

The Gleaner

TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

GODERICH, ONT., FRIDAY, JAN. 20, 1888.

J. D. McGILLICUDDY, PUBLISHER.
\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

What is happening in our town? The new town council met Monday last according to statute, I am informed, and opened the ball for 1888. I hope they'll put in some hard shots for the interests of the town during the current year, and be able to point to something done at the close of their tenure of office. Last January, when some new blood was introduced into the council, and a brand new mayor received the right of way to proceed along the path of progress, I took off my hat and got a gold in the head election night hoisting for the new order of things, and successful candidates to match; but you couldn't get me into the hoary business anymore, if you were to try till the cows came home. This ecstasy business has all leaked out of me, and I have grown heavy-hearted, sad, weary, lonesome, jaded, mortified, yes, tired, waiting for the benefits that were promised us in the flush of victory immediately following the election, and the lack of which created an aching void, a vacuum, a hiatus, a dead give-away in the breasts of the broad electorate during the months that have intervened. So none of your sugar-coated promises for pie, Messieurs Mayor and Councilmen, but go on with your plan to place the town upon sound underpinning, and if there is a good word that can be said of you to the neighbors between now and the close of your term, I'll be most happy to give it.

I see the delegation to Ottawa—Mr. John Butler and Captain Macgregor—have returned without accomplishing anything of importance. It was well known for months past that the intention of the Government was to cut a sluice-way through the breakwater from the river to the harbor, but no warning voice was raised until after the contract for the job was let, and now an *alligone* is raised that the completion of the contract means a paralytic stroke to the harbor. Of course the Government cannot take the work from the contractor without allowing him compensation, and it is an equally foregone conclusion that once a contractor gets his grip on a Government contract, he never lets go his hold without being fully recompensed for his prospective profits and extras. I very much fear the Government will not do much in the premises, and more particularly in this case because the protest against the return of Robert Porter has been lifted. If the Government tries to help out the town in the present case the neighbors and I will be truly thankful, or there isn't any gratitude on the back streets.

—And while I'm on this subject I'd like to know if the delegation went to Ottawa at their own expense, or if the "shot" was paid for by the town. If the town paid the piper, how was the selection of the delegates made, and what were the instructions given to the delegates? Also, what did they do in the public interests when they went to Ottawa, and if anything was done, why was not a report presented to the council at the last meeting? Have we got enough pork for the shilling, have we not got enough, or have we got too much? The free and independent electors of the town want full and free information on this point, and they don't want to wait until next nomination for it, either. Or is this a case where the King of France and the King of Spain went up the hill and came down again?

—I've been informed privately by a neighbor of sound legal standing, that our waterworks by-law is as dead as Julius Caesar, and that notwithstanding the amount of money expended in preparing, printing and submitting the by-law to the electors, it isn't worth shucks, and won't hold water. Under statute, I am informed, it is provided that no waterworks system can be instituted for the bringing in of water unless a sufficient sewerage accommodation is provided for carrying the waste water and sewage away. No such provision has been made in Goderich, and the by-law, as I remarked before, is as un-get-at-able as Julius Caesar's ghost, or words to that effect. I hope I have been misinformed

THE SILVER LAND.

Mr. Archibald Blue's Visit to Ontario's Mines.

A Pleasant Account of a Journey in that Wild Country—Lakes, Rivers and Mountains—Vegetable Life, Fauna and Flora—Wild Rice Fields—The Writan at Home.

By A. J. AX.

On that point, and now would be a good time for some of our waterworks committee, or the mayor, or some of the legal gentlemen at the council board to come forward and let the benighted taxpayers know that all the expenses connected with the printing and carrying of the by-law have not been cast to the four winds of heaven by the council of 1887. I pause for a reply, so that a dead weight may be lifted from my manly bosom.

MR. PATRICK PURCELL, who carried the county of Glengarry against Mr. Donald Macmaster, Q.C., has been unseated and disqualified, and the Tory papers rejoice greatly thereat. They cry "Ha, ha!" and make merry over Purcell's fall, and say that he is a specimen Grit, and a fit successor to Major Walker, of "Come Along John" notoriety. THE SIGNAL admits that Purcell has conducted himself badly, and deserves the blight which has fallen upon his political hopes. It also admits that he followed in the lines of Major Walker, who did very badly in his day and generation, in the Madriver business. But THE SIGNAL cannot see why the fall of either Purcell or Walker should cause any rejoicing on the part of any political party, and especially the Tory party. Walker and Purcell were for many years staunch Tories. They were both brought up in the Tory faith, nurtured in the Tory fold, and grew to sleekness and fatness under benign Tory influence; and if, when their political understandings were awakened, and they cut loose from Tory moorings, some of the peculiar ethics of Torydom still clung to them, and when the temptation came their way, their natural instincts took precedence and recourse was had to Tory methods, the fact is to be deplored, and not rejoiced at. It will be readily admitted that new converts—religious or political—need careful attention, and it is easy for beginners to stumble when on the new way. We admit that at first it is hard for a converted Tory to act honestly politically, but we have known cases when they were able to throw away their crutches and walk uprightly; and we would rather have had Mr. Pat Purcell one of that kind that as he at present exhibits himself. By the time his disqualification is removed, all the naughty Tory ways will, in all probability be eradicated from his system.

THE BOYS OF '73.

Introducing Base Ball into Toronto—Members of the Base Club.

The following item has been resurrected by the Toronto *Empire*, as an evidence that Mayor Clarke was a ball player away back in 1873. A singular thing in connection, is the fact that although nearly fifteen years have elapsed the eighteen players still survive. The game was played in the good old days when the outfielders were not ornamental appendages, and the "battery" didn't do all work:

From the Toronto Sun, May 5, 1873.

A well contested match game of baseball came off on Parliament grounds on Saturday evening between the composers of the *Sun* and the *Mail* newspapers, offices, in which the former won by a majority of five runs. The following is the score:

Mail	Sun
E. F. Clarke, 3rd b.	34 C. Darling, p.
F. Diamond, 1st b.	43 S. Treloar, p.
J. G. Gannon, r. f.	48 R. Forbes, 1st b.
W. R. Hamilton, c.	52 W. Rossell, 2nd b.
J. McLeod, c. f.	33 W. Kerr, s. s.
J. Johnson, c.	53 J. Gillespie, 2nd b.
J. Metcalfe, s. s.	53 J. Frisley, l. f.
D. McGillicuddy, 2b.	42 J. Grubb, c. f.
M. J. Glover, l. f.	26 J. Roddy, r. f.
Total	377
Runs—1	2 3 1 5 6 7 8 9—Total.
Sun—1	1 3 0 0 1 4 3—Total.
Mail—1	1 0 0 0 0 1 0 4—Total.

Majority for Sun.

Umpire—Mr. Wilbur Grant.

[The night foreman of the *Empire* leads the winning team and the Mayor of the city of Toronto the losing. Of the others on the victorious side, Treloar is foreman of Sheppard's printing office, Clarke, Forbes is in New York, Bonnell prints Dun, Wiman & Co's circular in this city, Kerr is a compositor on the Toronto *News*, Gillespie is running a stationery business at Chicago. Wrigley is in Toronto, Grubb is in St. Louis and Roddy is a master printer in Toronto. Of the losers, Diamond is in London. Of the losers, Diamond is a compositor on the *News*, Duggan has retired, Hamilton is assistant night foreman on the Toronto *News*, Johnson is a compositor on the *Mail*, Metcalfe is in London, Ont., McGillicuddy is running the Huron Signal and M. J. Glover is the fastest compositor on the *Telegraph*. These were the associates of Mayor Clarke's fifteen years ago, and they are all good hard working men in honorable positions today. Errors were not kept on those days, and, therefore, the record is as clear as it would be if the record were kept of the same men today.]

ed colonization railway crosses the Kaministiquia near the mouth of the Whitefish and follows the valley of the latter up to its source, near Little Gull lake, a distance of not less than twenty-five miles.

A GLORIOUS VIEW.

From the top of Porcupine mountain a fine view is obtained of the region. Three miles eastward, across a low range of hills, is Rabbit mountain; a mile and a-half north-eastward is the southern slope of Beaver mountain; stretching westward as far as the eye can see is the deep and wide valley of the Whitefish; twelve miles south-westward is Silver mountain, while midway is the bold outline of the Palisades. The colonization road has been completed to a point about a mile beyond Porcupine mine, and thence, to the mines at Silver mountain, traffic is carried over a rough and badly cut up winter road. The land, however, is well timbered with white poplar, spruce, balsam and jack-pine, and the soil is of very fair quality. Rabbit, which, after going up the Kaministiquia, reaches the Kaministiquia ferry at a late hour in the evening, and Port Arthur the following day.

A RUN TO JARVIS ISLAND.

Jarvis Island lies about twenty-five miles south-west of Port Arthur. I took passage on the *Canopra* on Monday, which, after going up the Kaministiquia to Neelbin, passed out by Flatland, Mink, Spar and Jarvis islands, on its way to Duluth. A small row-boat which put out from Jarvis took me to that island early in the afternoon, and after inspecting the mine I returned to Port Arthur by a fishing smack the same night. Part of the trip was made at a spanking speed, but the breeze died away early in the evening and the greater part of the distance had to be made with the help of the long oar. It was ten o'clock before we entered the harbor.

On Tuesday morning, September 7, I set out again for the Silver Mountain district, accompanied by Mr. Wicksteed, C. E., of Port Arthur, engineer and surveyor of the proposed colonization railway. We arrived at Silver mountain early in the evening, all but the last twelve miles of the road being in first rate condition for travel.

MINING LOCATIONS.

The best known mining locations of the present time are a broken range of mountains which extends from the township of Paipooze to Whitefish lake, and forms the southern bound of the valley of Whitefish river, a tributary of the Kaministiquia. The most important of these locations is at Rabbit mountain, beyond which is in succession the Beaver, Porcupine, Silver Mountain and Blue locations—the latter about thirty-five miles in a straight line south-west of Port Arthur. The Rabbit mine is not more than twenty miles in a straight line from the Port, but by road it is not less than twenty-eight miles; Silver Mountain mine is by road about forty-five miles, and Whitefish lake is five miles west of Silver mountain.

AN ARDUOUS JOURNEY.

To make the round of the various mines and prospects of this region is an undertaking not to be envied. I left Port Arthur on Wednesday, 1st of September, in the company of two citizens of that town, and supplied with a week's provisions. We went by the Oliver road through the townships of McIntyre and Oliver to Murrillo station on the Canadian Pacific. These townships have a number of settlers, some of whom have large clearings, but the soil does not appear to be of very good quality, and grain crops do not ripen until late in the season—probably a result of late sowing. The Oliver road has been opened some distance west of Murrillo, leading near to Kakabeka Falls on the Kaministiquia. An old-fashioned road diverges from the Oliver a mile west of the station; it strikes southward through Paipooze, crosses the Kaministiquia on a substantial wooden bridge and trends south-westward in the direction of Beaver mine. Sending the wagon about by this road, we crossed the country to the falls, forded the river two miles lower down, and, after a tramp of several miles through woods, came to the road about half way between the bridge and Beaver mine. Above the falls on the left bank the land is wooded with pine, tamarac, balsam, birch, cedar and poplar; below it has been swept by fire, and nothing remains of the forest but a slashing of charred and half-decayed timbers. Along the flats and up the sloping bank of the river there is a luxuriant growth of

WILD BEARS.

most of the vines fruitless, but a few heavily laden with pods, each of which contains five to seven black peas the size of a homoeopathic pill. A few vines were still in blossom, the lower flowers of a cluster being pink, the upper pale purple, and blending in the intermediate ones into a delicate shade of blue. July is the blooming season, and the vines are then said to be rich and brilliant in coloring. The right bank of the river is still densely wooded, and the soil appears to be deep and of excellent quality. In the valley of the Whitefish, which joins the Kaministiquia about three miles below the falls, the land is undoubtedly fertile, and unless injured by forest fires it can hardly fail to grow bountiful crops when cleared and brought under cultivation. The located line of the propo-

and winnowing the rice. It is dried on a platform of slat-work twenty feet long by five feet wide and supported on posts three above ground. The rice is spread on this platform and dried over a slow fire, after which it is gathered into a tub of split cedar, built into the ground, and there pounded with a pestle or stamp of wood. When thoroughly beaten so as to loosen the husk or chaff, it is winnowed with a birch bark screen, and as there is no lack of wind here in September the operation is simple enough. The rice is then ready for use, and it makes a very palatable dish—when taken with hunger-sauce. In the western end of the lake the rice fields are extensive, and on the way up we met a procession of canoes returning laden to the camp.

WESKO, THE INDIAN PROSPECTOR.

Wesko, a very respectable Indian of Grand Portage, Pigeon river, has his summer camping ground at the upper end of the lake. His proper name is Louis Bokachini, and Wesko is said to be corruption of Louis. It was he, some persons say, who let Oliver Duganais into the rich secrets of Silver mountain—the eastern mine for a consideration of \$10,000 and the western for \$15,000. He is a tall, slim, loose-jointed Indian of 50 or 60 years, and has the reputation of being a very judicious son to his aged mother.

From Wesko's camp we followed a long and heavy trail northward, ascending a mountain range 575 feet above Whitefish lake and descending to a small nameless lake whose shores we followed for some distance westward through land of very fair quality. Some prospecting work has been done on a vein near this lake, (Scripture's mine) but no silver appears to have been found.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.

Following the location survey due west we scrambled up a steep bluff to a level of 600 feet above Whitefish lake, from which a fine view was obtained. Whitefish lake, though several miles distant, seemed to be at our feet. Eastward we look down the valley of the Whitefish river, through a varying altitude with white poplar, tamarac and red spruce, and divided with some regularity by ravines it presents the appearance of fields of green and golden grain. Away to the eastward appears to be the nose of Silver mountain, while what looks like the Porcupine lies far beyond. A long mountain ridge to the northward forms the watershed between lake Superior and Hudson's bay, and at a wide cut in this ridge it is said that a large bed of iron ore has been found.

There is a paucity in animal life in these woods. Only a few species of birds are to be seen, but among them is the Canada bird, whose habitat is northern Ontario. I have seen him in Ottawa, in Haliburton, in Muskoka and in the vicinity of Sudbury. We heard one near our camp just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills. "O—poor—Canada-Canada-Canada!" he sang in a shrill voice, and not at all as if he meant it even among these trappan and Huronian rocks. In Muskoka he strikes three notes before starting off on the refrain, and by the inhabitants of that district he is interpreted to sing, "Hard—times—in—Muskoka—Muskoka—Muskoka!" Another of the birds of this lake Superior region is the Whiskey Jack, known in Maine and Quebec as the Canada Jay. He is close of kin to the Blue Jay—not quite so talkative, but more familiar and his presence never fails, especially at meal time. "He likes his glass," some woodmen say; hence his name in these parts. Partridges were abundant in the fall of 1885, and scores might be shot in the course of a day's travel, but last year we did not hear the flutter of more than three or four in a journey of two hundred miles. Their disappearance is said to be owing in part to bush fires, but chiefly to the intense cold of the winter of 1885-6. As an instance of the unusual severity of the weather, I was informed that a spring creek which runs across Mr. Mackenzie's farm near Murrillo, and which is about twenty-five feet in breadth, was frozen solid. In the previous year it abounded with speckled trout, but last summer not a single one could be found, and the settlers believe they perished in the ice.

ROUND, ARROW AND FROG LAKES.

We left the mining camp of GERONIX and Leduc early in the morning of the 10th and passed by the mine at the base of a bluff down into the valley of Gull creek; thence across Sand river and through a dense swamp of cedar to the foot of a steep mountain ridge on the north side of Arrow lake. Then began

a series of ascents and descents which continued with little interruption until the end of the day's journey on Arrow lake. Here not many years ago was an extensive pine forest, utterly destroyed by fire, and progress over the dead timber, the new undergrowth and rough boulders was painfully slow. Put at frequent intervals we came across the trail of the prospector for silver, and a number of surveys have been made in this region by parties for the securing of claims. Before sighting Frog lake, into which Round lake debouches, we passed through a splendid forest of pine—mostly Norways, of goodly size, tall and shapely, fit to be the mast of some great admiral. This forest extends from Frog lake for a considerable distance westward, and Mr. W. informed me that the total area is about ten square miles, estimated to yield about 30,000,000 feet of lumber. Forests of still greater extent lie along the south shore of Arrow lake, composed almost wholly of pine. This lake is a beautiful sheet of pure, sparkling water, whose total length is about fifteen miles.

ROSEWARD BOUND.

We passed a wet night under the canvas, and Friday morning the wind was blowing a gale from the north-west with flurries of snow and rain. Starting at six o'clock, W. packed a bark canoe across a portage of four and a half miles to Whitefish lake, making the way down a steep descent of 400 feet. The landing at this point of the lake is a slaty quagmire, reminding one of the spot where John Ridd and Carver Doone met for the last time. The canoe was pushed out between two poles, we got in with extreme care and set off through the mire and a dense vegetation of lily-pads, rushes and rice, for the open water. Our packer (a Frenchman) sat in the prow and W. in the stern, behind whom as the last to get aboard was the packer's dog. Now of all things to be taken on a bark canoe a dog is probably the most dangerous; and all that need be said of the incident of that morning is, that were it not for the nerve and skill of Mr. W. these notes would never have been extended. The Frenchman and his dog were left at the first stopping place, and we rode the waves of the Whitefish for the rest of the way in comparative safety. Silver Mountain mine was reached early in the afternoon, and Port Arthur at one o'clock in the morning.

Shepparton.

An entertainment was given in the school house by E. W. Richards, of Shepparton, on Monday the 9th inst., and drew a fair audience that seemed well pleased with the program given. He intends to hold one at Port Albert on Tuesday night the school house at 8 p. m.

A Green, who is learning the mysteries of the black and clever, in Goderich gave our hamlet a visit this week.

Dunlop.

A number of the farmer's teams in this section, and some of our canny cousins in Leeburn are drawing lumber down from Shepparton for our lumber king, Geo. Neibergall, to the yards here. There is a slight rivalry between Geo. Fulford's Dufferin boys and M. Finland's light boys, which causes jangles of horse-flesh to think a great drawing match will come off shortly.

THE SCHOOL PROTEST.—In answer to the petition at the eleventh hour against the decision of the board of arbitrators, who after holding two sittings, granted the wishes of the promoters, by giving them the school, came up in protest on the 10th inst., before the same arbitrators. The school trustees of No. 5 were on the side with Mr. Hebbington of the sister board of No. 5, to argue their views in favor of the protest, while D. Cumming and W. Clutton showed why the decision should not be changed. The decision of the arbitrators is to be given sometime this week, and we hope they will uphold their former award. As we send off to press we have not heard the result.

Port Albert.

The recent teaming and social in aid of the Sabbath school netted about \$50.

Mrs. Jsa. Mahaffy has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. McLoughlin, at Belgrave.

Joe Wilson has purchased an acre of land on Sydenham street, from Randal Graham, for \$125. A reasonable price. Mr. Wilson intends building a dwelling on it in the spring.

The school attendance averaged 54, during the past week.

Miss Donella McDonald, of Garbraid, is the guest of Mrs. Mahaffy.

A delegation to Ottawa during the coming session, to interview harbor and railway authorities, is talked of.

A Mr. Richards is billed to appear in the school house on Tuesday next, in a series of songs, stump speeches, character delineations, and so forth. If one-half we have heard of Mr. Richards' vocal, instrumental and histrionic ability be true, he should have a crowded house.

ON THE SICK LIST.—Miss Stella Irwin, who has been very ill with diphtheria during the past week is fast recovering. W. T. Fellow is suffering from an attack of kidney and liver complaint. Miss Milly Scott is slowly recovering from an attack of diphtheria.

and winnowing the rice. It is dried on a platform of slat-work twenty feet long by five feet wide and supported on posts three above ground. The rice is spread on this platform and dried over a slow fire, after which it is gathered into a tub of split cedar, built into the ground, and there pounded with a pestle or stamp of wood. When thoroughly beaten so as to loosen the husk or chaff, it is winnowed with a birch bark screen, and as there is no lack of wind here in September the operation is simple enough. The rice is then ready for use, and it makes a very palatable dish—when taken with hunger-sauce. In the western end of the lake the rice fields are extensive, and on the way up we met a procession of canoes returning laden to the camp.

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