

plump chooks have fallen away on the fish and potatoes Hoping to hear soon, and that you will send me regularly the SHINGWAIK JOURNAL, with Mrs R's united regards to Mrs Wilson and children Believe me yours.

R. RENISON.

### Neepigon.

#### A TALE OF SUFFERING.

For fourteen days we watched the lake with anxious eye, hoping that a strong south wind might come and blow the ice away and thus open a passage to the Hudson Bay store, at Red Rock. We watched and hoped in vain. On the Queen's Birthday there was not one morsel of food of any kind at the Mission house save some half frozen potatoes, 1½ lbs of salt pork and a little tea, and yet I am happy to say that among the little ones there was not one murmur that day.

The ice had now melted around the shore, and so I proposed that we should all make a short excursion up a beautiful little rivelet that empties its crystal waters into the north eastern extremity of Mackintyre Bay. I took my gun and large pike net, hoping to procure enough of provisions for the day. As we were pulling hard against the stream, a beautiful little water fowl perched in a swamp not more than twenty yards from the waters edge. I managed to shoot it without much trouble, and so the first part of our dinner was procured. We had not proceeded more than half a mile further when I shot a large pike about 25 lbs weight, as he lay suning himself in the shallow water. We now made a large fire on a little peninsula, boiled our large pike and some half-frozen potatoes, fried our pork and made some tea. We were in all nine of us Mrs. R. and six children, Wedookahgawenene and myself. We ate heartily, the pike and water fowl affording us a bountiful repast. We then worked hard to catch some pike and suckers for the next day. We reached the missionhouse at 8 p.m., and thus the Queens birthday at Negwinenang passed away.

On May 31st Wedookahgawenen and myself started for Red Rock as the ice to all appearance had melted away. Our canoe was very small, not more than 10 feet long by 2 broad. Our provisions for the journey consisted of one large pike and ten suckers and a little tea. Salt would have been a luxury, as fish without salt for a white man is not very palatable. Before we had proceeded 5 miles upon our journey our hopes were blighted, as we found that the bay near the first portage was completely blocked up with ice; we now pulled our canoe out of the water and sat upon a lone rock for two hours watching the broken ice moving to and fro. We never lost a thought on turning back, as this would have discouraged Mrs. R. and the little ones who were anxiously waiting for a little flour, sugar, and meal. We were bound to get through. We took the canoe on our shoulders and carried it around the rough rocky shore for a very considerable distance until we came to a spot where it seemed possible to paddle through the floating ice. With our canoe shattered and broken we reached the first portage, quickly passed through reached the lake on the opposite side where to our delight we found the ice entirely melted away. We boiled part of the pike and had a very hearty meal. Crossed Lake Neepigon, camped that night on Pine portage, and reached Red Rock next day at 3 p.m. On June 1st we held

a very short service among the navvies in the open air. Spent that night at the Neepigon Hotel, arose next morning at daybreak, went to the Hudson Bay store for a bag of flour, one of oatmeal, some sugar salt, and other little things carried them to our little frail canoe; had it loaded, and had just made a start and hoped to return to the Mission in two days. In the midst of our hurry and anxiety to get back to the dear ones who were hungry at home, our canoe, upset in the midst of an angry current, and the flour, meal sugar, salt, and many other little things were now floating on the surface, whilst myself and Wedookahgawene were to our shoulders in water, holding fast to the canoe, and trying to prevent the stuff from being carried down the rapids, where it would be irretrievably lost. After half an hours struggling we managed to get the things ashore. Several pounds of the meal were destroyed; the 45 lbs of sugar in a liquid state was running through the box, the flour was not much damaged. With our clothes soaking wet, with one bag of flour, and a few pounds of oatmeal, and a few pounds of wet sugar, we again resumed our journey and exhausted, weary, and worn we reached the mission in two days; we never stopped to cook a regular meal, but day and night we pulled through portages and rapids, lakes and rivers, subsisting on one small loaf of yeast bread given to me by the hotel keeper before leaving.

(To be Continued.)

### Our Winter Mail.

(Concluded.)

As a set off to this failure of duty on the part of a mail carrier, I must mention, that only the last mail we received was brought to us at the risk of the men's lives, for the ice was so bad below Bruce Mines and Hilton, that the carriers had to go part of the way on their hands and knees. Then again I have heard time and again of their faithful endeavors to save the mail when accidents have occurred. If, in the early winter, when they sometimes use boats, their frail vessel is swamped or wrecked, their first and chief care is for the mail bags. If they get through the ice, next to their own lives, they look after their important trust. Many an anecdote can they give, of dreadful journeys, through blinding storms, and piercing cold, of deep snow, and, worse than all of watery slush. Fancy what men must endure, who are out in all weathers and all hours, in Algoma winters.

The distances they travel in a day varies very much, according to the state of the roads, when these are good they sometimes make sixty or more miles in the day.

Picture to yourselves, a team of two, three, or four dogs, of mongrel breed, attached to a light sleigh, three or four feet long. On the sleigh are lashed the mail bags to the weight of one or two hundred weight. Behind this team is generally another like the first in all essentials. In front of the first runs one of the carriers in moccasins and if the snow is deep with snowshoes on. Behind the sleighs follows the other carrier similarly attired. Now fancy these poor fellows, having to face ten or twenty miles of ice in the face of such howling storms as we frequently have in winter, and then you begin to realize that the office of mail carrier in Algoma is no sinecure and not by any means a position to be desired.