

to send out vessels Captain Max was a tenant of mine, and for eight years I used to see him off every year. What would happen when he came to enter those straits? Once he had an officer of the Mounted Police on board his ship, and his orders were to do what this officer said. When they came to the opening of the straits the officer said: "Go ahead. It is clear water." Captain Max felt he must obey orders; so he went in; but after he had been there for two or three weeks he had to come out with the flow of the ice. The ship was pushed back into the Atlantic, and a second entry had to be made. So time would have been saved if they had waited until the ice had all passed out, before entering at all.

If you leave Montreal on the 6th or 7th of July and get to the mouth of the straits between the 12th and the 15th, you can proceed into the bay with a ship like the *Nascopie*. But she is not of ordinary build. My honourable friend from Saskatchewan (Hon. Mr. Gillis) is, I suppose, more familiar with prairie schooners than with ocean vessels. On ordinary ships the plates are three-eighths of an inch thick, but on the *Nascopie* they are an inch and a quarter thick, and the entire hull is strengthened inside with iron braces. She has a crew of forty men, and the weight of the steamer itself is so great that she can carry only 1,600 tons of cargo. The *Nascopie* is made saucer-shaped. My honourable friend from Saskatchewan did not seem to know what that meant; so I will tell him. Her sides are shaped somewhat like a saucer, so that if there is a pressure of ice around the sides the ship is bound to lift up. If she did not lift up she would be crushed like an egg-shell, and that is just what would happen to a vessel of ordinary shape.

I can take honourable members back to 1684, when d'Iberville set out for Newfoundland with three ships, the *Pelican* and two others. In the straits two of them were crushed in the ice, over which the men ran to board the *Pelican*. He sailed into the bay, to the exact spot where Port Churchill is now. There was a fort in that harbour then, known as Fort Louis, which I am told was about three hundred feet square, and the remains of it are to be seen to this day. When d'Iberville arrived there he found three English ships, the *Hampshire*, the *Hudson Bay* and the *Deering*. He sailed towards the *Hampshire*, the biggest of the three, concentrated the fire of his gun at her bow, and blew a gaping hole in it. As she was going under full sail, she soon filled with water and sank, with all on board. The *Deering*, thanks to her fine sailing qualities, got out

of the way, but the *Hudson Bay* was captured and taken in as a prize. There was a terrible snow-storm about that time, which was the 12th of September, 1684.

I have talked so often about these things that it is rather a pleasure to repeat the same old stories. In any event, everybody has not heard them.

d'Iberville made a habit of taking *Hudson Bay*. He left Montreal one time on the 24th of March with Chevalier de Troyes, a French officer, who had a notion that he could transport provisions up to *Hudson Bay* on the backs of bullocks and oxen. But at the Lake of Two Mountains the party found the snow was very soft and they had to send their bullocks and oxen back to Montreal. So they went up the Ottawa river, to Lake Temiskaming, to Lake Quinze, and then over the Height of Land, and down the Abitibi river. For three days before they began an attack they refrained from making a fire, in order that the enemy, who were then the English, might not be aware of their approach. They generally stormed the enemy's posts between three and four o'clock in the morning, when everybody was asleep, and killed all they found there. They must have been terrible people in those old days.

On another occasion d'Iberville started out with his brother, de Mirecourt, and captured two English frigates, which were loaded with furs. Being unable to man both frigates, they sank one and came back with the other, which was worth a king's ransom. This story is perhaps getting a little bit away from the *Hudson Bay*, but it is only to show that we know something about it.

My honourable friend from Saskatchewan has referred to the navigability of the *Hudson Bay* route. Well, if you go down to the Department of Railways and Canals you can see a ship's log that gives some interesting facts. That log is not advertised, any more than the advocates of the seaway talk about the canal being frozen in the winter. The log shows that on the 5th of August the ship was in ice and fog, with one blade of its propeller gone, and that as it proceeded it continued to lose more and more of its propeller, until when it reached Port Nelson, on the 19th of August, it had left only about half of one blade. Captain Max of the *Nascopie* used to take three propellers along with him. When one became broken by the ice he would stand his ship off from shore and spot a place free of boulders; then at high tide he would back his vessel up there and beach her, and when the tide went out the damaged propeller would be removed and a new one substituted. But can honourable members imagine an ordinary ocean steamer, with