

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

DEVOTED
TO
THE
FISHING
GAME AND
FOREST
INTERESTS
OF
CANADA.

One Dollar Per Annum.

MONTREAL, MAY, 1902.

Single Copies Ten Cents.

A SUMMER IN ALGOMA.

By H. G. Tyrrell, C. E.

(Continued from the April issue.)

Our visit to the village may have been a rare occasion, for as we climbed the hill, the chief took his stand at the open door of his log-house, where we went to see him. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the village was the graveyard, a little further up the river. The bodies of their dead were placed on platforms, built high up in the trees among the branches. They were rolled up in sheets of birch bark. It was a lonesome sight to see so many of these little silent platforms through the woods. Many of them contained, besides the bodies of the departed Indians, their guns and implements for use in the Happy Hunting Ground. We left it all as we found it, unmolested. Before leaving the village, we procured a new stock of spruce gum for repairing the canoes, and as will presently be seen, it was much needed.

At the Hudson's Bay Company's Trading Post at White Fish Lake, it was necessary to make a long portage. This was over high ground, two or three hundred feet above the river, and it occupied a whole afternoon. The station contained altogether six log-houses, one of which was occupied by the family of Mr. and Mrs. Ross, keepers of the place. We all very much appreciated the hospitality of these kind people. I remember especially the large bowls of milk that we received, a luxury in hot weather

that we did not expect in this wild region. After being cramped in small canoes, and having our meals on the ground, it was a treat indeed to sit down again to a white spread table, in comfortable chairs. Mr. Ross expected soon to make a trip down to Little Current, so we wrote a number of letters and left with him to be posted in that village.

We arranged also with him that on this or any future trips, he would bring any letters there might be for our party up to White Fish Trading Post. Then if there was opportunity we would send an Indian down for the mail, and if not, we would get it on our return home in the autumn.

After making a long portage at the post we crossed Clear Lake, and made another portage over high ground into Vermilion River. The water of this river is highly colored, and hence its name.

An early start at four o'clock in the following morning soon brought us to the foot of a long and difficult rapids that we decided to ascend without portaging. Ropes were fastened to the canoes and these were towed up stream by men on shore, two Indians remaining in each canoe to steer it, one in the bow, and the other in the stern. Two of the canoes passed safely through the rapids, but

the third was not so fortunate, for, striking on a hidden rock, a large hole was torn in the birch bark bottom, and the canoe rapidly filled with water. The Indians used their best efforts to keep it afloat, while the writer bailed out



BRINGING HOME THE DEER.

☞ Last season 12,000 deer were shot in Ontario, and yet they are increasing in number.