

was commissioned by a number of friends to find the ideal fishing ground, with red deer and moose, and partridge and duck as a corollary. I thought I knew where to find it. Upon the date mentioned I left the Soo train as it is called (the express that runs from Boston to Minneapolis, via Montreal, over the Canadian Pacific Railway, through Northern Ontario) at Wanapitei, about eleven in the morning, and went to the Queen's Hotel, kept by Sky Jack McDonald—a name given to him because he is a dealer in spirituous things. Three of our party and two guides had a dollar's worth of dinner each for which we paid twenty-five cents. This promised well for a start. We had good soup, a partridge apiece, three or four kinds of vegetables, delicious celery, and cranberry pie. Everything was clean and the dinner was well-cooked, and we wondered as we ate, but we ate it all nevertheless. Strange to say we bought some good cigars in the same hostelry.

We had two cedar canvas covered canoes 17 feet in length, 32 inches beam, and 12 inches deep. This style of craft was new to our guides, and when they saw 1,000 pounds or more of baggage, including a heavy photographic outfit, three well-fed men, and two guides for two canoes, they shook their heads and doubted. But when everything was packed in the two canoes, and the passengers seated on high cane seats their height out of the water satisfied them. When they had paddled a few miles and had that amount of experience they were loud in their praises of the craft. Both guides declared that they had never paddled any canoes so steady, so fast, and yet so light.

A two miles' paddle brought us to the first portage of the Wanapitei, a short carry of 150 yards. But as a dam was being built just below the first portage, we had a second portage a quarter of a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile further on. Here little tugs and rowing craft were loading material for the construction of a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway through this territory. We found that we could race any of these craft by means of short cuts at the bends, and for a short distance. The raft punt is an exaggerated dory, and an equally good sea

boat. We passed a hospital made of tents, for the victims of dynamite, which is fairly patronized.

A couple of miles below this we had a very nice camp in a silver birch bush. The silver birch is the next best thing to dry pine for an all night fire. It forms good material for tent poles, and for crotches, both for tent and fire, and with a little dry wood to start it makes a magnificent bed of red coals, that both for cooking and heating purposes proves it to be an invaluable wood. We made a moonlight exposure of our camp, which apart from the pleasantly suggestive details, shows how far the moon travelled during the exposure, the short broad line in the sky being the moon.

Our head guide, Joe Racicot, turned out to be a treasure. He knows the Wanapitei River from its source to its mouth, and is a good guide to the Togomassing Kokogaming and Lake Wanapitei country, north of where we were and west of Timagami, where there is moose and trout in abundance.

I will be as minute as possible as to dates and portages, because I know this is a trip which will be largely patronized by others and my recital may prove useful.

On Oct. 18th we left White Fish Camp, and our white birch fire at 7:30 in the morning, first putting out the fire.

During the day I met an Indian who told me that wolves were rather abundant. The Government, however, is taking steps to exterminate these pests, and I think from the arrangements made that they will be successful.

A paddle of two miles brought us to the mouth of Elbow Creek, which has become a very respectable wide river, through the construction of a dam just below where it runs into the Wanapitei River. Just here the embankment of the Canadian Pacific Railway is built to the edge of the river. We turned to the east and went up Elbow Lake. Late as it was we had no difficulty in catching enough bass and wall eyed pike or dore for our wants, and we could see that this lake is a good fishing ground. The railroad passes close to Elbow Lake, and is being blasted out of solid rock. None of the rock is wasted, but is put into