

about 5 miles wide and arrived at Fort Resolution on Sunday, 13th February at 3.30 p.m. which ended my northern journey.

This Hudson's Bay Company's Fort is built on the shore of the lake, is stockaded and contains several neat buildings, it is not as large as Chippeweyan, though an important trading post in charge of Mr. C. E. Gaudet. There is also a trading post belonging to Nagle and Hislop who have another at Stony Island 20 miles distant on the lake. There is a Roman Catholic Mission and a day school managed by two priests. The mission owns a side wheel steamer which crosses the Great Slave Lake and carries supplies to the Missions at the Peel and Mackenzie Rivers. The church is built of logs and is 60 x 30 feet, four lay brothers are employed by the mission.

Through the winter the population consists of only about 108 souls, in the summer like at Chippeweyan, it increases to 600 or 700. This may be called the land of plenty as regards meat and fish, the caribou being very numerous this year, the lake trout are of great size, very plentiful and of fine flavour. I met a number of Indians here,—Dogribs, Yellowknives and Slavies who came in to trade their furs and get their outfit to enable them to go to the Barren Grounds after musk ox.

The Rev. Father Duprie, who is in charge of the Great Slave Lake Mission, informed me that the whalers, mostly Americans, who traded with the Eskimos and other Indians of the far north (along the Mackenzie River and at the Belcher Islands), deal principally in liquor, no duty being paid on goods or liquor. The women are debauched, and drunken sailors frequently shoot the Indians. Whalers often winter there, sometimes as many as twenty vessels. Poison bait is said to be used also.

After resting the dogs and gathering what information was possible, I started on the 17th February on my return journey to Fort Smith. Information having been laid against John Trindle for setting out poison I took him with me to that post, by pressing forward I was enabled to make the trip in three days having the benefit of my old trail.

Arriving at Fort Smith at 9 p.m. on the 20th February I remained there over Sunday, and the next day tried Trindle and W. Brown, an interpreter to the Hudson's Bay Company. They both pleaded "guilty" and were fined \$25 and costs.

On Sunday, Father Dischaubeneau, the priest in charge at Fort Smith, who had been visiting the Indians, was brought in by them in a dying condition. I proceeded to Smith's Landing, where I tried Charles Sanderson for putting out poison, he having been brought in by my special constables, he also pleaded guilty and was fined \$25 and costs. After the trial, during which time my driver was busy baking bread and making ready, we proceeded on our trip and late at night we camped at Caribou Island.

The next day we got to La Butte, within 50 miles of Chippeweyan, from here I sent one of my dog drivers ahead with instructions to Sergeant Hetherington to get back the dogs from the island and to notify the bishop of the illness of the priest at Fort Smith. Being calm and clear the thermometer at -32, I decided to press on and drive all night, which we did with the exception of the short halts, or as called here "spells," during which time the kettle was boiled and a cup of tea and a bit of bannock hastily consumed and much enjoyed.

The following day shortly before arriving at Chippeweyan, I met Bishop Grouard on his way to visit the sick priest already mentioned.

The 25th February, on my arrival at Chippeweyan, I found that Sergeant Hetherington had not been idle, he had a number of cases to lay before me, and I have much pleasure in reporting that he deserves much credit for the way he handled them. These cases which are noted and attached, occupied my time from the 26th February to the 3rd March, and the next day I started on my Peace River expedition.

At Chippeweyan I was obliged to purchase two dogs, one of ours having died, another being unfit for duty.

By advice of Chief Factor Dr. McKay, the weather being still stormy and unsettled and the carriers of the Peace River packet having been lost for several days, I hired a guide to pilot our party over the end of Lake Athabasca, the Quatre Fourche or Delta of the Peace River, and portages consisting of streams, marshes and lakes, viz.: Mamwee and Lake Claire, the latter where we crossed, being 40 miles wide. I here dispensed with the pilot and continued on the portage which is through muskeg