

the water at one point reached out a finger that all but spun us completely around while another time a maelstrom sucked our boat down nearly six inches below her normal draft. But if it is treacherous and perilous the hazard is also beautiful and picturesque. Nature surely has painted few lovelier scenes than the one I saw etched against the far shore line in this place as the Eskimos skilfully manipulated their kayaks through the churning waters to the evident agitation of myriads of screaming gulls that wheeled and swooped overhead.

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OUR progress southward was slow and though we made only one stop it was nightfall by the time we pulled into Little Whale River. On the morning of the 2nd we made a determined effort to continue on our way, but wind and breakers drove us back. My heart was in my mouth when we put about, for the boat heeled over so far I didn't see how it possibly could right itself. It's really unbelievable what these Peterheads can take.

We were storm-bound at this spot three whole days, a delay made pleasanter by the fact that most of it was spent on shore under canvas. At an earlier stop we had picked up a tent on a hunch of mine that it might be needed. The four families of natives here were a happy lot, though reduced to living mainly on fish, rabbits and birds, but somehow I couldn't help feeling thankful for all we, in our way of life, have. Much of our time was taken up with hiking over the barren hills and examining rock formations and the flowers which are quite similar to the Arctic flower and seem to grow wherever there is enough soil for their roots to take hold.

We broke camp early in the morning of Friday, the 5th, with the intention of making only a brief stop—no more than half an hour—at Great Whale River, our next port of call, so that we

could reach Long Island and thus be safely out of Hudson Bay by the end of the day.

As things turned out we were held up an hour at Great Whale River by the widows besieging Jim with their wants. Apparently they lacked the courage on his previous visit to tell him of their needs and realized it had become a case of "now or never". Travel in the morning was pleasant but a north wind came up in the afternoon and we had a struggle getting as far as Humbug Harbour. There we traded tobacco and tea for fish from the Eskimos, and as usual Jim brought out his books and checked the families. Mist and rain tied us down for the night, and when we did get away a head wind lashed us to a snail's pace.

About noon we passed Free-trader Papp who was returning to Richmond Gulf with his boat heavily loaded with supplies. Opposite Long Island we kept our eye peeled for Robert Reeds, a young man locally nicknamed Christopher Columbus who had altered his original plans of travelling through the North-west Passage alone in his 13-foot boat in favour of sailing around the coast of Quebec province and Labrador to Montreal, Que. Of the opinion that the lone voyager probably would winter at Great Whale River, Jim was surprised to learn that he already had made his way through James Bay.*

We rounded Cape Jones and entered James Bay in the afternoon, 24 days after we had left it. Among islands more

Editor's Note: Robert Reeds, a newspaperman and a greenhorn where the North is concerned, set out to sail through the North-west Passage alone in a 13-foot boat, the *Ice-Worm*, powered by sail and a small gasoline engine. He arrived at Moosonee, Ont., June 14 and left there ten days later with a change of plans. He intended now to proceed up the east shores of James Bay and Hudson Bay, down the coast of Labrador to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and then on to Montreal. This scheme was also abandoned and on October 23 he was located living with the Indians at Seal River on the Quebec mainland. He has since returned to Ontario.