

voyage so graphically described by Milton in his *Paradise Lost*.

At or near the rapids of Rainy River several Indian families were camped. As it seemed these are favorable resorts for fishing, particularly in the winter time as the water seldom if ever freezes there.

Sunday, August 14th, the revellie sounded right early and after breakfast at 5 a.m. we were on the water and with the aid of a strong current and oars we were hastening rapidly towards the Lake of the Woods.

The day turned out lovely and warm, and when tired rowing, the men with the exception of the man at the helm lay down in the boats and had a comfortable rest, and some a refreshing knap. We made 25 miles when the bugle sounded the welcome and familiar notes to go ashore for dinner. We started again at 2.30 p.m. and towards evening reached an Indian camping ground two miles from the mouth of the river. The place has been known by the immigrants who passed over the Dawson route as "Hungry Hall." Here we had our Sunday evening's meal.

We were only a short distance from the lake, and being surrounded by swamps, the mosquitoes and flies proved an intolerable nuisance. Here is a description given by one who had experienced their attacks a few days afterwards:

"As the sun went down a dense mass of curious looking flies came streaming and buzzing up with the gentle, cooling easterly wind. They were of different sizes, large, small, and middle aged. They flew in regular column closely formed up without any stragglers to the right or to the left. The only time they seemed to break ranks was when they met with the smoke of the camp fire. Their attack upon us seemed to drive all hands into the performance of extension motions—a drill which was performed without the aid of a drill sergeant."

From Fort Francis to where

Rainy River discharges its waters into the Lake of the Woods is a distance of 70 miles. It runs in a westerly direction, and with almost uninterrupted navigation, and its park-like clearances, its beautiful shade trees on the Canadian side, presents a picturesque appearance. It is acknowledged by tourists to be one of the most beautiful rivers in America, and only that the lands suitable for agriculture are so limited, confined to a few miles on either side of the river, this locality would long ere this be one of the most populous and prosperous settlements in the Dominion.

In every part of the river fish abounds. Sturgeon weighing from 20 to 60 pounds are not considered extraordinary. This fish is a staple food amongst the Indians, and no doubt in early days attracted the attention of the red man to this part of the country.

Next morning at a very early hour we started towards the lake. The wind was blowing strong from the south-east and knowing that we had a broad and stormy expanse of water between us and the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, we started without breakfast, put up sails and took advantage of the favorable gale.

Like most other lakes in the Northwest, the approaches were low and marshy, and from small ponds and bullrushes on either side of the river, rose up clouds of wild duck, which had been disturbed in their morning's meal while feeding on the wild rice, with which this neighborhood abounds. This seemed to be a paradise for sportsmen. After running over a stormy arm of the Lake with waves as high and more dangerous than on the Atlantic, in a northwesterly direction for a distance of thirty-five miles, we landed on a rocky island in the Lake of the Woods, where we partook of the first meal for the day, and the last also, as all being tired and hungry, the whole day's rations of each man was consumed, and nothing left but the consolation