Otter Falls, spread themselves with almost self-conscious majesty into sheets of gleaming foam. They are hurled from a stupendous height into a hissing cauldron, which gathers the waters for another plunge. The double cascade, one superimposed upon the other, gives a wildness and variety to the Fall which a single cascade would lack.

Our business at Long Lake was not long in the doing, for *Heimweh* was at last twitching at our heart-strings. We made excellent time down the long, sunny reaches of the Pic, and fifty-four miles on our last day brought us into Heron Bay on the evening of August 14th. So that chapter of our life was closed. Gone were the pleasures of the water-way and the shadowy trail; gone were all the pleasant fuss and circumstance of pitching the daily-moving camp; the canoes pushing their silent noses against the shore; the landing on the sandy beach criss-crossed with the hooves of moose and



NAVIGATION DIFFICULTIES ON THE PIC RIVER.

We took our six-fathom bark and some of our smaller Peterboroughs to Heron Bay, but found the Pic water so low on our arrival as to make the ascent in large canoes impossible. The reorganising of our crafts occupied some little time, so our start for Long Lake was delayed until Wednesday evening, August 1st. The travel is for seventy miles up stream without a break to Lake Superior Portage, which is reckoned as half the journey. Beyond that, frequent portages break the monotony of an all-day session in a canoe. On Wednesday we made only a mile or two on account of our late start. On Thursday we had a muddy stream with high clay banks, and on the ledges large Balm of Gilead trees and spruce. The next day, Friday, we had a muddier stream lined with straggling willows, starved spruce and scraggy poplar. On Saturday the water began to run over gravel and to grow sparkling clear, and in the shadows dusky gold. Our men had constantly to jump out and tug the lightened canoes through three or four inches of water. At Lake Superior Falls I found the small brook trout very hungry for the fly, and almost every cast secured a rise, the Silver Doctor being a pronounced favourite. Above the Falls the pools contain larger fish up to two or three pounds, but these I did not discover until the return trip. The White Otter Falls are about three hours' paddle above Lake Superior Portage. They race down like a flock of diving swans, flinging their froth and foam on a cluster of little rocky islands that glisten red beneath the

deer or dinted with the sinister foot-pads of the wolf; the hunt for level cleared spaces, the swift up-building of our canvas houses—no longer snowy, alas! but grimed with honest dirt; the drifting, pungent smoke, the many flies, the cool plunge in the lake or river, the Gargantuan meal, the pipe which refreshes; then early to bed with the rush of the rapids in our ears, and up again while the dew lies heavy on the grass and glistens on the bushes. Yes, it is all beautiful, and it is a tonic rest to the mind to have been so



HOLLOW LAND FALLS, GROUNDHOG RIVER.

March 16, 1907

CANADA

long at one with the simple, uncomplaining men of the wilderness, whom no harsh problems vex, and whose very vices seem a portion of the innocent order of nature. It is very beautiful, but perhaps at the end of three months it has lasted



INDIAN CHIEF AND FAMILY AT LONG LAKE.

long enough. I am only glad that all this sequence of beauty has not blurred into a composite picture, and that I can still segregate moments of special delight which are sunny pasture lands for memory to wander in now that I am walking the dingy streets, and the whirl of the passing motor chokes my throat with dust.

I still tread in fancy the dewy morning trail, and as I reach the glimmering lake at the portage end the sun is piercing the mist-wraiths of dawn. A reedy island lies before me, and, unsuspecting of my presence, two moose are feeding on the lily-pads which fringe its shore. A noise or an unwonted odour startles them. They swim and wade to the neighbouring mainland, splash up the muddy bank and disappear into the tangle of the forest.

Once more it is a picture of the trail. Again it is early morning, and I have set out alone in advance of the party. Half a mile onward I leave the path, throw down my light load and stretch myself upon a luxurious bed of moss that spreads like a mimic forest beneath the tufted spruce and jack-pine. The bearded lichen droops from the lower branches, and the upper branches have just caught the splendour of the sun. Beside me a rabbit run-way winds in and out among the trees, and every now and then, fifty yards away, I see a canoe swinging along the trail, or a dusty figure bowed beneath its pack. The dewy morning air is fragrant with pine. I am lying in the deep forest stillness, and above the calm a wind is sweeping the tree-tops like a harp with muffled strings. A cloud has momentarily darkened the sun, and the little flecks of dappled gold upon the moss have been gathered up. A warmer glow is stealing now from the fringed edges of the cloud, and soon the westward



AN ALLIGATOR BOAT IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.

spruce-tops will kindle into vivid green. So it has happened. I take it as an omen of good, and wander with the woodland peace upon me down the forest trail which leads southward and westward—home.

Again I walk in the gathering dusk along the trail. The thrushes have been silent through the heat of the day, but now the hermit music fills the air. Mate is calling to mate on every hand with reiterant trill and liquid chirrup until the shadows deepen and the ecstatic song subsides into a sleepy double note. As I walk campwards primæval stillness reigns again, and the stars light their lamps by ones and companies.

In one of the early instalments of this article, Professor Pelham Edgar described a remarkable type of alligator boat used in the lumbering country of north Ontario for kedging logs in the lakes instead of the common tug. The boat takes its name "alligator" from the fact that it is so constructed as to be capable of going over land as well as water. The particular boat shown in our illustration was met by the party which included Professor Edgar, when they were on their return journey, and was then working its way to the woods.

*** This instalment brings to an end a delightful series of articles, the first of which commenced in our issue of Nov. 24th, 1906, and were continued alternate weeks afterwards.*

THE WORKING-MAN IN CANADA.

Interesting Particulars Regarding Wages and Living.

In a letter to the *Dumfries Courier*, a correspondent, writing from Hamilton, Ontario, gives some interesting particulars regarding wages paid and the cost of living in Canada.

"The price of some of the necessities of life in Canada," he says, "are slightly in advance of those existing at home. A good overcoat costs from 15 to 25 dollars; a suit of clothes, 15 to 25 dollars; a pair of boots, about 4 dollars; a hard bowler hat, 2 or 3 dollars, and so on. Food is just as cheap as at home. Steak costs 5d. to 6d. per pound; boiling beef, 4d.; mutton, 8d.



HUDSON BAY POST AT LAC SEUL.

to 8½d. Tea, sugar, flour, potatoes, butter, eggs, etc., can be obtained at correspondingly low prices.

"The scarcity of labour naturally tends to increase rents and the prices of houses owing to the high wages demanded by the men, and compared with rents in the old country rents are high. The houses, however, are very different. As a rule, every house is self-contained, and the average working-man's house will contain a kitchen, a dining-room, three or four bed-rooms, a drawing-room, a bath-room, and one or two lumber-rooms.

"Of course, rents vary greatly, but a working-man should be able to secure a house at anything from £2 to £3 a month. Much depends on location, size, and whether the house is of brick or a 'frame,' as the wooden houses are called.

"Canadians at present are strongly resenting the great influx into this country of the alien element, and they have good reason for so doing. We want Scotsmen, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen to share in this great prosperity. Canada is British, and we want to keep it British. Everything points to the coming year being equally as prosperous as the last, and if this is so, then there will be a good demand for carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, and others connected with the building business and allied trades. Wages for carpenters in Eastern Canada range from 1s. in winter (three months) to 1s. 8d. in summer. A firm in Hamilton last year were wanting plasterers at 3s. an hour. Bricklayers can command about 2s. an hour. A common wage for an unskilled labourer is from 9d. to 10d. an hour, and when we take into account the fact that good board and lodging for a single man can be had from 14s. to 18s. a week, it will be readily admitted that these are good wages."