

Hidden Away in the Algoma Wilds is Michipicoten Mission The Last of the Indian-French Voyageur Settlements

A 17th Century Village Projected Into the 20th—Old Mission Bay Company's Still Standing—Paradise for Speckled Trout—120 Miles From the Soo—What a Place for the Tourist to Explore!

"If you want a new experience, try the Michipicoten Mission," says the Sault Daily Star, in which the following article about the little old world settlement redolent of the 17th century appeared.

"O L' Lak' Superior, when she get mad at you, she's no fun!" said Jean Souliere, as we looked out 100 miles over the rolling waters, seeing Michipicoten Island, 45 miles away, in the middle distance. We were standing on the mountain north of the Michipicoten River, on the trail from Michipicoten Mission to Michipicoten Harbor, and hundreds of feet below the waves rolled, and roared along the beach, there breaking into great mountains of vast foam. The deer come here in the evening to drink, John said.

What a place for a holiday for the tired business man!

Michipicoten Mission, the last of the Indian-voyageur settlements, a 17th century village projected into the twentieth, a movie town that is unconscious of its spectacular setting—"The Mission" as its hundred Algonquin-French people call it, "Michipicoten River" as the postal authorities know it, the one community in Ontario, invincibly romantic.

A mile down stream from the village the waters of Lake Superior break thunderously on the shore. Circling the horizon is a range of high hills—beetling crags. To the north is Mokineyow, whose towering green top seems to attract masses of grey fog from the lake. The other side of Mokineyow, is Michipicoten Harbor, famed in story. Away to the south is Brule hill, a promontory; sinister and forbidding was it named in memory of Etienne, who first of white men, gazed on Lake Superior, you ask Pete Bossineau of the Mission. He ignores the question and breaks out about the speckled trout in the string of streams tumbling into the lake there.

Jesuit Fathers Founded Mission

PETE has no eye for romance. He is concerned with his team, the boat freight rate on provisions, and the outlook for the winter. Jean Souliere comes in from Michipicoten Harbor, having sauntered over in three hours to try the new six mile trail, and Pete and Jean fall to reminding each other of the time they escaped from the fury of a Superior storm, by jumping their sail boat over the bar at the Agawa River—a pure miracle. Pete was at the helm with a wisp of sail up. Jean, between his prayers, throw overboard the stone ballast to lighten the boat.

"Thank God for that and nobody else," Pete said to his mate, when the river mouth was reached.

"Oui," said Jean. "Le bon Dieu!" Superior, Kitchie Gumme, the Big Sea Water, is ever present with the Missioners. It brings them their food, it leads to the great world outside, and it takes toll of them. They don't love it—it is too big and autocratic for that.

The Mission got its name back in the eighteenth century when the Jesuit fathers paddled up the Lake Superior shore to minister to the spiritual needs of the Ojibways who had time out of mind foregathered there. For the Mission was formerly one of the great strategic points in the north. The route from Hudson Bay ended there. The missionary and the trader recognized its importance, and for now as in the old days flows that way. When the French and English fought for Hudson's Bay they ended by making a treaty which recognized French authority on Lake Superior.

Cataract of Snow-White Water

WHEN Canada was conquered the Hudson's Bay Company was not long in coming to the Mission. Some of its old buildings are standing yet, and although they were abandoned years ago, in one of the great windows which contain 24 panes, only three are yet broken. In all the downstairs rooms in the factor's big house the waffles yet remain over the great fire places. How long would they remain if the old post were a quarter of a mile from Sault Ste. Marie? Old letters and invoices yet litter the floor.

Silver Poplars

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

GOD wrote His Loveliest poem on the day He made the first tall silver poplar tree, And set it high upon a pale-gold hill, For all the new enchanted earth to see.

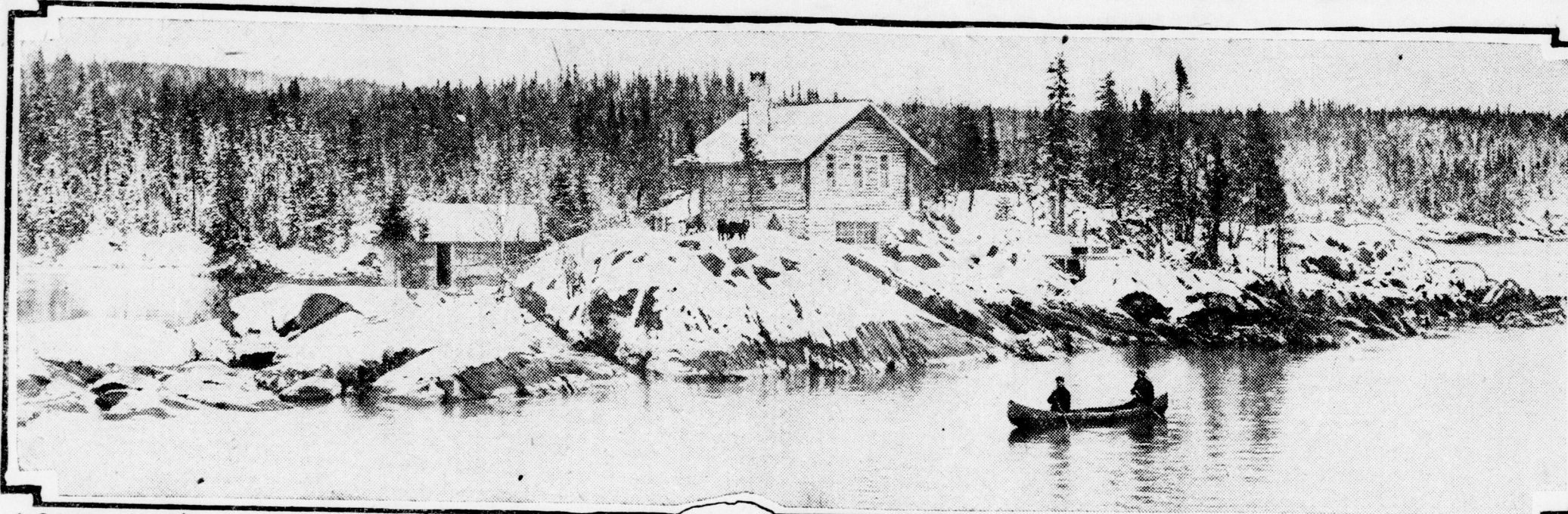
I think its beauty must have made Him glad, And that He smiled at it—and loved it so—Then turned in sudden sheer delight, and made

A dozen silver poplars in a row.

Mist green and white against a turquoise sky, A shimmer and a shine it stood at noon; A misty silver loveliness at night, Breathless beneath the first small wistful moon.

And then God took the music of the winds, And set each leaf a-flutter and a-thrill—To-day I read His poem word by word Among the silver poplars on the hill.

—Scribners



"The WIGWAM" built in Michipicoten Harbor for the use of the builders of the Algoma Central Railway who in 1899 built the Michipicoten Branch to Helen Mine—Three miles away is "The Mission" Ojibway village ~ ~



"The MISSION" from the trail to Michipicoten Harbor ~

Sketch from photo

What a place for tourists to explore! And the old warehouse, what a fine floor for a summer night's dance! Here, hidden away in the wilds of Algoma, is one of the most delightful of romance's mystery places. A few hundred yards away the Magpie River falls into the Michipicoten River with a ceaseless roar at the post and in the village when the wind is from the north west, a brood cataract of snow-white water, in full view from the sandy eminence on which the village is built in the bend of the river. The post powder magazine and other buildings yet remain.

But the old post is only one of the attractions of the Mission. The first view of the village coming up the river is arresting. Strung along a high sand bank which seems at first to be the end of the river are a score of substantial dolls houses, mostly of logs. There is the little Mission church with the big black cross, and a little red house for the priest when opportunity allows him to get to the Mission. For his field is large and the work he must do to cover it means much travel.

In the Mission life's facts are faced. There are no taxes, no walks, no electric lights, no waterworks. The Missioners have the benefit of a phone to "The Harbor" when it is in repair.

It's extraordinary how quick a doctor can get here from the Soo," said Pete. He can do it in about 24 hours, by rail plus team. He can also do it in 12 hours by boat. Of course

the boat runs only twice a week in the summer and not at all in the winter. But in the winter a dog team can bring you in twenty miles from Angimami or 26 from Hawk Junction. Once a

week a train runs in from Hawk to Michipicoten Harbor, and from there the new trail means a little journey of six miles, which is nothing at all on snowshoes if they fit you and you are feeling fit.

So it is apparent that people live at the Mission of the wilderness because they have the proper mental outlook. When they decide to have toothache they arrange to go first to the Soo, that great southern city, when the wonders of the universe are all to be seen. The Soo is 120 miles away as the crow flies. Of course the Missioners are not crows.

I found the Mission tired of a partridge diet. Think of a place where they prefer other food to partridge and speckled trout. I shot four partridge in the first ten minutes I was on the Mission-Angimami road. They were spaced along the road every 25 yards. It took a little longer to get the fifth but it was exasperating to fill one's "license" for the year so quickly. It's an actual fact that the Mission bothers with neither partridge nor speckled trout, and wonders politely why the occasional pilgrim gets so excited about them.

Good Beds and Good Meals

I STOPPED with Mr. and Mrs. Bossineau. They have as clean a house as you would wish to see. The stranger can get a good bed there and good meals. It's a different kind of a house to what you are accustomed, no doubt. But there is a charm about it and its courteous hosts which would make it a great resort if people only knew about the Mission, which lives in a world of its own. If you want a new experience, try the Mission.

It is wonderful how your perceptions are sharpened in the woods. I had followed an old

trail from the Mission to Michipicoten Harbor, which they are now fixing up as a winter road, and had noticed a fresh footmark here and there. By and by, my deductions were confirmed. I met Mose Michaud, the Mission mail carrier, over after his weekly grist, which he carried handily in a small pack on his back. I won't say that Mose's bag was all mail. It looked fat and round like my own pack, in which were five partridge.

Any stranger you may meet in the woods may turn out to be a game warden or some such blight. I was certainly a stranger.

Mose smiled. "Yes, it was a nice day. No, he hadn't seen a bird. No, he hadn't a gun. It was just a piece of old wood that looked like the stock of a gun that stuck out from under his coat tails.

We bade each other good-day. It did not occur to me at once that he might have looked on me as an official, till I suddenly remembered how Sam Biggings had been turned from slack door after door because he had gone north with his C.P.R. vest, richly adorned with brass buttons.

Why should any game warden ever bother the Mission or these out of the way places in Algoma? It's a work of supererogation, or words to that effect. Possibly for 60 miles north of the Sault along the line of the A.C.R. it is not out of place to make some show of protecting partridge, but at Mile 103 one reader told me of finding six partridge which had died of starvation. I heard in the north of the finding of numerous birds which had broken their necks trying to dive under the snow crust. In the Algoma wilderness the sending of men to "protect" partridge seems a waste of money. Nobody north of Frater ever goes off a trail to shoot these birds, and you can figure how much ground the few trails cover in the thousands of square miles of wilderness. The lot of the prospector and Indian is hard enough without bothering them about a few partridge or an occasional deer. Not that it would be proper to indiscriminately slaughter the birds or deer. But Sam's experience shows there is too much game law. If the government spent the money on expert wolf hunters the change might help.

Dining-Room Big as Windsor Hotel

"THERE is never any trouble here," said Pete Bossineau at the Mission, "except a little family jangling, and it only breaks the monotony."

As I mentioned before, it's wonderful how one's perceptions are sharpened in the woods. Back on a high hill, I heard waves breaking, and before long there was Lake Superior. And what a wonderful sea Superior is! The largest body of fresh water on earth, with a temperature which never rises above 42 degrees. Did you ever know that the water in Hudson's Bay in winter is two or three degrees warmer than Superior? Did you ever know that Moose Factory has a mean summer temperature less than five degrees cooler than Toronto and that its mean yearly temperature is warmer than Calgary and Edmonton? So figures in a dominion government book set forth. Some faint hearts in New Ontario may put these figures in their pipes and smoke them.

At the hotel at Michipicoten Harbor they have a sign, "Keep one foot on the floor." The advice is for the hunter or trapper or prospector or wayfarer who comes along intermittently to play a game of pool. For they have two pool tables there and a dining room larger than the Windsor Hotel. The hotel is a relic of the old Clergue days, when the Harbor was meant to be a town. Yes, you can get a good bed and a meal.

I got there first in July, 1901, just 22 years ago. Right ahead of me was a judge from Old Ontario. He was entered as "His Honor Judge Blank." It looked as if the distinguished visitor had written his own dedication, and it reminded me of a fellow I knew who entered himself at a Montreal hotel as "J. Rataplan Brown and valet." Underneath a friend of mine followed with J. H. Brady and valise. At the harbor now Mr. Chas. B. Oakes, of the A.C.R., is chief factotum, Mr. and Mrs. Oakes, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston of the hotel are the only two families. Mr. Morgan Worth is the storekeeper, and he runs a Ford motor on the railway out to Hawk, 26 miles, to bring in the mail every Friday and Monday.

CHOICE

By ELIZABETH COLTER

LAST week I talked to a sailor, Who was young and wild and strong; (Or, rather, he talked and I listened.) For an hour, perhaps—not long, And Jens, whom I'd promised to marry But an hour or two before— Jens, who has lived all his stunted life On a leaf-enshrined shore, Jens passed at a little distance, And I knew that he frowned at me; But I sat very still, and I listened, While the sailor talked of the sea.

He used strange words that I do not know— But I saw brown feet on alien sand; His eyes were hot with the lure of quest— And he said I could not understand— But I saw wide spaces and flying spume, And ships in the lone black nights; I saw with a poignance almost pain The passing of dim green lights; I heard the wail of following gulls, I felt the whip of the cold white fog, And I saw a man in a dripping slicker Bending over a log—

But I shall marry Jens, you know, And live in a prairie town, Where never a fog-horn blares in the morning, And never a ship goes down— Goes down to the sea with her singing crew, With her anchors up, with her sails unfurled, Where never a woman waits like stone For a man on the rim of the world. And he asked me—Jens, I mean, of course— What the sailor said to me, And what was the thing he talked about, And I answered—"Poetry!"

—The Lyric West.

FACE IS A FORTUNE

SHE: My face is my fortune. HE: Well, never mind that. The richest people aren't always the happiest.

"Now Swing the Girl that You Call Your Own!" How Alberta Folks Forget Price of Wheat

By E. A. CORBETT

"SURE to be a good crowd to-night, because they're a dance after your lecture. Whoa! Got a match? This darned corduroy road like to shake my gizzard loose." "Yep; they got old man Peters and his daughter for an orchestra, and Jimmy Taylor to call the dances. You stick around till about midnight when the boys gits warmed up proper, and you'll see some shuffling."

With these words, my host, an old Indiana-Alberta farmer, pulled up his lop-eared mules in the shelter of a log school house, and we climbed stiffly down from the springless wagon in which we had just completed a body-wracking voyage of ten miles over a road made up at intervals of muskeg, stumps and large stretches of corduroy. The small building was already nearly filled with people, but one could still see them coming over the two trails north and west, leading away from the school which served as church and community centre as well. Some were on foot, many on horseback, while large families were jumbled together in huge crashing farm wagons, or dish-wheeled democrats.

Inside the building there was an atmosphere of expectation. Twenty or thirty children in the front seats, pushed about and giggled with delight at the prospect of moving pictures. Mothers with small babies sat on the deal benches at the back, near the stove; and at the door stood a number of very young men swanking cigars and trading badinage with young ladies of their own age. The older men, as the custom is, stayed outside and talked shop until the last minute.

As a representative of the extension department of the University of Alberta, I had been invited to visit the district and give a lecture on some subject that would—to quote the application—interest, entertain, and educate the people. No easy task the reader will admit. For the sake of the children, many of whom had never seen a "movie," I had brought along a moving picture machine and eight reels of film, a judicious selection of educational and comic features. This part of the entertainment over, the children were moved to the rear and we had an hour's discussion of a subject of close interest to the older people and their problems as community leaders.

Orchestra Tunes Up

MY work, therefore, was over at eleven o'clock, and I was at liberty to watch and enjoy what followed. Immediately benches and chairs were pushed back and arranged around the wall. Babies were stowed away in apple-boxes and bundles of coats at the end of the building, and the decks were thus cleared for action. Women, fat and lean, old and young, ranged themselves on the seats around the wall,

Lecture, Movies and Frenzied Quadrille Combined in One Glorious Occasion in Prairie Community Where School, Church, and Dance Hall Are All the Same Place

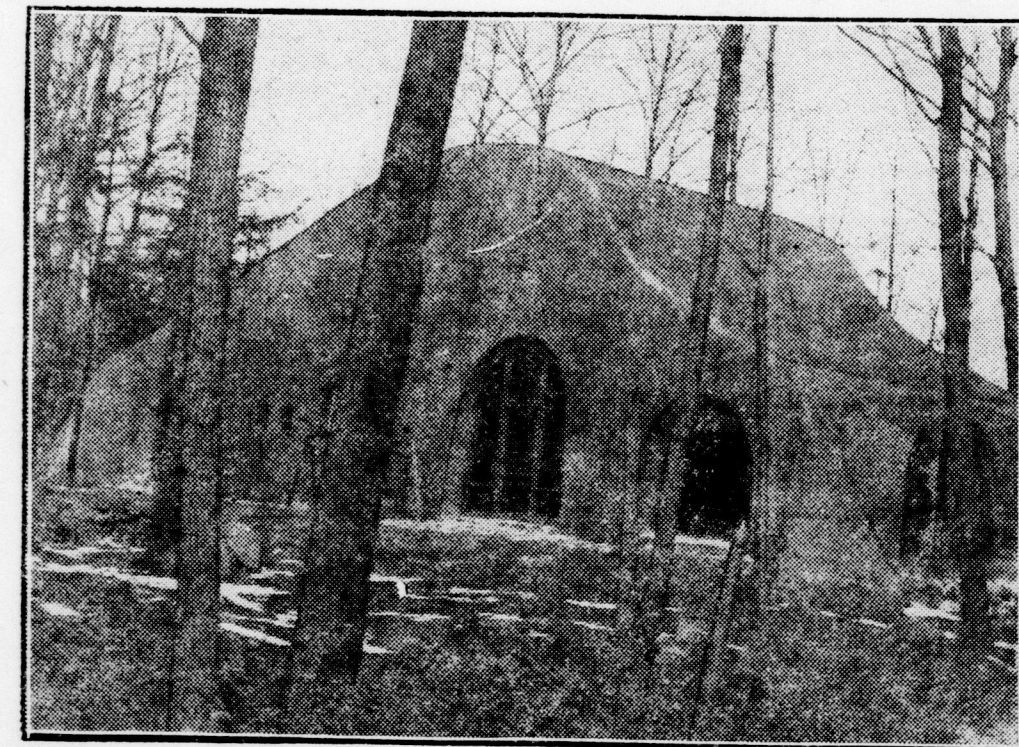
while the young men, in a milling group about the door, looked them over and made mental notes as to the disposal of their dances.

And now the orchestra began to tune up. A raw-boned English maiden of fifty took the stool at the wheezy little "cabinet organ" and began to sound certain chords in a vague way, while her father, with anxious air, alternately loosened and tightened the strings of his violin. After ten minutes of grievous caterwauling the old man appeared satisfied, and with a dash they were off. The raw-boned lady, with fiercely peddling feet and flying fingers, sent the gasping organ into an endless four movement vamp which with variations would have served equally well for any tune. On this occasion the old

man, with fiddle firmly fixed in the crook of his long arm, and with one foot beating time, launched into the "Irish Washerwoman."

"Choose yer pardners for a kudrille," shouted Jimmy Taylor who, with fresh shaved neck and Sunday clothes, had taken his stand solemnly on the platform beside the orchestra.

And now, in three groups of eight, the melees began. To one unaccustomed to this sort of dance it is marvelous how the involved movements are carried through. In a raucous voice the "caller" directs the formations. Keeping time with the music, he roars out his commands in a rough sort of rhyme, and woe betide the man who loses his head and fails to "follow through"; he is quite likely to be trampled under foot.



Mystery Castle Built on the New Jersey Palisades

NEW JERSEY may now boast of a castle of mystery. It has been secretly built three miles north of Alpine, N.J., up on the cliffs of the palisades on the estate of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Burnett. Over a million dollars has been spent on the work, which began three years ago. The castle, or buildings, rather, for there are five in number, are arranged in units. One building is for other serves as a garage, while the largest and most imposing of all is for use as a laboratory, where certain experiments are to be made, the nature of which has not been disclosed as yet. The cliffs on which the buildings stand are unscalable, more than 500 feet to the top, and the only path to this bizarre estate, like a medieval kingdom sketched in a book of fairy tales, is by the solitary road which winds round from Alpine. The picture shows the dining hall, a bright leaf green, one of the units of the estate. It is 300 feet away from the main living house and contains only kitchen and dining-room.