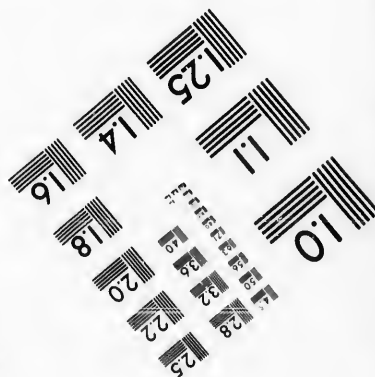
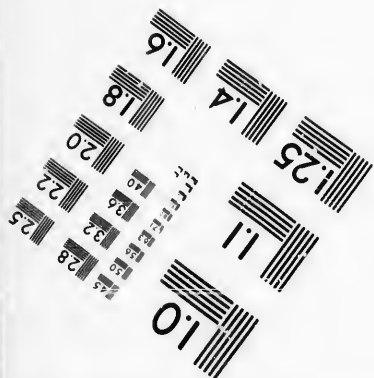
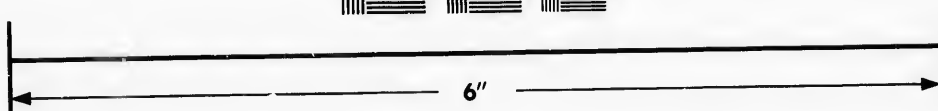
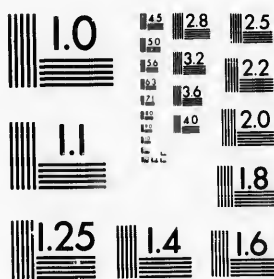


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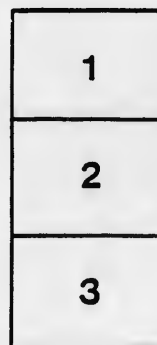
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REPORT

OF THE

ST. ANNE AND TOURILLI

EXPLORING EXPEDITION

FROM NOTES

By **GEORGE VAN FELSON, Esq.**

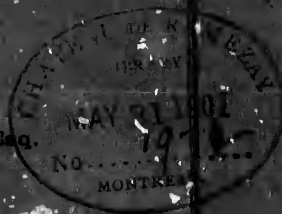
Commanding Expedition

SEPTEMBER 1890



QUEBEC

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1890



Ernest. A. Lohr

REPORT
OF THE
ST. ANNE AND TOURILLI
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TO THE
PRESIDENT
OFFICERS AND MEMBERS
OF THE
TOURILLI FISH AND GAME CLUB

The question having come up several times, as to what was, really the value and extent of the limits under the control of this club on the St. Anne and Tourilli Rivers and their Tributary waters, it became necessary that a competent surveyor be engaged to make a report thereon as this would have incurred great expense and perhaps but little satisfaction, our secretary agreed to pioneer the club through this barrier of doubt, and, succeeded in organizing an Expedition, which shall be known in future as the *St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition*.

This expedition had in view, to get an insight of our limits, their accessibility, the advantages to be derived on the future visits of our members to these parts, also the laying out of trails, and canoe depots, and choosing sights for building camps.

To accomplish our object we decided that our course should be up the St. Anne River to its source. By crossing the chain of Lakes, strike the source of the Tourilli, thence down the latter River to the Lake Jambon Trail, cross the chain of Lakes through by Lake Jambon to the St. Anne, run the Big Rapid and reach the club House where our journey was to end.

The choice of companions for such a trip as this, was not easily surmounted, there must be perfect harmony, on such trips as this one proved to be.

My friend and tried companion of many excursions E. A. Panet, our worthy vice-president, was the first to offer to join me in my task, but, unfortunately had to withdraw owing to press of business. The next applicant was Mr Richard S. Harvey, Esq., of New York, Attorney at Law, a member of our committee and by experience a pleasant companion. My young friend C. H. Carrier also a member of this club, and who had made up his mind to to join me on whatever outing I may take, was the last to form the nucleus of the party.

To find four guides on whom we could depend for such an adventurous expedition, was also a task which required some consideration.

XAVIER LAVEAU, A trapper over this region for more than 35 years, thoroughly acquainted with the St Anne and all its Branches and Lakes, the upper Tourilli being also his hunting ground, such a guide, and, holding the excellent reputation which Xavier enjoys, was of great value to the party, and, my 1st choice.

ALEXANDRE VÉZINA, Was my next choice, his old time experience with us as a guide, and, his knowledge of the Lower St. Anne and Tourilli Rivers, over which he hunts in winter, guaranteed us another famous good guide.

JOSEPH JUNEAU, Who was most anxious to be of the party, in consequence of the many pleasant trips made with me, was my next choice, his jovial character and good will won him a place amongst our guides.

SIGEFROID MARTEL, Was the fourth and last choice to fill our complement of guides, he has been known to me since a long time, by reputation, and his robust frame and determined countenance, immediatly won for him a place amongst our guides, he was the man I wanted, brave, strong and willing.

Having concluded all our arrangements, by having our provisions forwarded ahead of us, by our club caterer Mr. Pelletier of St. Raymond, who keeps a stock of fine groceries for our special benefit. We now concentrate our party at St. Raymond on the morning of the 16th September, at which place we arrive at 10 a. m., by the Lake St. John Express. Our teams are in readiness and await orders to start, all our dunnage is quickly gotten together, and with the hearty, wishes of our friend Panet and our

few but charming Lady friends, the Exploring Expedition makes a break for the land, of promise. We reach the Club House at 2 p. m., and receive a jovial greeting from to Hon. Henry K. Boyer and his friend and guest : Mr. John A. Glenn, both of Philadelphia, Mr. Boyer being State Treasurer for Pennsylvania, they have been enjoying a few days outing on the Lower St. Anne and in spite of Mr. Boyers' ill health, pronounce themselves delighted, and, much interested in the success of this Expedition.

A hearty luncheon is now put before us, it is the creation of our Honorable friend, and, was soon stowed away at the place where all good lunches should be :

Our guides are busy raking up our *packs* the club places at our disposal. 2 light tents, 2 smart looking birch bark canoes, and a complete camp kit.

The order to march was just about to be given, when a halloo, from the road below, announces, the arrival of Mr John W. Mason and his party, so jovial and pleasant do they seem, that my 1st Lieut. and I decide to spend our last night amongst civilization. Another objection had presented itself, our 2nd lieutenant had not answered the Roll Call, but we had every reason to believe that the morrow would see him amongst us.

A more pleasant evening I never spent and I defy the Angling Fraternity to produce eight more jovial companions than sat around the board of the Tourilli Club that evening, after cards and a most amusing selection of good stories, we resort to a " Noble Hot Scotch " all round, and retire to our couches to dream of trout of enormous proportions and caribou and bears who chew up our beef mocassins at the door of the tent, such were the visions which present themselves to us, the last night we sleep on a good spring bed.

WEDNESDAY, 17th SEPTEMBER

We are roused up this morning at 5 o'clock by unusual animation in front of our house, the imaginary bear proves to be none other, than my 2nd lieutenant C. H. Carrier, who having taken the C. P. R. night train to Pont Rouge has driven 36 miles during the night so as to catch up to us. As he feels fresh and in good condition the

Le Réveil is sounded, and is soon followed by the Breakfast Call, this important necessity over, the Roll is called and after a great deal of shaking of hands and good wishes, the main portion of our party shoulder their packs and with light heart and steady pace we tramp off amidst a thunder of cheers from the friends we leave behind us, most of our dunnage is coming up stream in the canoes, it is now 8 a. m. we soon reach Carriers Pool, where we are soon joined by the canoes which ferry us across to the trail on the opposite bank, we are now 3 miles up stream, and soon get moving again, the Lake Cimon Discharge is now reached and our men change duties, two going up in the canoes, and arrange to meet them at Genesee River which we cross at 12 o'clock, we partake of a light lunch, the remaining distance to the head of the rapids is but a song, here we are compelled to await our guides who were to follow after charging duties, my rod is soon put together, and, I decide to tempt the uncertainty of fate, in getting a monster trout, after many unrewarded casts, the above mentioned Mastadon did not put in an appearance, but a flash in the air, and, a swirl on the water, followed by the singing of my reel, called my attention to the fact that the tug-of-war act was going on full blast, a desperate fight of 15 minutes, overpowers this finny fiend, a few seconds more and he drops into the net an exhausted victim, but, oh! what a prize, he touched the scales at exactly 3 lbs 1 oz. The waters had been much disturbed in killing this fish in consequence of our not having a landing net in our boat, and being obliged to fight him all the way down stream to the landing where the prize was saved in the nick of time by Sigefroi, we therefore decide to leave the pool to M. Mason and party who have just reached here. Meanwhile our vanguard have gone forward in order to have camp in readiness for us, on the arrival of our canoes. The birch barks have had a tough trip up the Big Rapid, there being one man only in each, even then requiring much care in consequence of the rocks. In this respect our Gaspe Wood Canoes show great superiority over the Birch Barks getting up stream in at least half the time. About one mile higher up we find a good comfortable camp awaiting us, supper is soon dispatched

and such sleep as can only be enjoyed in the bush, is our lot for the rest of that night.

N. B. The trails we have crossed so far, are all in good condition.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th

The Sun finds us anxiously awaiting its debut this morning, which take place only at half past 5 o'clock, the *Réveil* has sounded, and a hearty breakfast portaken, it consists of Fried Trout and Bacon, Biscuits and Marmelade à la Gregory and Tea and Coffee, which, ingredients make a very good basis to work upon, we were soon stepping forward once more in good shape when the fresh tracks of a very large caribou, setts on the qui-vive we however could not satisfy our hankering for game, but keep in readiness should we meet him. Markhams Pool is reached at 10 o'clock but we are compelled to await our canoes which reach here only at 12 o'clock. A light lunch and a good stiff walk, brings us to the St. Anne Falls for 3 o'clock, we visit them awaiting the arrival of our canoes, they are weird and beautiful, by climbing the cliff on the right hand side, a good view of the first four falls is to be obtained, it will well repay the risk and bother to try the climb.

We are now some 15 miles from the club house and all are in good spirits, at halfpast three o'clock our canoes arrive and cross us to the northern bank, where the trail begins it being about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile below the falls, here the work for which this Expedition is organized, practically begins, as from this point, hear-say, only has been our guide up to date, a short trail $\frac{1}{4}$ mile long leads to a very beautiful falls, it was made at the beginning of the summer in order to make them accessible and they should by all means be visited.

Our course runs off from this trail to the right, every man has his pack shouldered, the canoes to be returned for after the trail is made, Xavier leads the way, and he coolly informs us as we labor through tangled bush that this is known as the 5 mile carry as an explanation for the poor condition of the trail he states that until now it has been their endeavour to leave these trails in the worst condition possible so as to discourage any one attempting

to intrude on their hunting grounds, his knowledge of these trails is consequently of great value to our party and we advance very rapidly under our heavy loads. The road is very much on the incline as we advance, and presently assumes the perpendicular, nevertheless courage and energy are not lacking, and to the surprise of all, we make a splendid run, of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, when we halt to camp, as darkness is fast coming upon us. The weather has been magnificent since our departure from the club house, we retire fatigued but happy.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th

Long before day breaks, upon us, our men are off for the canoes, on their way down they cut the trail, removing all obstacles to allow space to pass the barks. They reach camp at seven o'clock with their loads, breakfast is immediately served and quickly disposed off, 1 canoe and 1 tent are left here to be returned for, and we are off once more. A notable fact at this high elevation is the total absence of hard wood trees, Xavier has taken a good lead upon us, as he advances he clears a path for passing the Birch Barks we progress but slowly in consequence, nevertheless we make a much better run than we expected to do, and have but a short distance yet to make to reach the first lake, I consider it advisable to send all our men with the exception of Xavier back to our old camp, it is now 4 o'clock and they have just enough time to get under cover for the night, they will follow us up to-morrow with the other canoe and remaining baggage, meantime we continue our tramp for another hour, when we suddenly break out on the borders of a remarkably pretty lake, the shores are well marked with caribou tracks, consequently great silence is observed, but all in vain, the game did not put in appearance. All of us being pretty well played out we take a hearty meal and abandon ourselves to the arms of Morpheas. Henri my 2nd lieutenant has carried his pack of fully 60 lbs weight up hill and down dale with a strong percentage of the former, and this can well be imagined as we are at present 2250 feet above the St. Anne River and 4200 above the sea. The trails get much better as we advance towards this lake, Xavier encourages us on by stating that our hardest work is now over, there

being no more long carries, and all of them being on level ground and over splendid trails, we consequently pass a peaceful night.

SATURDAY, 20th SEPTEMBER

At day break, Xavier and I return about 1 mile, to pick up the packs left by the men, on their returning the evening previous, rain is falling in torrents and the tramp is rather a damp one for such an early hour, we return to Camp at 6.30 expecting to find breakfast in readiness for us, but instead find that my two lieutenants, have not yet got over yesterdays exertions, the Reveillé sounded on my fife, soon brings them to their stumps, and as usual breakfast fetches them, our appetites are phenomenal since our bush work has begun. The first important ceremony since the advent of our trip now takes place. With the consent and approbation of our 2nd lieutenant, we proceed to officially name this lake, after him, by affixing the following inscription on the nearest and largest tree to the Lake.

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition

September 20th 1890

This Lake shall hereafter be known as

LAKE HENRY

in honor of

C. H. Carrier, Esq., of Levis, P. Q.

One of the officers of this Exploring Expedition

Commander : Geo. Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd " C. H. Carrier.

Guide : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alex. Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

God save the Queen.

Hats off and three cheers for Lake Henry. Camp is struck and we joyfully take our places in the canoes. A good paddle for one mile and we reach the other end of the Lake. It is the first of the St. Anne chain of Lakes and is simply a tributary, its great elevation and meager communication with the St. Anne, make it entirely void

of fish, it is however an easy matter to stock it, and, will no doubt prove a boon in affording fish to the hungry traveller on his arrival here. Its course is due North. At its upper extremity we find a good trail which proves to be about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile long and in splendid condition we have the good luck to come across a covee of Ruffed Grouse about half way, after a few shots, we bag four, a few minutes more, and we reach the 1st of the St. Anne River Lakes proper, the weather its very threatening, and we conclude to await the arrival of our men before going on any further. Xavier joins us soon after with our canoe, my two lieutenants take a run over the lake in quest of fish or game, they soon spot several black ducks, but unfortunately could not get in a shot at them, on their return I take a run down the discharge which proves to be the St. Anne River proper. Having travelled down for 1 mile. I am checked by the presence of a heavy rapid and from the rumbling sound of the waters conclude that the chain of falls begin their headlong course here, having noticed several breaks on the water, I try my chances at getting a mess for dinner, but the sudden appearance of Juneau on the pool, soon reminds me that the men have reached the camp, and, consequently I return, as my presence was needed.

I find the men awaiting orders to sett camp. As Xavier advises this move as the best on account of our wet clothes and further prospect of rain, I immediately accede to his experienced advice, and the tents are pitched, to the satisfaction of all. The exertions of this days work are much soothed by the powers of a soup, composed of the four partridges, a good piece of pork, and, a portion of peas and dessicated soup, such a consommé was never made.

A cold north wind has now sett in, and from all appearances we are to have a cool night of it, but well huddled up together, the three guiding stars of this expedition repose in the arms of eachother.

SUNDAY, 21st SEPTEMBER

We wake up at day break this morning with the feeling that winter had suddenly struck us, and not a little surprised to find on poking my head out of the tent, that the ground is covered with snow. The mountains are capped

for the winter. A cold ducking in the lake and a hot breakfast, have a most renovating effect upon us.

To day being Sunday, one hour is devoted to prayers and religious devotions.

Eight o'clock and the expedition once more united are ready to face whatever obstacles present themselves to our advance. By the unanimous consent of the party the following inscription is placed on the nearest large tree to the trail.

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition

Sept. 21st 1890

This Lake shall hereafter be known as

LAKE GEORGIANA

in honor of

Miss Georgiana Van Felson, sister of our Commander
Exploring Expedition

Commander : George Van Felson,.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd Lieut. : C. H. Carrier.

Guides : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alex. Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

God Save the Queen.

Three cheers and a tiger having been given, we take to our canoes and head up the lake our course being due north, it is 1 mile in length and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile wide. At the upper end on the N. W. side we find the stream flowing into it to be quite navigable and follow up its course for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile then crossing a small lake which we do not name, it being $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long and perfectly round. At its north eastern extremity we find the stream to be navigable and follow up another $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, when we break into a remarkably pretty sheet of water $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile in length. Being anxious to go on, and chilled by the cold, we do not stop to name the lake. At the southern extremity we again find a navigable stream, up which the canoes are headed, after $\frac{3}{4}$ mile good canoeing, the rumbling sound of falling water, announces the close proximity of a Falls which we reach shortly after 12 o'clock. Our passage up this chain of streams has disturbed, millions of trout, who dash from

both sides of the canoes as we pass over their spawning beds.

On the right bank at the foot of the Falls (which are remarkably pretty) we find a trail, and make a short carry of not over one acre in length. A few minutes later, and we are once more in the canoes. Another stretch of still water is before us, and, as the fish are rising in great numbers, a rod is soon put up, and, our longing for a cast amply satisfied, in a short time. So numerous and ravenous were the finny fiends of this pool that in 23 minutes no less than 54 prizes varying from $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs in weight grace the bottom of my canoe, all smaller ones being put back in the water, after being carefully taken off the hook. As we had ample food for two good meals we continue up stream, and after 1 mile of splendid canoeing we reach the beautiful Lake St. Anne, the loveliest we had yet seen.

We paddle down the lake for another mile, when, on a point, extending into the lake, is seen, a neat log cabin. On landing Xavier welcomes us with great pride to his winter abode for many years past, it is now 1.30 o'clock, and being Sunday we decide to camp here, and, enjoy a few hours, studying the surroundings. Our camp is soon sett and a hearty meal of Trout stowed away.

My two Lieutenants under the guidance of Xavier are detailed to visit a chain of small Lakes east of the St. Anne, which are said to abound with caribou, and the numbers of tracks seen are sufficient proofs of this fact.

Our supply of trout has been seriously diminished by our last meal, I hardly dare say how many were consumed by myself and two lieutenants, so ravenous were we, not having had such a feast since we left the St. Anne and under such remarkable conditions, I decide to return to the pool of this morning prodigious catch, my good luck in none the less and in 18 minutes 30 fine fish fill my creel, this being sufficient provision, the canoe is headed for camp, which is reached just in the nick of time, to meet my officers who have returned after a pleasant but fruitless trip after caribou. The evening is spent listening to the account of some of Xavier's adventures in these parts.

MONDAY, 22nd SEPTEMBER

A beautiful clear day is our lot for to-days run. At the request of my lieutenants I decide to return with Xavier

and lieutenant Carrier to the small Lakes, they had visited the evening previous, the first we name, after our faithful guide with usual honor as follows :

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition
September 22nd 1890

This Lake shall hereafter be known as

LAKE LAVEAU

in honor of

Xavier Laveau, one of our faithful guides
Exploring Expedition

Commander : Geo. Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd " : C. H. Carrier.

Guide : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si J'ai froid).

" Alex. Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

The trail to this lake runs due N. E. from St. Anne for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile the next is $\frac{1}{4}$ mile further North, at the request of our 1st Lieut. we name it after one of his particular friends with the usual honors and inscription as follows :

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition
September 22 1890

This Lake shall hereafter be known as

LAKE ULLA

in honor of

Miss Ulica Dahlgren, of Washington, D. C.
Exploring Expedition

Commander : Geo. Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd " : C. H. Carrier.

Guide : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroid Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alex. Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

Our guide informs me that a chain of four more lakes lie North East of these, and, at but a short distance from each other, from the numbers of fresh Caribou tracks on the trail he promises us certain game if we go on to them. But our duty calls us back to camp, where another big treat of trout, Bacon and Biscuits à la Gregory—give us in-

At the
Xavier

creased energy for a big days' work. Camp is struck and we now proceed to officially name this lake, which by unanimous consent retains its former name, as, the following inscription ordains.

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition
September 22nd 1890

This lake shall retain its former name

LAKE ST. ANNE

Exploring Expedition

Commander : Geo. Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd " C. H. Carrier.

Guide : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alex. Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

My canoe is now headed up the lake, which runs due North and is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, it swarms with trout, and quite a number of ducks where seen, its surroundings are most favorable for caribou. On the Western side almost opposite our camp is the discharge of Lake des Isles which is very large. Xavier tells me of innumerable lakes laying on all sides. After a pleasant run of over one hours, duration we reach the upper end of St. Anne where we find a splendid trail or carry five acres in length, which soon brings us to another pretty sheet of water, which we name with the usual honors and inscription as follows :

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition
September 22nd 1890

This Lake shall hereafter be known as

LAKE EMELIE

in honor of

Mrs A. B. Van Felson, Sister of our worthy 2nd Lieut.

Exploring Expedition

Commander : Geo. Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd " C. H. Carrier.

Guide : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alex. Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Jos Juneau, (La Belette).

The paddle over Lake Emelie to its Northern extremity $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile is soon covered, we find the trail, which is but $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long and in a few minutes places us on the banks of another Lake. Two small Lakes lie close to Lake Emelie, one East and the other West of that Lake.

We name the Lake on whose borders we no stand with the usual honors and inscription as follows :

Ste. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition

Sept. 22nd 1890

This Lake shall hereafter known as

LAKE SIOUI

in honor of

Thomas Sioui, jr, the well known trapper of the region
Exploring Expedition

Commander : George Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd Lieut. : C. H. Carrier.

Guides : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alexandre Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

Thomas Sioui is Xavier's Brother trapper, our intention in naming these Lakes, is, that in future it may be known that these men have been the pioneers of this region having hunted it honestly for over 35 years.

Lake Sioui is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length and lies due North and South, it is the head of the chain, of Lakes, tributary to the St. Anne.

Crossing a carry a little over $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in length from the Northern extremity of Lake Sioui, we find a very large lake, which flows into the North Branch of the St. Anne, also our territory, its course is due East and West, on which account is called by trappers Lake *Travers* we cross in our usual course due North at its lower or eastern extremity, we have little time to visit it but find it to be 4 miles long, by $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles wide and extremely beautiful, having entered a deep bay we head for the inlet, and there find the trail which still continues to be splendid. As my 2nd Lieut. is suffering from a severe indigestion in consequence of overstocking himself with trout, we decide to take one hours rest. During this interval we pro-

ceed to officially name this Lake after my hardy 1st lieutenant, with the usual honors and inscription as follows:

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition

September 22nd 1890

This Lake shall hereafter be known as

LAKE RICHARD

in honor of

Richard S. Harvey, 1st Lieut. of this Expedition

and of the city of New-York, N.-Y., U. S.

Exploring Expedition

Commander: George Van Felson.

1st Lieut.: Richard S. Harvey.

2nd Lieut.: C. H. Carrier.

Guides: Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alexandre Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

Long live the Stars and Stripes.

God Save the Queen.

A light luncheon is taken and we once more shoulder our packs and step it out over the carry which is $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long and in fine condition, we break out on the borders of a remarkably pretty lake with waters of a greenish hue, much as in lake Jambon, and surrounded by very high mountains, it is very deep and clear, this is the 1st of the tributaries of the Tourilli River, in consideration of which we allow it to retain its name of

LAKE TOURILLI

its course is due North and South, crossing it, we find that it is one mile in length, our canoes are headed for its western extremity, where we find the trail leading to the next lake. To our great astonishment after but 100 feet long of trail we find ourselves on the banks of a very grand and magnificent lake, although it is getting late, and, we had made a big days travel we decide to attempt to reach the end in time to camp. After 4 miles steady paddling we reach the discharge or practically speaking the Tourilli River, here we find a good camping ground and after a hearty meal of bacon soup, broiled bacon, jam and camp made bread, we retire with great hopes of a speedy down trip.

TUESDAY, 23rd SEPTEMBER.

Our men have started at day break with one of the canoes to cut a trail to the next large lake, there being no more trails made they, expect to be away all day.

As the weather is very cold and raining. I let my Lieutenants have a good sleep, and, try my hand at baking bread. To my great surprise my patience is rewarded by producing four fine brown loaves. I now rouse up my officers who after indulging in a cold bath demolish one of my loaves at sight.

As I had seen a flock of black duck in the bay this morning, we decide to visit the lake during the day, and find their hiding place.

We discover the lake to be 5 miles in length, and from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to three miles wide, it is well dotted with islands and has many deep Bays. Such a haunt for Fin, Fur and Feather can not easily be found, Xavier guarantees it to be all of these.

At its lower extremity is a portage two miles long crossing two small lakes and leading to the headwaters of the Metabetchouan River, which flows into Lake St John. A gentlemen, who was up that River at the same time as we were up here declares the he could plainly hear the report of our guns.

Our trip around the lake has lasted all day and we reach camp pretty well tired out from paddling, to our mutual surprise our men have returned already and pronounce their trail to be finished, on further enquiry I find that they have had the good fortune to strike a caribou run which is so well beaten, as to afford a better trail than they could make.

Putting my rod together, my 2nd Lieut. and I take a run over the 1st pool on the discharge of the Lake, not fifty feet below the lake. To our delight we land 30 lovely trout in 15 minutes from $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs to $1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs weight and averaging 1 lb, we consequently have a gorgeous meal of fried trout which with a good pea soup, is polished of as if we had not eaten for ten days. After this performance we are not long before retiring, so, as to be well rested for the morrows down trip. The weather has clear up and we have every hope of a fine day for the journey.

WEDNESDAY, 24th SEPTEMBER

Bhrr! Bhrr!! how cold this morning, I call to Juneau for my beef mocassins, which he quickly hands in to me, but horrors, a thick coating of ice covers their greasy surfaces, snow is falling in flurries and although the atmosphere is remarkably clear and pure, nevertheless we find it too fresh. The Reveillé is now sounded and my two lieutenants are roused up, but oh! how cold that New Yorker did find the temperature, can be well imagined at that hour of the morning.

A good hot breakfast soon warms us up, Camp is struck and we head for the carry which is a short one, the weather is very bracing for such work as ours, and we felt like racers.

Before leaving this lovely Lake the following inscription is placed on the largest tree near the carry.

Ste. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition

Sept. 24nd 1890

This Lake shall hereafter known as

LAKE GEORGE

in honor of

George Van Felson, our energetic commander

Exploring Expedition

Commander : George Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd Lieut. : C. H. Carrier.

Guides : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alexandre Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

Three cheers and a tiger, and we embark to go down stream but only for $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, a short carry now is crossed when we find more still water this crossed we enter a narrow Lake $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, which we follow down, but, by a sharp rounding curve find that we are again travelling due North. The Lake we proceed to name with usual honors as follow :

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition
September 24nd 1890

This Lake shall hereafter be known as

LAKE MARTEL

in honor of

Sigefroi Martel, one of our faithful guides
Exploring Expedition

Commander : Geo. Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd " C. H. Carrier.

Guide : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alex. Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Jos Juneau, (La Belette).

At its northern extremity, we find the outlet or rather Tourilli River which we follow down for one mile, stopping at the head of a rapid, we now begin the long carry, and shoulder our packs and canoes, then step it out in good shape, a short distance was done, when we cross a large pool or Lake, during this crossing we are assailed by a blinding snow storm, which fortunatly ceases on our landing once more at the trail. Our next run is one mile in length, we find the trail to be delightfully good, and no wonder, it is a perfectly beaten Caribou run. It is about four feet broad and trampled down as hard as any well used road, for two miles the trails continue in these Caribou Runs, the guides having only to clear the top branches, to pass the canoes safely, the carry is over level ground in its full extent, and, is intersected by two small pools or feeding grounds, the guides having seen Caribou at all of these the day previous, we approach the first pool much as a cat does a mouse. The excitement runs high when we notice fresh tracks in great numbers and not one hour old, we reach the pond at last. but no caribou is to be seen, but, to have had the time to stop there for an hour or two meant more game than we could wish for, all around the Lake, tracks were to be seen so thick, as to lead one to suppose that a large herd of cattle had been grazing there. The pond is not $\frac{1}{4}$ mile across and is surrounded by a flat of moss, and, long grass fifty to a hundred feet wide, from all directions are to be seen caribou runs leading to it, some hardly ten feet apart. Xavier declares

that no less than thirty to forty caribou visit the spot daily, and had been no doubt disturbed, by the noise we made getting there.

We again take to the most favorable caribou run, and, were soon thinking of other plans, when two magnificent Caribou make their appearance before me, a very large male and, a female of good proportions, in a second my pack is on the ground, and I was about shouldering my rifle when my corpulent 1st Lieut. stepped on a branch the crackling sound of which scared them away at their usual headlong speed, unfortunately he had not seen the game, my disappointment was great. My rifle a Winchester Repeater 44 cal. had also played me a bad trick, for safety I had removed the cartridge from the breech, consequently taking my chances at the animals as they dash through the bush the hammer falls but no report follows, I find out my mistake, too late. Two more ponds are crossed. Each having the same, extraordinary number of fresh tracks, but no game was to be seen. At 12 o'clock we reach a small Lake, which is at the end of the long carry, awaiting our lunch we proceed to name it, with the usual honours and inscription as follows.

St. Anne and Tournili Exploring Expedition

Sept. 24th 1890

This Lake shall hereafter be known as

LAKE JUNEAU

in honor of

Joseph Juneau (La Belette), one of our faithful Guides

Exploring Expedition

Commander : George Van Felson.,

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd Lieut. : C. H. Carrier.

Guides : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alex. Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

Lake Juneau is about 1 mile long and very pretty we cross to its eastern extremity and find the discharge to be navigable. Two or more good sized Lakes lay to the N. W. of this lake, discharging into the latter at its western extremity, we paddle down the discharge for a short dis-

tance when we once more strike the Tourilli River, paddling down its waters for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, when, we break into a magnificent sheet of water. Rounding the obstructing neck of land, we have a grand view of the Lake in its full extent, it being to all appearances as broad as it is long, measuring fully 5 miles in length, the mountains surrounding it are most picturesque and the tout-ensemble forms a picture which brings forth our admiration and astonishment.

A good stiff breeze helps us across the lake to its southern extremity where we head for the discharge, on the largest tree at this point the following inscription is placed with special honors as follows.

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition

September 24th 1890

This Lake shall hereafter be known as

LAKE GREGORY

in honor of

Commodore J. U. Gregory, the general President of the Club

Exploring Expedition

Commander : Geo. Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd " : C. H. Carrier.

Guide : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroid Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alex. Véina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

God Save the Queen.

Three cheers and a tiger, then down stream we go covering over two miles of still water and shooting two rapids. We now decide to camp and after much trouble find a suitable spot, a good supper invigorates us wonderfully, consequently we retire in the best of spirits and great hopes for the morrow.

THURSDAY, 25th SEPTEMBER

How beautiful, but, oh! how cold the morning is, a thick coating of ice is over our canoes, my mocassins have to be thawed out before I can manage to get them on. The Reveillé being sounded, my two Lieutenants are roused up, the Washing Brigade fall in, and, a good cold ducking soon regulates the temperature of our bodies.

The route now before us is a revelation to the party, as we are all strangers to this part of our limits, even Xavier, having never gone below the discharge of Lake George. A curious fact is that since two days we have not feasted on Trout, but we can safely state, that the constant rises and excellent appearance of the river assures us grand sport, had we only the time to try our luck. As to the Lakes their is no doubt as to their being thickly stocked with Trout, as of these, we had, as goes the old saying " the proof of the pudding. " As to the River, Such beautiful and attractive pools I have never seen, they are large and deep, and, the Trout, cannot find more splendid homes and feeding grounds than these.

We commence a journey to-day by shooting a short rapid, and are again fortunate enough to find a stretch of two miles still water, the short rapids we meet are quite floatable with the baggage and two men in each canoe we soon strike a most difficult run however, but as there seems to be a good channel, we determine to try several, plans rather than carry, I propose to the men to try Cordelling, a system I had successfully used on several occasions notably the 1st Batiscan Expedition in 1889. Cordelling, consists in attaching a rope 80 feet long to the stem bar of the canoe. Then letting out the rope, slowly pass the canoe from one rock to the other, each man as he is replaced, taking a position further on. The scheme is successful with us, and in a short time, we cover 1 mile of rapids, another stretch of still water is our good fortune which being covered, a rumbling sound, announces the proximity of a Falls, our canoes dash boldly across the head of these, and are stopped not 15 feet from the shoot. The men are ashore in a jiffy, and lose not a moment getting away with their axes to cut a trail, which is now inevitable, mean-while grub is prepared and on their arrival three-quarters of an hour latter, a hearty meal awaits them, and being dispatched, our packs are deposited on their resting places (our shoulders). A good stiff carry, is before us, as the ground though down hill is much broken by large boulders, and crevices hidden by the moss, headers are the order of the day. The carry is $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile long at the bottom of which we find another stretch of still water of 1 miles length, a short but wicked rapid again

forces us to carry, once more to find still water for $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles length, a shallow rapid is the only obstruction over this stretch but we get through safely and were about planning to cordelle down a small cascade when by the, intercession of the Almighty, we go on to examine the rapid, while our men prepare the canoes. It was fortunate we did so, the river here takes the shape of a flume, not over 8 feet broad and running over, smooth rock, the velocity of the water is tremendous, and, in a series of falls, until it, finally ends by a great plunge from a height of some hundreds of feet, to a magnificent pool below. Had we got drawn once into that current we could not have avoided certain destruction over the falls, and consequently thanked Providence for our prudence.

Being close on 5 o'clock the men are ordered to pitch the tents and prepare camp, as darkness comes on early and without much notice. My Lieutenants and I start down to get a view of the Falls. After many hairs, breath escapes over, loose boulders rotten trees, down cliffs and ravines, we, finally reach the top of the falls.

We stand spell bound on an enormous overhanging ledge of rock, below us for over one mile the river wends its way in a series of rapids and pools. The valley in front of us is level for many miles, facing us an enormous mountain rises in a gentle slope to the height of some 3000 feet, the incline is thickly wooded with birch, mountain ash, spruce, and balsam, and a good few maple trees. The blending of the many colored leaves of this season have an enchanting effect, on either side of us the cliffs stand in their grandeur perfectly bare of all vegetation, below us is a beautiful pool whose dark hued waters denote great depth, dashing past at our feet one of the most imposing, and weird Falls, that man can gaze upon. Add to this, the sunset of a cool september evening, and we have a picture which rive to us to the spot, we could not however feast our eyes very long on nature's beauties as the fading sunset remains us, that, we have but little time to get back to camp before dark, we consequently beat a hasty retreat arriving in the nick of time to find supper in readiness for us. My 1st Lieutenant has not yet returned but a puffing sound was wafted towards us, emitting from the bush in front, and we know he is com-

ing. In the explanation that ensued, I find that he has been to the foot of the falls having managed to scramble down the cliff, in order to get the 1st view from below.

Supper over a good solid hot-scotch composed mostly of lemons, pain-killer, hot water and sugar, is poured down our gullets, piping hot, after which we retire convinced that the morrow will see a big days work.

FRIDAY 26th SEPTEMBER

The sound of the woodmans axe, rouses us up this morning, the men have been busy cutting a trail, they have been fortunate enough to find a passage to the pool below the Falls, by way of a dried up brook, breakfast is polished off in quick style this morning, our provisions are running low and as no one knows how far we have to travel, we shall soon have to go, on rations, Biscuits à la Gregory are now a luxury of the past, but as I shall not have to mention this delicacy again, for the benefit of fellow-members, I will give the recipe.

BISCUITS A LA GREGORY

Take for each two persons $1\frac{1}{2}$ sailor biscuit (Hard Tack) let it soak over night, having collected the grease of our mornings bacon, let this be in the frying pan, over the fire, but only enough to cover the bottom, lay in the biscuit in halves, and brown well, on both sides, season well. This done, lay on a thin coating of marmalade, and serve hot. Whoo!!! exclaim both my Lieutenants when such a dish comes across their hungry gaze.

A MACOUCHAM.

This was another *appétit satisfier* it consists of a portion of all the eatables in camp. For instance—two partridges, one dozen of trout, a black duck, one tin dessicated soup, and crumbs of biscuits, boil together for a few hours, and, season well, with a hashed up onion and any stray vegetables such a dish will bring a dead Indian to life, where he three miles within scent of that pot,

THE SPOONERS BED.

For the benefit of furtur camping parties at this season. I may state that, the first colds nap we had. Each man

rolled in his own blankets, we passed a very chilly and miserable night of it, there being snow on the ground when we woke up next morning. At my proposition we formed a combine, which resulted in comfort and sound sleeps for the remainder of the trip, the plan is as follows.

Two rubber sheets are spread over the balsam boughs, the largest pair of blankets stretched lengthwise over these, the top half is then rolled down to the foot, Another pair is then placed across the under part of the first pair, as in the first case the upper part is rolled down and the next blanket laid in an opposite direction, the upper blankets are then rolled out the one lengthwise being rolled on top. This forms a perfect bag each blanket preventing the other from loosening, the third rubber sheet is now placed over the foot of the couch, and, each one having filled his air pellow, we proceed to slip in, one at a time but the space being narrow we get in spoon system, that is to say, much as three spoons placed together, hence the appellation of the *Spooners Bed*. Which I guarantee to produce perfect comfort and protection from cold. I strongly advise every man who camps out to bring along a rubber sheet in his kit, it is indispensable in a hundred circumstances.

Coming back to the expedition, we quickly break up camp and with a cheer we step out at a lively pace down the trail, and, how I got to the bottom of that cliff is a wonder to me, all I can tell, is that at one time, I was under the impression I had left the rear portion of the only pants I had left, hanging to a stray stump. A pack of from 60 to 80 lbs on ones back, is not a blessing at such times. However I got down, as did we all, even our canoes getting through without serious injury. Our gaze is immediately turned towards the Falls, and what a sight, an involuntary exclamation escapes us '*Montmorency*' and certainly a more perfect Fac Simile of that celebrated Falls cannot easily be conceived, the surroundigs of these however add much to their beauty and in that respect surpass Montmorency. A close calculation brings their total height to 390 feet the upper portion being in cascades ending up in one leap of over 180 feet. A beautiful pool of most peculiar formation forms a basis for them it being perfectly square on all its faces, a heap of large boulders, are amassed at the foot of the falls. Standing on these I try a few casts but was

unfortunate enough to loose all the good fish which rose to my fly, the spray is blinding and drenched me to the bones, I was not long before beating a hasty retreat, and, as the men seem anxious to go on I put my rod up, not even trying the pool, where soon good sized fish break the surface occasionally, we now proceed to name these beautiful falls, with the usual honors, the following inscription being placed on the nearest tree at the foot of the trail.

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition

September 26th 1890

This Lake shall hereafter be known as

EXPLORERS FALLS

in honor of

the members of this Expedition

Exploring Expedition

Commander : Geo. Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd " : C. H. Carrier.

Guide : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si J'ai froid).

" Alex. Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

Our men having gone some distance ahead, to examine the rapids return after over one hour's absence, they have ascertained that the river taking a long bend out of our way, was rough and the water low, it were best to cross the country to the still water two miles down. As the trail was over fairly level ground, and, we all feel in perfect condition for a tough tramp, we adopt their proposal, and cover the ground in less than 35 minutes notwithstanding that the path was rough, as at one place we find a striff climb to get over the point of a mountain. We all of us had packs over 60 lbs in weight, which, considering the time accomplished is a convincing proof of the splendid condition we all are in not a single man showing and sings of fatigue or illness. We ascertain the proximity of another falls 60 feet in height, and about 1 mile below Explores falls. At the foot of these falls our men found Mr. John Nelson the Government surveyors', final post of his survey on the Tourilli er, being 25 miles from its junction with the St Anne, just above Carriers pool, from ex-

tracts of Mr. Nelsons' report we find the high mountain which we had noticed on the evening previous to be the Montagne des Fées (Fairy Mountain) and is the highest in all the Laurentian Range.

At the foot of the falls is the trail which leads to the Lake des Fées, which lies on the other side of the mountain it is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the Lake, at the upper end of the trail are two small lakes, which are to be crossed, then following up the discharge, one breaks into a lake some 7 miles long indented with deep bays, the fish here are reported to be very large.

Having covered the last carry, we embark once more and have a good run over two miles of navigable water, at the end of which we enter a very pretty lake $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles long and so pretty as to make us desire to name it, but as our time was now limited, and we know that every hour lost, is one more without provisions, we paddle on only stopping a few minutes to examine the discharge of Lake des Fées, which empties into this lake, at its lower extremity, the sound of rushing waters are a proof of its precipitous descent from its high elevation. We have the good fortune to find two miles more of still water, but a rumbling sound ahead of us, is a gentle reminder that hard work is not over, it is past 3 o'clock and we are all anxious to make some headway. We are destined to disappointment, however, and for the first time our men momentarily loose courage, when after a tramp of over $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles they have not found navigable water, one of them is sent as delegate to try and persuade me to abandon the canoes and cut across country with the packs only, this proposition did not meet my approval, I explained that we had undertaken this expedition with the intention of going down this river, expecting to find many obstacles, we had so far found it to be a great deal above our expectations, and I was determined to go through, our main object in view. Moreover we could not gain anything by leaving the canoes here. The men found as future events will prove that my ideas were correct, they set to work with a will, and in the best of spirits.

We were giving the finishing touches to our camp, having decided to rest here, when the sound of the mens axes apprize their near approach. On their arrival they

announce that they had found, another stretch of still water, and also finished the trail. A rousing pea soup composed of the remains of our pork and peas, and, camp made bread and bacon. We manage to satisfy the inner man for a few hours longer. We were reduced to two meals per day it being both a saving of time and provisions, not to halt for dinner. It can well be imagined that if we could not find time to eat, that our fishing rods were not unpacked nor even did we hunt, as many expected us to do, we however showed our wisdom as further events will prove.

We retire to-night calculating upon the time we would take to reach Lake Jambon on the morrow, the opinion of all our men being that we would certainly reach there in time to camp next evening.

SATURDAY 27th SEPTEMBER

We beat the sun by fully one hour this morning, the weather which was threatening the night before is now clear and cool, a good substantial breakfast is partaken of, it is to keep us up all day, and this we expect to be a tough one.

On with your packs boys, and away we go. As leader of the party I take the front and step off at a good steady pace, which is kept up with a vigor for two solid miles of up hill and down dale work, when a fine stretch of still water comes into view. With a cheer we cast off our packs and congratulate each other on the fast run we had made, and our probable speedy arrival at lake Jambon which we suppose to be close by, our canoes are soon moving again, the *canot du Commandant* as the men called it taking the lead as was customary, I am stationed on the foreport of the canoe, just in rear of Xavier, our bow paddle, with pencil and paper, I take my notes and plan of the rivers and lakes, as we advance.

Over 5 miles of navigable water in one stretch, is the fine run made by us at the start to-day, crossing many beautiful pools, and greatly did we enjoy the lovely scenery. Such a country as this for beaver and other, is not easily found, and the numerous huts and dams we saw, is a proof that they are aware of its existence, several duck pass by us, but unfortunately we have no duck shot

with us, having taken by mistake the smallest size shot, consequently, we have recourse to the rifle, which being under my care, did not come into action very often, as my time was mostly devoted to taking notes and observations.

Many of the pools here are from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in length and from their appearance and the many rises, give evidence of fine fish in abundance.

Halloa! another lake ahead, exclaims Carrier as we enter upon a lovely sheet of water a little over 1 mile long, the grouping of the mountains here is magnificent, on one side the hills rise to the height of 1500 feet or over, showing a perpendicular face of bare rock, dropping into the lake, the effect is grand. The lake is immensely deep on this side. "La cabane à Charlos" exclaims Xavier as he heads the canoe for a point on which is built a log hut. In it are found a stove, a few traps and several pairs of old snowshoes, but no flour, which we were in hopes of finding.

The cabane is at the upper end of the lake on the North Eastern side.

Who is Charlo! I exclaim, as Xavier takes his position at the bow of the canoe, with tearful eyes he tells me of Charlo. Gros-louis, a hunter, for many years past in this region he probably was the best known and the most able Indian of Lorette, a favorite guide I believe of I. G. M. Fairchilds, Jr., of New York. He however meet his death from over exposure last winter. In memory of Charlo we decide to call this pretty lake:

LAC A CHARLO

Our guides now begin to show some knowledge of the country around here. To our surprise we discover our calculations to be greatly displaced, being much further away than we expected, our hopes are not raised as we strike $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles lower down a series of cascades it is now past two o'clock.

The men sett to work, with desparate energy, we have not yet lost courage. Another hour and we have reached the foot of the trail. Our canoes are of great service to us and we make another run of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. When the quick eye of Xavier, discovers a blaze on a tree by the rivers' edge.

A shout of joy escapes us, as we find it to be Alex. Vezina's road, made at the beginning of the summer. We loose no time in taking to the trail, leaving the canoes with the men to run the rapids, which are very shallow in consequence of the low water, our progress is now very rapid, the trail is splendid, being very wide and clear of obstructions, and over level country. It is now half-past four, but I am determined to reach the Jambon trail in time to camp.

We cross a very pretty Falls on the right hand side of the path they are from the discharge of five good sized lakes lying between the St. Anne and Tourilli Rivers. After a smart run of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in less than 1 hours time, we strike the Jambon trail, and immediately sett to work to make our camp.

Xavier is busy baking our last bread, enough for supper only, we gather carefully all the crumbs we can find and with a piece of bacon and a small pot of fluid beef, which had been kept for an emergency, we make a soup, which with the bread and half a pot of Jam constitute the last of our provisions, necessarily, our last meal.

As we sit around the camp fire this evening, I surprise them all by ordering a pot of boiling water to be in readiness for bed time. In case of need I had carefully kept a good quantity of scotch whiskey in my flask and a couple of lemons, such luxuries were supposed to be things of the past, our supply having run dry since some days, they had been kept for a rainy day (as the proverb says). These relics are therefore produced, and to the unbounded delight of all a flowing bowl of hot punch, it given up to our mercy, very naturally we soon retire in splendid *Spirits* for the morrow.

SUNDAY 28th SEPTEMBER,

The morrow has come, there is but little time in preparing breakfast this morning, as it only consisted of the broth of the bacon bones, boiled in one gallon of water. Camp struck, we each of us imbibe a bowl of this delicious abomination and prepare to make a dash on the home stretch.

As had been arrange on the planing of the expedition we leave one of the canoes, here, there being also a good flat boat at this post.

We christen the place STARVATION CAMP and get away at a rattling pace, the first mile tells on us greatly as we travel on empty stomachs, but we soon settle down to the work with a will and reach the first Lake in a short time. We make three carries on this run, and, notice many caribou tracks, Martel and I cross the canoe with baggage on this first Lake, which is one mile long and named by us with the usual honours and inscription as follows :

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition
September 28th 1890

This Lake shall hereafter be known as

LAKE VEZINA

in honor of

Alexander Vezina, Sr., one of our faithful Guides
Exploring Expedition

Commander : George Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd Lieut. : C. H. Carrier.

Guides : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alexandre Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

The remainder of the party have tramped it around the Lake and join us at the upper end where we notice a very large spanning bed of small Trout. Our packs are once more placed, and in another good stiff run we cover two miles more of our journey bringing us to the borders of Little Jambon. We are ferried across the Lake in two parties, being of the first load I cross with the men immediately to Lake Jambon, where Alex. Vézina is detailed to go around the Lake to our canoe depot and bring up a canoe, by this means much time is saved in ferrying us to the other side, meanwhile we proceed to name the lesser Jambon with the usual honours and following inscription :

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition
September 28nd 1890

This lake shall hereafter be known as

LAKE ALEXANDER

in honor of

Alexander Laurie, Esq., our excellent Treasurer

Exploring Expedition

Commander : Geo. Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd " C. H. Carrier.

Guide : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alex. Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

The canoe having caught up to us we proceed to cross the beautiful Big Jambon, arriving at our depot we leave our second canoe as per agreement of this expedition, we now proceed to name this lake with the usual honours and inscription as follows :

St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition

September 28th 1890

This Lake shall in future be known as

LAKE EDWARD

in honor of

E. A. Panet, Esq., our worthy Vice President

Exploring Expedition

Commander : Geo. Van Felson.

1st Lieut. : Richard S. Harvey.

2nd " C. H. Carrier.

Guide : Xavier Laveau, (Xavier).

" Sigefroi Martel, (Si j'ai froid).

" Alex. Vézina, (Le Vison).

" Joseph Juneau, (La Belette).

The party being once more united, we start down trail to the River, having already killed three Grouse on the way another plump one is added to our bag as might have been many others, had we time to go after them. At last we are on the shores of the St. Anne but luck must be against us as we find the boat to be on the opposite bank. After considerable delay Martel managed to ford across, and coming up with the canoe, he then ferries us down to the trail, the great bulk of our baggage is placed in the boat and Juneau is detailed to bring it down the Big Rapids.

We make a dash for the trail and in one hour are standing on the borders of Carrier's Pool, which looked its best, a beautiful specimen of a *Marsh Hawk* is brought down from its dizzy height, by a shot from the Winches-

ter, but as sport is not food we determine to wade across at the head of the Rapids above the pool, rather than await the arrival of the boat which will likely be some time coming, in consequence of the low state of the River.

In a jiffy we are up to our waists in the cold water and glad were we reach terra-firma on the opposite bank.

The road is now open to us, clear of all obstructions to the house, three miles more, but oh! such long miles they seemed to be, never have I found a road so long.

I am leading with Martel close upon my heels we make a neck to neck race for the house, the remainder of the party are soon out of sight, and in 30 minutes, we stand in front of the much longed for abode, the first house we have seen since 13 days, it is a castle to us, and with a loud hallao! we announce our presence to the members who by chance may be within.

To our unbounded joy the door is thrown open and the jovial countenance, of my friend and companion (A. G. Demers) of the Big Batiscan Expedition (1887) stands before me, he welcomes me with open arms and after a cordial greeting during which time three sandwiches which I find in his hamper are devoured in quick succession, He attempts to get an explanation for my mysterious appearance, in such a costume and starved look, He is much amused at my account and good naturedly puts his hamper at our disposition, containing a good supply of sandwiches and, sufficient quantity of wines, these find little mercy at our hands, and would have completely disappeared had we not remembered that more hungry mouths were on the way here.

Mr. Demers has come for the day with his Son in Law, Wife and Daughter and expresses himself well pleased with all he has seen. Mr. Brown his Son in Law soon joins us, having fished the pool opposite the House for a little over one hour, and killing 30 fine Trout averaging 1 lb, he declares being not far off the spawning bed but preferred not fishing there, he could plainly see gathered on the beds fish of 3 to 5 lbs weight.

My two Lieutenants now come in and are given a cordial reception, it was a treat to see them go through the

sandwich act, of which I had been a performer some minutes previous.

Martel, being rested is sent of with a long list, for provisions to the Guardians' House, he returns in a short time with all the necessaries, we sett to work with renewed energy, meal and when our men arrive with the baggage, a hearty meal awaits them.

It is now 3 P. M. o'clock we have come down from the Tourilli River, with all our baggage, through all obstructions over $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles of trail in the short time of 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and this upon empty stomachs.

Our expedition is now at an end, after a hearty supper together we separate with hopes and wishes to meet next year on another expedition. Our teams being ready we give three cheers and a tiger for the St. Anne and Tourilli Exploring Expedition, and start for St Raymond which is reached at 9 o'clock that evening. I meet with a hearty welcome at the hands of our friend Panet, who although quite unwell rises to come and welcome, the man from the wilds as he called me, and of which I was a fit representative in the present attire.

In closing my report, my officers and I beg to offer our thanks to those who supported us in our efforts to make the expedition a success, on it, depended much the future prosperity of the Club. Such reports as have been made I am sorry to say by a couple of our members after going over perhaps not the one hundredth the part of our limits is not encouraging to the advancement of the Club.

It is gratifying to know, however, that upon a careful study of the reports given, together with the very changeable weather we have experienced this summer, that we are second to no club in this Province, for the size, quality and quantity of fish killed this season.

Such a report as the present Expedition can give exposing to our members the beauties and the advantages of our territory will convince them that the statements made by the officers of the club as to the value of our Limits for fishing and hunting grounds are not only, not exaggerated but not sufficiently extolled.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

The under mentioned Fur bearing animals were either seen by us or unmistakable traces of their presence observed.

BEARS—Brown, very common specially on St. Anne River valley.

FOX—Grey rare, seen mostly on the Lower St. Anne.

BEAVER—seen on the upper St. Anne, common on the upper Tourilli where many huts are to be seen, specially in the vicinity of Lake des Fées,

OTTER—Same as Beaver.

FISHER—Seen on the Upper St Anne and Tourilli.

MINK—Very abundant, all over the Limits.

LYNX—Fairly abundant, all over the limits.

MUSKRAT—Very abundant, all over the limits.

CARIBOU—Very abundant specially on the upper St. Anne and Tourilli Rivers, but seen frequently, as far down as the Club House.

MOOSE—Scarce but seen at times on the upper lakes.

PORCUPINE—Not seen, but said to be abundant.

WEASEL—Very abundant, all over the limits.

HARE—Very abundant, all over the limits.

SQUIRREL—Red only, very abundant.

Our feathered friends of the palatable kind consisted of:—

DUCKS—These we saw on many occasions, on all the lakes we found quantities of wild rice, and very attractive breeding grounds, some 15 species in all were seen.

RUFFED GROUSE—Very plentiful all over our limits, not a day passed that we did not see or hear numbers of them we however only shot those which happened to be in our trails, by this means we had Grouse nearly every day. With a good dog at the latter end of October great sport is to be had.

CANADA GROUSE or SPRUCE PARTRIDGE, were seen in large quantities but specially on the Upper Tourilli.

Many specimens of birds I do not mention being either unknown or of little value such as hawks, gulls, king fishers, murganzer duck, loon or diver, etc., etc.

FISH—Our attention was naturally given in great part to the finny inhabitants of the waters visited by us, unfor-

Unfortunately our time was too limited to give our lakes and rivers a proper or even fair test, we cannot then take our catch as a precedent, the only times upon which my rod was put together, (three times) bringing us extraordinary catches, none being very large but if we can depend, on indications, and the class, or species of trout taken on these occasions, as well as the close proximity of many fine Trout Lakes not visited by us, to this add the declarations of several uninterested parties, we can then remain satisfied that we shall not be disappointed on these waters. There predominated but one species of fish throughout this region, notably (*Salmo Fontinalis*) Brook Trout, our waters not being infested by that pest to the angler the Dace or Gudgeon which swarm in so many other lakes, in fact we saw or heard of none.

FORMATION—The formation of the country is very mountainous the country is too rugged to admit of cultivation to any extent and we are certain to never be troubled on that score by the sale of these lands for farming purposes.

TIMBER—As a timber district we have little to fear from the ravages of the lumberman, as although the timber growth is extraordinary, there is little of any value above the lower St Anne. The Tourilli, has some beautiful birch, but it shall never be of any value, it not being practical to get the logs out for the market.

SCENERY—Enough has been said and seen of the scenery on the lower St Anne to place it on the 1st rank of the beauties of nature in Canada. St Anne Falls being unrivalled in this Province. As to the upper St Anne Region, the varying and beautiful scenery at every turn, together with its continuous chains of lakes in all directions make it a perfect paradise for the sportsman.

Still more beautiful and attractive are the Lakes of the Upper Tourilli with their bordering hills from 1000 to 3000 feet elevation.

As to the Tourilli River and its Scenery here is a question more easily enjoyed than described, enough cannot be said of its beauties, suffice to say that with its turbulent and captivating waters, couple a mountain scenery and foliage more lovely than the St. Anne and you have the Tourilli.

NEW LEASES—Having concluded during our Expedition that many fine Lakes and Streams lay in close and desirable proximity to our Limits, and, furthermore that they were amongst the best and equally as good waters as own, it was consequently decided on my return in accordance with my advice, to apply for this tract without further delay.

We were exceedingly fortunate to meet the views of the Government in that respect, as they immediately approved, of our demande and have granted us the lease of all the waters of the Little Saguenay River or (North Branch) this tract covering an even larger territory than the former one, and by close calculation brings the Extent or Area covered by our Limits in this region to over 1100 square miles containing some 125 Lakes, and 250 miles of Rivers and Streams.

It is hardly fair to expect that knowing these facts, and the slight knowledge we have of the Limits, that we should open it out all at once. It is moreover less reasonable for persons not knowing more of the country than they will find out they do, to pass their Judgement on our Limits.

Let our members have true Sportmens' patience, and give by us so doing the encouragement and backing up we ask of them, then will we with a very limited capital make in a very short time this club second to none in Canada.

NAVIGATION FOR CANOES—The Lower St. Anne is accessible to canoes as far as the celebrated Falls, the upper St. Anne is also accessible to canoes, but being in chains of Lakes is intersected by short but level carries. The Tourilli Lakes and River are much as on the St. Anne accessible to canoes, the carries after being completed being quite easy. Of the North branch not enough is known to express an opinion, but it is said to be good for canoeing extent to a great.

TRAILS—There exist trails to almost any part of our Territory but these are merely hunters, Blazed roads, and will require over hauling to a great extent before they will be of use to us. On this Expedition over 30 miles of Trails were cut, and are excellent being very clear of brush so as to permit passing the Canoes, they can be made as good as the best of our trails with but little work. As to our

own trails made by the Club they are splendid and are a credit to the Club.

What is said of our territory by outsiders.

GEORGE MCFAIRCHIELDS, JR., OF NEW-YORK—This gentleman personally acquainted with many of our Members is one of the best uniformed persons upon the merits and value of our Limits, this has been his El Dorado for many years past, as early, as the year 1868 in the Pioneer volumes of the Forest and Stream appear a series of Articles, entitled if I remember rightly La Peche à Markham, Lake Tantari, Lake Belle Truite, the County of Quebec, etc, etc. All of these refer to the greater part of our Limits and form the basis of these articles, many a good narration from his able pen has followed this first issue and not a year has passed since, that two or more have interested the readers of that valuable paper.

He has overrun the best Rivers and Lakes of the Province, but unvariably his heart return to the hunts of many years of pleasure and Sport.

In a series of letters between Mr Fairchild and our worthy President Commodore Gregory, our Grounds are spoken off to great advantage, such declarations coming from this source carry their weight with them.

JOHN NEILSON, ESQ., P. L. S.—For many reason, Mr. Neilson is to be considered an authority upon the qualities of our limits :

1st That since the year 1867, he was made it his favorite hunting and fishing resort.

2nd He surveyed both the St. Anne and Tourilli Rivers over 25 miles of their extent from the St. Gabriel line which crosses some 200 feet from the Club House, having passed over 4 months at this work under Government superintendence.

3rd He is thoroughly acquainted with the North Branch and all its Tributeries.

On the debut of this Club he was my guiding star in choosing these limits.

Since my arrival from this expedition I had the good fortune to have an interview with a son of this gentleman his companion in all his adventurous outings.

Q.—I have just returned from the upper St. Anne and

Tourilli Rivers, tell me frankly, your opinion upon these grounds.

A.—My candid opinion is that you have the very finest limits in this Province, both for Fish and Game. I have killed the largest fish and had the best caribou and partridge shooting of all my career as a surveyor on these grounds.

There is nothing to equal the scenery and to my opinion the Tourilli is even grandeur than the St Anne in that respect. Lac des Fées is one of the largest in this district and abounds in very fine fish, in the Upper Tourilli Lakes I have killed Trout (*Salmo Fontinalis*) touching the Scales at $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

Q.—Do you know the North Branch, and what do you think of it as a Sporting ground in addition to our present one.

A.—I have overrun the whole of that River, to its sources it would be very wise for you to secure it, being so close to your own.

Caribou are very abundant here, and I can safely say that the biggest fish I ever caught was in one of the Lakes of its North Branch called the Lakes A. B. C. D. E. F. G. Lakes Travers (Richard) is very fine for Large Trout. The Lakes tributary to this River are innumerable. On the N. W. branch, are some very fine Lakes rivalling even the Famous Big Batiscan for large Trout but of late Trappers have done much harm killing the fish on the Spawning beds, should your Club protect these Lakes and Rivers they are in-valuable.

I shall be much pleased to hear that you control the whole of this Region, which when it is yours, you can boast of having the best Caribou and Trout Grounds of the Province.

HENRY O'SULLIVAN, ESQ, PROVINCIAL INSPECTOR OF SURVEYS—On the train returning to Quebec from this Expedition, I had the good fortune to have an interview with this well known gentleman. Attracted by my rather uncivilized costume and general appearance he accosted me with the following invective.

Q.—Well Van Felson where do you come from now, we shall have to appoint you to our Staff if you continue exploring our Lands in this way.

A.—I have just got back from a flying trip up to the sources of the St Anne and Tourilli Rivers, going up the St Anne and returning by way of the Tourilli.

Q.—Well I need not ask what you did on the St Anne as it already has its reputation for being a grand stream for Trout but did you do anything on the Tourilli

A.—I killed nothing over 1½ lbs on the Tourilli the only one time I did fish there.

Q.—Well in that case I can tell you more than you know off about the Tourilli and its Lakes, I am thoroughly acquainted with the whole of this country, and many is the Trout over 4 lbs which I got in these waters. But tell me did you get no game up there, I never have seen such a region for Caribou, although I have traversed all Canada in my official capacity.

A.—I am sorry to say that our time was too limited and did not permit of our following up any, Game but not only did we see Caribou, but tracks in such numbers as to almost lead us to believe that herds of cattle were grazing there. But tell me, do you know anything of the (Bras du Nord).

Q.—Well I should rather say that I know it, considering that I located a line through by it to Lake St John for the Railway Co, when searching for the most direct line.

I have followed it up to its source on the N. W. branch there are many fine Lakes along this River and some very good trails to reach them by, I killed some very fine Trout on these lakes specially that one called St. Anne which is close on to the Big Lake Batiscan, they are as fine as the latter and more accessible and require your protection as they have been much devastated by trappers.

I beg permission to propose these few improvements before definitely closing my report.

1st As the example given by this Expedition will no doubt be the immediate issue of others of its kind, and as many of our Members are desirous of visiting our Limits more extensively than here before (A trip I strongly advise all to take) it will then become necessary that a certain routine to followed, this being the case, I would prepose that a Canoe depot and Camp be built at Lake Henry. (the 1st of the Upper St Anne Lakes) for the use

of parties going up in that direction, let there be another Post at Lake Jambon for those travelling in that direction, these depots would save much labor and time.

Every second party to go up in a opposite direction.

2nd That a series of Camps be built to be used in the cold season, by our members on the St Anne and Tourilli in their hunting Excursions.

3rd That the trails so well begin by this party be overhauled as they are conveniently located, and can be of great service.

By carrying out these propositions the trip which took us thirteen days, can easily be done in eight days, and leave ample time for fishing and hunting.

During our excursion we covered 150 miles including trails and, Canoe-travel over 25 lakes, this in a direct line, that is to say not going out of our course.

Thanking you, Gentlemen, once more for your gracious attention and able support.

We the members of the Expedition beg to inscribe ourselves.

Your devoted Servants

GEORGE VAN FELSON,
Commander.

RICHARD S. HARVEY,
1st Lieutenant.

C. H. CARRIER,
2nd Lieutenant.

