

the plains he coursed round and round the object of his suspicions, in ever narrowing circles till the Indian suddenly revealed himself by throwing off his covering. Mutual exchanges followed in pantomime—to one a novel and interesting experience—to both an infinite surprise. The Indian had cut a hole about a foot square in the ice which was three feet thick and had for bait a basswood imitation of a fish, with tin fins and leaden eyes. Col. Head also refers to the “doleful reverberations of the imprisoned winds under the ice,” which he heard for the first time, “sometimes resembling the notes from an Æolian harp,” and which he likens to the “copper thunder of the stage in a theatre.” While working near the shore he found a three-legged iron kettle, a derelict, abandoned by some fur trader or careless Indian. With it, his servant improvised an oven by placing the dough on two crossed sticks within the kettle, a piece of tin for cover and immersing it in the hot coals—result, an appetising loaf, his first experience in pioneer bread-baking. When Col. Head first reached Penetanguishene Bay, he said there was not a log house in sight, which may have been true, when it is realized that a dense forest encircled the group of huts resembling an Indian encampment minus the wigwams, hiding all else from view. The bay, however, was known to have been, at an earlier period, a rendezvous for fur traders. There was a deserted trader’s hut near the present site of the “Penetanguishene” summer hotel, another near the old Naval depot opposite Magazine Island, which the military afterwards utilized as a blacksmith’s forge, and another still on Pinery Point near the “Rolling Sands,” built by Johnston of the Sault about 1799. In addition to these was the old structure known as the Chaplain’s residence, recently burned, which, though renovated and rebuilt for the residence of Adjutant Keating, with its broad double chimneys, quaint gables and “habitant” style, pointed to an earlier date in the eighteenth century when Count La Ronde, in the interests of the North-West Fur Co., frequented the islands of the North Shore. Here the question of the deserted iron kettle recurs. Who left it there, and why? Various other facts and circumstances point to Penetanguishene Bay as a one-time fur traders’ resort of an earlier day. The nearest inhabited dwelling was that of the trader Cowan at the Chimneys over twenty miles away. Cowan was a Scotch trader who located there in the previous century and is said to have imported thoroughbred cattle direct from Scotland. He was lost in the schooner “Speedy” in 1805 on his way to attend court at