

commencing on the first day of April, 1873, and continuing until January 1st, 1893, I was what most people called "a hustler." In the year 1876, John Doty, of Toronto, built for me a small steamboat, 54 feet long, the "Lady Ellen." After much trouble and hard work Mr. Doty landed the ship in Winnipeg, having sent her by steamship to Port Arthur and thence by rail, and I at once became a navigator, shortly afterwards captain of the first lake steamer plying on Lake Winnipeg for the public. The Hudson's Bay Co. had a propeller, but she was only employed in their own business. I used to run on the Red River, from Winnipeg to Selkirk, before the ice was out of the lake in the spring, and as the Government was then building the Canadian Pacific Railway from Port Arthur to Winnipeg, Selkirk was one of the bases of supplies and I did a thriving business. As an instance, it cost me just \$9 per day to run my boat, and on one trip alone I carried 85 passengers and 15 tons of freight from Winnipeg to Selkirk, making the trip in two hours and receiving \$1 for each passenger and \$5 per ton for the freight. This sort of thing I kept up for two years, not every day making so much, but averaging from 15 to 30 passengers and 5 to 10 tons freight each trip.

Just here I am reminded of one of the funniest incidents of my life. I had a great deal of trouble in getting good sober men to form my crew, because Selkirk was a frontier town and filled with navvies. Whiskey was plentiful and hardly a trip was made from Selkirk, which place we used to leave at 6 a.m., but half a dozen railroad navvies would take passage to Winnipeg, and each man had his flask or bottle; so for a crew that had not joined the temperance cause the temptation was great, and a hard time I had with the boys. Being interested in several other large undertakings just then, I could not be on the boat every day, but must be always ready take the place of any one of the crew who was not able to navigate. The crew consisted of captain, a pilot, engineer, cook and two deck hands. The latter were Icelanders who could not talk English, but they were the only ones I could trust, for they had not learned yet to drink in English. Well, I had troubles of my own, I can assure you.

One day the boat would arrive at her destination and only the pilot would be full, some kind and handy passenger who had remained sober taking his place and thereby working his way to Winnipeg. Next day the engineer would be dizzy, probably from looking at the pump working, and his place filled by a passenger or by the pilot (if he were sober). The purser and cook also had their lapses, so I was not quite unprepared for the climax, which came when one day the "Lady Ellen" landed with every one of the crew perfectly helpless but the two deck hands. Luckily I can turn my hand to anything—but preaching, so I undertook to run the boat myself that trip. "She jes' dun had to go," as the old darkey said, for I had advertised her to make her daily trip, and I would not let a little thing like that stop me. I therefore got all the freight on board and with about 25 passengers started for Selkirk, being my own engineer, fireman and pilot, as well as purser. No cooking was necessary on that short trip, for I could feed the Icelanders at the hotel at Selkirk. In the morning we had to start at five o'clock to get up steam and get on wood enough to last the round trip (about two cords); the wood was on the bank and had to be carried down in hand-barrows 200 yards. While the deck hands were carrying the wood I was busy getting up steam, and every time a barrow of wood came I had to pile it in the hold, take on odd lots of freight, let steam into the cylinder to warm it up, start the engine slowly and oil up well, also pump a good supply of water into the boiler. I therefore was quite busy performing my multitudinous duties and did not notice at first a very much intoxicated individual who took a deep interest in watching me, following me about the boat, and sitting on the rail to see me toy with the fire box and engine. All being ready I loosened the ropes which tied us to the dock, and as there was a nasty eddy setting in at that point, it was a work of art to make a graceful start. I therefore fixed the shore lines so that at a word from me the passengers could let go. I put my foot through the back of the pilot house, so that I could communicate (by signs) to the Icclander to whom I had given charge of the wheel and show him which way to turn it, put the helm slightly to port and took my place at the engine, called out "Let go," and gave her a full head of steam, so we left the dock as gracefully as a deep-loaded boat could. I settled the engine so that I could leave it for a few minutes and go on deck and into the pilot house to take the boat past a nasty shoal, after which it was plain sailing for a few miles. My drunken friend was still eyeing me, and whether he thought that the whole crew was very much alike or not I can't say, but when I started to collect fare he happened to be the first one I tackled. Here was another new role for me—another man in a capacity he had not seen before, and it seemed to stagger him. In his drunken way he said:

"Look here, mister, are you the captain or are you the whole bloomin' crew?"

I could not but appreciate this situation, so saying to him, "You go free to Winnipeg," I went about collecting the sober or half sober

fares. But I have never forgotten what a puzzle it must have been to that man to discover how a boat had a captain and crew that so much resembled one another.

A MANY SIDED MAN.

As stated above, the wood had to be carried down to the shore by hand, there being no rig in Selkirk suitable for handling it. Now comes in the hero of the Sultana Mine; the pioneer gold hunter, and by all odds the best bean cook of Rat Portage. If he has only got one leg, he has a heart that is big enough for two, and Jake Hennessy is all right. His cheeriness, his funny stories, his honesty and his pluck, have at last been rewarded, for I learn he is now pretty well fixed. To Jake Hennessy belongs the praise of bringing Rat Portage before the world often must he congratulate himself on his present state, and compare it with one night which he thought was to be his last. As I said before, he had but one leg, the other is a peg one. In early days Winnipeg sidewalks were built with all kinds of lumber, and the principal one with lumber that had been sawn out of boom logs; it therefore was full of holes about two inches in diameter. One cold frosty night Jake was going home along this sidewalk, and misfortune overtook him in an instant. His peg leg went into one of these holes, and while the weight of his body drove it down, he had not sufficient strength to pull it out again. 40° below zero is not the temperature a man selects to spend all night in the open air, so Jake had to keep moving or perish with the cold. He therefore made a pivot of the imprisoned leg, and walked around it all night with the other, thus keeping up the circulation and keeping himself from freezing. This I consider a remarkable piece of plucky endurance.

Now Jake was living at Selkirk, and was shy of dollars. He, with a master intellect, that he has since developed, saw the wood situation at a glance, and suggested to me that if he only had a dray he could earn a few stray shillings, and could also have wood down on the dock for the "Lady Ellen." His remarks did not fall on barren ground, for the very next trip I took him a dray. He hired a horse and Jake was happy. I had made a warm friend and I never will regret it. It was comical to see the pride Jake took in this dray. Folks said he would insist that it was good enough for anything or anybody, and to prove it, he used to make his family ride on it to church, he sitting on the side with that peg leg sticking out straight, threatening to impale any chance passer-by that came near enough.

In a short time, Jake had amassed a few dollars, and thought he would like to run a hotel, so getting a chance to buy out the Davis House, in Winnipeg, he needed a few hundred dollars more. Who do you suppose he would come to for it? Why, to his old friend, of course, that had put him on his feet—no, his leg, again. He offered to let me "take it out in board for my teamsters," as I had about 20 working for me, but this I refused to do out of consideration for him. However, I lent him the money and he became a Boniface; but in a short time, he, like most others, found he had undertaken too much, so he removed to Rat Portage. Here he managed to earn a living.

One day some men came in with pieces of quartz which they had got on Hay Island. Jack pounded it up and it showed color in the pan. Imagine his joy; here was a fortune in sight! However his generous nature asserted itself, and his first thought was, "My old friend and benefactor, Ham McMicken, must have some of this, and bedad, it will also be a little trifle to my own benefit." He therefore started for Winnipeg. Forty miles of the road was over the right of way of the C.P.R. from Rat Portage to Cross Lake, over mountains almost impassable to man with both his legs, and strong ones, too. But Jake was after capitalists, and would not be denied; he succeeded in getting to Cross Lake and then took train for Winnipeg. He had not been in that city an hour before he found me, and unfolded his entrancing tale of wealth for us all. I immediately made arrangements, secured a surveyor and in three days started for the Eldorado, taking train to Cross Lake and canoes thence to Rat Portage, making several long portages en route, at one of which I thought we were all doomed to see gold in earnest; but it was the Golden Streets and the Pearly Gates we thought we were to see before our time. Large quantities of nitro-glycerine were being distributed along the line of the C.P.R., and the contract to freight this dangerous stuff was given to different fearless parties. Quite a number of them never made their wills and even did not require an undertaker before they left this country; pieces of clothing found in a tree, or a button picked up by chance, being often the only clue to the identity of what had been a glycerine freight carrier. At one of our portages we found a half-breed camp with 100 cases of the deadly fluid on this side of the portage and 100 cases on the other. A few feet along the track we saw one can that had fallen from the man's shoulders and a small stump of a tree had penetrated it, but for some unaccountable reason it had not exploded. You can imagine we did not care to be shipmates with that kind of material any longer than we could help, so packing up all our camp equipage, instruments, grub and blankets and two canoes, six of us carried all over in one trip, which usually took