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Down The Mississaga.

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In that most enjoyable canoe trip which I took down the Mississaga River last autumn I felt there was a want of variety in the fishing unless one left the main river and travelled east or west. I heard then from the Indians of a large number of good fishing lakes and streams, but had no time to spend in exploration. I promised myself however, that I would make a return trip in the spring, when the call of the wild always comes upon me with irresistible force, and that I would locate some of these waters. Accordingly as soon as the snow had gone this spring I wrote to my old friend, John Dyke, at the Hudson's Bay post, at the mouth of the Mississaga River. I wanted to get some of the Indians who trade with him to act as guides. But John Dyke told me that the water was too high and that I could not get up the Mississaga from the southern point of departure. I wished to go southwest from Timber berth No. 195 on the Ontario Government's map of the north shore of Lake Huron, through a chain of lakes by which I could reach Desbarats, twenty-eight miles east of Sault Ste. Marie, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. No one that I knew had ever been through this route, but I had read reports of explorers and talked with Indians about these lakes, and they told me that they were their best fishing grounds. I did not wish to fly in the face of Providence, in

the shape of John Dyke, and therefore, instead of commencing my journey at the beginning, I started at the end.

I asked a friend at Desbarats if he knew of a good guide he could recommend for this particular country. "Cariboo Jack is your man" replied my friend. The name was promising, and I got a line on to Cariboo Jack. I had in my mind two other young fellows to whom I meant to give a chance to develop into guides of a trustworthy kind. One was Roddy McDonald, jr., and John Reid, a young Englishman, who has adapted himself well to the life of a new country, was the second. I knew both of them to be possessed with an instinctive love of the woods, to be sportsmen in spirit, and, as the sequel demonstrated, the very material out of which good guides are made. There was a heavy trip in front of us, without even a canoe trail on the portages. But great as our difficulties were at times our guides proved fully equal to all emergencies. We can very cheerfully and confidently recommend them. Cariboo Jack was paid at the rate of \$2.50 and the others \$1.50 each per day. They proved themselves fairly capable and willing workers and in portaging they will soon improve. We predict a future for them as guides. Cariboo Jack is all right now, and their love of the work and their ready adaptability show the other two to be good raw material.

We got our canoes at the Hiawatha Camp.