

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

DEVOTED  
TO  
THE  
FISHING  
GAME AND  
FOREST  
INTERESTS  
OF  
CANADA.

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## AN EXPLORATION TO THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

By St. Croix.

(Concluded from the January Issue.)

That afternoon, just before sunset, we started for the southern end of the south lake. On the way we passed another "mine." This one consisted of an enormous vein of apparently barren quartz, having an almost vertical dip. On the discovery stake was the following affecting legend: "This claim discovered by L. H. Timmins, June 7th, 1900."

At the head of the lake two streams debouch; the one coming from the south-east, the other from the south. We ascended the former for some miles. We got no snap-shots of moose, but we frightened one badly, which is something to be proud of. It happened this way: We were returning down stream, in the most inky darkness, and chilled to the very marrow by a cold mist which lay upon the face of the waters, when we ran upon a sharp snag, and, not knowing that we were near game, began discussing loudly the best manoeuvres to avoid a shipwreck. In the confusion something slipped into the forest, and we then knew that a big moose had escaped being shot with the camera.

At 9 a.m. the next morning Messrs. Miller and Leheup came in sight. Mr. Miller was hunting iron ranges, and round his neck dangled a miner's dipping needle, and in all his pockets he carried choice specimens of hematite and jasper. I do not know whether he has staked any mines, but I am sure I hope he has, and that the reward will be proportionate to his great labors. I myself now know of several gold mines, thickly studded with iron pyrites, which I am willing, nay eager, to sell to any wealthy syndicate which wishes to make a bid for them. (N.B.—My address may be learned from the Editor.) Mr. Miller was bound for Beaver Lake, which is the head of the north branch, and after a short delay went on, leaving us to follow. This we did after luncheon, carrying all our stuff first over a half mile portage to a little pond (where there are some beaver left alive); after crossing which we made another portage, of about half a mile, to a slightly larger pond, and finished up by a third portage of a mile and a half to the east branch of the north fork. All these trips had to be doubled, so that altogether we walked nine miles, and carried as heavy loads as we could stagger under for five of them. I find in my diary the following entry: "A very tough half day." Old bushwhackers will know what that means.

All we had to do now was to run down stream until we reached the main White River, where we knew all would be plain sailing. Now this sounds very easy, but before you can

run down stream in a satisfactory manner you must have water, and this was just what was lacking. We dragged our canoes for the first mile, then paddled for a couple more to the main north fork, which we navigated for three quarters of a mile. Then followed two long portages, crossing which were many moose, deer and bear tracks, but by noon we had reached the head of Grassy Lake. The lake itself is two miles in length, and at its foot we found the camp of Jean Baptiste No, of Abitibi. He had for companions his wife and youngest boy, twelve dogs, three cats, and a little half tamed beaver—the latter I bought, but four days later had to let it go again, as the little creature was getting so weak I felt sure it would not live to reach the settlement. No is a strange, lupine creature; his obliquely set eyes have all the shiftness and cunning which you see in those of the wolf; he is old, disreputable and dirty, but, nevertheless, he is an object of admiration and envy to all the other silent, smoky ones of the northland. His fame has been carried far and wide to every Hudson's Bay Post, and his reputation is known to hundreds who may never hope to see that grizzled, tangled mop of hair, those cunning eyes, and that rugged countenance which seems to have dodged soap and water successfully for more than a generation. And why is No so famous? Because Jean Baptiste is the one man in all that country who can eat a full grown beaver at a single sitting. When No kills a moose he camps alongside it, and feeds steadily until nothing but the skull and the big bones remain. He has been known to devour seven rabbits at one meal, and then finish off with a beaver's tail, by way of desert. If any manufacturer of tonic pills could persuade Mr. No to travel in the interests of his preparation, I am sure the result would be satisfactory. I asked John if No did much hunting. John looked straight in front and without moving a muscle grunted: "Of course; he must"—and I understood. What a terrible fate! Think of this old Indian, this very old man, ceaselessly tramping the forest, Hudson's Bay muzzle-loader in hand, hopeless of relief, and forced to work overtime to satisfy his relentless appetite.

There were four green moose hides drying on a poplar frame work showing how the Ontario moose are thoroughly protected by the game laws made by the wise men of Toronto. For the greater part of the year No, together with those who belong to his family, that is to say his wife, sons, daughters-in-law, and grand-children, fifteen in all, live off the country, and to feed these people about five hundred pounds of meat or fish must be provided each week. Of course, they keep their nets out, and procure large numbers of pike, dore and whitefish,