

and some fish from an Indian, and having shot a caribou, we were able by economy to exist till the 3rd of November. On the 31st October, the weather having turned colder, we gave up all hope of the lake opening, and made a number of sleighs, and broke up one of the canoes and made toboggans of it, and on the 1st November started on our journey along the South shore of the lake, taking one canoe with us on a sleigh, walking on the ice across bays and through the bush across points. By night we had walked at least 20 miles, and made about 9 miles in a straight line. The weather had in the meantime turned mild, and rain followed in the night. It was snowing next day, and the ice was not safe, so we remained encamped, and the weather turned colder. We started the following morning, November 3rd, and walked till 2 p.m., when having crossed a peninsula, we found the Eastern part of the lake open, or nearly so, and now we wanted canoes.

Having found an Indian's house, and helped ourselves to another supply of food, necessity knowing no law, we started the canoe with three men for Fort Abitibi, over 30 miles distant, to bring back a canoe large enough to take the whole party to the Fort. After having gone about 8 miles, they were obliged to go ashore on account of ice.

On the 4th November the passage was still full of ice, and the men returned. Another visit was made to the Indian's house, and two bark canoes secured, and two of our men, that we left behind to fish, having overtaken us with a fourth canoe, we started at daybreak, on Saturday, the 5th November, with the two Peterboroughs and two Barks along the South shore (a heavy gale blowing from the South-west), expecting to reach the Fort that evening.

The lake by 2 p.m. had calmed down, and we were making good headway, when a dense fog came on, and we crossed a bay about seven miles wide, steering a little North of East by the compass. One of the bark canoes in charge of Toussaint Hunter, a halfbreed Indian from Lake Temiscamingue, and in which were also Mr. Neelands, Mr. Biggar and three others, got separated from the other canoes, and then followed the South shore of the lake, the Indian being afraid to venture across the bay. The other canoes reached the opposite shore in safety about dark, but the fourth canoe could not be heard from. After firing a number of shots, and waiting two hours, the three canoes proceeded on the journey to the Fort, but meeting with ice on the way, went ashore at 10 p.m., and camped till morning. Rain came on during the night. At daybreak on Sunday, 6th, as we were about stepping into our canoes, a tremendous hurricane arose, accompanied by snow, and in less time than it takes to write it, the lake was a sheet of foam. The storm continued all day, and at 2 p.m., being again out of food, we decided to make the Fort if possible, now 8 or 9 miles distant. Accordingly six men went on with the three canoes, and five of us—myself among the number—walked the shore. The canoes reached the Fort in safety, and securing a large bark, which we called the life-boat, with three Abitibi Indians, two of my men returned with them for those of us who were walking the shore. When night came on we built a fire on the shore, and about an hour after dark were picked up, wet, cold, and hungry, and taken to Abitibi Fort. Never shall I forget that canoe

ride across the stormy waters of Abitibi. But what of those who were left behind? Arrangements were at once made to return for them with the life-boat the following morning, but at daybreak the lake, although still rough, was actually freezing, and in a short time was frozen to such an extent that canoeing was an



A RIVER CROSSED BY THE LINE.

impossibility. Monday passed, but no relief could be sent them; Tuesday and Wednesday also, for the ice was not strong enough to go upon yet.

On Thursday morning, November 10th, one of my men succeeded in getting to the Southerly shore with a hand sleigh and provisions, and went in search of the missing men. At 5 p.m. we noticed six men coming on the opposite shore, and went to meet them, but all of our six were not there. "Who is the Indian?" I asked; and the reply by Biggar was, "that is the man who saved our lives." "Where is Toussaint?" "Drowned!" "Drowned?" "Yes!" "Where is Neelands?" "Gone back with Ritchie and Isadore to try to find Toussaint." And then followed the story of the 4th canoe.

They had taken the South shore, as before stated, passed an Indian at his house, from whom they got some directions as to the route, and travelled till dark. They went ashore, had tea, and remained there till about midnight, and then continued the journey. When about half a mile out, with six paddles going, they ran into a large piece of floating ice, and knocked a large hole in the bow of the canoe. She immediately began to fill, and was headed for the shore, but shortly afterwards went down, and the six men were struggling in the water. Biggar got hold of a water-proof dunnage-bag, which acted as a life-preserver, and swam to an island. The Indian started to swim with two paddles. The canoe, after dumping her load, came up bottom upward, and Neelands and the three others caught on to the canoe. By pulling and pushing the canoe, they got to the island, but the poor Indian was nowhere to be seen. One paddle remained in the canoe, and Neelands, by getting into the stern of the canoe and keeping the bow out of the water, took the