

that enjoyed by many wage-earners of Europe. With the good soil about, they might possess fine gardens since practically everything could be successfully grown.

An informal dance was held in the fur house where the Indians, to the music of the fiddle, executed sedate "lancers" and vigorous step dances. This function was much appreciated by the Indians, with the exception of a small boy whose pleasure was somewhat marred by the descent upon him of an avalanche of sacked flour.

After lunch the journey was resumed, camp being pitched at Trout Falls, a picturesque chute of water broken in the centre by a small wooded isle. The traverse of Knee Lake, about fifty miles long, was most enjoyable. The weather was perfect. The wooded shores and numerous islands furnished pleasing pictures, as the canoes, driven by a spanking breeze, sped down the lake bringing quickly changing vistas and panoramas into view. The camp on a rocky point on Knee Lake was the best on the trip. Everyone slept in the open. In the morning camp was struck just in time to escape being wind-bound for the day, as the breeze freshened and before the first traverse had been completed the sea was as much as the canoes could stand. One canoe had its mast snapped, and when the lee of an island was reached, a stop had to be made to empty His Excellency's canoe.

Between Knee Lake and Swampy Lake are a number of rapids, some of which could be run. Owing to the stiff breeze, the sail down Swampy Lake was also exhilarating. Camp was pitched near the end of Swampy Lake in a fine spruce grove. It rained heavily during the night and next day, Aug. 16th, was wet and stormy, so the party remained in camp. This was the only delay on account of weather during the trip. For forty-five miles below Swampy Lake the river is a succession of rapids. Many were run, some only by the light canoes, but many had to be portaged.

At first, the river was full of islands but by noon it was confined to a single channel between high clay banks, rising at one point into "The Hill" rather more than 300 feet high. Camp was made on one of the portages and before breakfast next day the remaining three portages were negotiated. From the last, known as the Rock, to the sea, a distance of about 105 miles, the river is unbroken by rapids, but the current is swift. In running one of these rapids, light, a canoe struck, getting two holes knocked through her. But an old Indian, nicknamed Rob Roy, from his tartan shirt, and the guide Garson speedily effected a skilful repair. A short distance below the Rock, Mr. Semmons, Government Indian Agent, was met tracking up stream, eight days out from York. Running down stream was much less tedious. Lunch was partaken of near Fox River, camp being pitched between it and the Shamattawa branch, and next day, Aug. 19th, the party reached York Factory about 6 p.m. During this afternoon the canoes ran abreast, the Indians singing several of their songs. York was approached with the canoes in the same order as at Oxford. On the esplanade in front of the post the Indians fired their salutes, aided by two nine pounders, that boomed away as fast as they could be reloaded and fired with slow matches. On account of rain, camp was not pitched but the party occupied the bungalow of the Factor.

The trip to the Bay, rather more than 400 miles from Norway House, had been made without mishap, and from start to finish was a delightful pleasure excursion. As the fly season was over no trouble was experienced from these pests. Everyone paddled and helped on the portages, the wind for the most part had been favourable and good time had been made. The weather had been fair, hot enough to make swimming a delight (but also to painfully sunburn hands and faces).

"Everyone had been surprised and charmed with the scenery," says Mr. Brock, "the wonderful lakes and water courses, the sunny days, the nights made glorious by northern lights; and we realised as never before the value this asset would be to Canada as a limitless holiday ground for millions of people."

At York Factory.

YORK FACTORY, while the supply point for the whole of Western Canada, was an important place. The commodious buildings, however, are

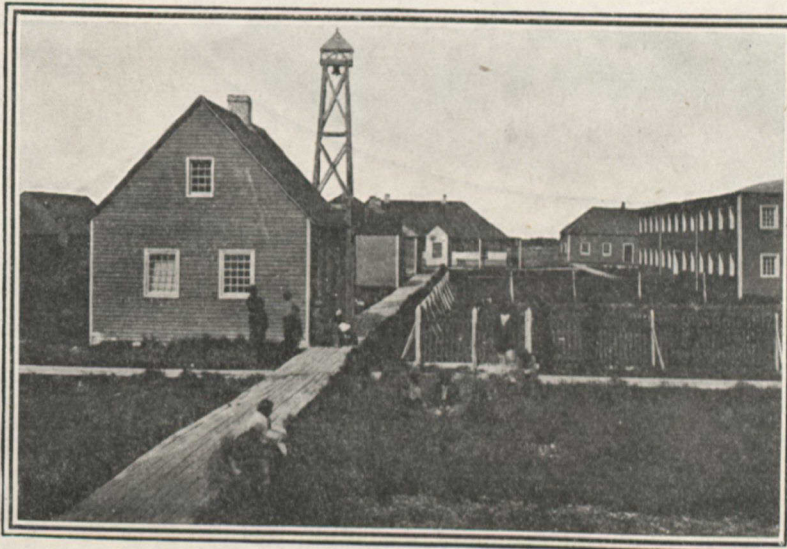
now but partially occupied and bear sad witness to its fallen greatness.

It is built on the low, swampy peninsula separating the mouths of the Hayes and Nelson Rivers. These rivers bring down heavy loads of sediment and their mouths are consequently more or less silted up with shifting bars. The channels of approach are therefore difficult, so that the company has buoyed the mouth of the Hayes for their boats.

On Aug. 20th, the party proceeded from York in a gasoline launch to visit Nelson Harbour, under the guidance of an Indian pilot from the post. Running down the Hayes past the company's high beacon on the point between the two rivers, and past the five fathom buoy, about two and a half miles off the point, the launch crossed the shoal to the estuary of the Nelson. It is wide and funnel-shaped exposed to the north-east and said to be shallow except in the main channel. They ran up to the Canadian Government Hydrographic Schooner, which is engaged in making a survey of the river mouth. It is anchored where the end of the two-mile wharf and breakwater would have to be located, were Nelson made a harbour.



Exterior of York Factory—one of the few remaining Palisade Forts of the North Country



Interior of York Factory—Office Street.

Courtesy Geological Survey.

The party arrived at York in the evening, the chief, with his councillor, supported by a large body of Indians, waiting upon His Excellency to express a formal welcome. Earl Grey, in replying, addressed to them a few words of much needed advice regarding ventilation—now that they had adopted the white man's house they must learn to use it like white men, recognising that windows were for the admittance of light and air and not for their exclusion. Shutting out the air was shutting the devil in. The Indian chief expressed the satisfaction of the Indians in having a visit from their great chief; the councillor thanked him for the present of pipe and tobacco and said that he prized them highly but not so much as the wholesome advice, which he would remember and take to heart. Much ill health is attributable to their airless homes. The sister of a former bishop at York used to temporarily improve conditions by walking round their houses and with her parasol puncturing the windows. The wife of the present missionary, with admirable self-restraint, confined herself to picking the rags from these punctured windows.

His Excellency's visit to York was the second notable one of the week. A few days previous a Polar bear had arrived at the post and the reception accorded it was spontaneous and enthusiastic. The fusillade of welcome, however quite overcame him and he expired between two of the buildings of the post. As the weather looked threatening immediately after dinner the party started in the launch for the ship. At the outset they had the moon and the stars but as it clouded over they lost

first the stars and then the moon, and had to feel their way out with the lead, keeping along the north-west edge of the channel. On reaching deeper water there was nothing to guide them, the compass being unreliable on account of its sluggishness due to the proximity of the magnetic pole, coupled with the rocking of the launch. The storm continued to gather and lightning began to play. For a time it looked as though there might be an unpleasant night spent in search of the ship. Fortunately, however, the outer buoy was located, and afforded a fresh starting point; a bearing was obtained with a hand transit, and with the wind for a guide the launch was steered for the ship. About midnight, before the rain obscured it the ship's light was sighted and shortly after one all were safely aboard.

The coast boat with the luggage and some of the party had run on a shoal, and did not float off till 11 P.M.; and it was four before it reached the *Earl Grey*. Anchors were weighed at five and the ship steamed for Churchill.

The day was warm and beautiful. No wraps were required when sitting reading on deck. Sailing on the Mediterranean of Canada was as pleasant as it could have been on the Mediterranean of the old world. Even at 11 P.M., the party were on deck without wraps viewing the northern lights.

At Churchill.

NEXT morning in Churchill Harbour everybody was on deck at 6 a.m. in pajamas for exercise and morning coffee, and it was comfortably warm. The schooner *Jennie* of the R.N.W.M.P. and the Hudson Bay Company's steamer *Pelican* were in the harbour, but the *Pelican* left soon after our arrival for York and Moose Factory. The party ran up the Harbour in the launch to the Hudson's Bay Post, then walked across the tundra to the R.N.W.M.P. barracks, visiting an encampment of Chippeweyans on the way. After inspecting the barracks they walked out to the noble ruin of Fort Prince of Wales, one of the finest in America. An Esquimo camp near the fort was also visited. In the afternoon the opposite side of the harbour received attention. Here the railway yards and elevators would probably be placed if Churchill is selected as the terminus of the Hudson's Bay railway. The ruins of the old battery and powder house are situated on this point. At the barracks Major Starnes, who is in charge, and his wife were met, and also Mr. James Macoun of the Geological Survey. His Excellency also called upon Hattie, a young Eskimo woman, for whom he had a present from Her Excellency in return for an Eskimo costume which Hattie had previously made for Lady Grey.

Churchill has a natural harbour, completely shut in by projecting rocky points, with an easy approach. Deep water accommodation is somewhat limited but a small outlay would probably furnish as much as would ever be required.

The party left Churchill that evening and headed for Hudson's Straits. The run was without incident; the weather continued fine; wraps were still superfluous; no ice was seen, "not even enough to cool a glass of champagne" it was remarked. Coats Island was sighted, and the north end of Mansfield Island. On Thursday, Aug. 25th, the party were in the Straits coasting along the shore of Ungava. They ran into Prefontaine Harbour or Sagluk Bay, a fine natural harbour between Cape Wolstenholme and Cape Weggs.

The *Earl Grey* then crossed the entrance of the straits to Port Burwell on the north-east point of Ungava Bay. Here the party were detained two days watering the ship. The Moravian Mission was visited. It consisted of a large church which also served as a residence for the missionaries; a store, a storehouse and an oil house—for the Moravians look after the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of their charges. The missionaries are German and English.

On Monday, Aug. 27th, Port Burwell was quitted and the party steamed around the Button Islands out into the Atlantic. On the Labrador coast stops were made at Okkak, the Moravian mission, and Indian Harbour, one of Dr. Grenfell's missions at the entrance to Hamilton Inlet. A day was spent at St. Anthony, Dr. Grenfell's headquarters on the northeast coast of Newfoundland, and thence the party proceeded to Bay of Islands.