

him and two priests up to Manitoulin and round to the "Sault" and back again to Holland Landing in a big canoe. Henry and Louie Solomon and Francis Giroux were with us, and there were several other canoes. I often went with the late Alfred Thompson, of Penetang, to the Blue Mountains hunting. I was with Captain Strachan at Baldoon, on Lake St. Clair, shooting ducks. I went up the Nottawasaga and over the Portage to Lake Simcoe, when there were no white settlers there—nothing but Indians. Drummond Island had the best harbor on Lake Huron. The barracks at Penetanguishene was built of Norway pine from Pinery Point. The first houses built in Penetanguishene were built by Revol, Mitchell and Simpson for stores, all of cedar. Old Ste. Anne's (R.C.) church was built by Rev. Father Dempsey,* missionary, who died while on the road to Barrie, and was buried in the cemetery at Penetanguishene. The old church was built of upright posts and the spaces filled in with cedar logs, laid horizontally, and let into the posts by a tenon and extended mortise. Rev. Father Proulx was the next priest, then Father Charest. I came to Victoria Harbor (Hogg Bay) over thirty years ago. My mother has been dead over fifty years. She is buried at Lafontaine with my father. Kean & Fowlie built the mill at Victoria Harbor. Asher Mundy, who kept the canteen on the old military road, was married to Mrs. Vallières, widow of a French-Canadian. There was no house at Lafontaine when I first saw it. It was first called Ste. Croix. The nearest house was my father's, at Thunder Bay, about seven miles distant. Louis Deschèneau built the first house there. Toussaint Boucher built the "Iron Canoe" on the spot where Dr. Spohn's residence now stands in Penetanguishene, for Father Proulx, who afterward presented it to the Government.†

I made a trip in the "Iron Canoe" with fifteen men, Father Proulx, a young priest named Lavelle and a Bishop from Europe, up to Manitoulin, the "Sault" and Mackinaw, and back. Father Crevier visited Drummond Island twice in my recollection. I carried the mail to the "Sault" in winter on snow-shoes. I made the trip from Penetanguishene to the "Sault" and back (three hundred miles) with a sleigh and two dogs in fifteen days—snow three feet deep. I once made the trip in fourteen days. Dig a hole in the snow with my snow-shoes, spread spruce boughs, eat piece of cold pork, smoke pipe and go to sleep. I often had *Mal de racquette*. I would sharpen my flint, then split the flesh of the ankle above the instep in several places, and sometimes down

* For a notice of Father Dempsey and his work see Lizars' "In the Days of the Canada Company."

† It was made of Russian sheet iron.