



ICE AT MOUTH OF MOOSE RIVER.

afternoon. To make matters worse, our boat sprang a leak. The Chief was the only experienced navigator in the party, and half his crew was sick. Until that leak was stopped, we had a thoroughly exciting but cold and miserable time of it.

The water in the Bay is very muddy and shallow, our centreboard often "coming home" half a mile from shore. Several times we felt tempted to beach the boat, but could not find a suitable place. At sunset we sighted the *Lady Head*, of London, riding at anchor in the mouth of the Moose River, and steered straight for her. At last we crossed the bar and ran alongside the Albany sloop, where we got some hot coffee. With a strong tide and a stronger wind in our favor, we soon flew over the ten remaining miles, and arrived at the Master's house at Moose, shortly after dark. None of us will ever forget our sail from Charleton to Moose, on the 29th August, 1892. Captain Ford of the *Lady Head*, and Captain Taylor of the *Mink*, could hardly believe we

came from Charleton in a day, and in such weather. The gale lasted four days, and the weather was bitterly cold. Each morning Captain Taylor said: "Thank the Lord you're not out on the Lisbon Rock this day." We did.

While our canoes were being repaired and varnished, we spent a day aboard the *Lady Head* and the *Mink*. Both captains have sailed in many climes, and spin great yarns when they get started. With the Company's officers at Moose, we also spent an enjoyable time. Leaving there on the 5th of September, we ascended the Moose and Missinabie Rivers, to Lake Missinabie, or "the water in which objects are reflected." Passing through Crooked and Dog Lakes, we reached the Canadian Pacific Railway at Missinabie station, 230 miles west of Sudbury, and 380 south of Moose. The approaching sound of the east-bound passenger train was a welcome one, indeed, and we reached Ottawa on the 22nd of September, thus completing a round trip of 2,300 miles, 1,200 of which was in canoes.