

asking him to be at Winnebago, one of the starting points of the Mississaga trip, with provisions, canoes and guides, on the following Monday morning. This gave him but one night to make the necessary preparations, as he would have had to leave Thessalon by rail the next morning; therefore, I went on alone the next day, and met the two gentlemen on the West bound train at Sudbury. We stopped off at Biscotasing, and secured a canoe, and some provisions from the Hudson's Bay Co., and then went on to Winnebago, forty miles further west, where Mr. Harris joined us on Tuesday morning with another canoe and camp equipage.

Winnebago, by the way, is simply a name whose only use, evidently, is to fill in a vacant space on the map; no one lives there, there is not even a station. It is marked only by a small, forlorn-looking log shanty, standing a short distance from the track. About 100 yards south of the railroad flows the Winnebago River, a small stream perhaps 100 feet wide, the waters of which empty indirectly into the Moose River, which in turn flows into James Bay.

On the morning of August 13th, we started up the Winnebago River with two fifteen foot birch bark canoes, both quite heavily laden. All that day we paddled upstream; the current was, however, not very rapid, and we made good progress. The country was generally low, and heavily wooded with tamarack, spruce and cedar, a fair sample of that great and little known region lying between the Canadian Pacific Railway and Hudson's Bay. We encountered a few small rapids and were obliged to make two short portages. Here and there we passed deserted Indian camps, marked by the naked tepee poles, and skulls of slaughtered moose, which hung bleaching on the lower branches of nearby trees.

Towards evening we entered a lake about five or six miles long and two miles wide; the shore was high, rocky and heavily wooded. On a small island at the farther end of the lake we came upon an encampment of Ojibway Indians, numbering perhaps fifteen, and judging from appearances each one possessed at least five dogs, whose breed it would have puzzled a dog fancier to determine.

Of the Indians, but one could speak English, and his vocabulary was limited to about twelve words. He informed us that the lake was called Waquewogaming, and was well stocked with bass; also that there were plenty of moose and bear in the vicinity. That night we camped near the lake, and next morning, accompanied by two of the Indians, we made a portage of half a mile over two small ridges and through a "muskeg," into Nebish Lake; on the trail we saw plenty of moose tracks which were but a day old.

Crossing Nebish Lake, which is small and very shallow, we followed a narrow creek for about an hour, and then came to a portage, a mile in length. A good trail led over a high ridge to a large and beautiful lake, which the Indians called Kabeskushing. It was dotted here and there with high pine clad islands, rising abruptly from the water, making cool and tempting resting places. At one of which we stopped and had dinner.

Not long after noon we left the Indians and entered the outlet of the lake, the east branch of the Mississaga River, flowing in a south-easterly direction. It was on this stream that we saw more signs of moose than at any other point on the trip. The banks were low, and covered with willows, and at very frequent intervals, we would come upon strips of shore, which, for a hundred yards or more, were literally covered with moose tracks, freshly broken bushes and trampled grasses, all of which gave evidence of the presence of the "Monarch of the Forest." Now and then we would see the imprint of Bruin's dainty foot in the soft bank.

Throughout the trip, although we saw deer, bear and plenty of small game, we failed to catch sight of a moose, doubtless owing to the fact that we travelled fast, and did not take the trouble to go quietly.

Often we would pass deserted camps, centres of last year's hunting expeditions of the Indians. These sites were always marked by whitened bones hanging to trees or bushes. I counted as many as eight skulls of moose at one camp. As we went on the stream grew narrow and flowed swiftly between high banks covered with pine, but the third