

to shift my operations to Michigan, where the desired size of trees could be secured. It had got very near the breaking up of winter, and we had 12 more men than was necessary to drive the timber down the river, so I started out with a team of horses and the 12 men, intending to return as I came, on the ice along Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay to Midland. But the fates decreed otherwise. The first night we got with considerable difficulty to Little Current on Manitoulin Island on account of the ice having melted in the recent spring weather. I found it impossible to go further with the team and decided to send it back to the camp, and tried to induce the men to return, as I could see we were in for a 250 mile walk. Besides there was the uncertainty of the ice not remaining long enough to make the trip. They decided that if I could do it they could. I tried to explain to them that it was a case of "have to" with me, but they could return and work in the camp until navigation opened. I had various camps in Muskoka and Parry Sound district, so that it was necessary for me to be on hand to arrange about getting the logs driven when the water was high. All of no avail. The men were determined to get out to civilization.

Primitive Travel.

I bought a few hand sleighs and put on them what was actually required for the trip. We started out, pulling the sleds on the ice. The third day out a severe snow storm was raging, and it was impossible to travel, so we had to lay up all day much against our will. I found we barely had provisions enough to take us to Byng Inlet, so I had given up the idea of going to Midland, as the former place was much nearer.

Next morning we were up before daylight ready to start, when we discovered the ice had gone out during the storm. There we were on the bleak and barren shore of Georgian Bay and had now to "foot it" through the trackless forest. We reached French River which we had hoped to

cross on the ice, but to our dismay it was wide open, the ice having gone out with the previous storm. So we had to cut logs and pull them to the water and make a raft of them. This took an entire day and was attended with much hunger. The first raft capsized and two of our men narrowly escaped perishing in the cold water. We then cut larger logs and made a stronger raft. Our tools consisted of one axe. We secured the logs with twisted withes. We all got across alive, and to our delight we found the ice was still fast inside of the islands, and we were enabled to make much better time.

Dividing the Flour.

I found our provisions were about exhausted, so I had all the flour baked into cakes and divided equally. It was just enough for a small meal. I told the men that the nearest civilization was three days journey and that each one should divide his cake into three pieces but nearly all ate them at once. I divided mine into three days' portion. Each piece was about one inch square. The ice was getting bad and several of us went through it. I kept on the lead and got more wetting than the rest. The nights were very cold; we suffered a good deal, wet in the afternoon and freezing at night. The frost hardened the crust, so in the forenoon we had fairly good walking, but afternoon every footstep went through the snow and into the water on top of the ice. I remember I had deer skin moccasins on which kept the water out as well as a pair of socks would.

The men got tired out and it was only by encouraging and urging them on that we were able to make any headway, for many of them wanted to lay down and give it up.

The last day before arriving at Byng Inlet I told them I would go on ahead and get provisions sent back to them with Indians and for them to follow my tracks, but before noon I came across an Indian wigwam. A squaw and two children were the occupants. She could not talk English or French, so I made