

THE EAGLE  
OF THUNDER CAPE



W. S. PIPER

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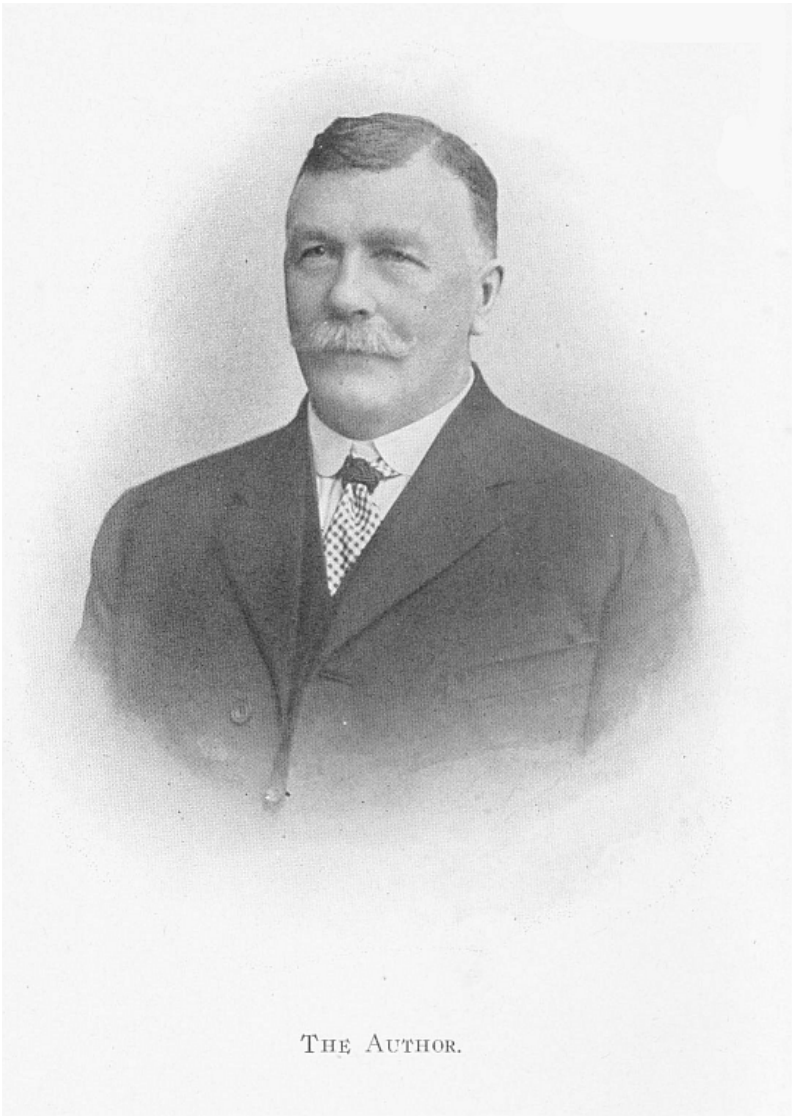
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THE AUTHOR.

THE EAGLE  
*of*  
THUNDER CAPE

*by*  
W. S. PIPER

WARWICK BROS. & RUTTER  
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DEDICATED

TO

MY WIFE

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# INTRODUCTION

The prime object of this book is not to deal with Indian legends alone, but also to put into picture and story a few of the scenic beauties and wonders of the North Shore of Lake Superior.

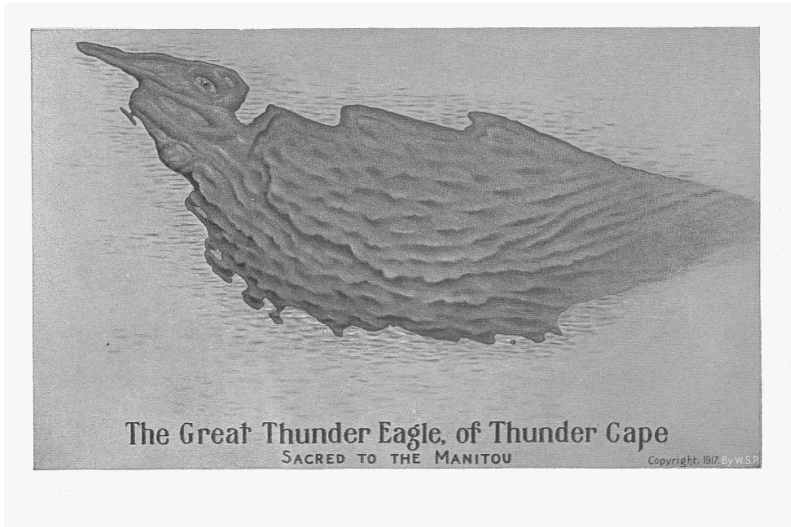
For the legends I am indebted to the following Indian friends: Chief Skeet, Luke Bushy, the late Chiefs Penassie and Blackstone; also to the late Simon Penassie, son of the late Chief Penassie, J. Fion, Joe Turtle, O-be-kong, and others.

We in Western Algoma are just beginning to realize the charm of Indian legends.

Too late, perhaps, as many of the old time Ojibways, who translated freely, have passed away. By pen and camera I have tried to preserve some of their stories as told me years ago. There is an unmistakable fascination about Indian legends which is greatly increased when they are heard amidst the surroundings that gave them birth.

W. S. P.

# The Eagle of Thunder Cape



THE ABOVE IS AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THUNDER CAPE, LAKE SUPERIOR, AS SHOWN ON U. S. AND CANADIAN GOVT. MARINE CHARTS.—  
WILLIAM S. PIPER.

# THE LOST MOTHER MINE

It was the evening of a cold frosty day towards the end of February and a bitter wind had sprung up sweeping the North Shore of Lake Superior. The wind came whining and moaning in gusts that piled the snow into heavy drifts that completely tied up all Railway and Street traffic.

Inside the store I was snug enough having just carried in sufficient wood to keep my big stove going until the following day. Outside the landscape was far from attractive and the mercury in the thermometer had nearly all cuddled down to the bottom of the glass. In such weather customers were few and far between so I locked the doors, put out the lights and was just about to retire when I heard two sharp knocks on the front door accompanied by the sound of a familiar voice demanding admission and shouting, "I want to see you."

The visitor was my friend Edward Wright, better known as Doctor Wright, a fine specimen of a long legged Canadian, a full six feet tall, with blue and kindly eyes, always willing to share his last crust with a friend but at the same time he could drive a hard bargain and many a man had regretted trying to take undue advantage of his generosity. It was his boast that he never forgot a kindness, or forgave an injury. As a young man he had spent a couple of years at a medical college but the lure of the Golden West, which at that time offered great attractions, was to him irresistible, so with a few hundred dollars in his pockets he bid good-bye to college and started for that land of promised wealth. There he spent a little over four years and having an opportunity of realizing some twelve thousand dollars on his holdings, he sold out and settled at the head of the Great Lakes in the Thunder Bay District at the North-West extremity of Lake Superior, devoting his time and energies to exploration and mining.

Opening the door I anxiously enquired if there was anything wrong. "No," he said, "But I am in possession of a great secret and I wanted to talk it over with you to-night." I remarked that it must be very important to bring him out on such a night. "It is," he replied, "It's the biggest thing in the World." Lighting a lamp, and sitting down comfortably at the stove, I could see that he was intensely excited and I can still recall the eager look in his eyes, and the boundless enthusiasm that he displayed, as he drew from his pocket a newspaper clipping which he said that he had just received from a friend in Minnesota. "How would you like to take a trip with me for a few

weeks, and come back a millionaire?" he remarked. "How'd I like it? How'd I like it?" I said as I smiled incredulously. "Oh, you need not laugh," he answered, "listen while I read you this paper." "Go on," I said, "I'm listening." He then proceeded to read as follows:—

"By the death, early on Tuesday morning, of John Cummings, a pioneer miner of the North Shore of Lake Superior, the surviving miners of the old regime have been reduced almost to the vanishing point. Mr. Cummings died at his home in St. Paul after an illness of several months and his death was not unexpected. John Cummings had an interesting career. Born in Orkney, Scotland, in the year 1812, as a young man he enlisted with the Hudson's Bay Company for twenty-one years, coming to Canada in one of the Company's ships by the Hudson Bay route. Whilst in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company he was always closely associated with the natives and being a natural prospector he was at all times on the lookout for specimens and it was there he learned that the Sioux, who fought the Ojibways, were the first natives on the North Shore of Lake Superior to use silver tips for the points of their arrowheads whenever there was a shortage of flint heads and that the silver was taken from the sacred calumet mine. He was able to secure specimens from the natives but nothing would persuade them to show him the mine, believing that to show a white man this sacred treasure house was an omen of death. The silver taken from this mine by the Ojibways was used to decorate the ancient Indian Calumet and to make ornaments, many of which were offered to the Manitou by placing them on Thunder Cape in order that he might appease the wrath of the fiery spirit of the Great Thunder Eagle.

"John took his specimens to St. Paul where he interested some capitalists who engaged him to search for the mine. Taking a partner with him they searched for many weeks and finally located the great vein, which was close to the old Sioux trail. Loading themselves with many valuable specimens they started on their return journey to Lake Superior, but were unable to find the place where they had left their boat. They then started to walk the shore to the nearest trading post. Physical hardships were continuous and as the provisions were running low the outlook was very gloomy. John's companion took sick and died so John, being now too weak to carry anything, decided to bury the silver near the

body. This he did and then proceeded on his solitary journey to be, fortunately, picked up by some natives, after he had given up all hope of being able to reach a trading post. The natives cared for him until he was able to resume his journey. The following season a fully equipped boat, with John and a party, returned to take up the claim. The place where the body was buried, and the silver, was easily located but, owing to a great bush fire that was sweeping the country at that time, they were unable to find the mine. Subsequently John made many expeditions in search of this mine but he was never again able to locate it and as John and his partner were the only white men ever known to have seen it, the mine has not been discovered to this day. He afterwards named it the 'Lost Mother Mine.' ”

“It has not been discovered to this day,” repeated Edward, “Now I’m going to make you an offer. No one has seen this paper, neither have I mentioned it to anyone, so if you agree to share half the expenses I will take you as my partner, you sharing equally with me in this great mine.” “This is a very liberal offer, Edward,” I replied, “and I must confess that I am very much interested, but for the life of me, I can’t see that we have any chance to make the discovery, or that the newspaper gives any information that would assist us. In fact, the paper gives no clue.” Edward fairly beamed on me as he said, “Why, I never was more certain of direction in my life; did you notice the part in the paper that said it was on the old Sioux trail? That is the great secret, any good prospector, with that information, would locate the ‘Lost Mother Mine’ within thirty days. There are many old mines and caves with galleries in this country, formerly worked with copper tools by a forgotten people, and I believe the Lost Mother Mine to be one of them.”

In honor of the great occasion my choicest cigars were produced and we settled down to lay our plans for following up the old Sioux trail on the Canadian side of the line. Before parting for the night, or rather the morning, as it was early instead of late, the picture was so perfect that it is impossible to adequately present it for your comprehension. Oh joy: oh joy: the splendid sensation that comes from the feeling that you are predestinated soon to become a millionaire. Being too excited to sleep we were early astir, the morning bringing a keen desire to get near our hidden treasure, but proper preparation had first to be made so we curbed our impatience whilst this essential preliminary was proceeded with.

There are trails innumerable in this country, many of which are now forgotten, but there were still a few members of the Dog Lake Band of

Indians who were familiar with the old Sioux trail, and its many branches, and who could remember many significant events told them by their forefathers many years ago. One of this number was Joe Turtle of Dog Lake, better known as Dog Lake Joe, whose father and grandfather were both still alive, and with whom we were both familiar. This trail is now one of the "lost trails" of the country although, at one time, it was the main artery connecting the Great Lakes with the plains of the West, over which the Sioux and Blackfeet passed to carry war to the Ojibways for the possession of the Great Lakes and the adjacent territory.

It was along this ancient trail that these nations first came into conflict and the many desperate battles that were fought, added to the fact that it led to the Great Inland Waters, caused the Sioux to name it "The Liquid Trail." Then later, when the first French explorers and fur traders reached the Head of the Lakes they followed this old Sioux trail on their journeys farther West and it continued to be much used by the subsequent generations of fur traders right up to the commencement of the Railway era.

Some fifty years ago the breaking out of the Riel rebellion in the West necessitated the transport of troops, with the necessary equipment, from Eastern Canada to the Western Plains. The regular Red River route was barred because of the necessity of passing thereon, through the territory of the United States, and International law forbade the passage of armed troops. It was then that the old trail, with improved portages, afforded passage to the expedition of Sir Garnet Wolessy, with its train of wagons, boats and guns, to its gathering point at Fort Garry and to the early and complete suppression of the Rebellion. It was then known as the Wolessy Trail. Then some years later emigrants were carried over this, the first "All Canadian" route, to the North-West and the name again changed to the Dawson Trail. But, with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, some forty years ago, the glory and usefulness of the old trail departed and it now lies out of sight and out of mind, deserted and overgrown. Although at one time the "broad highway" that led from the gateway between Canada-East and Canada-West the encroaching forest and the action of the elements with the passage of time have so obliterated the ancient trail that no stranger could hope to retrace its course, through scenic wonders of unparalleled beauty, without the services of an Indian guide.

One striking feature of the old Sioux trails was the system of marking by the means of hieroglyphics and even to this day the paintings and hieroglyphics on the old Sioux trail, leading from the Pigeon River at the International boundary to James Bay, are fresh and distinct. Consequently, in



any attempt to re-locate Sioux trails one must first be able to decipher the pictures and for this purpose we determined to get in touch with Dog Lake Joe whom we knew to be an expert in the art.

Accordingly Edward set out the next day for Dog Lake and, after a good deal of effort, located Joe busily at work on his trap line. It was not difficult to persuade Joe to act as our guide and cook on the projected expedition as Edward's terms were more than liberal. Why should one quibble over a few paltry dollars with such a scintillating prospect as ours, in view. So, after arranging for Joe to meet us at Kaministiquia Station during the following week, Edward returned to Fort William and we enthusiastically proceeded with our preparations for the trip. Our days were indeed busy as we collected the very considerable amount of duffle required for such an extended trip. With a stove, tent, blankets, frying pans, kettles, snowshoes, provisions, &c., &c., we soon had a substantial pile which we carefully checked to make sure that no essential had been forgotten and to eliminate everything that could possibly be done without.

At last the eventful day arrived and as we waited at the station that evening for the train that was to take us on the first stage of our journey it was difficult to either conceal or curb our impatience to be off. However, in due course we boarded the train and the great adventure had actually commenced. It was almost half an hour after midnight when the long, tremulous whistle of the locomotive started to scream and the brakeman passed through our car, calling "Kaministiquia next," and soon afterwards the train steamed up to the station. Alighting from the train we proceeded forward to where our baggage had been unloaded. Before reaching it the train had crossed the Kaministiquia River and was winding its way up the sombre valley of the Mattewan. It was a sharp, cold night with a keen wind from the North and the lightless village lay before us as quiet as a graveyard whilst we waited beside our baggage wondering why Joe had not put in an appearance. The red tail lights of our train had disappeared in the distance and the myriad stars, shining with all that shimmering brilliance reserved for Northern Latitudes during the reign of King Winter, were the only visible lights.

Our patience was not unduly tried for presently we saw a dim form emerging from beneath the water tank and immediately thereafter we heard Joe's voice shouting encouraging remarks to his dogs, accompanied by the crack of his whip, and we were soon shaking hands and exchanging greetings. Joe had a train of five fine dogs of which the leader, a large husky, was a particularly fine product of the Northern trails. The untamed wolf

strain was still dominant as Edward found when a friendly word and an attempt to pat the husky's head, produced a wicked slash at his knee with disastrous results to that particular leg of his pants. Joe, who had been engaged in making the baggage secure on the toboggan, then appeared at the head of the train and with the assistance of his whip produced a husky solo of screams of terror that certainly shattered the stillness of the night.

The long tramp behind the dog train from the Kaministiquia siding to our camp on Dog Lake tried us sorely and on our arrival Edward and I were, as Joe laughingly remarked, "puffing like all possessed." Just as we arrived at Dog Lake the rising sun was beginning to tint the hill tops in the East and we paused for several minutes to revel in the silence and majestic beauty of the unfolding day. Edward was completely enraptured and, impulsively clasping my hand, exclaimed "Isn't it grand?" For this moment we had planned, dreamed and pondered; we were now on the Sioux trail and at the commencement of our efforts from which we hoped to achieve so much.

It was almost eight o'clock when we arrived at the camp Joe had selected for us, a one room log building with a peaked roof sheeted with poles that at one time had been covered with birch bark, but now adorned with about a foot of snow nestling amongst green spruce and pine which gave a very Christmassy appearance to the structure. The floor was of clay, the door minus hinges and latch having to be lifted in and out like a shutter, the windows without glass worked on the same principle and an aperture in the peaked roof served for the smoke to escape, in lieu of a chimney. In one corner stood a bed frame made of poles standing about two feet off the floor.

After clearing out a considerable quantity of snow that had drifted through the hole intended for the exit of the smoke we set to work and put up our stove and pipes and then hastened to prepare a much needed breakfast which all hands considered long overdue and even if our surroundings were rather primitive no one could help enjoying the splendid caribou steak with which Joe had furnished our larder and for which he had received two plugs of chewing tobacco, always so acceptable to an Indian guide.

The rest of the day was spent in fixing up the camp and getting in a good supply of dry wood. The latter had to be hauled from quite a distance by Joe and his dog train as our camp was situated in the midst of very heavy green spruce which, however, furnished us with the material for our bed by taking the light springy branches and laying them over the poles to a depth of six inches. Edward assured me that this was considered to be one of the most healthy beds possible and it is highly recommended for lung trouble.



OGAMA DOG'S NAME AND MASCOT ON DOG MOUNTAIN.

After putting the camp in good order we accepted an invitation, extended by Joe, to visit his camp. On the way, the air being very clear, Joe pointed out a distant pine clad mountain and informed us that there was an old mine in its vicinity which he thought it well worth our while to see. "Is it near the Sioux trail?" asked Edward. "Oh yes. Sioux trail right there," replied Joe. This was exciting and important information but we had no time to question further as we were right at Joe's camp where we received a most cordial welcome. In the course of conversation so many places were mentioned whose names were prefixed "Dog" such as Dog Lake, Dog River, Dog Mountain, Dog Portage, &c., that Edward could not refrain from asking if there was any special reason for its frequent use. "That is easily explained," replied Joe, "Dog Lake was the headquarters of the great Sioux Ogama, who made war against the Ojibways (our people) many, many years ago and whose name signifies 'wild spirit dog.' His favorite or guiding spirit, or mascot, was Dog. This picture occupied a very prominent place among his drawings and was also displayed over the door of his magnificent wigwam and it was carved or painted by his artist braves after every victorious battle. These were numerous at that time because the Sioux were so numerous and thoroughly prepared for war that they were winning all their battles in this territory. Making prisoners of all women and children he proceeded to murder them in a variety of ways from which he derived great pleasure. Many of them he stripped of their clothing and impaled them on long poles which stood along the lake shore in the most conspicuous positions. Whilst these fiendish operations were proceeding his band played in low strains as the Ogama claimed that the sweetest music he could hear was the cry of

anguish that came from his enemies. One of the dog pictures is still to be seen on the portage and when the snow is gone I will show it to you. This picture was made after the execution of Chief Beaver (the Ojibway Chief of this District at that time) and his family.” “How was he executed?” I enquired and Joe continued, “While leading his warriors in battle he was seriously wounded, after which he was taken to his wigwam where he threw himself on his drum. The drum being used in all religious ceremonies is sacred to the Manitou. Here the Sioux warriors captured him and after binding him and his family together with ropes made of buck-skin, they brought them before the Sioux Ogama who questioned Chief Beaver concerning the Ojibways and their numbers in various places. He then upbraided him for resisting his braves and immediately ordered his medicine man to cut out the Chief’s eyes. The poor sightless chief was then compelled to listen to the cries of anguish that came from each member of his family as they were slain by the use of every art or device that would increase their sufferings until the hand of death released them from their tormentors. Just as death claimed the last member of his family Chief Beaver was led to the stake, tied thereto, and slowly burned to death, continuing as long as life remained to pray to the Manitou.”

We spent two hours in listening to Joe’s very interesting stories and, as it was now time to commence preparations for supper, we made our way back to camp. Here Joe proved his skill as a cook on an enormous repast of ham and eggs, a third of which would have held an equal number of City dwellers helpless, but the breath of the pine woods was already affecting us with its magic touch of health and vigorous vitality.

Whilst at supper Edward asked Joe from what source the Sioux obtained their arrow heads in order to carry on these, more or less, distant wars. “They brought them in from the United States, South of here,” replied Joe, “and when the flints ran short they made them of silver, obtained from one of Nenabushoo’s treasure houses.” Edward passed the cigars as he asked Joe to tell us all he knew about that silver mine. “I have now in my camp,” he said, “just across the lake from here, specimens of pure native silver from that mine. They were found by my Father at the place where the Sioux used to make points for their arrow heads.” “Would you mind bringing your specimens over here?” I asked, “we would like to see them.” “Why yes,” Joe volunteered, “I will get them now.” Joe soon returned and, to our astonishment, produced two huge pieces of silver apparently chopped out of the vein with an axe. After a very minute examination of the specimens we felt sure that they could have come from none other than the Lost Mother Mine beside the Sioux Trail.

It was now late so, after filling our stove with dry wood, Joe left for home and we, both being thoroughly tired out, promptly turned in and were soon fast asleep on our fragrant mattress to dream, perchance, of glistening caves with walls of solid silver. Alas, our dreams of wealth were rudely shattered when the collapse of our bed dropped us with a vigorous bump on the floor. In my semi-conscious state I had momentary visions of a wild charge of the Sioux warriors followed by bound limbs and a very hideous decision of the Sioux Ogama as to the most interesting method of disposing of Edward and myself. It was with a feeling of great relief that I realized that nothing more serious than a broken and water soaked bed was our portion. The mild night, assisted by our stove and the closed door and windows of the camp, had melted the snow between the roof poles at the places from which the birch bark covering had been blown away, which resulted in a very effective shower bath pouring on our bed. The soundness of our sleep may be judged as this deluge had no effect until we were awakened by the rude bump on the floor. In its altered condition this was not my idea of a healthy bed and I could not refrain from sarcastically remarking to Edward that if this was a cure for weak lungs I would, in case I became personally affected, build a bed of poles and spruce under the water tap, then turn on the spigot and saturate my system with good health. There was only one dry corner in the shanty to which we repaired and dozed fitfully until daylight. Did I ever, in my wildest dreams, imagine that a night could be so long? No: I did not.

Immediately after breakfast Joe and Edward set to work to clear the snow off our roof, utilizing their snowshoes as shovels, whilst I amused myself by lettering what appeared to me to be, after our experiences of the night, a most appropriate sign and placed over the door of our cabin these words:—

THE FROZEN DOG  
HOTEL

However, now that we were warmed and fed we could cheerfully laugh at the experiences of our first night in camp, so a couple of hours later we started off with the dog team in search of birch bark. Finding several suitable trees we stripped off many large sheets and brought back a full load. Our next operation was to shingle the roof with the bark, and to lay light poles over all in order to hold it in place. We now had a very comfortable, if

not luxurious, home. But we were not a moment too soon for the rain started that night and continued steadily for three days, almost entirely removing the snow and bringing in the promise of Spring with a rush. This was much to our delight as nothing could have more closely conformed to our wishes or assisted better in the furtherance of our quest.

Two weeks later, after dividing our provisions and leaving about half in the camp suspended from the rafters, to protect them from rodents, we strapped on our packs and set out for the mountain which Joe had pointed out to us as being on the Sioux trail and close to the old mine. The trail along which we travelled offers many beautiful vistas of that bold, rugged country so typical of the great mountainous stretches of North-Western Ontario, with its rocky buttes and great valleys clothed with vast forests of green spruce and pine. As we continued our journey our eyes were constantly seeking the crest of the range ahead of us. We lunched beneath tall trees by the side of an ice cold creek and the scene breathed seclusion and absolute peacefulness, but it was not the time for enjoying scenery as there was much to be done before dark and it was seven o'clock before we arrived at the foot of the mountain when, although the declining sun still lit up the mountain top, in the valley all was in shadow. We had taken with us a six feet by eight feet, eight ounce, duck tent and in a very short time we had it pitched, our provisions unpacked and volumes of smoke proceeding from our stove pipe bespoke a roaring fire within. Soon we were all warm and comfortable with a keen appetite for the supper which was quickly prepared and rapidly disposed of.

After supper we sat around chatting and smoking but as we were all very tired conversation soon languished and, one by one, we wrapped our blankets around us and were all quickly asleep. We slept heavily for some hours when we were rudely awakened, conscious of a weird and peculiar cry proceeding from a point just outside our tent. In our half awake condition it took some time to realize that the cry was that of a Lynx. A member of this very undesirable branch of the cat family was evidently investigating the outside of our tent in far too close proximity for Edward and myself to feel comfortable, so we decided to reverse our positions and present our feet to the wall, and the lynx, instead of our heads. We proffered similar good advice to Joe, but he just wrapped his blankets more closely around his head and informed us that he would attend to that lynx in the morning.

In spite of the disturbance of the night we awoke with a feeling of freshness that one only experiences in the bush, did justice to a good breakfast and having prepared a lunch for midday we were eager to

commence our climb up the mountain, towering five hundred feet above us with almost precipitous sides.

In the clear morning light the mountain stood out in clear, bold outlines and its almost perpendicular face suggested that it could be scaled by nothing less active than a mountain goat and, for us, an utter impossibility. We, therefore, rather anxiously questioned Joe as to the method by which he proposed to take us to the summit. It appeared that he had no intention of leading us to a direct assault but that our route lay alongside, and following up stream, the small creek near which we had pitched our tent which would lead us through a deep pine clad gorge to a small lake on top of the mountain and some five miles distant by the trail. The sun was now very hot and was rapidly disseminating the last vestige of snow and turning the mountain streams into raging torrents. This comparatively early thaw was just what we wanted for our exploratory work and as, in anticipation of these conditions, we had provided ourselves with well oiled shoe packs and plenty of socks we were entirely satisfied. Until we reached the gorge, the almost imperceptible grade made easy walking, but then conditions changed. The mountain rose like a wall to a perpendicular height of five hundred feet above our heads with thousands of tons of loose, over-hanging rock, seemingly, ready to topple over on the least provocation. We had not proceeded far up the gorge when Joe pointed out the bones of two large bull moose which, he stated, had been engaged in a fight on the mountain top when their horns became interlocked and in the ensuing tussle they had pushed, or dragged, one another over the edge of the precipice to be killed by the fall on the rocks below. As we climbed, signs of wild life became more abundant and soon we found a well worn caribou trail which left the gorge and, Joe assured us, would make an excellent short cut to the lake. The climb out was anything but easy on the steep and rocky trail accompanied by a blazing sun hot enough for August and as a consequence our expressions of delight at the magnificent scenic panorama, which gradually unfolded itself behind us, were perforce confined to emphatic gesticulations of appreciation, our lungs not being equal to the double demand on their capacity.

It was almost a half hour after noon when we reached the lake on top of the mountain where we proceeded at once to select a site for our tent which we quickly erected after clearing away the underbrush and rubbish. Then levelling off the ground inside we formed our beds of six inch poles, notched into one another at the corners. This bed frame we then strewed thickly with the small tops of the sapin or balsam fir. It appeared to me that Nenabushoo had especially designed the Canadian Balsam Fir for the

express purpose of making a soft couch for her wearied friends. Edward claims that the aroma of the balsam, in addition to being absolutely delicious and refreshing, has great medicinal value.

The next few hours were busy ones as we settled down to our housekeeping again and made our preparations for a stay of some duration. After dinner Edward and I proceeded on a tour of inspection of the place that was to be our home for a week or more and towards the North we discovered a high bluff surmounted by an immense boulder, shaped very like a human skull some forty or fifty feet in height. Although the climb promised to be a stiff one we decided to attempt it and were more than rewarded for our efforts. We received, however, disagreeable as well as agreeable surprises from this high elevation. To begin with a most imposing panorama of the country below was spread before us and we commanded a bird's eye view of the surrounding hills and valleys for miles around. To the North-East we could see a valley about half a mile in width backed, on the far side, by a mountain which rose many hundreds of feet above the valley floor and on its flank, running from base to summit, we could see with the naked eye a vein of pure white spar rock. The snow white rock in which the native silvers of this district are almost invariably found. "Surely this is our promised land" enthusiastically remarked Edward; for, although Joe had told us in which direction to look, we felt that we had acquired the mine by right of conquest in virtue of our discovery after tramping so many weary miles in the role of overburdened pack horses.

The upper rim of the big red sun soon dropped behind a pine clad ridge in the distant West and the shadow of darkness settled over the valley, throwing into relief against the deep green forest that bordered a small lake on the valley floor, the light of a camp fire. This discovery both surprised and alarmed us so hurriedly slipping and sliding down the boulder we set off for the tent at our best speed, causing many moose and caribou to move out of our way. In fact they were so thick and the partridges, feeding on the buds of almost every tree, so numerous, literally by hundreds, that we afterwards always referred to this bluff as "the farmyard."

Arriving at our tent we found Joe busy making bread in a frying pan at the open fire in front of the tent. At this work he was an expert and it was wonderful how good the bread was, made in this way, without the use of a stove or any of the modern improvements of the present day. Without loss of time we told of our discovery in the valley. He was indeed terribly surprised and much frightened at the news, snatched the bread from the fire and ran to the lake for some water with which he extinguished the fire.



“I believe,” said Joe, “from what you tell me, that it is Chief Blackstone and his gang of warriors that you have seen in the valley.”

Joe then took us to the shelter of a heavy spruce thicket and when we were all seated on a log he gave us the following history of Chief Blackstone:—“Blackstone is an outlaw from the United States who, with his warriors, took part in the Minnesota massacres. When hard pressed by the United States troops he came to Canada and settled in this district with his warriors, his wives and his children. He has eleven wives. If the United States troops had caught him they would have hanged him like a dog. He has a habit of appearing when least expected but if wanted he is hard to find. His home is at Sturgeon Lake but he claims this place as his hunting ground. About two years ago a party of miners started work on a gold claim near Sturgeon Lake but Blackstone soon heard of it and, calling his braves, he took everything that they had and drove them out of the country at the point of a gun.”

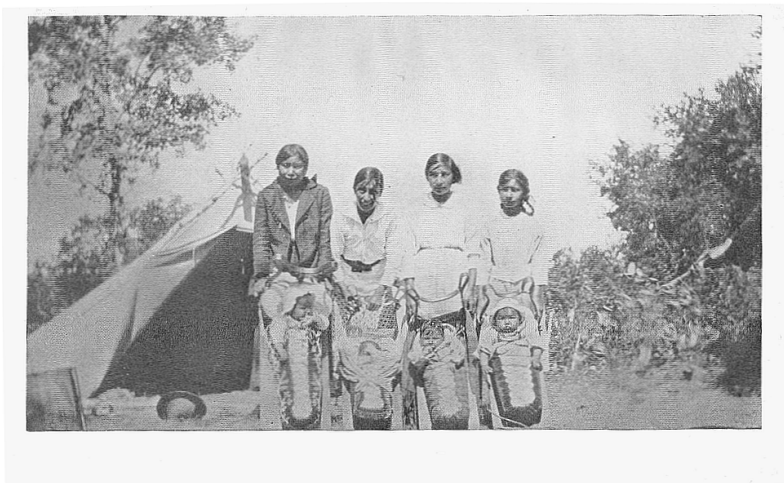
There was nothing very comforting about this information but after sitting in the bush awhile longer, pondering on what we should do, we began to feel cold so decided to return to the tent where we kindled a fire in the stove and made some tea. After some time we were greatly relieved when Joe gave us the result of his further consideration of the matter.

“If that is Blackstone,” he said, “he will soon return to Sturgeon Lake because the trapping season is about over and, on the other hand, it may be some of my people who would certainly be friendly to us. Anyway, with the help of the glasses we will learn more about them in the morning.”

We were up early, everyone having passed an unusually restless night and, without waiting to prepare breakfast, we made our way to the Barnyard and climbed the boulder. Dawn had broken on the boulder but in the valley it was still quite dark and we could see the fire burning brightly with people passing to and fro between us and its light. Joe said that they were smoking and drying meat and explained the interesting process to us as follows:—“The flesh of the moose or caribou was cut from the bones and sliced into very thin layers of as large an area as possible; the slices were then spread on poles, erected after the manner of a large gridiron over the fire, which was kept burning day and night continuously, until the smoking and drying process was completed; the meat being turned frequently to allow of an even distribution of heat and smoke, both being essential to perfectly preserve the meat. In this form it retains all its nourishment and remains good for many years. The work is done entirely by the women.”

Daylight came with a beautiful clear day and as the sun peeped above the hill tops the valley became flooded with light. With our prospector's glasses we ascertained that there were seven or eight women busy around the fire and, moving conspicuously amongst them, was the figure of a man dressed in a scarlet coat. Joe's first surmise was correct, this was Chief Blackstone's camp. Looking across the valley we also got a good view of the white spar vein which somewhat deflected our thoughts from the gloom inspired by the terror below.

We noticed that about fifty feet below the top the mountain seemed to recede, forming a ledge about fifteen or twenty feet wide, which extended for almost the entire length of the cliff face. Above this ledge the cliff was broken into an irregular mass of rock formation in which occasional crevices appeared to contain sufficient soil to afford nourishment to a few rugged pine or other evergreen trees. In the centre of the white spar vein we could see a dark spot which appeared to be either a crevice or a cave. Edward, with the glasses glued to his eyes, now carefully studied this particular spot and at length said, "I believe that I can see silver in that cave." However, we were not content with such a far away discovery but still could not muster sufficient courage to descend from the boulder into the valley and cross to the other side, for we had a very lively fear that if we met Chief Blackstone, or any of his warriors, our anxiety for wealth would be paid for with our lives. So, fearing that a longer stay might lead to our discovery, we decided to return to our tent and lay low for a few days, in the hope that the Chief and his Band would soon be returning to their home on Sturgeon Lake.



A QUARTET OF TIKINAGANS (INDIAN CRADLES).

After a few hours' further conference with Joe, we decided to take stock of our food supply in the hope that we might find sufficient provisions on hand to lie low for a few days and still carry on and complete our exploration after Blackstone had moved out. We found that with careful management, we had sufficient of everything to last us for fifteen days, with the single exception of meat.

Scarcity of meat, however, did not worry Joe and he told us that at this time of the year there were always large quantities of pike at the mouth of the creek. "But how can we catch them?" I enquired. "That is easy," he replied, "I will make a net that will catch all the fish we require." "But we have no material to make a net," objected Edward. "You just wait," said Joe.

He then proceeded to a nearby clump of fine cedars, one of which he stripped of a considerable quantity of bark. Using only the inside fibre he, in the course of a few hours, succeeded in knitting a net that was fully long enough to reach entirely across the mouth of the creek, a distance of about six feet. To us, this achievement appeared to be a wonderful piece of ingenuity and we promptly voiced our appreciation to the craftsman. The net was soon set and proceeding up the creek we procured some long poles and then slowly returned down stream, striking the water with our poles as we walked, and thus driving the pike into the net. This operation consumed only a short time and at the end of the first drive we were surprised to find five splendid fish enmeshed in the net. This quantity far exceeded our requirements so we selected the largest and released the remainder. Our capture was indeed a mammoth pike, measuring nearly four feet in length, and was quickly dressed and cut into steaks by Joe's skilfully wielded knife and soon we were regaled with one of the finest fish meals it is possible to imagine. At this time of the year when the fish are taken from the ice cold waters of the melted snow the flesh is white, firm and of excellent flavour and, in our opinion, the equal of the finest speckled trout.

We now decided to explore the lake which proved a comparatively easy task as, similarly to the majority of lakes in this country, we found a well beaten game trail made by the animals who follow the shore line. The lake was about two miles long and almost a mile wide, with numerous and deeply indented bays, which extended the shore line trail to a distance of some eight or nine miles.

When about half way around the lake we found several pieces of white spar rock, rich in silver, and a little distance beyond the shore line changed to a wall of solid rock in the midst of which was a wide vein of golden colored rock, of a hue that reminded us of the rich Californian ores. At this

point we placed our discovery post as we firmly believed that we had made a most valuable strike, and then spent the remainder of the day in working on the vein, returning to camp late at night with several promising specimens.

We found that Joe had supper fully prepared and the savoury smell that greeted our nostrils was most appetising, adding much to our rapidly returning cheerfulness, until Edward discovered that the principal dish consisted of fried partridge. At this he was greatly displeased. "Fancy killing partridge in the hatching season," he grumbled. But it was useless to quarrel with Joe on this point, for the time of the year made no difference to Joe as long as we needed the food. We were not long seated at supper until it seemed easy, for me at least, to forgive Joe for breaking the law, for can anything be nicer than birch partridge, the ruffed grouse of the Northland woods, when fried in butter? The answer is a decided negative.

We were now feeling more sociable and also curious to know how Joe had secured the partridge in the absence of any firearms with the party. It appeared that Joe had attached a simple snare to the end of a light long pole which he raised in a tree where the birds were roosting, then slipping the noose over the neck of his selected victim he pulled sharply downwards. By commencing with the birds on the lower branches, and working up, he had secured his bag from just one tree.

A few days later we started to encircle the lake in the opposite direction to that taken on our first expedition and after tramping some distance we reached a swampy piece of ground, thickly grown with alders, through which a small creek emptied itself into the lake.

Working our way up the edge of this creek, seeking a fallen log by which we might make a crossing, our progress was suddenly checked on hearing a loud crashing in the bush nearby, followed immediately by the appearance, not more than twenty-five feet from where we stood of an immense black bear, erect on his hind legs and in a sufficiently aggressive mood to fill us with dismay. For a moment we stood almost paralyzed for, outside a circus, we had never met a bear at such close quarters before and standing there, as he was, on his hind legs, snorting like a horse with all his teeth showing at us we saw very little resemblance to anything that we had previously known as a bear. To our great relief we noticed that he was trapped by the front foot; to the trap was attached a short piece of chain about a foot long which, in turn, was fastened to a pole about twelve feet long. After a very brief scrutiny, which seemed ages long, he raised the pole, tucked it under his front leg and started to walk away. After a few paces he dropped on all fours

in an apparent attempt to make better time on his retreat but the pole quickly became entangled in the brush and severely wrenched the injured foot, causing him to promptly return to his former vertical position and continue his snapping and snorting at us, with increased vehemence, as he tightly hugged the pole preparatory to another effort to escape. Standing fully six feet high, he looked almost human, his pole resembling a walking stick and as he held up his paw with the chain attachment the trap looked very like a pair of binoculars, in fact it only needed the addition of a tall silk hat to give him the appearance of a huge gentleman.

It then occurred to us that it was more than likely that the trappers were members of Blackstone's Band and as that bear was in anything but a friendly mood he might still be capable of long range assault so we felt that we had a double reason for a hurried return to camp. On our journey to regain the lake shore we passed the spot where the trap had been set and here made a most gruesome discovery for, dangling from a tree, was what appeared to be a portion of a human body.

Needless to say, we did no more exploring that day but hurried back to the tent and told Joe of what we had seen. He gave a deep groan as he said, "I have never known any of my people to use a dead body for bait, whoever has done this thing will be severely punished." "Who will punish them?" I asked, "There is no law in this country, is there?" "Oh yes," replied Joe, "Nenabushoo is the law of our people, and Nenabushoo never forgives." As there still remained a couple of hours of daylight Joe decided to go over and see the bear bait. This he did, and on his return he informed us that we had been mistaken for what we had seen was the foreleg and part of the shoulder of a bear which, he said, closely resembles the human arm.

As soon as darkness set in we re-visited our boulder on the Farm-yard bluff and looked down into the valley of Blackstone's camping ground. The meat drying operations were still in full swing and no apparent preparations for leaving could be detected. Consequently we determined to move the next day, taking a circular route across the valley in order to avoid any of Blackstone's camps, and so approach the spar vein from the far side.

We were by no means sorry at the prospect of leaving our present habitation for, although we had no reason to doubt the accuracy of Joe's explanation of the bear bait, our suspicions were far from being entirely allayed and we felt that we would be much happier on our way hence. So early the next morning, with packs strapped on, we proceeded on a course that Joe anticipated would lead us to a trail heading in the direction that we wished to take. After forcing our way through the rough country for a couple

of miles we came to a ravine with a good trail, which we followed until we reached the floor of the valley. At this point the trail ended and we were obliged to continue on our way tramping through brush and muskeg, over windfalls and rocks, until the ever-increasing burden of our packs began to tell heavily and compelled us to rest at frequent intervals. Soon after ten o'clock we reached a small spring of beautiful sparkling water at which we decided to halt and eat our lunch. Scarcely were we seated when we were startled by the sound of two sharp rifle shots from the top of the mountain, in the direction of the little lake that we had left that morning.

“That’s the last of the old Grandfather bear you saw yesterday,” remarked Joe. This disturbed us so much that we both forgot that we were tired and hungry and immediately gathered up our provisions to push rapidly forward to the foot of the hill where we discovered a small creek up which we made our way. To make matters worse, when we neared the top of the hill a light shower came on of sufficient volume to drench the underbrush and make the rocks very slippery.

At the top we soon struck a trail which led us, through the thick bush for nearly a mile, to the shore of another small lake. The location being satisfactory we decided to camp here whilst exploring the white spar vein and the old mine, so selecting a spot of exquisite beauty in the midst of a grove of birch trees fronted by a beach of pure white sand, we pitched our tent and prepared our beds in our usual way.

It was now late and we were very tired but, at the same time extremely happy for the belief was very strong with us that, tomorrow we would be millionaires. Sitting around the cheerful camp fire after supper as we smoked our pipes, we carefully prepared our discovery post, carving thereon our names, license numbers and date in compliance with the Canadian mining laws, at the same time fully discussing our programme for the following day, and making up our minds that we would, at least, carry out enough silver to pay our expenses we cheerfully climbed on to the fragrant boughs for another night’s repose.

With the first glimmer of daylight we were up and at breakfast, then, with renewed energy we pressed forward in the direction of our goal. After a tramp of two miles we reached the brow of the hill at the top of the vein and, looking down, we could easily distinguish the entrance to the cave. Before proceeding further we erected our discovery post, piling heavy rocks around it to hold it in position.

We then made our way down to the cave where we found the mouth partly filled with rock that had fallen from the cliff above. Climbing over the rocks we entered the cave and were soon satisfied that it was indeed an old mine. The entrance measured about ten feet wide with a height of seven feet which soon opened out into a large circular cavity with dome shaped roof, some sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter with a vertical height from the floor to the top of the dome of from twenty to twenty-five feet.

Here we paused abruptly and listened, for in this weird place we could hear what appeared to be the tick of a clock, sounding unnaturally loud in the hollow chamber. We gazed at one another in thunderstruck astonishment and promptly, one and all, scrambled out of the cave. "Say, that was a strange sound," remarked Edward. The sound of his voice broke the uncanny spell and, one after the other, we ventured to express opinions as to what it might be. "Well, anyhow, we don't go in there again without a light," I said, "Joe get the candles."

So, each armed with a lighted candle, we retraced our steps and soon discovered that a single drop of water, falling incessantly from the roof onto the rock floor, caused the continuous tick which had so alarmed us. It would be difficult to estimate how many thousands of years this dripping had continued as the water had worn a cavity in the rock almost two feet in depth before escaping through cracks in the floor.

We then proceeded to examine the walls minutely and found that they were generally green in color interlaced with streaks and veins of white spar. The whole interior was considerably decomposed, the spar especially so to such an extent that I could scrape it away with my hands to a depth of nearly a foot from the surface. Near the centre of the floor was a shaft hole now filled in with rock. It was in this shaft, Joe stated, that the Sioux entombed the Ojibway women and children. The legend runs, that in the course of the war between the Sioux and the Ojibways which was carried on in this section the Ojibways took all their women and children to this mine and hid them there for safety. Here they were found by the Sioux who immediately filled in the shaft with heavy rocks, not permitting one to escape.

"Well, we must remove this rock and reach the floor at the bottom of the shaft," said Edward. "Surely you will not enter that place of death," exclaimed Joe, in horror. However, burning with curiosity, we decided to commence operations without delay, although we had some difficulty in soothing Joe's apprehensive qualms before he would consent to participate in the work.

I will not weary the reader with an account of the arduous work we accomplished during the next few days and nights. These days resembled the farmer's famous eight hour day, eight hours before dinner and eight hours after dinner, and as we were too busy to do much cooking we were very indifferently fed. So we will pass on to the afternoon of the fourth day of our labors when we succeeded in reaching the lower floor of the mine at the foot of the shaft.

Joe was at the bottom making the stones fast to a rope, Edward and I being at the top laboriously hauling them to the upper chamber, or rotunda, as we had named it. When we got a stone that was too heavy for us Joe would turn the ladder with the rungs down and then help us to slide it up the poles. We had just landed a very large one safely on the rotunda floor and were sitting down to recover our wind, the hoisting of that big rock having been no "pink tea" affair, when we decided that the next one, then lying at the foot of the ladder, would come up much more easily in sections. Consequently, we called down to Joe to try and break it up with the back of the axe. This he proceeded to do and almost immediately we heard a loud crash, promptly followed by Joe's voice demanding to be taken out of there. "Come up the ladder," I shouted, "we will hold it," so climbing up on the rocks he reached the ladder and was soon out of the shaft, his face white and terror stricken.

On questioning him we ascertained that at the time he attempted to break the large rock that our excavation had almost reached the roof of the lower floor of the mine and that his pounding had loosened the rocks around the shaft, causing them to avalanche down to the floor of the lower level, a distance of about eight feet. The slide was so unexpected that Joe accompanied it for the full distance, and thus was the old mine reopened after its long closure of hundreds of years.

There was a strong smell of gas escaping from the lower floor so we decided to give it time to clear away and return to our tent to take it easy for a day or two. It does not pay to be over zealous even in the search for such fabulous wealth as that which now constantly occupied our waking thoughts as well as the bulk of our dreams.

Gathering up our tools, and blowing out our candles, we set out for the camp which we reached thoroughly tired out but extremely happy in the thought that we had at least reached our much desired goal. Throwing ourselves down at the edge of the water we quenched our thirst revelling in the treat afforded to sit beside this lake of crystal water, to drink long and deep draughts of its sparkling liquid to the sound of the sweet, yet mournful,



music of the wind murmuring through stately pine groves. "Isn't this Divine?" remarked Edward, "and how fascinating this life in the wilds becomes, the longer we stay the greater becomes our respect and admiration for the handiwork of the Creator and our realization of how great a God is our God."

Joe's welcome shout called us to supper and, with keen appetites we proceeded to satisfy the inner man, but we were somewhat disturbed when Joe told us of an odd trick that fate had played on us during our absence that day. With suppressed excitement he told us that he had put all the bread in the stew kettle that morning, firmly fixing the cover, but now half of it was gone. You can picture us that night seated around the camp fire and guess the subject of our anxious conversation. Yes, among the many unanswered queries were: Who was our visitor? Was he friend or foe? Would he call again? Why did he not wait until our return? It appeared to be a most mysterious matter to us as there was not a mark to be seen, either on the shore or around the camp, that gave any indication of a visitor.



KAISKABIG RAPIDS, ON THE KAMINISTIQUA.

Time passed quickly as we discussed this subject with all its pros and cons and as we renewed our fire before turning in we watched the sparks fly upward and the play of the fire's ruddy glow as it lit up the dark wall of green timber that surrounded the lake. In the sombre blue above, innumerable stars sparkled and winked, and over all brooded that intense silence which dwells in the depths of the forests of this Northern country, at

night, broken only at long intervals by the occasional splash of a moose nearby, or the cry of a fox or the howl of a wolf.

Being thoroughly wearied after our hard and unaccustomed work, we turned in and were soon curled up in our blankets to almost immediately drop off into that dreamless sleep that is the special reward of the explorer.

With the first light Joe was up, for there was bread to be made, but Edward and I luxuriously turned over for another sleep until breakfast would be ready.

But almost immediately, from the direction of the camp fire came a loud cry from Joe, causing us to jump up and rush outside without waiting to dress. Then we saw, lying just where our camp fire had been, what appeared to be the dead body of a native woman. Dressing hurriedly we went over to where the woman lay. She failed to respond to Joe's voice but, when he lifted her head, she opened her eyes and made an effort to speak, without success. Edward immediately ran for our emergency flask of brandy, and, after pouring some into a cup, managed to get her to swallow a little at a time with the help of a teaspoon. Soon she was able to sit up and murmur a few words of thanks so, whilst Joe started the fire preparatory to cooking the breakfast, Edward and I reentered the tent and eagerly questioned one another as to whom the woman could be. "She may be one of Blackstone's wives," I suggested, "this sickness may be all a pretense and she may be here to learn our business, if so, she is a clever spy."

Calling Joe, we told him of our suspicions, but he promptly squashed them. "Oh no," he answered, "she is not of Blackstone's Band. I know her and all her people, but I cannot understand why she is here alone. She is a very good woman and her father is not like other men, as he is very wise and has great powers. I remember, some years ago, when a man was drowned in the waters of Nipigon Bay that we sought long and vainly for his body. Finally a party proceeded to Lake Nipigon, where this woman's father was trading, to ask him if he could tell them where the body lay. Going into seclusion he fasted and prayed for some time. Returning to them he told them to seek in a certain place. This they did and the body was found at once. So, you see, they are good people."

"Now that she is warmed and able to talk I will question her and report to you." "What is her name?" I asked. "The name of her father is Eagle and his Christian name is Enoch. She is 'First Daughter' and I will now ask her why she is here."

Now this was her story, as related to us, with Joe acting as interpreter. She had been visiting friends near Savanne, making her home with the Chief's family, where she had a very happy time until, on awakening one morning, she found around her neck a string of very beautiful shells. This she knew to be an offer of marriage, so feigned happiness all that day although she was planning to leave secretly that night. First Daughter was by no means of a nervous temperament and had no fear of anything befalling her on her way home so, as soon as darkness had set in, she quietly slipped away. She had been touched by the honour of having been chosen to become one of the Chief's wives but as she was already betrothed the honour had to be declined and the easiest and most courteous way of refusing the offer was to quietly slip away. Unfortunately, on the second day of her journey, she had twisted her ankle whilst jumping from stone to stone in crossing a stream. The resulting immersion had drenched all her matches so that she was unable to light a fire and as her crippled condition prevented her from hunting she was also without food. Two nights earlier, when she was almost exhausted, she prayed earnestly to the Manitou who sent a good spirit to comfort her and tell her to go to this lake where help would be awaiting her. Dragging herself to the lake she saw our tent and as there was no one around she had helped herself to what food she could find. Fearing discovery, she had hidden herself in the bush during the following night, then fearing that she was going to die of cold and exposure she returned to our camp fire to get warmed where she must have fainted, as her memory was a blank from that moment.

We now had to consider how we were going to shelter her and furnish her with the attention that she required. For the first we all set to work to make First Daughter a teepee. Taking the floor cloth from our tent and a light blanket, Edward, who was an expert with a needle, soon stitched them together. Then Joe erected the teepee in the midst of a dense thicket where it was entirely hidden from view as he was by no means certain that she would not be followed for, as he said, these Chiefs usually get the wives they want even if the latter do object.

With the aid of a crutch we had made from a light cedar pole First Daughter was now able to move around without strain to the sprained ankle. In the meantime Joe had started a fire in her teepee and had taken her a pail of hot water. We then produced some bandages and a bottle of liniment, which Edward carried, and which was guaranteed to cure all ailments. We then escorted her to the teepee and left her to fix her ankle. A little later we sent Joe over with a parcel of food containing tea, sugar, bannock and cooked bacon as well as a small pail, a cup and a spoon. The following day

she appeared so happy and grateful as she thanked us in her Mother tongue that we felt well repaid for the little help we had been able to give her.

But we must return to our mine and get to work again in order that we may bring the hidden treasure to the light of day and receive our reward.

Accordingly, the next day, provided with axes and a good supply of candles, we descended to the lower floor of the mine. Joe, having refused to descend, we placed him at the top of the shaft to do the hoisting with the rope. It was in many ways a hazardous venture as there was every chance that much of the gas remained and it might either be of the kind that would suffocate or poison us even if it was not the inflammable kind that might become ignited from our candles and burn us to death. Again, there might be other shaft holes awaiting an unwary footstep that would precipitate us into the depths below to be drowned in some subterranean water hole or be dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks below.

At any rate, it was a fitting time to use every precaution possible so we proceeded, on all fours, to crawl carefully into the mine, each having a lighted candle in one hand, outstretched before him. The floor appeared to be level and dry except in one place, which was covered with about two inches of dust mixed with small pieces of rock. After a careful examination of the mine we found that there had been two cross cuts driven through the vein, one in an Easterly direction, the other running North and South and each being from six to eight feet in width. In the South tunnel we would occasionally get a breath of fresh air, although we could see no daylight, and much rock had fallen down from the roof making it very difficult to proceed in many places. The rock here was so decomposed that it appeared to be ready to collapse at the slightest touch, with disastrous results to ourselves. We were frequently startled by bats or small birds striking our faces and extinguishing our candles. The place seemed literally to be swarming with them which led us to the conclusion that there must be another entrance, even if only a small one cut for the purpose of ventilating the mine, but we failed to detect any glimmer of daylight and, alas, we had discovered no trace of silver.

About forty feet from the shaft, in the Eastern tunnel, a large rock weighing well over two hundred pounds obstructed passage, so we rolled it towards the shaft with the intention of hoisting it to the surface, but it was so decomposed that it broke into several pieces and materially reduced our task. On examining these fragments by the filtered daylight of the rotunda we found them to be rich in copper, but of the Queen metal we found no indication.

We were now anxious to find the other entrance to the mine, if such existed, so we descended to the valley and carefully scrutinised the face of the cliff. We soon observed, about sixty feet above the floor of the valley, a crevice, or opening, in the rock about one foot in width and five or six feet long. Immediately to the right of this crevice was carved, and painted in with indelible paint, the large head of a man. The features were very prominent and on the feathered head-gear was prominently displayed the face of a dog. It was the picture of Ogama, "Wild Spirit Dog" whose personality had so deeply marked this section of the country that its nomenclature dominated and possessed every important physical feature within its domain.

The most careful scrutiny failed to reveal any other break in the rampart and, as our first discovery was obviously only a ventilating outlet, we were forced to the conclusion that there was no other entrance. Further, it was now obvious to us that instead of rediscovering the "Lost Mother" of our dreams we had stumbled on an old copper mine that had probably been abandoned thousands of years ago. . . . So, silently, we clambered up the mountain side, reentered the mine, gathered up our tools and ropes, loaded them on to Joe and sent him back to camp to prepare supper. It will be unnecessary to comment on the bitterness of spirit that seemed to descend on Edward and I as we faced one another, alone, in the dim light of the rotunda. From the soaring heights of optimism we were plunged into the depths of momentary despair and the whole atmosphere of our surroundings took on a forbidding, weird and gloomy aspect. So, without spoken word, we carefully shook the dust from our boots and clothes, mentally committed the mine to the care of Nenabushoo and set off towards camp with the twin demons of despair and disgust firmly seated on our shoulders.

Arriving there tired, disappointed and discouraged, with our mineral temperature well below Zero, none of us had a word to say. The silence could almost be felt and it was a trying time for us all. However, soon after we had seated ourselves for supper Joe relieved the tension by gravely remarking, "I am sorry that you have been disappointed in this mine, but when we return to Dog Lake we will see Enoch Eagle, he knows much and is very wise, perhaps he will be able to tell you where the lost mine lies." Edward rose to the fly at once and again firmly took the hook. Looking eagerly at me, he said, "Yes, we must meet Eagle; no doubt First Daughter will tell him how we tried to help her and our little kindness may be the means of our getting to know the location of the lost mine. What do you think, eh?" This thought was all sufficient, from the depths of despair our spirits soared like the eagle on wings of hope and confidence. The whole

world changed to conform with our new hope and we reviled ourselves as men of little faith.

Almost immediately, a voice behind us caused us to turn around to behold First Daughter standing nearby. Addressing Joe, in her native tongue, she spoke a few words and handed him a little basket made of birch bark.

“Men,” said Joe, “First Daughter has brought you a little treat for supper, a partridge each, cooked in the Ojibway manner and steaming hot.”

We both rose to thank her but she was nowhere to be seen, having departed as silently as she had come. I shall always remember her graceful movements which combined the fleetness of a young deer with all the softness of a bird.

“She will be leaving us early tomorrow,” said Joe, “as she now feels quite able to travel.” “But not before we see her,” both Edward and I chimed in simultaneously. The next stage of our search, in which we expected First Daughter’s father to play such an important part, had already assumed first place in our thoughts.

The partridges were so good that I could not refrain from questioning Joe as to the method of their preparation. “Well,” he said, “She first rolled them in clay, feathers and all, then buried them in the ashes of her fire. When sufficiently cooked, clay, feathers and skin peel right off and here you have the result. I am sure that you will agree with me when I say that you cannot have tasted partridge with a finer flavor.” Our actions in getting outside those partridges convinced Joe more forcibly than any words could have done that we thoroughly appreciated Ojibway cooking.

With satisfied stomachs, so often the prelude to a contented mind, we lighted our pipes and strolled along the shores of our beautiful lake. After the hardships of the past few days it seemed like paradise to us and on encountering an imposing rock bluff, some three hundred feet in height, at the North-East extremity of the lake we felt impelled to climb to its summit.

This additional elevation to that of the vast range on which we were encamped afforded us a wonderful view of the country which surrounded us. Towards the North we could see the Great Divide which separates the waters that flow into Hudson Bay from those that seek their outlet to the Ocean through Lake Superior. Before us lay Dog Mountain, with its dense and lofty forests of pine and spruce, where, long years ago, the Sioux and Ojibways fought many a bloody battle.

On our left lay the broad expanse of Dog Lake dotted with many beautiful spruce and birch clad islands, storing the gathering waters of the Kaministiquia River in preparation for their journey to the far distant ocean.

Below us we could see the vast expanse of mighty Lake Superior guarded by that grim sentinel, Thunder Cape, the home of the Great Fiery Eagle, on whose top reclines the Sleeping Giant, lying in solemn grandeur and veiled in fleecy clouds. Between lay the impressive valley of the beautiful Kaministiquia River and we could clearly see the fairy like mist that hovered over the magnificent falls at Kakabeka, one of nature's choicest and grandest beauty spots.

Seated, as we were, in Nature's arms, surrounded by a gorgeous mass of wild flowers, we gazed silently at this magnificent panorama, dazzled by its scintillating beauty and awed by the magnitude of the vast spaces that stretched before us.

Finally, looking behind us we saw just beyond our camp, what appeared to be a small clearing, some three or four acres in extent, on which we could see a herd of caribou or moose. Joe informed us that there was a moose lick in this neighbourhood and rather thought that we were even then looking at it. "Yes," Edward added, "and Joe claims that the water from this lick is an excellent cure for rheumatism and he has already packed out, and sold, some hundreds of gallons for that purpose." "Humph," I remarked, with a dry smile, "then that water may have more commercial value than anything we have yet struck in the mining line." In any case, we decided that the spot was well worthy of a visit.

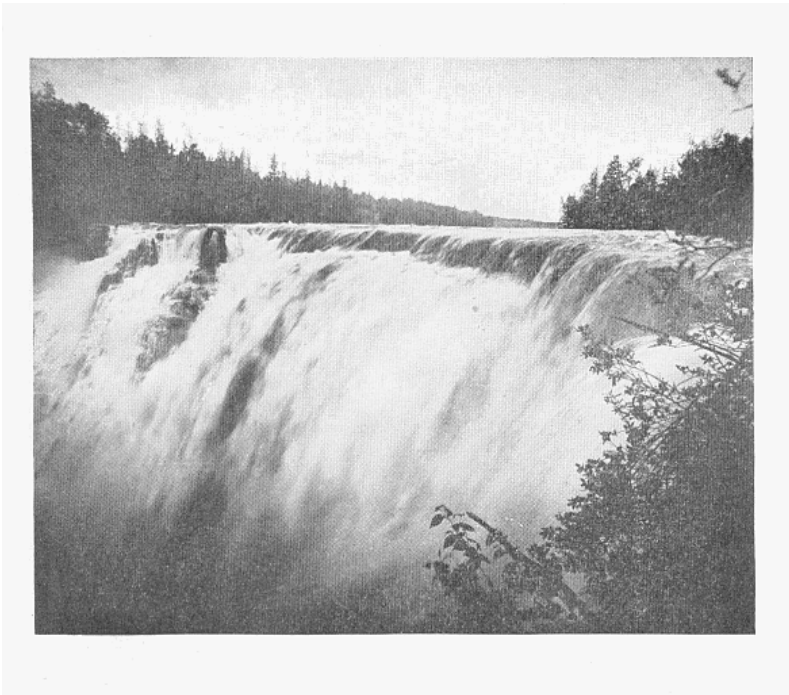
The sun was slowly sinking in majestic grandeur behind the Western ranges, as we wended our way down the fragrant mountain side to the sandy shores of our little lake. Darkness had set in before we reached camp and, again that night, as we sat watching the glowing, ascending sparks of our camp fire, we felt deeply that all pervading spirit of the Northland, the essence of which the Indian, thousands of generations ago, crystallized into the form of Nenabushoo, beneficent guardian to all her forest dwellers who walked with her, pure in heart. In close harmony with our thoughts Joe related many of the wonderful achievements of Nenabushoo and of the many occasions on which she had called the fiery spirit of the Great Thunder Eagle to save and succour the Ojibways, of that district, in their hour of need.

Before retiring we made our plans for the morrow. First we would visit the spring and take a sample of the water that Joe recommended so highly

for rheumatism, and then immediately set out for Dog Lake for an early interview with Enoch Eagle. This arrangement was particularly pleasing to Joe as it would enable us to reach Dog Lake in time for the yearly festival and dance, held early in June as a preparatory greeting to the Summer solstice.

We were early astir the next morning. Joe had warned us that First Daughter would be leaving at daybreak and as our hopes were now centred on her father, Enoch Eagle, we were anxious to speak to her and send messages of greeting and good will.

It was nearly seven o'clock, on this bright June morning when Joe looked into our tent and announced that First Daughter awaited us and was ready to depart. We hurried outside to be astonished by the change in her appearance. With the full glow of ruddy health, before us stood a tall handsome young woman, with dark soulful eyes, clean cut features and a frank open countenance crowned with a wealth of dark glossy hair that descended in heavy braids below her waist line.



KAKABEKA FALLS, ON THE KAMINISTQUIA.

We told her that we expected to be leaving very soon for Dog Lake and as we were very anxious to see her father we would be glad if she would



request him to meet us at Joe's place. Then seeing that she had an adequate lunch for her journey we said our mutual good-byes, with many expressions of gratitude from her for our kindness in her hour of need which Joe translated to us. As she disappeared in the distance with her lithe and active movements I could not help remarking that it would be a smart Chief that would overtake her unless she wanted him to do so.

It was nearly ten o'clock before we were ready to make our way to the moose lick and the bright sun had spread its welcome rays over the spruce and balsam clad hills and valleys, inspiring all bird life to an unusual degree of activity. This was "the month of the strawberry moon" as the Ojibways poetically name the month of June.

So taking a light lunch and a couple of empty bottles we set off for the lick to secure samples of the mineral water, being determined that if it proved to possess any medicinal value we would stake out a claim and proceed to put it on the market.

"First," suggested Edward, "we had better watch the animals through our glasses and observe how they take it, and what effect it has on them."

To achieve this object it was necessary that the animals remained undisturbed so we circled down wind through a jack pine thicket until we reached a spot which gave us a good view of the lick where we, ourselves, were entirely screened by the undergrowth.

Selecting a moss covered boulder, behind a pile of broken rock, we carefully scrutinized the lick without discovering any sign of even a single moose. So we decided to wait, and after partaking of our limited lunch of tea, bannock and jam, we stretched out in the warm sunshine and took a siesta.

We were soon rudely awakened by a shout from Joe who said, "There are Ken-a-bigs—(snakes) here, I can smell them." This brought us quickly to our feet to observe only a few feet away, a large green snake with its mouth open. It was positively amazing to see the number of young snakes, about two or three inches in length, that were hurrying into its mouth. With the last entrant it glided into a crevice in the rock and disappeared like magic.

Here we spent the greater part of the afternoon before our patience was rewarded. There is certainly no great skill required to see moose and deer in their native haunts, as far as this country is concerned, and one's patience is well rewarded in the interest derived from their movements and playful

antics. The whole science of the game, especially if you are a user of tobacco, is to keep to leeward of their probable location, leave your personal charms in the background, and creep until you are in sight. Then immediately freeze stiff. Don't stand up, whatever else you do, as all wild animals are very much afraid of a gesticulating biped.

It was nearly four o'clock when we heard a crackling sound in the forest surrounding the springs and soon a pair of deer appeared who made straight for the water, first drinking deeply, and then proceeding to disport themselves and play like a couple of kid goats.

The next band consisted of five moose, with two calves, who, after drinking, proceeded to calmly feed on the soil that surrounded the springs. Immediately after three bull moose sampled the waters and then proceeded to engage in a vigorous sparring match, although apparently more in fun than in earnest.

It was now necessary for us to step lively so we hurried down to the nearest spring and filled our bottles. Then we each carefully tasted the water, as none of us were sufficiently rash to take a real drink. After our taste we regarded one another with a thoughtful, far away, expression on every face. Edward broke the silence by remarking, "Fierce, isn't it? Tastes like Epsom salts, soda, garlic, sulphuretted hydrogen and several other things, with a touch of skunk thrown in. However, it tastes as if it ought to cure almost anything, doesn't it? And I'm quite sure that nobody will ever mistake it for a table water."

"No," I replied, "they would not, this water is away over-proof and whilst rheumatism is a very unpleasant disease it seems to me that the latent horse-power in this concoction should be utilized for the cure of some more prevalent disease and so secure a much larger number of customers."

"What would you suggest?" asked Edward.

"Well, almost anything," I replied, "heart, lungs, liver or stomach all have their troubles. What's in a name anyway? I'm not particular. Advertise it well and I'm sure its flavour will command respect from everyone who tries it."

On returning to camp we prepared supper and, as usual, gathered around the camp fire, with our pipes, after the meal.

The possibilities of the mineral water were still intriguing Edward so he produced one of the bottles and held it up to the fire. It appeared clear and sparkling and Edward suggested that, as it appeared to be so beneficial to the

animals, we must certainly try it ourselves in order that we might note its medicinal virtues. Consequently he solemnly poured out a portion into each of our cups which, after a preliminary sniff, we hastily swallowed.

“Joe,” I said, “did the people for whom you packed out this water really take it for rheumatism?”

“I should say they did,” he fairly shouted, “They said that it not only stopped their pains but that it made them feel young again.”

“Well,” commented Edward, “anyone that takes a good dose of that water deserves to be relieved of his pains. But, what real good is it? What will it cure?”

“Judging by its vile aroma,” I suggested, “it should cure any disease that any other mineral water is capable of doing.”

“But,” asked Edward, “what will any mineral water cure? Why, nothing. What will this mineral water cure? Why, nothing. If man would only obey nature’s laws he would seldom require any other remedy. Good constitutions are not bought in drug stores.”

“Then I must confess that I am not so overjoyed at the prospect of this mineral water discovery,” I replied.

“But, man,” Edward continued, “there are thousands and thousands of people ever on the alert for some new cure for their infirmities. Why can’t we sell this property as a medicinal spring for bathing purposes? The taste would not be so objectionable in that case and there are many such places on this continent that are proving regular gold mines to their fortunate owners. They are particularly suited for people who do not take enough exercise to give them a chance to keep in good health. Fully half the diseases of this world are imaginary and it is no exaggeration to state that the bulk of the cures are imaginary also. No better medicine can be evolved than that of which we are now partaking in our search for the ‘Lost Mother Mine.’ We are in an unspoiled, and almost uninhabited territory, whose healing air filters through thousands of miles of balsam, spruce and pine. There is no doubt that the great out-of-doors is the finest tonic on earth. However, it will do no harm to pack out one of these bottles and have the contents analysed.”

Our last night on this camping ground was not a restful one. Away on a rocky butte to the West of us a wolf howled its weird song of utter desolation, and soon a regular chorus of wolves answered the cry, the mournful menace of their steely notes echoing loudly through the mountain ravines, sending cold shivers down our spines.

The month of June is often the month of restricted rations for the wolf family, especially for the particular food that his stomach craves. His prey is now strong and vigorous on the hoof, unhampered by snow, and many fruitless miles are covered in the effort to round up a red deer or caribou, only to find that the proposed victim had taken to the water and escaped, leaving the pack with slavering jaws, baulked on the shore line, with the unquenched blood lust gleaming from their hard, ferocious eyes. At any rate this particular pack continued until dawn making us unwilling listeners to the tale of their joys or sorrows.

With the first glimpse of daylight the wolf pack melted away into the shadows of the forest and silence once more reigned over our encampment, and we all, with one accord, immediately fell into a deep sleep.

The sun was high in the heavens when we were awakened by a sound that closely resembled the sound of a steamer's whistle or the foghorn of a lighthouse. This Joe assured us, was the call of a moose for her calf, and as we could see something moving in the water at no great distance from the shore about two hundred yards from the camp, Edward and I proceeded to investigate whilst Joe prepared breakfast, and made a batch of bread in readiness for breaking camp.

The object quickly revealed itself to be a moose calf mired in some quicksand or bog hidden by the waters of the lake. Its struggles to regain the shore had only resulted in steady progress towards complete submersion and already its belly was right down on the mire and only the head appearing above the surface of the water. The cow was standing on the bank, some little distance from us calling piteously, to which the calf replied with squeals and squeaks of intermingled pleading and terror. We watched the animal for a few minutes and as it was obvious that every struggle was leading directly and rapidly to the inevitable, if unaided, and I hastened back to the tent for an axe and a coil of rope.

On my return we cut down a number of dead, dry trees and constructed a raft on which Edward proceeded to the help of the calf. Arriving there he slipped a bowline noose over its head and our united efforts soon brought it to shore. Ordinarily the moose avoids man whenever possible but, strange to say, whilst we were engaged in rescuing the calf the cow stood quietly watching us, not more than thirty yards away. Her natural instinct seemed to tell her that we were there to help and not to hurt.

On reaching the shore the calf was considerably exhausted and instead of attempting to rush away it lay at our feet to recuperate from its recent

strenuous exertions.

Apparently no further assistance was required from us so withdrawing about twenty-five yards we watched the cow. Almost as soon as we stopped she, without the slightest sign of fear, walked straight to the calf and proceeded to lick it over carefully, occasionally stopping to moo in a soft crooning, falsetto voice. After a few minutes the calf struggled to its feet and, with what appeared to be a last grateful look at us, both disappeared into the forest.

“Your operation on that moose calf appears to have been successful,” I remarked.

“Yes,” replied Edward, “I am glad of that. One live moose, or deer, is worth a dozen dead ones, at any time. What would the great out-of-doors be worth without its heritage of wild animal life.”

Such scenes as the one we had just witnessed seldom occur in the lives of the majority of men. They are the special privilege of those whose avocation takes them into the great wilderness. The pioneer who first blazes a trail through the unknown solitudes, the hunter in search of game, the trapper who seeks the richest clothing in the world for the adornment and warmth of his fellow creatures and the prospector who seeks, as we were seeking, to unlock the treasures hidden in the bosom of Mother Earth.

As though it was a matter of yesterday, I remembered distinctly the feeling of regret with which I left this beautiful camping ground, really our first home from which we had carried on actual work on our first mining expedition. Strange thoughts also turned to the weird desolate old mine that had been worked by some unknown and forgotten hands long before the dawn of history. And beyond again to the feelings of that native prospector who first discovered the outcrop of copper who probably experienced the identical feeling that has accompanied such a discovery, all through the ages, and expressed in the simple words, combining a prayer with a “Te Deum,” “I have struck it at last.”

After dinner we packed up and were soon ready to hit the trail. Joe thought that it would be advisable to take a circular course of some three or four miles which would reduce the likelihood of our running into any of Blackstone’s camps and would land us on to the Sioux trail close to the foot of the mountain where we had spent our first night under canvas.

So we hit the tall timber, and were soon fighting through the dense brush and climbing over fallen logs and slippery rocks so that we were well and

thoroughly warmed long before we reached our destination.

Pitching our tent by the same mountain stream we prepared our beds, this time with fragrant boughs of cedar for our mattresses, secured a sufficient supply of dry wood for our fire and turned in promptly at ten o'clock for a long night of undisturbed sleep.

It was nearly nine o'clock the next morning when Joe's voice, raised in angry protest brought us to our feet. Looking out of our tent, this is what we saw. A well built Indian with a handsome smooth face, dressed in a scarlet coat with a short sword buckled to his side and, protruding from one sleeve of his coat was, what appeared to be a calumet, or peace pipe.

It was Chief Blackstone. We were panic stricken and dumbly wondered how on earth he had located us so quickly. In a moment we were aroused from our stupor by the sound of Blackstone's high-pitched penetrating voice demanding, "What brings these men here?"

"They are traders," answered Joe.

"You lie," said the Chief, "Now hand me the bread that you have there."

"The bread is not mine, I cannot give it to you," Joe informed him.

"Coward," hissed the Chief, "You are no Brave," and letting the calumet slip down his sleeve he raised his arm, and we saw that the other end of the pipe held a small shining axe. Stepping towards Joe, this he brandished over his head, shouting, "I will kill you."

Joe sprang on Blackstone like a lynx and seizing the axe he wrenched it from his hand, throwing it into the bush. Backward and forward they swung, fighting like tigers. Blackstone repeatedly shouted, "Draw blood on me and you die." "Draw blood on me and you die."

At length, with a swift movement, Joe threw Blackstone over his head, giving him a heavy fall, but with an agility that was marvellous, Blackstone regained his feet and returned to the attack shouting more viciously than ever "Draw blood on me and you die."

Joe met the onslaught with a blow that knocked him reeling into the fire from which we immediately rescued him, at the same time entreating Joe to let him alone.

For a few moments Blackstone struggled in a desperate attempt to regain his feet only to collapse into unconsciousness on the ground.

Loosening his clothing at the neck, we bathed his head with cold water, but our efforts produced no sign of returning consciousness. Edward then fetched the remainder of the brandy and, after prying loose his tightly clenched teeth with the help of a knife, we managed to force a small quantity down his throat. After swallowing a little of the brandy he revived sufficiently to sit up, but what a terrible sight he presented. The red blood flowed copiously from an ugly wound under the right eye and with ruffled hair and clothing, bowed head and battered features he presented a pathetic appearance. In spite of all we had heard of his past misdeeds we could not help feeling sorry for him in his present distressful plight.

This mighty Chief who at one time was the leader of thousands of warriors, to whom his slightest wish was law, now fallen and debased in the dust by the hand of a simple commoner of an alien tribe.

Edward now poured almost all that remained of our “oil of gladness” into a cup, which he drained at a single draught, then painfully arising he stalked away into the bush, without uttering a word and apparently in the grip of unutterable rage and chagrin.

Joe immediately sprang into action, “Let us pack at once,” he said, “Blackstone will soon return, and not alone, and we would stand little chance against his band of warriors.”

“Whilst you two pack,” I suggested, “I will follow him along the trail and observe his movements.” So, summoning all my courage, with every nerve tense, I entered the forest in pursuit.

In the dense growth I could see only a short distance ahead and began to entertain grave fears that he would be lying in wait to ambush me unawares. After walking for about ten minutes I was obsessed with the conviction that danger was very near, so I stopped and listened carefully. Hearing nothing I proceeded slowly with the greatest caution, and every sense alert, until I presently broke into a small clearing in the centre of which, about fifty yards distant, I saw Blackstone seated on a log. To my surprise, he immediately arose and proceeded to come towards me. I neither waited, or contemplated unduly, the order of my going, but promptly put my best foot forward on the return journey to camp.



THE GIANT OF THUNDER CAPE.

Scarcely had I reached camp, the packing not even yet entirely completed, when he stood before us. With an apparently peaceful demeanour he hastened to assure us that he wished to be friends. Grasping Joe's hand he exclaimed, "You are a Brave, You are a Brave."

As I looked at his face, all marked up with what looked to me, for all the world, like Indian hieroglyphics, a big blood splash staining his cheeks from the wound under his eye, it struck me that Joe had cleverly painted his favorite animal, the turtle, on the Chief's features. I had to admit that Joe was certainly "one fine artist" in this particular art.

This thought was running in my mind when it came to my turn to shake hands and I nearly lost the Chief's newly acquired friendship by grinning in his face as I looked at the spectacle which Joe's handiwork had made of this once mighty Chief. I thought that if "beating up a man" entitled Joe to the title of "a Brave" that he had certainly earned it.

The Chief then informed us that he had been out of flour for over two weeks and that if we could let him have some he would be glad to trade therefore either fish, ducks or dried meat. As we were only a day's journey from our reserve supplies at Dog Lake we agreed to let him have what flour, and other provisions, that we could spare. This decision pleased him very much and he extended a very cordial invitation to visit his wigwam and inspect his furs.

There was an awkward pause as we all hesitated to accept. Edward spoke to Joe, who agreed, and I nodded my consent as I felt curious to see



more of this man who had passed from foe to friend in so short a time.

So we shouldered our packs and proceeded along the Sioux trail for about a quarter of a mile to its junction with a narrow trail that led through thick, evergreen bush into the valley where Blackstone was encamped. Here we cached our packs and, taking only the flour and provisions, which Joe carried in a sack, we followed Blackstone's lead along the trail. It was marvellous the speed with which he moved his body along the trail, with an apparent ease that mocked us as we trotted along behind him.

After tramping for quite a distance we heard the whimpering whine of dogs and soon we met a pack that looked and sounded as if they were ready to eat us. But at a sharp command from Blackstone they immediately slunk off into the bush just like a pack of wolves and as they were all huskies the resemblance was very close.

Soon the wigwam came into view, situated in a pleasant and well sheltered place, ideally located for the winter and early spring but soon to become untenable with the arrival of the fly season.

Arriving at the wigwam our wilderness host bade us be seated on a log by the outside fire and himself entered a wigwam from which he returned in a few minutes, having in the meantime washed all the blood from his face to the great improvement of his appearance.

He then invited us inside to inspect his catch of furs which was the largest that we had ever seen. He had the pelts of every wild animal native to this part of the country and quite a number of the very valuable black and silver foxes. After we had duly admired the collection Edward asked him how he liked Canada as a hunting ground.

"I am compelled to like it," he said, "but it is not like our own home land, the land of our forefathers, which has been taken away from us and is now called the United States."

He then unburdened his heart to us and told us of the hard and desperate struggle that had sorely tried his Nation, intermingling with his tale an account of the many heroic deeds that he had personally accomplished whilst fighting with the troops of the United States. At the end we came to the conclusion that we would much prefer to have him for a friend, rather than an enemy.

He now showed us around his camp which was, to us, a great novelty. Its mode of construction could most certainly claim to be of ancient origin, as there was not a single nail used in the whole structure. I should, perhaps,

give a description of this wigwam as the manner in which it was constructed was both interesting and suggestive of comfort. It was a large one room camp about forty feet long and twenty feet wide, built entirely of poles covered with birch bark. The lower ends of the poles were stuck in the ground and the upper ends were leaning against, and supporting, each other. From the floor to the peak of the roof would be rather more than ten feet and the whole construction was both strong and neat. The entire North side of the wigwam was occupied by beds, twelve in number, eleven single beds and the Chief's one, giving it the appearance of a dormitory. The beds were formed of poles, notched together, and pegged down to keep them in place. The spaces between the poles were thickly strewed with the small tops of the cedar which formed the mattresses. Then each bed was provided with a heavy woolen blanket and a fancy rabbit skin quilt. They not only looked supremely comfortable, but very neat. At the head of each bed hung a rifle, for every one of the Chief's wives was a huntress.

The South side was used as a dining room and store house, a long bare space in the centre being reserved for a fire above which, in the peak of the roof, was an aperture that permitted the smoke to escape. Lines were also stretched at intervals for drying clothes.

Seeing a large number of bladders hanging from the poles, Edward asked the Chief what they contained. "They are filled with bear's grease," he replied, "we use it for cooking purposes and as we killed eight large bears this Spring we are well supplied. My wives do all the hunting and two of them accounted for all the bear. I will show them to you."

Going outside we saw all the women engaged in curing hides and making moccasins. "Let the bear hunters come forward," commanded the Chief, and two of the women immediately arose and came towards us. We gravely bowed to them. The older appeared to be about twenty-five years of age and was tall and slender, the other could scarcely have been more than eighteen, of medium height, and having all the appearance of a school girl.

As it was now almost eleven o'clock we were anxious to be on our way, and so informed the Chief. He then enquired what we would like in exchange for the flour and eatables with which we had supplied him. We assured him that we had sufficient of everything except meat and that we would be glad to receive as much as would do us until we reached our camp on Dog Lake.

"How would you like some ducks and wild rice?" asked our host. "They are all ready cooked."

“That would indeed be a treat.” I replied.

“Then I will see that they are put up at once,” he said and, after telling the bear hunters to return to their work, he spoke to a large, stout woman, his chief wife, who immediately left her work and entered the wigwam. “You will have your ducks right away,” remarked the Chief as he followed her into the wigwam.

While we awaited the return of the Chief we saw an old man approach, and speak to Joe who was standing a little apart from us. He then quickly departed with a vigorous shake of his head. There appeared to be nothing particularly significant about this incident and we thought no more about it at the time.

The Chief soon returned with two parcels, one of which he handed to Edward and the other to Joe. We then all shook hands and said good-bye to the warrior Chief.

We had not gone very far down the trail when Joe, with a muttered exclamation, pitched his parcel far into the bush. Then in reply to our astonished queries, “What’s the idea?” “What do you mean?” Joe told us that his food was poisoned. At this information we were stunned for the moment and stared blankly at him. “Poisoned?” I said, “What are you talking about?” Then Joe recalled to our memories the whispered conversation that he had had with the old man whilst we were waiting outside the Chief’s wigwam. The old man had warned him to eat nothing that the Chief might give him, “For,” he said, “You have drawn blood from a chief, and, for that, you must surely die.”

The warning so impressed Joe that, although hungry enough to eat his old flannel shirt as he admitted to us, he refused to eat any portion of the food gift and strongly urged us to refrain from eating our portion.

The suggestion of such treachery seemed to us as preposterous as it was overwhelming. We had seen Blackstone in circumstances that had certainly stripped any veneer that might ordinarily cover the natural bent of his strong, elemental and savage nature, but we had failed to detect anything small, mean or petty and we could not believe that he would stoop to such an underhand method of adjusting his grievances.

However, we actually knew very little of Blackstone and the tales that we had heard of him, which probably lost nothing in lurid detail by repetition, combined with Joe’s very obvious alarm, decided us to take no chances so although our meat ration shortage of the preceding few days had

assisted the savoury smell that emanated from our parcel, to whet our appetites to a real pitch of ecstasy, we regretfully hurled the suspected feast into the surrounding bush, and then resumed our journey.

This incident impressed us deeply and my thoughts were soon busily engaged in trying to analyze both what I had seen and what I had heard of this remarkable personality. From his point of view there was no doubt that he had cause to be very bitter against the whole Circassian race. In his every encounter with it some phase or other of its acquisitive propensity left a sense of robbery, deception and injustice in his simple, primitive, strong, single track mentality.

In many ways it was remarkable that so little trouble arose in the territory which he now occupied and, as far as he was concerned, actually owned. Escaping into Canada, where he knew that the troops of the United States dared not follow him, with the cream of his warrior following still intact, burning with hate, lusting for revenge, entirely fearless and utterly regardless of consequences that might befall either himself or his men he was certainly not restrained, either in thought or action, by any potential retribution that might proceed from the far distant City of Ottawa.

Fortunately, however, for the peace and safety of the few white pioneers of the district Blackstone came into early contact with two of the most outstanding personalities among the many that laid the foundations on which our present civilization has been established.

First, Penassie, of impressive mien, immense physique, noble features, massive and intellectual forehead, titular and hereditary Chief of his ancient foes, the Ojibways, who offered him welcome in his exile and invited him to reside beyond the height of land in a country possessing everything that the heart of a Northland Indian could crave.

Secondly, S. J. Dawson, Engineer, Surveyor and Pathfinder. A white man, unique in the annals of Blackstone's chequered and eventful career. Easily his equal in woodcraft and forest lore, with knowledge and a brain power that frequently left Blackstone gasping, this man thought and spoke with a direct simplicity that opened up an entirely new outlook to Blackstone as to the composition of a white man. He stood four square to all the world and the Swastika mark was engraved on his every action. It seemed fitting to Blackstone that the ancient trail into which the name of his tribe had been written in letters of blood and anguish should go forward into a new era, that was inexorably entering on its destiny, bearing the name of its re-creator, this white man "without fear and without reproach," the

like of whom Blackstone had been convinced, did not exist on the face of the earth.

As a result of this admiration Dawson became to the Indians a more than privileged character. He was the only white man that ever dared proceed alone and unarmed through the territory of Blackstone, but the same immunity was conceded to any white man recommended and endorsed by Dawson.

Even the great Canadian Pacific Railway had to resort to this recommendation before they dared send their first exploration and survey parties into this section of the wilderness preparatory to the construction of that epoch marking highway, probably one of the most important blocks in the foundation upon which the stately structure of Confederation was erected.

From Chief Penassie himself I received the description of that first expedition. On the arrival of the party at the head of the Lakes Dawson sent word to Blackstone advising him of the date when the party would enter the hinterland and informing him that in view of the unusual and important nature of the work they were about to undertake that Chief Penassie would accompany the expedition, explain its business and vouch for its members.

Setting out on the old trail it was soon apparent that an invisible escort of silent forms escorted both flanks of the little party and just before reaching the height of land sharp signals and rustling movements caused Chief Penassie to order an immediate halt to be followed by instant preparations for making camp. He ordered every man to proceed about his business with entire unconcern and to hold themselves under perfect control whatever situation might develop.

The first tent had scarcely been pitched when from the silent depths of the surrounding forest emerged some eighty or ninety warriors, each carrying a modern rifle at the ready, and entirely surrounded the party.

Immediately Blackstone stalked through the circle and approaching Chief Penassie haughtily demanded the reason for the invasion of his territory.

Penassie, with equal dignity and an even more commanding presence, gave him greeting, and explained that the little party of white men were skilled in the use of instruments that shortened long trails and made rough ways smooth, even as his friend Dawson was skilled. Therefore Dawson had arranged for them to carry on their beneficent work through the difficult

sections of Chief Blackstone's broad domain. Dawson had specially requested him to convey very strong expressions of his regard with the request that the party be permitted to proceed with their work unhampered and to express the hope that Blackstone, himself, would soon visit him at Prince Arthur's Landing where proper entertainment and explanation would be furnished.

After carefully scrutinizing each member of the party, one by one, as well as the packs which were now unfastened, he paused at one pack from which a miner's pick protruded and sharply demanded, "Is that man a member of your party?"

Penassie had to admit that he was not a member for the Chief's attention had been attracted to the pack of one George ——, a famous pioneer of the District who had voluntarily attached himself to the expedition as it promised a safe and easy method of prospecting this very promising, but closely guarded, country.

"Send that man back at once," he ordered. "The rest of you will follow my men to a good spot they will show you where you make your first camp. Thereafter we will help you all we can, for Dawson is my friend."

Dawson retained this commanding influence to the end of his life and even the Dominion Government were glad to use his good offices in the maintenance of peace and good order in this wild and distant territory.

However, this soliloquy didn't help our hunger or cause us to change our minds and return for the discarded birds, so we hurried along to the trail intersection where we had left our packs.

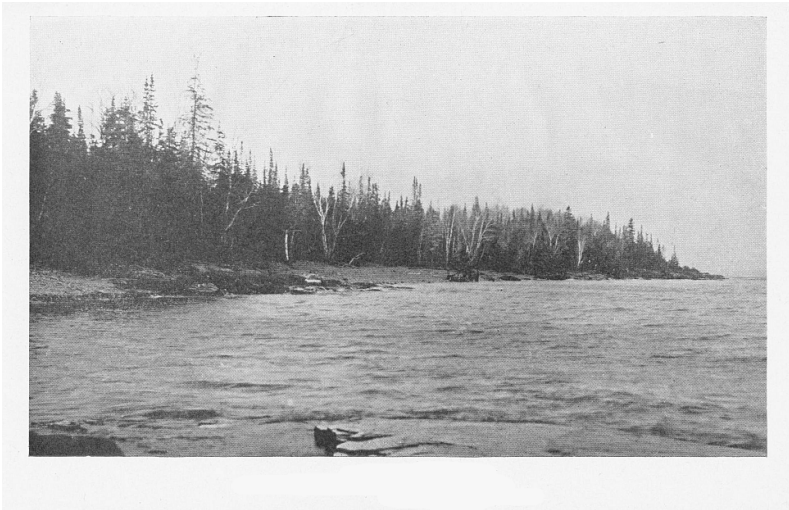
On our arrival, as if to prove the old saying that troubles never come singly, and as if we hadn't had enough for one morning, you can imagine our disappointment when we found that our packs had been torn open and every vestige of food devoured. This calamity brought a groan of mingled dismay and despair from the entire company. It was fairly certain that Blackstone's pack of huskies had discovered our cache and taken toll to the last crumb. We made a mental note that our next cache would be high in a tree and so baulk the activities of the ground marauders at any rate.

Having had neither breakfast or lunch we were now ravenous and as there was no prospect of a meal until we reached our camp at Dog Lake, it behooved us to get moving rapidly in that direction. The memory of that painful episode still, occasionally, disturbs my comfort. However, there was nothing to be gained by sitting down and bemoaning our hard fate so we

shouldered our packs and set off down the trail with a show of energy that we were far from feeling.

After tramping for several hours we stopped to rest at a small stream where we tried to ease that painful vacuum under our belts by taking long and copious draughts of the ice cold water. It didn't help any that I could notice and Edward made matters worse by relating in detail the particulars of some very fine meals that he had eaten on a recent visit to Chicago.

The sun had kissed the Earth good-night and the dusk had merged into the gloom of darkness long before we finally arrived at Hotel Frozen Dog but we were overfilled with joy at the prospect of a comfortable camp in the wilderness accompanied by a well stocked commissary department.



EAST WELCOME ISLAND.

In less than two shakes our fire was going and Joe started to make pancakes whilst we regaled ourselves with handfuls of oatmeal and sugar. Next we removed the bacon from the rafters and, although it had grown a full set of green whiskers during our absence, we were not fastidious after our long fast, so giving it a rough shave we quickly had it sizzling in the pan.

Mercy; how we did eat. Belshazzar's feast looked like a ha'porth of fish and chips when compared with our collation.

After clearing the dishes we lit our pipes, but nature's sweet restorer, sleep, soon brought to a close a hard, and unusually eventful, day.

After a rather late breakfast on the following morning Joe went to visit his family, and if possible, bring us definite information of the time when Enoch Eagle might be expected to visit the settlement.

We availed ourselves of this, the first free morning for a very considerable period, to take a shave, followed by a swim in the lake, and then change into a complete set of clean clothes. Refreshed in both body and mind we emerged, newly clad, from our hut exhilarated by the sparkling purity of the upland air and enthralled by the beauty of our natural surroundings enhanced by the halo of romance and mystery with which Indian legend and Indian faith had endowed it.

Joe soon returned with the good tidings that First Daughter had arrived and was ensconced as a guest with his family, being the bearer of greetings from her father who expected to arrive that same afternoon to participate in the annual festival and dance, to which he had been invited, and which was due to commence as soon as the dancing lodge was completed.

This programme gave us the remainder of the day free to indulge our bent for visiting and studying the various historic points of interest in the vicinity. But first, accompanied by Joe, we wended our way to the spot that was being prepared for the ceremony of the June dance.

To us, who had not been previously privileged to attend such a function, every detail of the arrangements was of great interest. The ground selected was almost perfectly level, carefully cleared and beaten down by a system of smooth, painstaking packing until it resembled a high grade hardwood floor.

Exactly in the centre stood a long pole, hewed perfectly square, finely polished and then painted with all the colours of the rainbow. This pole was the centre of a circle some fifty or sixty feet in diameter whose circumference was marked by a high fence of peeled poles painted white. At a distance it looked for all the world like a cemetery.

After spending some time at the site of this dancing lodge we proceeded about two and a half miles down the old Sioux trail to the site of one of the principal headquarters of the Sioux Nation. At this spot, on a bluff overlooking the Kaministiquia River and Little Dog Lake, was the thirty-three foot long picture of the great Sioux Ogama "Wild Spirit Dog." Made in the form of a dog it had been excavated from the natural ground to a depth of about two feet. The mould thus prepared had then been refilled to the depth of about one foot with a white silver sand which gleamed under the hot June sun from its surrounding setting of brown or green.



This was the site of the ancient execution and torture dances and as we listened to Joe's recital of the horrible rites and ceremonies that had once desecrated this beautiful spot the poignant thought, of this, yet another illustration of man's inhumanity to man, clouded our spirits and caused a pall of gloom to descend over the spot taking all the warmth and life from the glorious sunshine. Even the light breezes that played through the pines seemed to voice the weird, wailing requiem of the helpless women and children who had suffered here.

But, following the tumultuous succession of his recital, the key note changed. The wind through the pines then told us in strong and vibrant language that the principle of eternal justice has always been, is now and ever shall be dominant on the face of the Earth. For, in their bitter hour of need Nenabushoo observed their tribulation and called on the fiery spirit of the Great Thunder Eagle who saved them from annihilation and snatched for them a victory out of the very jaws of death.

On our return to camp the afternoon was far spent so we prepared an early supper and then visited the ancient cemetery which lay by the lake shore about half a mile from our camp. This cemetery possessed great historic interest and had been in use for unnumbered generations. It still retained much of the quaint aspect of early days and on every side one could see evidence of the deep love lavished by these natives on the last resting place of their departed kindred.

Each grave was marked by a carefully prepared and painted stake and we were particularly struck by the appearance of one small grave, evidently that of a child, which was smothered with a coverlet of beautiful wild violets. From the stake hung a little pair of beautifully worked and beaded moccasins, a battered wooden doll and a dilapidated alarm clock. Pathetic tributes to the love of some devoted mother whose tears had combined with loving hands to produce the fragrant covering.

Not a single grave appeared to be neglected or forgotten. Every one was provided with some article of clothing, firearms, beads or other ornament.

A spirit of deep solemnity pervaded us all and no tongue intruded on the sacred silence of that hallowed spot. We needed no Celestial reminder that we were indeed on holy ground as we slowly and silently wended our way between the graves and from there to the shore of the lake.

It was a quiet and beautiful evening, the air cool and the water smooth and inviting. We had as yet seen no canoes on the lake so, as it was

reasonably certain that Enoch would appear before the departure of daylight, we watched the distant horizon as we smoked and meditated.

Very soon Joe called our attention to a small black spot far to the North-East, which he assured us was a canoe, and hazarded the opinion that it would certainly be the canoe of Enoch Eagle as it proceeded from the direction of his dwelling place.

Shortly we were able to see for ourselves that it was a canoe and propelled by five lusty paddlers. It came up to us with great rapidity and quickly passed us, leaving a long wide wake that shone like silver as the setting sun lit up the ripples.

Joe informed us that Enoch was the striking figure in the stern and that he would proceed to the landing dock to have early converse with the visitor, reporting the result to us, at our camp, later in the evening.

It was quite dark when Joe finally turned up at our camp and, in reply to our questions, informed us that Enoch had been too busy in meeting and greeting his many friends for Joe to find a suitable opportunity of having any conversation with him. He ascertained, however, that Enoch had been invited to decorate the dancing lodge with ribbons, on the morrow, and that our best plan would be to attend the ceremony with Joe and seek an opportunity for conversation.

Nothing more could be accomplished that night so Joe retired to his own place with a promise to call for us at eight o'clock the next morning. This arrangement was duly carried out and immediately after breakfast we set out to visit the dancing lodge. When the site came suddenly into view on rounding a corner we became speechless with amazement. The place that had been so quiet and peaceful during our visit the previous evening had achieved a most extraordinary transformation. A regular forest of teepees had sprung up entirely surrounding the dancing lodge. Men, women and children were busily moving around in every direction all intent on some business that was evidently a source of joy and satisfaction to each participant.

The canoes drawn up on the beach and moored side by side at the primitive wharf formed a veritable fleet, sufficiently numerous to have transported, in the grim olden days, a mighty army of warriors.

But now no feeling of hate, revenge or strife dominated the gathering. That gala spirit of love, tolerance and benevolence permeated the entire assembly to such a keen pitch of harmony that we felt somewhat excluded

from the prevailing clan spirit as if we were strangers in a strange land and the unwitting spectators of a ceremony that we could only dimly understand and in which we were entirely incapable of participating.

At frequent intervals we caught sight of Enoch but he was always surrounded by a crowd of eager friends which discouraged us from intruding. So popular did he appear to be that we were almost in despair at the difficulty which seemed to present an impassible barrier to any conversation with him. How far, indeed, from the thoughts of this happy crowd, appeared our mundane thoughts obsessed by the quest for wealth from nature's store-house.

As we walked several times around the lodge, not a single individual spoke to us and the numerous glances directed at us, some curious and many frankly suspicious, added little to our peace of mind.

It seemed useless to spend any more time in waiting around. Amidst these surroundings Enoch appeared to be more unapproachable than a king on his throne, so with depressed and dampened spirits we turned our backs on this scene of gaiety in which we had no part and adjourned to the shore of the lake.

Here we sat and watched the natives drawing and setting their fishing nets in, probably, the identical manner of their forefathers of hundreds of years ago.

There seemed to be no alternative but to pack our duffle and abandon our expedition, but Joe vigorously opposed this alternative. He assured us that if we only would wait until the dance started that we would have many opportunities of speaking with Enoch. Further that as he was aware of our desire to speak with him that he would be displeased at our departure when, it was obvious, that he was engaged in the, to him, very important preliminaries leading up to this sacred ceremony.

So, after wandering aimlessly through many of the woodland paths, we again returned to the dancing lodge and seated ourselves on a log near the entrance, from which point of vantage we watched this seemingly irresponsible crowd of merry makers enjoy themselves. At the same time feeling in our inmost souls that the Divine Fates had pre-ordained for us the earning of our daily bread by the sweat of our brows instead of by the more easy method that we had had the temerity to desire.

After sitting there for some time we saw three women approaching us and as they drew nearer the leader hastened towards us with outstretched

hand and a friendly smile, greeting us in perfectly clear English with the words "Welcome to Dog Lake." This was First Daughter, accompanied by Joe's wife and her daughter. That we were surprised is to state the case mildly. Edward's eyes stood out like the stops on an organ and the power of speech had entirely departed from me. This happy looking, self possessed girl in the midst of her own people was an entirely different creature from the shy, native girl whom we had so recently befriended and whose remarks had been entirely confined to sentences in her mother tongue.

"I hope you are having a good time here," she said, "and I want you to come and meet my Father."

Ye gods; this was the one thing that we really wanted at that time, so gathering our scattered wits together, we assured her that we would be more than delighted to make his acquaintance.

"Come with me," she commanded, and we promptly set out in her wake, threading our way amongst innumerable groups of people, for all of whom she had a smile or a cheerful word, until we entered the dancing lodge where Enoch was the centre of an inevitable group.

Catching him unceremoniously by the coat she pulled him around to face in our direction and said something to him in her native tongue. At this he looked towards us with a friendly smile and approached us.

"Father," introduced First Daughter, "these are the good men who were so kind to me."

This, the most flattering introduction possible placed us under great obligation to First Daughter and, as she was shortly to be married, it was essential that we reciprocate to the extent of a wedding present.

Now that we had met Enoch we no longer had the slightest doubt as to the sincerity and depth of our welcome. First Daughter was evidently the pride of her Father's heart and his welcome was so spontaneous that we felt that he literally radiated friendship and good will, to which he added every form of courtesy and thoughtfulness so that the feeling of strangeness departed from us and we knew that we were welcome visitors.

Enoch was an educated man of considerable polish with striking and handsome features and, although a pure bred Ojibway, he spoke English and French with great fluency. As a fur trader he had been in the employ of one of the great fur Companies for many years and had established an unassailable reputation for honesty and integrity. His large, soft and velvety

eyes gleamed with pleasure as he bade us welcome and invited us to stay for the dance.

We assured him that nothing would give us greater pleasure than to witness the calumet dance of which we had heard so much.

“Then you must stay,” he concluded, “we always celebrate the smoke dance on this spot. It is one of the most sacred of the Ojibway dances for, this pipe of peace is the symbol of our great annual sacrament to the Manitou.”

After a few minutes of general conversation we broached the subject that lay so closely to our thoughts, and asked him if we could engage him as a guide to assist us in our exploration and search for the Lost Mother Mine, and before parting with him that day we had secured his consent to act in that capacity on an expedition for which we would make the necessary arrangements for the coming Autumn. He assured us, however, that it was most unlikely that the mine was on this side of the lake. He had trapped and traded around Dog Lake for over twenty years and that, if such a mine existed in that territory, he would most certainly have heard of it. “From what you say and from other scraps of information that I have heard, I am convinced that the mine is closer to Lake Superior and that a boat will be essential if you are to continue your search with any prospect of success. However, we will go carefully into the details of the matter on some future occasion,” said Enoch, as he returned to his duties in connection with the dance.

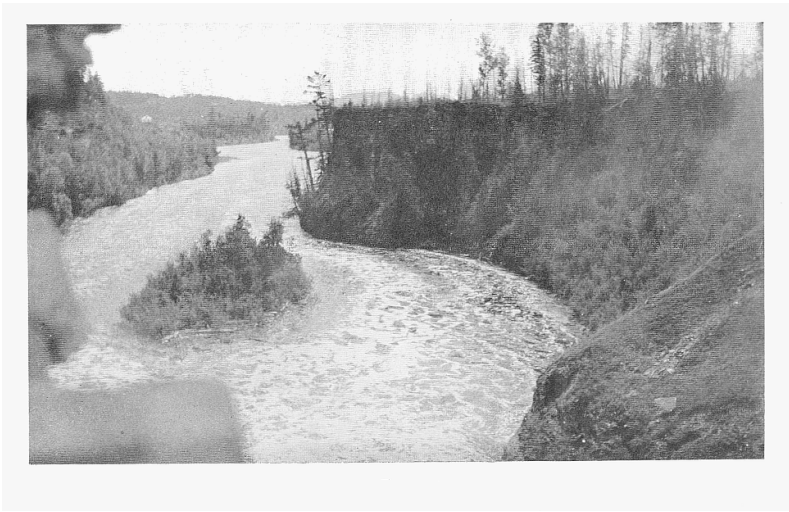
This conclusion very effectually dampened our recently revived hopes as we had not previously had any doubts that we would return triumphantly from our present trip, the proud owners of the greatest mine in all history.

However, matters would have to remain in abeyance until after the dance and so, preoccupied with our varied thoughts, we returned to camp.

When the broad, panoramic vista of Dog Lake first unfolded itself before our admiring eyes, with its green tree studded islands set in their sapphire bed stretching as far as the eye could see, we were convinced that Nature could have chosen no fitter setting for the location of one of her richest treasure houses. Added to the aesthetic beauty of the scene we saw at the same time abundant water powers in many cascading falls combined with a wealth of timber trees as practically useful as they were beautiful; both essential features in the economical and profitable exploitation of a modern silver mine, and probably no one will criticize this rather utilitarian thought in the presence of such wonderful beauty.

Among the many tumultuous thoughts that crowded our minds we could not help thinking how strange it was that after a full month of exploration, involving every sort of physical hardship in packing, climbing and staking claims in wet and cold and heat, that we appeared to be as far away as ever from the discovery of the Mother Mine of our dreams that constantly occupied our every waking thought and most of our visions in sleep.

Up to this time we had been guided by others as to the likeliest places in which to find mineral to the exclusion of any personal ideas we had on the subject but we had, by this time, acquired enough experience to reach some very important conclusions. First we concluded that, in the mining business, the most beautiful scenery and the most definite holes in the ground do not invariably produce a silver mine. Further, that visions and dreams unharnessed to experience led us to no practical achievements. In addition we were getting very firmly convinced that either Joe did not know where the Lost Mother Mine was or, if he did, he would not show it to us.



THE GORGE BELOW KAKABEKA FALLS ON THE KAMINISTIQUIA RIVER.

About ten o'clock that night we left our camp to stroll through the bush contiguous to the lake and watched the lights die out, one by one, from island after island across the lake, many of which were occupied as summer homes by Indians of the Dog Lake Band. Near midnight the darkness was complete and the whole earth seemed to slumber in calm repose in an atmosphere that was at once placid, silent and still, yet, withall, charged, electrical, ghostly and, in a sense, ominous. Shortly, the heavens began to awaken and the goddess of the Northern Lights proceeded to hold her revels

across the firmament, flashing and dancing from every point of the compass towards the Zenith in every variation of shape and form in lambent hues of pale amber, rose and blood red. The stars shone with a fitful, restless brilliance and the whole atmosphere was wild, strange and exciting more like the imagination of a fevered dream than the cold, hard reality of a Northern night.

Suddenly, from the North appeared a green ball of fire with a velocity and curvature as though it had been a distress rocket fired from the deck of a disabled vessel. It appeared to come directly towards us, followed by streamers of brilliantly colored sparks, then arching overhead it disappeared on the horizon where Thunder Cape stood sentinel, dark and silent on the sombre night bosom of Lake Superior beyond the deep forest that encircled us.

Almost immediately a glorious flood of light appeared at the summit of the arch of heaven and poured its perpendicular rays in a stupendous flood upon the silent world below, dimming the starry hosts until they faded into twinkling pin-points as though removed to further vast distances from those they occupy. Soon this brilliant light concentrated and assumed the form of a gigantic bird with luminous, outstretched wings; the whole sparkingly bright with a sheen of richer satin than mortal ever devised. For several minutes the glorious heavenly vision hovered almost directly over us and then majestically glided after the setting sun and disappeared over the Western horizon.

After some minutes of deep silence Edward remarked: "I wonder if we were the only ones to be privileged to see that vision? The islands are in darkness and I think it unlikely that any of the Dog Lake Band were awake to see it. I am glad that it looked at us for I verily believe that it was an angel." Then, for a time, we felt that we were in another World, but were soon aroused from a delicious reverie by the haunting melody of a strangely weird and mournful song whose cadence called as from some one in distress.

Cautiously we moved in the direction from which the sound appeared to come and were astonished to see, within a short distance, the reflection of a fire. Approaching the fire we discovered an Indian engaged in repairing a drum whilst squatting on the ground. To our courteous enquiry as to what was going on that night he made no reply. As if he had neither heard nor seen us he arose to his feet and walked silently and quickly away. At a distance of a few rods we followed him until we came to a small fire that

had been made in the centre of a considerable clearing and around which were seated several Indians, all of whom were smoking.

By the light of the fire we were able to identify Enoch Eagle with a particularly large pipe in his hand and promptly asked him to explain to us what they were doing. "We are making a medicine to the Great Spirit," he at once replied and then proceeded to make us welcome with a grave and dignified courtesy that impressed us deeply and he extended an invitation to us to stay for the service about to be held. For our benefit, he explained in a few words of English that the phenomenon that we had just been privileged to witness was the manifestation of the great "Fiery Eagle of Thunder Cape," an emissary of the first rank in the service of Nenabushoo.

The service consisted largely of singing interspersed with the ceremonial smoking of Kinikinic. The latter is a mixture prepared from the inside bark of the red willow to which is added certain quantities of Virginia tobacco and Burberry leaves. The red willow, having been stained with the blood of Nenabushoo is sacred to the Manitou. The blood of sacrifice that has come down through the ages by way of Abraham's ram, the lamb of the Jewish Passover and even that of the Holy Eucharist is visualized for the Indian in the blood red pigment of the red willow. From its slender branches are fashioned the stems of all their ceremonial pipes and the tender inside bark is the basis of the mixture smoked therein. Its pungent fumes are, to them, a holy incense that ascends as an acceptable peace offering even unto the throne of God. To them, this ceremony is nothing less than the most holy sacrament and to refuse to smoke from the pipe thus offered is, not only the greatest insult that can be given an Indian, but is sacrilege almost beyond the pale. Only by humbly confessing your unworthiness to participate can you hope for any possibility of forgiveness.

The solemnity of the scene, combined with the faith and grandeur of the idea filled me with awe and affected me deeply as I realized that in this far distant place, although in a different form, I was face to face with the essentials of the old Egyptian faith that for countless centuries guided the souls of mankind.

Later, I ascertained that the responsibility for the Flood was ascribed, in Indian legend, to the red willow. It was revealed that Nenabushoo, being desirous that the red willow should be widely disseminated throughout the whole World so that it would be readily available for the use and comfort of all her children, collected a large quantity of seed. This seed she stained and fertilized with her life blood and then proceeded to scatter it from every mountain top so that it drifted down the slopes and found a resting place



throughout all the valleys and plains beneath, where it thrived mightily close to the teepees of her children, there, the flaming red willow, changing in color from bright to sombre as sunshine and shadow passed, furnished abundant material for the accepted sacrifice, enabling them to make perpetually a peace offering to God and, through the pipe, hold communion with the Manitou, the Great Controlling Creative Spirit of their Mythology.

Soon after the plan of Nenabushoo had been fulfilled and the glory of the red willow had spread itself over all the Earth, the Great Serpent observed the glow of this wonderful coloring covering the entire Earth and its war like challenge provoked him to great wrath. He immediately made plans to set out with the intention of utterly destroying the red willow which he sensed to be antagonistic to his evil domination over the minds and souls of mankind. Nenabushoo, ever watchful for her works and the welfare of her children, immediately defied him to attempt the destruction of her beautiful handicraft and soon fierce fight was raging. It was not long before Nenabushoo pierced the spiritual heart of the Great Serpent with a fiery arrow which caused him to break off the fight and hurry to the Ocean where, in his distress, he blew his venom into the water and so poisoned it that it remains undrinkable to the present day. Then Nenabushoo, realizing what he had done, decided that the whole Earth must be purged from this pollution. So she then proceeded to the top of the highest mountain and there pulled on the fiery rope that ascends into the heavens; and the heavens opened and the floods descended so that the waters of heaven covered the whole face of the Earth and the Earth remained beneath the Flood many days.

The next morning broke clear and hot with an unnaturally brilliant light that caused the distant hills to stand out clearly as if they had moved more closely to our encampment. This, we knew, presaged a storm and soon heavy banks of cumulus and nimbus clouds began rolling up from the Western horizon. As we had had over four weeks of unseasonably dry weather it was evident to us that we were in for a prolonged and heavy spell of rain that would postpone the dance for at least two or three days.

Consequently, we sent Joe to invite Enoch to visit our camp for dinner. They soon returned together, Enoch being very depressed at the gloomy prospects for the dance. We feigned deep regret at the untoward interruption of a ceremony that we were so anxious to see, but in our inward hearts we were secretly delighted at the intervention of the rain because it afforded us the opportunity of questioning Enoch at great length.

The storm broke with great fury accompanied by heavy squalls of hail whose terrific stones, as large as hen's eggs, glistened and danced as they

rebounded from the ground. Where they fell in the bush they wrought havoc with the leaves and limbs of the trees and spread the petals of the wild flowers in all directions.

Soon the wind fell to a soft steady breeze, the canopy of cloud assumed a dull, even, leaded hue and the rain fell with a steady, tenacious persistence that lasted for a full two days and nights.

We persuaded Enoch to make his home at our camp during the remainder of our visit to Dog Lake and, in the warmth of the fire, he laid aside his disappointment and beguiled us with many interesting stories of the land and its dusky inhabitants, his reminiscences reaching back hundreds of years into the dim and distant past, long before the foot of a white man had trodden the North Shore of Lake Superior.

Included amongst them was the history of Ogama, Wild Spirit Dog and Green Mantle as well as a masterly exposition of the Indian religious beliefs. As we questioned him regarding his faith in Kitchie Manitou and Nenabushoo and listened to his deeply sincere and picturesque enunciation of his abiding faith we felt that we were, indeed, sitting at the feet of Gamaliel. His faith in the power and efficacy of prayer to the Great Spirit was as the faith of a child.

It is proper that I should place on record some of these old stories as they have been related to me so often that they have almost become part of my own outlook.

There are two Deities in the Indian religion; Manitou, the Supreme God, and Nenabushoo. There is also the evil spirit, Matchie Manitou. Consequently, I asked Enoch to describe for us the attributes of these characters. To this request he replied:—

“Kitchie Manitou (God) is the Great Spirit to whom all our prayers are offered, the one Supreme Being in whose keeping lies the destiny of the whole Universe. His voice speaks to us in the wind, in the thunder, in the great storms, in the waters and in the forest through the trees. Everywhere he speaks to us that we may not lie, steal, hate or unnecessarily destroy the works of Nenabushoo, but rather obey and hearken to her voice.

“Then there is Nenabushoo, owner of the Earth, of the same age as the Earth, her food is ‘time’ and she cannot grow old because she continually renews herself. We are permitted to call her ‘Friend,’ but she is much more than our friend, she is our Mother. Her home is with the Manitou and the spirits of our dead. When the Earth is wrapped in sorrow and gloom she

sends her watch lights trailing down the sky, surrounding the Earth with great shafts of fire that all men may see, and take warning lest the Great Thunder Eagle, in all its glorious colours, should appear in majesty over Thunder Cape. For this is our Covenant that tells us the Manitou has not forgotten us. She is patient and long suffering, slow to wrath, loving and kind, but those who continually disobey her laws she wallops without mercy.

“Lastly there is the Evil One, Matchie Manitou, known as the smooth, slick robber, the liar and enemy of all mankind who wages relentless war on all the higher aspirations of the human race. He is endowed with innumerable disguises, is able to take any shape or impersonate any character and has the power to call any number of other beings to his assistance, who are submerged in evil even as he is submerged. Under the protection of his various disguises he is able to accomplish such a record of crime, deceit and deviltry that it is impossible for the mind of simple man to even partially comprehend it. His first appearance on Earth was in the form of a copper coloured serpent, our copper head snake, the most treacherous, vindictive and poisonous of all our reptiles.”

As he finished speaking both awe and wonder filled our hearts at the poetic beauty of his conception of the main springs of eternal life, so impressively supported by that simple and sincere faith that one could readily believe possessed the power to remove mountains or perform miracles.

And so, for the two days and much of the nights, we conversed with our distinguished guest on subjects both grave and gay, not forgetting every possible reference to any point that might shed some light on the location of the Lost Mother Mine.

This visit was of more than passing interest to us for it was on this spot that we were admitted, for all time, into the intimate friendship of the Indians by means of the solemn ceremony of the sacred calumet.

Henceforth we were free to attend any of their ceremonials, whether tribal or religious, and this admittance to their fellowship could only be regarded in the light of a great honour and a most sacred privilege. This point of view was most indelibly impressed on us a few days later with stupendous force when the soul stirring passages of the Christening prayer had been translated into English for our benefit. Their clear definite belief in the immortality of the soul, a wide and all-embracing spiritual life of which their own individual spirits formed an inseparable and definite part and intuitively formed and completed the beautiful structure of their belief which

was tenaciously and completely held to be the foundation and controlling essence of their being, their stay and guide throughout life, here and hereafter.

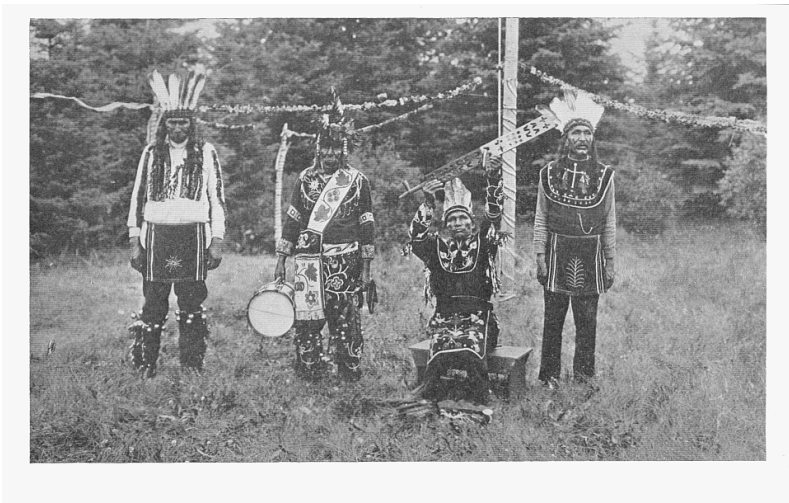
The completeness of their belief in dreams was difficult for us to understand for no matter of importance would ever be undertaken or decided until guidance had been sought by means of a dream. When the Medicine Man consults his dream he always wears the Kinin over his heart for it is the light of his dream and in its radiance only may he be guided to a clear and proper interpretation of the message that his dream conveys.

On being advised of the potency of dream communication we asked if their dreams ever demanded the sacrifice of a human life. We were told that such had been the case on rare occasions and one related a case in which such a sacrifice had been demanded. Our informant said:

“Many years ago when we were at war with our ancient enemies, the Sioux, a head man of the village of Flint Lake dreamt that unless a human sacrifice was offered up that every member of the tribe would be put to death. He quickly assembled all the inhabitants of the village and announced that he had had a dream that he feared was beyond his power to carry out. His dream demanded a human sacrifice, a young woman and his own daughter was named as the appropriate victim. She was to be put to death by his own hand at sunset so that her soul might accompany the sun beyond the stars. Her flesh was to be burned and her bones buried in the bosom of the Earth. This announcement deeply agitated the tribe but its message was immediately accepted for none dared doubt its supreme authority. Preparations for the sacrifice were put in hand at once, a site chosen for the ceremony and its accompanying feast and lavish decorations of brilliantly coloured draping contrasted vividly with the sombre green of the forest glade. The girl was then beautifully attired in a rich ceremonial dress of an Indian Princess and led to the place of execution by her own girl friends where they found the entire population assembled all eager to make the remaining hours of life pleasant to the innocent and unsuspecting victim whose soul was to pass out and on as the declining sun sought its nightly haven beyond the Western hills. Just as the lower rim touched the encircling horizon the maiden was led, with all honour, to the place of execution. It was only then, as one by one the whole tribe approached her, touched her, and turned with tears away, that she realized that she was to be offered as a sacrifice. With realization came action; tearing the flowers from her hair she called loudly to God for Him to save her from this bitter fate and as her father stepped into the circle, with stabbing spear in hand, the cries of the

girl, conjoined with the sobs and prayers of the people, were heart-rending. Her father, with uplifted hands, implored the people to be silent and then explained to them that his dream demanded his child and that all good men must be loyal to their dreams. As for his daughter, for her to die at that time assured her immediate entry to everlasting happiness and the saving of the tribe from most terrible ill-fortune. As he finished speaking his daughter threw herself full length on the ground and cried aloud, 'My father, don't give me to death, don't give me to death, that terrible beast.' Not to be deterred from his purpose he raised his spear in striking attitude and a deep shudder ran through the crowd as all thought that the death blow was descending. But even as his arm tensed for that terrific blow his face changed and the spear fell from his hand as he shrieked in a loud voice, 'My dream is satisfied.' He then lighted his calumet and pointed it to the heavens, singing and glorifying God. Then was a great feast prepared and with music and dancing the thanksgiving of the tribe was offered to the Deity throughout the night.

"Every detail of this event was quickly reported to the headquarters of the Sioux on Dog Mountain for the Sioux had many signal stations and were skilled beyond all other North American tribes in the art and practise of signalling. All the tribes looked on signalling as a matter of the greatest importance and the Ojibway station on Thunder Mountain used over 600 signs and their Allies, the Crees, had developed the method of signalling known as 'Tuning the Waters' to an uncanny pitch of perfection."



CHIEF SKEET PRESENTING THE CALUMET TO THE GREAT SPIRIT.

We further learned from our informant that Flint Village was one of the wealthiest on the whole North Shore of Lake Superior for it was the headquarters of the principle ammunition works of the great Ojibway nation. At this point they made cutlery, spears and arrowheads as well as furnishing the raw material, in the form of flint flakes, that were converted into spear and arrow points when shipped to the numerous other armouries of that Nation. In addition, these flakes were used universally amongst the tribes as a medium of exchange, adding materially to the prosperity of this community.

Very shortly after the happy ending of the dream ceremonial of sacrifice the Ojibway spies reported active preparations for war being made in the chief encampment of the SIOUX at Dog Mountain and many spies of Ogama Dog, their notorious and vindictive leader, were captured close to the vicinity of Flint Village. Action by the Ojibways became imperative and an army of picked men was promptly despatched from Thunder Mountain under the command of Bukwujenene Dahyhe Owk Metigwahke (Wild man of the Forest), a great War Chief and General of the Ojibways, his soubriquet was the "Wall-Eyed General." He was a man of great stature and, in battle, his face was always painted a brilliant red with circles of white surrounding his eyes. To this was added a feathered war head dress, tipped with red, giving him a most blood thirsty appearance combined with dignity and strength, marking him as a great warrior, a worthy leader of the armies of his people.

Immediately on his arrival at Flint Village he called a Council of War at which it was decided to fortify the village by erecting a barricade of rocks and timber encircling the whole encampment and so provided a sheltered wall behind which the defense could be conducted. Scarcely had the defenses been completed when they were vigorously attacked by overwhelming forces that soon topped the wall at many points where the Sioux judged the defense to be weakest and there concentrated their attack. Wild Man skilfully handled his forces and rushed strong parties of his reserves whenever a break occurred, but numbers were out-weighting him and the situation was nothing short of desperate. From his wigwam the Medicine Man quietly observed the tide of battle as it ebbed and flowed until a stage was reached when he deemed that action was necessary. Quietly he lit his calumet and pointed it towards the heavens whilst chanting a supplication to God, moving from time to time to the fiercest points of attack and counter attack. Soon the sky darkened and one could see on distant Thunder Cape the flaming pinions of the Thunder Eagle reaching to the Zenith in great shafts of flame which quickly drove stupendous masses

of Nimbus clouds directly to Flint Village. As they approached they gathered speed, finally breaking with the terrific fury of primeval and elemental force with the concentrated thunders of all the ages rolled into one awful paeon of continuous sound illuminated by a ceaseless flashing of the most intense lightning. Then came the rain. The heavens opened and discharged a deluge of cold, numbing, electrically charged ice-water. The heart of the Sioux failed them for fear; those without the wall threw down their arms and fled wildly to escape annihilation. Within the wall all the enemy were quickly slaughtered. The heavenly manifestation that had brought terror and panic to the Sioux brought only strength, hope and renewed courage to the Ojibways. From that day forward no enemy has dared attempt an attack on the Flint Village (Peewahnug Sahguhegun), stronghold of the Ojibway Nation.

## OGAMA NAHMA

The village of Mahkuda Nahma Sahguhegun (Black Sturgeon Lake) was less fortunate when it became the scene of a deadly battle. At Black Sturgeon Lake the Sioux and Ojibways had met previously in a number of bloody encounters, although it was at Sturgeon Lake that the greatest craft and cruelty were shown.

Black Sturgeon Lake is situated South of Lake Nipigon, its North-West extremity being about half a mile from the South Bay and is connected thereto by a portage known as Flat Rock Portage and the Black Sturgeon River, draining the lake, empties into the Nipigon River below the Victoria Rapids. The sturgeon of this lake were very dark in the skin, a condition induced by a peculiar pigment in the water, and were consequently known as "black sturgeon," being noted for their rich delicious flavor and much preferred beyond any sturgeon found in the other waters of the District. They were always eagerly sought after and commanded a high exchange value in the barter of the Country.

One summer, whilst at their annual work of catching and curing these famous fish, one of the Band on going to lift his net found entangled therein an immense sturgeon nearly ten feet in length. There was great rejoicing amongst the inhabitants of Sturgeon Village and the one who was credited with the catch was feted by everyone, although he boasted of his catch in much the same manner as would the lucky fisherman of to-day. The fish was taken to the tribal fish house and there placed on exhibition, the whole Band being invited to view this wonder and to participate in the feast and dance to be held in honour of this truly royal fish, the feast and dance of the Ogama Nahma, the King Sturgeon.

At that time there was a band of Sioux warriors on the trail between Lake Nipigon and Lake Superior which lay in part by way of Sturgeon Lake and its outlet river. They were under the command of a famous magician named Kenebig who sent forward one of his spies to visit the Ojibway camp to obtain a report on its disposition and the number of its warriors. Speaking the Ojibway language freely he was gladly welcomed as a friend and was treated with every kindness. On being taken to see the King of Sturgeons he appeared to be keenly interested and when leaving, at the end of the day, declared that he must take one more look at this wonderfully large sturgeon.



Every member of the Band attended the dance with the exception of one woman who was compelled to remain in her own camp to care for a sick child and although she was quite isolated and a considerable distance from the village she could never-the-less see the reflection of the fire and hear the roll of the drums. Near midnight everything seemed unusually and ominously quiet; the fire was not visible and the roll of the drums had ceased. The fact that her husband, with other members of her family were attending the feast caused her some uneasiness at this strange occurrence. As the first day and night passed and neither firelight or roll of drums returned her uneasiness increased until she became convinced that some serious, terrible thing must have happened so, on the second day, after a restless night, she set out for the village. On arriving, she was stunned when no visible sign of life was apparent although the whole ground seemed strewn with sturgeon bones. Loudly she called for her friends but no answering call came back to her ears. Running from camp to camp she found no living soul but, on looking into the fish camp, she was horrified to find it swarming with snakes of an immense size. The depth of her terror may be readily imagined; not a living soul in sight and swarms of those writhing, hissing and loathsome reptiles surrounding her and she lost no time in making a precipitous retreat to her own camp where she was compelled to remain some time until her child had sufficiently recovered to travel. Then, making her way through the trackless forest as only an Indian can, she eventually reached Nipigon and poured out her story, imploring the medicine man to send a party to look for her people. This plea he rejected, stating that such an expedition would be entirely useless as the Spirit of the Manitou Nahma had taken this method of punishing the Band and had turned them into snakes because they had neglected to return the bones of the Ogama Nahma to the waters from whence they came.

Many years elapsed before this camping ground was again visited when the discovery was made that the bones of the long dead Indians were scattered in the bush.

It was afterwards related by a Sioux chief that this huge sturgeon which had given promise of so rich a feast had been secretly poisoned by one of their spies who had visited the village disguised as an Ojibway stranger. The snakes seen by the women were Sioux warriors, disguised as snakes, who had lain in ambush until they saw the Ojibways in the throes of convulsions after partaking of the poisoned fish and then rushed out on them with yells of delight, attacking those who were still alive with their clubs and pounding them to death, making of the whole affair a massacre rather than a battle.

To this day no Indian will fish in this lake or eat any fish taken therefrom, believing that to do so would provoke the wrath of the Spirit of the Ogama Nahma. The name, Black Sturgeon Lake, has clung to this place all the years since and, with it, the fear of the Spirit of the Ogama Nahma.

## RIVER OF LIFE

When he had finished speaking I asked him why it was that when the Indians take their offerings to Thunder Cape that they place them only at the Lion's Head and never at the Giant's Head or the Eagle's nest and whether the other sacred beasts were held in the same veneration. Without answering this question he arose saying: "I will be back soon."

Enoch then went to his own camp and after a short time we could see him returning carrying a flat box about two feet long shaped like a suit case. Coming in he placed the box at his feet and sat down without any reference to my question or telling us what the box contained. This was certainly challenging our curiosity but we knew that it would not further our purpose if we appeared to be too anxious. We were, however, getting restless when he finally arose and took off his hat, coat and vest, then proceeded, with a look of great reverence, to open the box. The first article he took out was a pipe with a stem about two feet in length and a large red stone head. Next came a beautifully decorated bead work medicine bag from which he took an ornamental pouch which he called his Kini-Kinic bag. Then he lifted out his gown which was covered with the most wonderful bead work I had ever seen which he told us weighed 35 lbs. It was beautiful beyond words to describe and was literally gorgeous, its main feature being a perfectly worked eagle that covered the whole chest. This gown, together with his feathered head dress, he handed to us to inspect and admire and secured our unstinted praise of this beautiful work done by the hands of these skilled needle-workers.

Enoch then donned this costume and, as we looked at him, we felt that we were in the presence of a great Indian priest. He then let us see the ceremonial stone "Artifact" and stated that any one possessing one of these rare stones was favored by the Great Spirit, Manitou, and was highly respected by man; also that if the possessor has an enemy, that enemy will die before the possessor. The last article he produced greatly aroused our curiosity and he called it "Kenin." On examination we found it to consist of three pieces, each about two and a half inches long and five-eighths of an inch in diameter. One piece was of copper, one of stone and one was made from the large bone of the wing of an owl. All were perfectly round, highly polished and pierced by a hole through the centre. They were hung on a

wine colored cord through which ran a thread of gold. These three elements, he explained to us, represented three different spirits; the spirit of the copper, the spirit of the stone and the spirit of the owl, which gave light to his dream when worn over his heart; the dream resembles the firefly and can only be seen by the light of its Kenin.

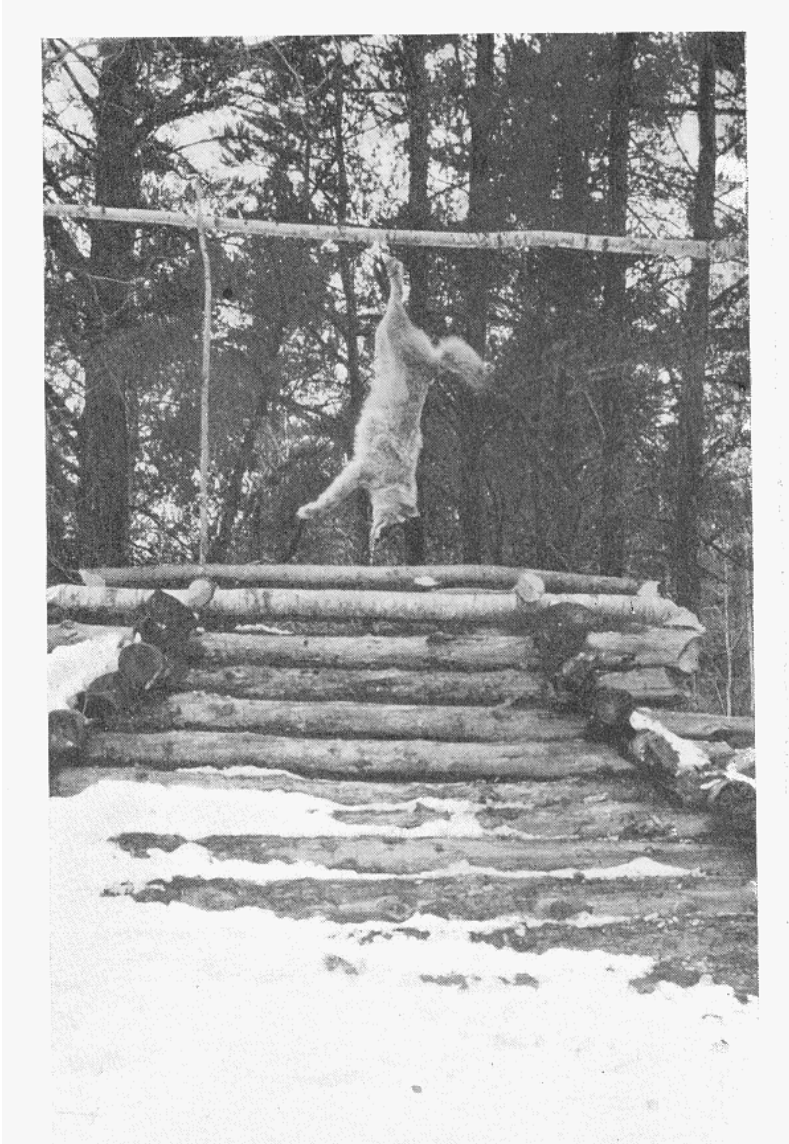
He then filled and lighted his Calumet and soon our camp was full of the aroma of the incense from its bowl. Not until then did he mention the question that we had asked of him. Without preface, he began: "The figure on Thunder Cape, which you mentioned, that watches the Sun go down, is one of the sacred and mighty beasts, it is Nenabushoo's Heraldic Lion and is the symbol of Death. All life must pass this lion before it can enter the Happy Hunting Ground. Where is the Happy Hunting Ground? No living man knows just where it is and we of this World must be satisfied to serve the Great Spirit. I have seen it in a Vision but I have never been there, if I had, I could not have returned. My vision came from my dream."

"Have you known any one else to have a Vision?" we asked.

"Yes," he replied, "Perhaps four or five, I am not sure. There are three stages to this Happy Hunting Ground. The first is the worldly stage, the second is the Death Stage and the last is the River of Life. I must tell you that my ambition as a young man was to become a great Medicine Man. I attended every medicine dance to which I was invited. I have, also, prayed and fasted for ten days on the Nipigon Dream Stone and came through without mishap, although many others failed and had to be taken off because they were unable to stand the long fast and exposure of the ordeal. My father sailed a boat for one of the Fur Trading Companies, gathering furs from the trading posts on Lake Superior, often voyaging as far as Sault Sainte Marie. One Fall my father went down the shore for a cargo of salt fish, that had been caught and salted by the Indians for the Company's trading posts. The season was getting late and, day by day, we walked the shore anxiously watching for any sign of his boat. One day our hearts were gladdened by the sight of a signal fire on Welcome Islands, the usual notification that a boat was in sight. We eagerly watched, and at sundown we sighted a boat abreast of the Welcomes apparently heading strongly for the mouth of the Mission River. The wind had increased in strength and it was blowing hard from the North-East with occasional flurries of snow. As darkness fell the gale increased to a heavy storm with blinding snow. We watched all through that never to be forgotten night and at daybreak we anxiously scanned the still heaving waters of the Lake. The storm had passed and peace reigned beneath a smiling sky, but no speck of sail or sign of boat could be seen on

all the vast expanse of waters. Many hours later some wreckage was washed ashore on the sands near the mouth of the Mission River which remains there to the present day. The sight of this wreck completely upset my Mother and for many days she, with others, ceaselessly walked the shore as they watched the Lake for some sign of my father for the wreck was not that of my father's boat, it having come from the South Shore. For my own part I decided to locate my father by means of my dream; so, taking a few things to afford me warmth, I set up my teepee on the first ledge of Thunder Mountain in a position where, sheltered from the North-West wind, I commanded a wide view of the Lake and surrounding country. I then commenced to fast and pray whilst making a medicine to the Great Spirit. On the fourth day my teepee began to sway backwards and forwards and I knew that I was in communication with the Dead. My fire died out but I felt neither cold nor hunger; the sound of sweetest music filled the air and I was in another World. I had arrived at a landing stage apparently composed of smooth solid rock. In every direction people were eagerly hurrying as though anxiously seeking something so I followed the crowd. I had not proceeded far until I heard my guardian spirit speak to me some kindly words of welcome, so I followed my spirit to what appeared to be the entrance to a beautiful avenue of trees where I was startled to see an immense beast made from the strongest metals which, as it stretched its enormous joints, seemed to crack with every movement, and I stopped instantly. 'Be not afraid,' my guardian spirit said. 'That is the sacred lion, the symbol of Death, guarding the entrance to the River of Life. If you pass that Great Beast you cannot return to the Earth, for that is the Rule in this Land of Death. You are greatly privileged to see these marvellous sights and be allowed to again return to Earth and tell your people. Suppose we seek a place where we can get a better view and talk more freely apart from this crowd,' suggested my guardian spirit. Proceeding to the right bank of the River of Life a most glorious sight lay before us. Thousands of people were gathered at the foot of the steps leading up to the sacred lion, each intent on his own worship, waiting to enter the River of Life, and at intervals paeons of the most wonderful music enveloped us. Presently, it seemed as if a great gate had swung silently open and we were permitted to view the glorious vision of the other World. The River of Life took on the form of a stream of moving lights; the spirits of the Dead moving like the pulsating rhythm of the heart, lights large and small, some the merest specks which my guardian spirit explained were the spirits of little children. At the entrance to the celestial land there was an immense crowd seemingly welcoming some important spirit and there I beheld and recognized my father who raised his hand to silently salute me, his face radiant with joy. Turning, he laid his hand

on the head of the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and a voice came out to me that said, 'Green Mantle.' Then I awoke, knowing that my father had gone to the Happy Hunting Ground. This was the vision that my Dream saw."



LIVE BAIT WOLF TRAP.

Later we heard more of the great Ojibway Legend that speaks of the River of Life.

## NENABUSHOO (Nature)

In particular, we heard with the deepest interest Enoch's recital of the share that Nenabushoo had taken in keeping open the approaches through which humanity can only gain access to, and embark on, the Divine River. His interpretation of this incident of the Legend was again most impressively given. He said:

“By many people, who know little or nothing of our Indian beliefs, Nenabushoo is always depicted as a very mysterious being or spirit when they try to produce an Indian story, and even many of our own people tell the most ridiculous tales about this great Spirit which is known in the English language as ‘Nature.’

“Some like to think of Nature as an old, old man with a hump on his back, with long white hair and a long white flowing beard, sitting on the rim of the Northern World and stirring up the Northern Lights with a stick in order that he may keep himself warm. Nothing could be further from the truth than such a description of Nenabushoo, for she is the emblem of ‘Love,’ young and divinely fair, endowed with the gift of eternal youth and is one of the greatest of the ‘Daughters of Heaven’ but, even so, she is not all-powerful. Many people blame her for all their troubles but they forget that there is another spirit of tremendous power who wages constant warfare against Nature and her Government.

“This spirit is Machie Manitou (The Devil), an evil god having vast power over the lives of men. He can turn himself into the form of a man and can also take possession of men's hearts, causing them to hate and destroy one another. Nature, on the other hand, contends that she is entitled to the life that she has created and claims jurisdiction over the spirit in order that she may guide it in safety to her spiritual home, just as a mother would wish to do for her child, for the faithful children of Nenabushoo are heirs to this land. They are received there by their ministering spirits, but these spirits are not servants, they are companions of the children and the children of Nature are all regarded as gods.

“Nature has fought many fierce battles for her children and the first, and fiercest fight between these two great powers took place at the entrance to the River of Life. Machie Manitou, having taken the form of a huge serpent with a human head crowned by two large balls of hair done up on his

forehead, stretched his body across the entrance to the River of Life. Before its portals awaited many who were entitled to enter but there was no possible way of passing this sinister and loathsome obstacle and the spirits of these people were filled with despair. In front of them stretched the great enemy of mankind and behind them loomed the figure of Death. So, apparently, there was nothing that they could do but to return to their dead bodies on Earth in the hope that some of their friends had placed food on their graves to sustain them until they were allowed to enter the Promised Land.

“But Love is the mainspring of Life and even then the Spirit of Love was hastening to the rescue of her children. Soon, they were startled by the terrific booming of thunder, like unto the beating of thousands of mighty drums, and presently, in the midst of a blinding flash of lightning, appeared the spirit of Nature radiating her love for them and her sympathy in their distress.

“Throwing off her royal mantle she immediately started to fight the great serpent, rapidly shooting her fiery arrows at his loathsome body. All these he deftly caught and venomously threw them back at her, inflicting grievous wounds and causing her great pain. But when she was most sorely stressed a voice from Heaven spoke clearly as a silver trumpet, saying, ‘Shoot him in the hair.’ Changing her aim, she very soon succeeded in clipping the two balls of hair from his forehead and thus put him entirely out of action. This closed the fight but the vast, inert, body of the serpent still closed the portals of the entrance to the River of Life.

“Suddenly from the Heavens, heralded by a piercing scream, appeared a Great Fiery Eagle that swooped down on Machie Manitou and buried his talons deep in the serpentine body. Rising majestically with his burden he quickly relieved himself of the weight by casting it into the air through which it fell to Earth, and has so remained here to the present day. Thus was the entry to the River of Life opened for all time for the passage of the children of Nenabushoo.

“These two are the great powers and they are like unto great governments; the one with the greatest number of warriors prevails and so holds the supreme power.

“We Indians are very religious, we do not take God’s name in vain and there are no profane words contained in our language, but we make presents to the wonderful forms created by Nature, calling them the children of Nenabushoo. We have also vigorously waged war against the Evil One in



the persons of those who have turned themselves over to him, such as witches and Windigos. It was our custom, in the past, when any of our people were mentally afflicted for the Chief to call his Council before whom the afflicted one was ordered to appear. If, on examination, he appeared dangerous, or was one who had been known to change himself into a dog, or other animal, for the purpose of terrorizing or injuring any one, he would promptly be sentenced to death, by fire. Many of the milder cases when ordered up for examination would forestall the inevitable sentence by throwing themselves on their drums and there drummed themselves to death. For the drum is the symbol of thunder; and thunder is the forerunner of rain; and rain giveth life to all things on Earth.

“Even I remember, as a child, seeing a man dragged to the lake shore and there burned to death because it was believed that he was possessed of the Devil. This practice was very common until the missionaries came to this country and it was through their efforts that the Government passed a law prohibiting its use. Otherwise, I have no doubt, the custom would have remained in operation to the present day. The majority of these people were sacrificed because of some very slight mental derangement, such as the delirium of fever, or some other disease, which in many cases would have been easily curable. We are indebted to the Missionaries of Christ for putting an end to this cruel practice.”

Just before retiring at the close of the second day we inspected the heavens which seemed to be getting rapidly exhausted of their moisture. Enoch confidently predicted that the rain was practically over and that a gloriously fine tomorrow would see the inauguration of the dance.

Early the next morning, in such weather as he had predicted, Enoch left with Joe for the dancing lodge but Edward and I then promptly forgot all about the impending ceremony and fell to discussing every little scrap of information that had fallen from the lips of Enoch that might have even the remotest bearing on the Lost Mother Mine.

We were abruptly disturbed by the unceremonious entry of a young Indian. Carrying a small pipe in his hand he proceeded to the stove and lifted a small red ember which he placed in the bowl.

He then handed the pipe to Edward, saying, “I carry the pipe from Joe Turtle and Enoch Eagle to you men and you are required to attend the dance of the Dog Lake Band of the Ojibways.”

We each solemnly took a few puffs from the beautifully ornate pipe which ceremony, we had previously ascertained from Joe, constituted an

acceptance of the invitation.

The pipe itself was a work of art and well worthy of description. It was about twenty inches long made of a beautiful polished red rock which we knew to be the famous Nipigon Red Rock. The hardwood stem was elaborately decorated with coloured bead work, ribbon and fur. The tobacco had been skilfully blended with herbs producing a delightful aroma.

The great day had at length arrived and we hurried through our midday meal to be early at the dancing lodge where a most gorgeous, and never to be forgotten scene met our eyes. Countless people were moving around in gala dress, many of the women wearing shawls of the most gorgeous hues, and some of them painted in brilliant colours.

We rather timidly advanced to join the throng, but were met by welcoming smiles on every side, several people moving aside to make room for us between our friends Joe and Enoch.

Soon the orchestra, which consisted of ten drummers on the large drums and three on the small drums, took their places around the centre pole. The process of tuning was accompanied by a good deal of noise as one by one they placed the faces of the drums over the heat of the fire, tapping softly until the sound indicated that the correct tension had been achieved.

It was almost three o'clock before the actual ceremony, the dedication of the calumet, took place but time passed quickly as Joe and Enoch explained to us the properties of each of the drum heads, all of which were made of the skins of either animals or fish, the finest toned drums of them all being made from the skin of the sturgeon.

The calumet dance is invariably given by those who have been privileged to either make, or decorate, the calumet, or by someone who had been presented with the calumet for some conspicuous deed of bravery.

The drums having been all tuned to the apparent satisfaction of the musicians the leader raised his drum to his ear and began to play and sing in soft tones, one by one the remainder of the orchestra chimed in, until the whole air seemed filled with the perfect harmony of the weird and fascinating music.

The music stopped as the dancers, preceded by their leader, entered the ring, all painted and clothed in elaborately beaded costumes. In the left hand of the leader was held the calumet. He was easily the most striking personage in the vast assembly, his coat being worked with beads into an elaborate design, helped by a highly decorated apron. His leggings were a

work of art carried out in beads and bells finished off by moccasins embellished with the many coloured quills of the porcupine. But conspicuous above all was his head dress of eagle's feathers held around his forehead by a heavily beaded band from which were suspended beaded pendants which covered his ears.

Approaching the fire he dropped to his knees and placed a live ember in the bowl of the pipe. Arising to his feet he then, with radiant face and an attitude of more than mortal ecstasy, held the pipe high above his head as an offering to the Manitou. Then bending low he touched the ground with the pipe, an offering to the Earth. Then, in rotation, pointing the pipe to the four cardinal points of heaven, the North, the East, the South and the West, he passed it around to those within the lodge.

At this moment the drums, whistles, rattles and singers broke into full chorus and the dance began. The striking leader, although an elderly man, stepped with an ease and natural grace that is attained by few. The dancers followed, imitating his steps as closely as possible. Occasionally he would point the pipe at one of the onlookers who would gravely bow in acknowledgment.

After the dance had proceeded for some time the shrill sound of a whistle brought it to a temporary close and we were now invited to the feast.

Accompanying Enoch we made our way to the fire where, on tripods made of poles, hung huge kettles of tea and where, spread on long rustic tables decorated with wild flowers and leaves, was a feast which for variety and quantity of game, fish and fruits, would have delighted an epicure.

Squatting down in the shade of a large spruce Enoch called his daughter and addressed some remarks to her in her mother tongue. She hastened away and soon returned with a basket of dishes and placed before each of us a plate, tin cup, knife and fork.

"Friends," said Enoch, "I hope you have brought your appetites with you. We can serve you with almost everything except an appetite. This is our day of peace and plenty, we have roast bear, deer, moose, ducks and wild rice, several kinds of fish, beaver and beaver's tails, tea as you use it as well as our own Labrador tea, with maple sugar. Now, what will you have?"

The magnitude of this menu was bewildering and, as we hesitated in making our choice, Enoch relieved us of our embarrassment by saying that he would help us. So splitting two cones of rice cake he laid fragrant beaver's tails, smoking hot, on each and daintily placed them on our plates

which he handed to us, remarking that if we did not like the beaver tails he would provide something else.

Although the pleasing excitement had put a keen edge on our appetites I must admit that my first bite was a very dainty one, but after that first bite those tails seemed to vanish like magic, they were a delicious morsel entirely different to anything that we had ever previously tasted and we now prepared to make a good meal.

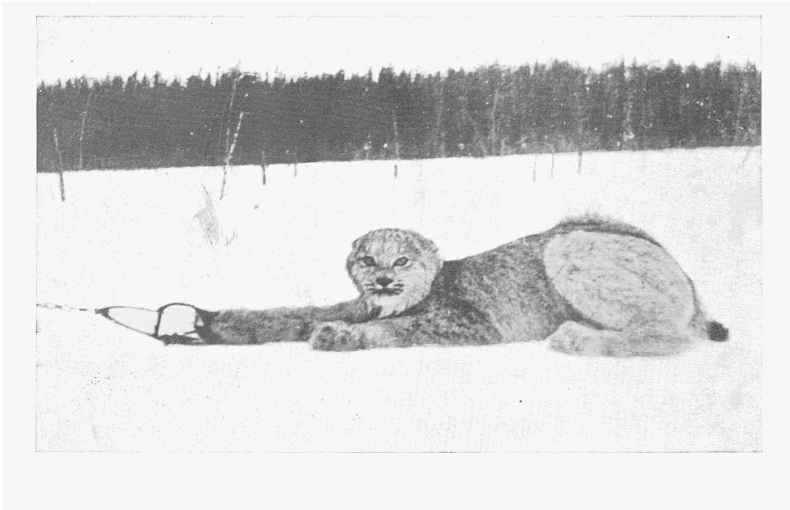
I am sure that we disposed of a greater variety and larger portions of food than the demands of nature required, whilst Enoch explained to us how these beaver tails had been cooked. The tail is cut off where the skin and fur adjoin, a sharp stick inserted in the tail, which is then held over the fire until it swells up like a ball, which loosens the skin from the meat. Then a rapid pull will strip the skin off like paper. The insertion of two slits in the centre makes it ready for smoking. After this process it may be eaten at once, but, if desired, it will keep for years. The tails that we had consumed had been boiled after the smoking so that they were very tender.

I might mention here, that before leaving home we had exchanged one hundred dollars into a hundred single dollar bills, which we carried in one massive roll. This roll we casually displayed at suitable intervals in order that the Indians might be duly impressed with our apparent wealth and thus be encouraged, or tempted, to show us the great silver vein in the reasonable anticipation that they might secure a share of the roll, which to them must have appeared as untold wealth, and thus attain that supposedly happy state, "No need to work any more."

But, after listening to their stories and the picturesque unfolding of their beliefs, and observing that in a large majority of the cases, that life to them meant just a hard and uncomplaining struggle for existence, we came to the conclusion that a few of the dollars we had brought with us as a bribe might be better invested in trying to help the necessities of these poor people. So, after consultation with Joe and Enoch, we decided to give a prize of one dollar to each member of the seven largest families, including the fathers and mothers of each. This idea appealed to them strongly and they hurriedly left us to arrange for the carrying out of our plan. It was not long until their return, when they were accompanied by a very distinguished member of the tribe who was introduced to us as Chief Centre Sky. In addition to being one of the greatest Chiefs he was also a Medicine Man of great renown, and we were informed that he was there to offer us the greatest gift within the power of the Indians to confer on a White Man, that of an Indian name. "If you will accept this now," Enoch said, "the Chief will go at once and consult his

Dream.” Deeply impressed, and feeling highly honoured, we willingly agreed to accept this gift.

At the close of the dinner we informed them that we were ready and would proceed to present the prizes if that arrangement would be suitable to the Band. It was, and almost at once one of the Chiefs called on a dark-skinned lady from Long Lac, who trotted forward with fifteen young hopefuls clinging to her skirts or trailing close behind. The father brought up the rear advancing with long dignified strides. After a few words of congratulation to the prize-winners I handed the money to the mother. This was a sad mistake, as we soon learned, for the father stood as if petrified. “What is the matter with him?” I asked Enoch. To which he replied, “You have made a great mistake by giving the money to the mother. He feels belittled and ignored before all these people.” This tragedy could only be remedied by duplicating the prize money, which we did, after which good feeling seemed to be once more restored in the family. The next on the list was a family of ten from Raith but we avoided the previous mistake by making an equal distribution to all the members thereof and good feeling was not disturbed.



CANADIAN LYNX TRAPPED.

Large families seemed to be the order of the day and they came trooping forward in such large numbers that after the seventh prize we were compelled to reduce the unit from a dollar to twenty-five cents in order that the money might go round and no worthy family be disappointed. One dusky mother proudly brought along a healthy pair of twins only a few

months old to whom we presented each with a silver dollar. Altogether, it was a most successful ceremony and the gratitude of the recipients was obviously sincere.

The next item on the programme was the Caribou Dance which accompanies, and is part of, the ritual of christening or "The Gift of a Name." The dance was led by Chief Centre Sky, dressed in the gorgeous ceremonial robes of an Indian Chieftain, and as he pranced around all the Indians loudly yelled, "Kitchi Aiaa, Kitchi Aiaa, Centre Sky," getting more and more excited with each repetition of the honoured acclaim.

At the close of the measure, a drummer stepped out and approached me as I stood at the rim of the circle. Placing himself in front of me he commenced dancing, swinging his body from side to side, keeping time to the musical beat of his drum. Two men then approached me from behind each taking me by one of my arms. I was then told to follow the steps of the drummer for they were the steps of the dance used for the christening. After going through these steps for a few minutes the whole party lined up in single file behind me, both men and women, and with the drummer leading and my two sponsors hanging on to my arms, with the crowd following, the dance commenced.

The Chief was seated with his drum and behind him stood his choir of singers, forming a scene of brilliant splendour, particularly, the gorgeous costume composed entirely of bead work, worn by the medicine man, was a work of art in respect of both colour and design. We danced in a circle around the lodge and after completing its circumference three times I was taken before the Medicine Man, who offered up a most impressive prayer which was followed by more singing and drumming. As the last reverberation died away an impressive silence fell on the assembly, which he broke by saying to me, "My Dream is pleased to bless you, and gives you the name of Chief Jonia Keniu (Silver Eagle)."

I was now at liberty to watch my friend go through the same ceremony and the gathering re-formed to carry out the proceedings in precisely the same manner as for myself. As I listened to the prayers offered on his behalf, felt the throbbing roll of the drums and heard the impressive tones of the Medicine Man conferring on him the valued name of Chief Jonia Penassie (Silver Bird), I felt more deeply impressed than my nervousness had permitted me to be in my own case.

In discussing the matter afterwards we could not but realize that we had been more than repaid for anything that we had done for the Indians. They

had honoured us with the names of occupants of the air, those that live in nearest approach to their Heaven, adorned with silver, the most precious metal known to them, and they had received us and named us with the full ritual of, perhaps, the most ancient ceremony in America and who shall say that it is not the most ancient in the whole World. It is certain that neither of us will forget, or cease to treasure, the “Gift of an Indian Name.”

The dance still went on and, although small groups would frequently leave the ring to feast and smoke, they quickly returned to rejoin the dance. Although it was very late when we left for our camp the fun still waxed fast and furious, with First Daughter still galloping in the lead.

It had been a very tiring day for us and the peacefulness of our camp, and the distant throb of the drums soon lulled us to sleep.

As this festival drew to a close many strange Indians were appearing at the encampment, having journeyed from far and near that they might participate in the succeeding christening dance and dog feast. Many of them were in poor health in quest of healing. Amongst them were several medicine men, accompanied by their drummers, in most elaborate costumes and carrying their multi-coloured medicine bags. These medicine men were highly honoured for, in addition to knowing the medicinal value of all the roots, barks, trees and shrubs in that region, for the healing of the sick, they had been compelled to lie, in lonely vigil, on the Dream Stone of Lake Superior, whilst they fasted, prayed and dreamed for the space of ten days.

The object of this fasting, dreaming and praying is to discipline and strengthen the mental faculties so that they may be fit and worthy to hold communion with the spirits.

All Indian dances have some special significance but the Christening Dance and the Dog Feast are religious ceremonies and of greater importance to the Ojibways than any other of their numerous dances, and these two ceremonies can only be performed by a medicine man.

One of their strong beliefs is that a new name means renewed life, and if the object be the restoration of good health, the medicine man must be given notice some time in advance so that he may be able to commune with his dreams and so learn the name that would be most suitable for the welfare of his patient. The patients know nothing of the name which they are about to receive, that is left entirely at the discretion of the physician and, no matter how bizarre the name may appear to be, it is always gladly accepted.

The medicine dance and dog feast to be held by these medicine men was primarily for those who wished to learn the art of healing from the sages of the tribe and the ceremony includes the presentation of a small piece of the flesh of the dog which is offered to their dreams so that they may acquire the knowledge and skill necessary to heal the sick. Consequently, to be invited to eat dog with the medicine man was esteemed as a great honour and those that were so favoured were considered most fortunate. At the same time every supplicant, even the most humble, could secure a small portion, and many availed themselves of this privilege.

Amongst these it was surprising to see the number of aged people, in great poverty, who were seeking to be healed, when their principle disease was under-nourishment. The lot of a poor person in any walk of life is very hard, but much more so in the case of the native Indian. This distressing condition offers a real chance for those with money to spare, to make a wonderful investment where they cannot fail to reap a rich and certain reward.

The dog feast continued all through that third night with its full accompaniment of strange and loud noises so that it was almost daylight before a sufficient silence reigned, so that we could get to sleep.

The following day, acting on the friendly advice of Joe, we engaged O-be-kong (Flower Bud) to pilot us down the Kaministiquia River on our return journey, as there were many treacherous shoals and rapids lying in wait for the inexperienced or the unwary. To facilitate an early start we moved, that evening, down the river to the expansion known as Little Dog Lake, where O-be-kong, or "Jack" as we had agreed to call him, picked us up at early dawn.

We found Jack a most interesting character and a real store house of interesting stories but, alas, he would add nothing to the one that was so important to us.

Nothing unusual happened on our trip down to Kaministiquia Station although there were many times when running the various rapids, producing the usual full complement of thrills, that I would have preferred being on the shore to witness the performance of that canoe.

It seemed particularly at the foot of each rapid that the frail bark canoe bumped, pitched and reared but Jack handled it with all the assurance of a skilled driver controlling a blooded trotter and from that experience whenever an Indian, a canoe and myself constitute the main features of a



picture, no thought of fear or apprehension ever assails me, on the contrary, I feel a keener delight than from any other sensation within my experience.

Probably similar experiences cause so many visitors to return, year after year, to spend their vacations along the North Shore of Lake Superior, to participate in that open, natural life, free of all pretense, that strengthens both body and mind. To me, such experiences have all the lure and fascination attached to the seeking of treasure-trove, the charm never grows old, and the benefits and rewards are continuous and certain.

This, my most interesting exploration trip, was fast drawing to a close. We had not discovered the Lost Mother Mine but we had brought some likely looking specimens of rock and our bottle of moose lick water.

The latter we trusted to the analysis and opinion of a local physician who stated that it had no chemical element that was likely to affect rheumatism if taken internally but that it might have some value if used for bathing. But, he advised us, there are many such springs in this country, particularly, on the Jarvis, the Cloud and the Pine Rivers, where the animals have eaten the earth saturated by these bubbling springs to depths of some feet so your chances of securing an exclusive vogue for your spring are very remote.

We were not entirely downcast by this opinion but concentrated our hopes on the beautiful gold coloured rock that we had sent to Belleville for assay. When the assay certificate was forwarded to us we were deeply shocked. Its most telling points are as follows:—

THIS CERTIFIES that we have assayed for W. S. Piper, Fort William, Ont., one sample of ore described below. To be assayed for gold and silver. The sample of ore pulped to 100 mesh fineness, contains values per ton (2000 lbs.) as follows:—Mark 46—12; Description, quartz with iron pyrite; GOLD, oz per ton, NIL; Value per ton of ore, NIL; SILVER, oz per ton, NIL; Value per ton of ore, NIL. “This sample consists of quartz with iron pyrite and there is no indication of commercial value, the iron pyrite not being present in sufficient amount to be of value.”

Could you beat it? Not even a “trace” and I assure you that my enthusiasm for minerals almost entirely seeped out of my toes right there. Not so with Edward, however, immediately on my refusal to participate in further exploration he interested many prominent citizens and formed a new company which continued to operate, with indifferent success, until the

Klondyke rush gripped Edward's imagination and he once more hit the lone trail for the Golden West.

As for me, the passing years tended to turn my thoughts to other things and the Lost Mother Mine reverted into the back ground. But about three years ago Jack, who was seriously ill and getting well advanced in years, sent for me and confided the secret of the long hidden mine. During the youth of his Father many traders used to come from the South, the United States, to barter for furs and they were always interested in securing specimens of gold, silver or copper. The usual compensation for such a specimen was a long knife, so that they were known to us as "The people of the Long Knives."

"When I was a small boy my father took my mother, the young baby and myself on a trip to secure specimens. We camped on the banks of a small creek which issued from a ravine lying between two steep and rocky hills. Then from a depression close to the side of the creek my father cut out some specimens that seemed to consist of little else but native silver. Carefully covering every sign of the vein, or any disturbance in the vicinity, he solemnly warned me never to reveal this spot to any living soul and that if I should ever do so to any white man I would surely die."

Jack is buried in the cemetery at Squaw Bay, under the shadow of its guardian mountain and close to the restless waters of that greatest of all Lakes, Superior. Flowers which I took to his funeral were placed inside the coffin, on his breast. "Flower Bud" was his name and in death flowers surrounded him, fit emblems of the character of this, one of Nature's gentlemen.

That the mine actually exists there can be no doubt. The description furnished by Jack tallies exactly with that of old John Cummings, excepting the "covering" which had doubtless been done by its native Guardians immediately after Cummings' first visit and discovery. I am sure that Jack knew its exact location and, no doubt, in the not far distant future some enterprising prospector will rediscover the Lost Mother Mine.

# THE LEGEND OF GREEN MANTLE

Many centuries ago, one may almost say in the dim prehistoric past, the Indians of the Plains and the Indians of the Forest, each growing mighty in their own environment, fell into dispute as to the boundaries of their respective territories.

For some time the dispute did not assume serious proportions as no vital point of difference, other than racial pride of possession, appeared on the surface and by mutual consent a belt of territory on the forest's edge was conceded a "No man's land" to be entered by either side at their peril.

The commanding nations of the Forest Indians were the highly skilled and intelligent Ojibways of the Lake Superior Region bound by ties of achievement and environment with the Northern Crees.

The former nation were not only the best armed warriors of North America, for in addition to their bows, arrows, shields and war clubs they were equipped with copper spears, tomahawks and knives, but they dwelt in a country teeming with fish, game and minerals. Aptly named "Algoma," the "land rich with everything for the good of man." Their painted, fur trimmed, skin costumes were beyond description and the general wealth, strength and prosperity of the nation were the remark and envy of the adjacent tribes.

Among the latter the haughty Sioux naturally took pride of place. With all their numbers they refrained from taking the forest war trail for many years until the great Ogama Dog came to supreme control. His ambition immediately led him to devise a scheme that would lead his tribe to the possession of this wonderful land. To be sure, he sent emissaries to the great kindred nations of the North and South Blackfeet to form an alliance for the projected campaign. The Blackfeet were to secure the rich fur bearing lands of the Cree whilst the Sioux were to hold Algoma, if it could be taken. This alliance brought to Ogama Dog's standard probably over half the warriors between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains.

With true Indian caution the proposed campaign was carefully masked and numerous spies were sent along the dim forest trails to ascertain the wealth and resources of the country to be invaded and, particularly, the

strength and disposition of the warriors that would naturally offer resistance to the contemplated conquest.

In furtherance of this plan two young braves appeared in an exhausted condition at one of the Thunder Bay encampments of the Ojibways. They claimed to be Ojibways who had been captured some sixteen years earlier, when they were but small children, by a raiding party of the Sioux. That they had escaped and made their way, with great hardship, along the "Liquid Trail" crossing the Lac des Mille Lacs, up the Savanne River, then across to the Dog River, down which they proceeded via Dog Lake and the Kaministiquia River to Lake Superior.

As they spoke the Ojibway language as natives the tribesmen readily agreed to assist them in their search for their parents or any surviving relatives. Further, as the young men were of engaging personality, athletic, brave and, withal, cunning they were treated with special favour and consideration.

This reception was not lessened by the intelligent appreciation they displayed of the greatness of their surroundings. To the plains Indian the environment was truly awe inspiring. The great lake stretching before him into the limitless distance, flanked by the three gigantic mountains which hold watch and ward on Thunder Bay. The great Thunder Mountain, now called Mount McKay, the majestic crags of the Island sentinel, now called Pie Island, and the famous, historic and dominating Thunder Cape.

The legends of the latter, touching as they do the supreme height of all the mythology of the North American continent, held them invariably fascinated and as the story of the wealth in fish, game, forest and minerals of this great district of Algoma unfolded itself to their observation and understanding they were convinced that the half had not been told them in the country from which they came.



PORPHYRY CEMETERY.

The elder gave his name as “Big Canoe,” saying that he had vowed when escaping in a canoe from the Sioux that if, by its means, he reached his friends then his name should be thereafter “Big Canoe.”

His companion announced his name as Kenabig (Snake) for he claimed that the Sioux who had raised him was a great Medicine Man, who knew all medicines, amongst which was one that could turn him at any time into a large snake. He stated convincingly, “This medicine he taught me and I am now able to turn myself into a snake. Therefore I have taken the name of Kenabig.”

For a supposedly hurried flight their outfit was a good one. Their canoe was new and well made, their teepee of beautifully dressed skins and they had a large supply of arrows and heads. Their bow strings were made from the plaited sinews of partridge legs, beyond everything the highest grade of bowstrings. So much so that the owner of two such strings was accounted wealthy. In addition they had many curios such as knives, fish hooks and needles which they presented to the various chiefs as gifts, adding greatly to their popularity. Thus their freedom was assured and they could come and go as they pleased.

In addition they told many interesting stories of their lives among the plains Indians which always drew a crowd of appreciative listeners.

At this time there was a very large population on the Kaministiquia of whom many were skilled in the fabrication of various useful articles. We would term them industries to-day. These included a very beautiful cloth and

a stout twine, largely used for fishing nets, from the fibre of the Sasup shrub. They had also developed the manufacture of crockery and cooking utensils by burning a mixture of the plastic clay found on the banks of the Kaministiquia River with the fine white, silica sand found on its upper reaches, producing glazed pottery of a hardness seldom surpassed at the present day. Cutlery, tools and arrowheads were made from flints, jasper rock and copper with the occasional introduction of silver but one of the most important and advanced of their industries was the art of dyeing.

There were members of the tribe who knew the properties of the various roots, fruits and barks as well as any skilled dyer of modern days. Butternut for the browns, wild indigo for the blues and raspberry and cranberry juices that rivalled the poppy or Tyrian purple. In addition they produced a soft, soothing green that rests both eyes and mind.

Many of these colours are still to be seen on the rocks in the Thunder Bay District. They have not faded a shade since the day they came from the pot so many centuries ago. Neither age or sun, wind or rain, frost or snow have prevailed against the primitive technique of these early craftsmen.

Naturally, in this locality, the principle mode of travel was by water so that canoeing occupied an important place both for recreation and as an exhibition of skill, followed closely by dancing and competitive games of war, which were staged with great realism.

During the month of July these games took place at Nipigon on a very extensive scale. Nipigon, at that time, had a large population almost entitling it to be called the metropolis of the North Shore and the Kaministiquia Band was always well represented at these sports.

Big Canoe and Kenabig, having by this time become general favorites, were naturally invited to accompany the party on their annual visit to Nipigon. So at daybreak one morning, so many, many years ago, they set out with a large flotilla of canoes bearing the members of the annual pilgrimage.

The first day's journey was a short one and the party encamped on the Welcome Islands so that all stragglers had joined and the expedition moved off as one body the following morning. A stop was made at Thunder Cape where gifts of food, tobacco and ornaments were offered to the Manitou in order that he might appease the wrath of the Great Thunder Eagle and so temper the fury of the great Lake that their frail craft might pass safely through to their destination.

This impressive natural escarpment was passed with devout humility by this argosy for in addition to its celestial associations it was the home of a band of hairy giants, guardians of this sacred and historic place, who dwelt in a cave under its forbidding ramparts, whose entrance was closed by a panel of stone. At times, as the canoes passed along the shore, the music of their drums could be heard sounding through the solid rock.

Since that day many changes have taken place along the shore line of these great waters. Towns and cities now flourish where the elk and buffalo fearlessly slaked their thirst, but along the route taken by this expedition there are few changes. The trees have grown to maturity, died and rotted to be replaced by another, if not several, generations of arboreal growth, but the mountains, the islands, the wide expanse of lake, the sunrise and the sunset, the whole majestic setting remain unchanged from before the dawn of history.

The next important stop was made at Porphyry where the sacred rock Shaminitou, Child Saviour, stands sentinel at the entrance to the channel. For untold generations this rock had been the objective of many pilgrimages for here the sick, particularly if they were little children, were marvellously cured. Hence its name "Child Saviour" and the many special offerings so frequently placed thereon by its devotees.

Of necessity several camps were made in the course of the journey but the only extensive stop was made at the famous "dream rock." Everyone was anxious to sleep on this rock for the tradition ran that whatsoever one dreamed whilst asleep thereon would certainly be a true forecast of the future. After a night on this unique rock some of the party left in tears and others with joy and gladness according to the interpretation of the dreams vouchsafed to the sleeper.

A few days later the party arrived at red rock where they were given a royal welcome by Chief Tawaegun (Drum) and his band. The picturesque setting of the Chief's wigwam, surrounded by thousands of teepees stretching along the rim of the lake, and almost directly in front of the sacred red rock, caused Big Canoe and Kenabig to stand aghast with astonishment. This was further increased when they were taken to the Shebandowan of Ogama War Eagle, with its rich fur floor coverings and walls hung with an enormous supply of dried meats and fish, in which every species native to this country was represented. Red Rock, with its encampment, is now called Nipigon for it stands at the mouth of the great Nipigon River in the midst of one of Superior's most majestic and beautiful dales.

The whole valley of the Nipigon and the far flung watershed of Nipigon Lake are clothed with a dense forest of magnificent spruce and pine, blending harmoniously in deep lowland and in rocky upland with the maple and the birch.

At Red Rock, the old home of Chief Drum, the ground gradually rises to a natural terrace or plateau from which one can get a beautiful view of Lake Helen and the lower reaches of the mighty Nipigon River as it makes its last wild plunge before immersing itself in the quiet waters of Nipigon Bay. Illuminated by the setting sun this historic spot takes on a halo of majestic grandeur unequalled even in this land of natural splendour.

In those days Lake Superior and the wide district of Algoma belonged to Ogama Eagle and his Band. The origin of his house and his title to this vast domain are lost in the dim recesses of the past but their claim that they had received it at the hands of the Great Spirit was universally conceded. Ojibway Chiefs, scions of this ancient house, held sway over a wide territory, embracing large areas in both Canada and the United States.

Ogama Eagle was a man of great stature, deeply respected on every side for his valour and wisdom. His only child, a daughter, was a beautiful Indian maiden beloved by her own people scarcely more than by all the visiting tribes who knew her by her name "Oyhahwushkwah Okoonaus Ogamahqua," which being translated from the Ojibway means "Green Mantle Lady." No party was considered complete that was not graced by her presence. This woodland nymph closely resembled her father in stature, being unusually tall and straight as a willow. Her large brown velvety eyes were glorious and her beauty was enhanced by a broad band of magnificent bead work which held in place her two long heavy braids of shining jet-black hair. Her childhood had been spent by the clear, crystal waters of Lake Superior, its sweeping bays and majestic rivers, and this daughter of the mighty Ogama had attained an age of some sixteen or seventeen summers when this historic party visited her ancestral home at Red Rock.

The man who would be chosen as her husband would be, on the death of her father, Ogama, as this young girl was the sole heiress to all his vast domain.

Ogama Eagle had two wives, the daughters of Chief Caribou. He had fallen in love with the younger daughter, who was very beautiful, and had enquired her price of her father. Chief Caribou informed him that he dearly loved his daughters and could not permit them to be parted so he thereupon



presented them both to Ogama Eagle. Green Mantle was the daughter of the favourite wife.

Chief Caribou, her Grandfather often visited with them at Red Rock. He was a warrior of many feathers and had been wounded whilst fighting the Iroquois at Sault Sainte Marie where he received an arrowhead, part of which had remained imbedded in a bone, and had subsequently caused him much suffering. He had received treatment from the best medicine men who had used both the sturgeon's tooth and drum remedies but had derived no benefit therefrom. He was a wonderful historian and, in spite of his infirmity, took great interest in teaching Green Mantle the totems of the tribes.

To learn was her greatest pleasure but above all else she preferred singing and dancing, and, although her life had been entirely free from restraint, she had neither vanity nor boldness. She was one of Nature's own children and grew up in entire ignorance of the evil that was in the world. She was bright and vigorous of mind and body and as she roamed along the forest paths, with her jet-black hair flowing below her waist, her lively, supple movements revealed her to the beholder as a goddess of youth and beauty.

Chief Drum and his family were famous calumet makers and much of their time was spent at this work which was both interesting and remunerative. Many of these pipes were so richly decorated and finished so perfectly that they were truly works of art. They were made from stone taken from the Manitou rock and inlaid with silver procured from one of Nenabushoo's treasure houses. There are still a few of these old pipes to be found in this District and they are valued as rare treasures by those who are fortunate enough to possess one.

When Ogama Eagle visited Red Rock he was presented with a consecrated calumet, decorated with the totems of the tribes, and being consecrated could be used to make a medicine.

The consecration of a new calumet is always accompanied by a dance, a thank-offering to the Manitou for the gift of the pipe, the tobacco and the peace and friendship which it symbolizes.

Green Mantle was often chosen to lead the calumet dances and on these occasions her serious, stately and dignified demeanour contrasted sharply with the manner of the merry and lovable young girl who normally spread sunshine throughout the encampment. From her Mother she had inherited that natural ease and grace of movement which is the essential foundation of

the art of dancing and to this had been added all the skill that the patient instruction of the greatest dancers of her day could impart. So fully did she express the spirit of her dances that her talent was a source of wonder even to her instructors and to her grandfather, who often attended these ceremonies, she was the true spirit of life gleaming through the ritual of the ceremony.

She had also power with the Great Spirit with whom she often pleaded on behalf of her grandfather that the arrowhead might be removed from his shoulder and relief afforded from his constant pain. One night she dreamt that a certain medicine man attended her grandfather and, by means of a hollow bone, drew the arrowhead from his shoulder and at the same time conferred a new name on him. Having unbounded faith in her power the tribe without hesitation accepted the guidance of her dream and sought out the medicine man who promptly fulfilled her prophecy by removing the arrowhead, giving her grandfather a new name and restoring him to perfect health.

Of course, for some two weeks before this annual feast the home of Chief Drum at Red Rock was one of the busiest spots on the American Continent and hundreds of men were engaged in hunting and fishing whilst the women were kept busy curing and smoking meats, fish and game of all kinds as well as the grinding of wild rice and dried rabbit bones into flour. These foods were put up in such enormous quantities that Green Mantle declared that there must be sufficient to feed the whole World.

Her grandfather was one of the busiest men in the making of a special teepee of rabbit skins, tanned and scraped until they were transparent, whereon the best artists painted the picture of Green Mantle seated in her carry-all and drawn by her team of wolf dogs and surrounded by her numerous pets both of birds and animals. When swayed by the wind this dainty teepee took on a truly lifelike appearance and when illuminated from the inside at night it formed a striking picture that was usually the centre of an admiring crowd.

Drummers and dancers were invited from far and near. The totem pole, carved and painted with the various totems of the tribe, was erected in the centre of a raised dais on which over one hundred musicians would be accommodated.

At last came the eventful day for which the many invited guests, drawn from the whole country-side, had assembled. Not the least striking group was the one from the banks of the Kaministiquia, who were accompanied by

Big Canoe and Kenabig. The first day after their arrival was devoted to the interchange of presents and then succeeded ten days of feasting, dancing and competitive games in which all the tribes participated.

Naturally, Green Mantle had been chosen to lead the calumet dance but as the time of commencement drew near the vast multitude of the crowd oppressed her and she became nervous and, approaching her grandfather, she told him that she was afraid.

“An Ogamahqua afraid?” cried the old man, “And with all the skill and grace in dancing with which you are endowed in addition to the beautiful dress you are to wear. Hereafter no one will remember you as Green Mantle, henceforth all men will call you our beautiful White Queen.”

As evening approached Green Mantle, accompanied by a few of her girl friends, retired to her beautiful teepee to dress and paint for the ceremony.

The orchestra of drums, whistles and rattles took its place on the dais from which the drummers, one by one, proceeded to the fire over which they held their instruments, softly tapping them, until the heat had caused the requisite tension that brought the drum into tune. All this was accomplished in good time before the time set for the ceremony of the calumet dance.

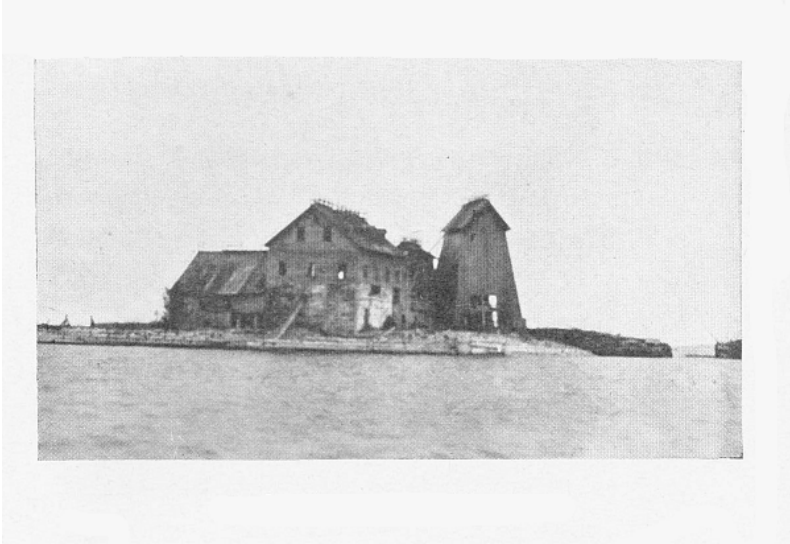
The shrill whistle that signalled the orchestra to play the opening prelude startled and thrilled Green Mantle, but like a gallant warrior responding to the roll of the drums, she pulled herself together and suddenly felt brave and self possessed. The mystic chant and weird music of the calumet dance which she loved and knew so well, fired her young blood and all her fear and timidity melted away.

The music stopped as the dancers, led by Green Mantle, entered the ring. In her left hand was the bowl of the dancing pipe whose stem was held horizontally across her waist, and the holder formed a picture that rivetted the attention of every beholder.

There was little about the dress in either cut or fabric that suggested New York or Paris, for the calumet is essentially a loin cloth and legging dance, but it was rich in reminiscences of the Indian customs of the Northland. From the top of her dainty head to the soles of her shapely feet she was painted pure white. Her loin cloth of buck-skin, tanned until it had the appearance of a beautiful cream coloured velvet, hung from a waist band decorated with beads and bear's claws. Her feet were encased in the daintiest of beaded moccasins and her leggings of royal purple were a work of art. Around her brow was a band of buck-skin worked with beads to

represent wild roses and flanked by a brilliant red feather. Her hair was muffed over her ears, the emblems of fertility, and around her neck hung a string of elk's teeth.

After encircling the fire a few times the dancers drew back, for Green Mantle to approach the fire alone. Dropping on her knees she placed a live ember in the bowl of the pipe. Then, arising, she held it high above her head, for a few seconds, whilst pointing the stem towards the heavens. Then bending low she touched the earth with the pipe. Once more erect, she pointed the pipe to the four cardinal points, the North, the East, the South and the West.



OLD SILVER ISLET MINE.



SILVER ISLET SUMMER RESORT.

But the best had yet to come and soon the drums began to boom, throb and roll as the singers lilted to the music of the sacred calumet dance, their thank-offering to the Manitou for the pipe and the blessings that it represented. The dancers, led by Green Mantle, then filed into the centre of the ring, men and women mingling indiscriminately, with their leader holding the pipe high above her head with the stem pointing towards the heavens.

Then Green Mantle commenced to dance with an ease and grace, the sole prerogative of youth, and the marvellous strength and agility of her movements baffled the eye to follow. Never before had any member of this party seen a dancer of such skill and natural grace and she seemed to inspire the crowd which expressed itself in a delirium of joyfulness by the most blood curdling whoops that ever echoed from that rock bound shore line, as they paid homage with the shouted greeting "Beautiful White Lady." Warming to the dance as the music swelled she glided around the fire, occasionally dropping to her knees to touch the ground with the pipe but so rapidly did she regain her feet that the rhythm of the dance was always in time with the music, she combined the suppleness of the young fawn with the strength and agility of the cougar. Frequently she would point the pipe to one of the onlookers who would immediately bow in acknowledgment and so assure for the favoured one all the blessings that emanated from this sacred pipe.

The noise caused by the wild applause now assumed such a volume that Green Mantle became almost terrified and was seized with a wild impulse to flee and hide herself from the excited crowd. But at this moment her attention was attracted by the sound of a constantly recurring voice that proceeded from the direction of the dais. . . . Glancing over the crowd to discover who was so continuously applauding her she noticed a young brave whose eyes were intently fixed upon her with an expression of passionate admiration. Catching her glance at him this new admirer saluted her as one salutes an Ogamahqua.

“Who was he? Whence had he come?” were the uppermost thoughts in her mind as he continued to regard her with steady persistency.

The dancers now all abandoned themselves without restraint to the maddening whirl of the dance and as they circled the fire they followed Green Mantle’s steps and movements as closely as possible. Occasionally her grandfather would, in the exuberance of his enthusiasm, imitate the call of the red deer which never failed to send the crowd off into peal after peal of laughter and all agreed that it was the most joyful celebration that it had ever been their privilege to witness.

After continuing the dance for some time longer Green Mantle manoeuvred her steps so that she passed in front of her new admirer at whom she pointed the pipe. As he gravely bowed in acknowledgment she quickly passed the pipe to another dancer and at once dropped out of the ring.

Although there were girls innumerable present at this great gathering there was not one that could compare in grace or personal attractiveness with this winsome daughter of Ogama Eagle. She was applauded and encored more wildly than ever and she was obliged to make a very hasty escape to avoid being captured and carried back in triumph to the ring.

When at last alone Green Mantle felt dazed and intoxicated by the conflicting emotions that overcame her but they were essentially cheerful ones and produced the nearest approach to complete happiness that she was ever likely to attain. The events of the evening and thoughts of her new admirer filled her mind. “Who is he?” she asked herself repeatedly, followed later by the thought, “What does it signify? he may never try to see me again,” and her over-flowing happiness changed to restlessness and depression.

Green Mantle had spent much time admiring and loving her own beautiful face and form as reflected in the still waters of the stream, but the

moment she found a brave on whom she could lavish her awakened affection and sympathy she promptly turned from the shadow to the substance and no longer sat upon the bank and pined for her own fair face even if that of this young brave was so much less winning, soft and fair than her own. But the thought that she might be wooing in vain made her inexpressibly sad. The memory of a silent stranger whose dark eyes had been fixed on her with burning and impassioned intensity had thrilled her more than all the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembled thousands.

On the following morning, like distant thunder, the sound of drums came rolling in from all directions. This was the great National day of the Algonquins and on it was to be celebrated one of the most important ceremonies of the nations, the War Dance. The visiting chiefs would line up with the Ogama after which he would review the warriors.

Between the Ogama Shebandowan and the dancing lodge was a partly open space with just a few trees here and there and as the hour approached two lines of warriors armed with spears formed a bodyguard between the two places.

Then the band took its place near the entrance to the Ogama's Shebandowan in readiness to escort the Royal party to the place prepared for them at the lodge. For a few moments there was a deep silence, then the door opened and the Great Kitchie Ogama stepped beyond the portal, followed by his wives, daughter and Royal friends. At once, from hundreds of throats, rang out the threefold greeting of the Royal salute. "Haw, haw, haw; Kitchie Aiaa Ogama, Kenewh," which translated is "Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah; Great Noble King, War Eagle."

Then the band commenced playing and the procession marched to the lodge in single file, no order of precedence being observed by the chiefs.

Green Mantle was rewarded by seeing her admirer of the previous night join the assembly. Much as she had then been impressed by him there was now something especially attractive about this fantastically dressed and painted young warrior that drew admiration from all. He wore a scarlet coat literally covered with white stars and on his breast was painted a large white star emblematical of his name "The North Star." His father, and all his family, were specialists in the manufacture of arrowheads for the Kaministiquia Band and with him came the spies, Big Canoe and Kenabig.

This was a scene of rare grandeur and magnificence with hundreds of chiefs and their friends vying with one another in their wild splendour. Seated near the centre was Ogama Eagle, accompanied by his councillors,

who saluted him, as they took their seats, with the customary word of greeting, Bo-jo. Dinner was served without noise or confusion and at its end there was a pause of solemn preparation. Then Kitchie Ogama arose and addressed a few words of welcome to the company, expressing his regret at the absence of some of the old familiar faces who had passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds. He was pleased to see several new faces and especially those friends who had lived so long with the Sioux of the Plains, the enemies of their Nation, and expressed the hope that they would relate some of their experiences whilst held captive there. He then thanked the Great Spirit for the Summer with all its bountiful produce and after presenting the pipe to the Manitou he took his seat.

His address was listened to in solemn silence and without interruption. After a short pause Chief Drum rose to his feet and informed the audience that the young braves were putting on a sham fight and war dance for their entertainment.

This announcement was received with loud cheers which were prolonged for some minutes at the end of which the Chief raised his whistle and blew the "war call."

Immediately wild shrieks and yells resounded along the shore mingling with the steady, thunder of the drums. Away up the Nipigon River another band could be heard advancing, whooping, drumming and shrieking.

The glorious sunshine of a summer day surrounded them, a cloudless sky was over their heads and the clear blue waters of the Nipigon lay at their feet. Nature in its most beautiful form was all around them and as the naked, gaudily painted warriors advanced, some with horns, brandishing clubs, tomahawks and spears, it appeared to the spectators as if a masque of fiends had broken into Paradise, although the scene lacked nothing in either beauty or animation.

Kitchie Ogama, his wives, daughter and a number of their friends were seated on an elevated lawn on the hillside above the dancing lodge, where the trees and bushes rose like a wall behind them. Standing behind them and on each side was a bodyguard composed of the most powerful Ojibway warriors. Ogama Eagle was certainly the most striking personage on the ground. His gown, of bright scarlet, was made after the style of that worn by the Ojibway aristocracy and was arranged to fall around his limbs in graceful folds and on his apron were four stars. His leggings were richly embroidered and tassels of the liveliest colours were suspended on either side. The garter bands which held them in place were gorgeously decorated



with an embroidery of gold and silver beads. His moccasins were beautifully worked with the quills of the porcupine in many rich colours. Ear-rings of silver and a broad silver band around his forehead were surmounted by a stately head dress, conspicuous beyond all other objects, made up principally from the head and plumage of the great silver eagle. His cheeks were painted a brilliant red and on his chest and neck, exposed by the careful throwing back of his cloak, was a brilliantly painted picture of the Great War Eagle. In his hand he held a long pipe, which he smoked occasionally as he watched with keen interest every detail of the moving scene before him.

Green Mantle was painted white and gracefully draped from her shoulders she wore a voluminous mantle of the brightest green.

Amongst the chiefs sat the two Sioux spies who viewed with sinister interest the unfolding of these great and significant events.

At the sound of a whistle the orchestra in the lodge broke into a full volume of wild harmony with their drums, rattles and whistles which was the signal for all to crowd around the fire. The band on the inside then began the barbaric war dance. Marking time with their feet, partly crouched, their bodies swayed to and fro to the rhythm of the music. Occasionally they would pause and send forth the wild, dreadful war whoop, which echoed and re-echoed amongst the adjacent bluffs and hills, piercing the ears and thrilling the souls of the assembled multitude.

Presently, at a shrill signal from the whistle, the dancers would stop, falling back in order that another band might take their places. There was keen competition amongst the various bands as to which would present the most hideous and warlike appearance with the object of inspiring the greatest possible terror in the heart of the enemy. At the close of the dance the Ogama and his party were escorted to their Shebandowan by the drummers.

At all such gatherings as this there were a number of gambling booths that were always crowded with an eager throng, and it was amongst these that the Sioux spies spent their evenings. The favorite game was "Find the Ball." Four moccasins were turned upside down and laid in a row on a deer hide resting on the ground. The player then took a small stone ball in his hand which he passed in succession under each moccasin, under one of which he would quietly drop the ball. It was then the privilege of his playing partner to strike with a willow stick the moccasin under which he thought the ball rested. If he failed to guess correctly he lost his bet.

Big Canoe was a slick gambler and made a striking picture as he sat at the game clad in the bright scarlet gown which he donned for his favorite game, with Kenabig in close attendance as his drummer. From the beginning his luck was marvellous and at the end of the first few days he had acquired an astonishing quantity and variety of stuff. He had accumulated a great variety of clothing, both male and female, knives, dried meat, fish, furs, pipes and cooking utensils. In many cases the men would get so keen on the play that after gambling away every particle of their own clothing it was not uncommon for them to proceed to their wigwams and, in spite of their cries and protests, strip the women of their clothes and tear the rabbit robes from the beds, in order that they might have a further opportunity of making good their losses.

As Big Canoe watched the player place the ball under the moccasin he seemed to read by the expression of the player's face under which one it had been dropped, and he would almost invariably strike the right moccasin.

Although apparently completely absorbed in the game Big Canoe's grasping thoughts were already occupied with schemes by which he might ascertain the locality from which the Ojibways obtained their bounteous supply of gold, silver and copper. He came to the conclusion that there would be little difficulty in securing this information by the judicious use of the large quantity of goods that he had now acquired.

In those days, in that country, was a famous medicine man named Kitchie Caribou who was reputed to be the most skilful gambler in all that land. He was further credited with the ability to ascertain the location of any lost articles and at the game of "Find the Ball" he was supposed to have no equal.

Consequently when Chief Drum heard of the uncanny success of Big Canoe he dispatched a canoe, paddled by his two most powerful braves, with orders to proceed with the utmost haste to Towening Bay, where Kitchie Caribou resided, and bring him to Red Rock.

Kitchie Caribou had a famous drummer named Bear's Grease and they had together often visited Red Rock and participated in the dances and festivals. Normally they would have been present on this occasion but sickness in his family had delayed him for so many days that he had now decided to abandon the projected trip for that year.

On the arrival of the emissaries he listened carefully to their tale. Then without hesitation he turned to his wife with a broad smile and told her that evidently his services were needed in Red Rock, at once.

For the first time in their lives Chief Drum and his family made special preparations to receive Kitchie Caribou and they hailed his arrival with unbounded delight. He was certainly an odd looking character, clad in a gown woven from the skins of rabbits, with a hat of birch bark held by a band of cedar bark from which sprang a small pair of caribou horns in which rested his many colored medicine bag. Long limbed, with high shoulders, he had a prominent brow and a strong square jaw. Nature had apparently intended to produce a master-piece in him but, after endowing him with great mental and physical strength, she had suddenly become tired and left him with a face absolutely devoid of all beauty. The mouth was too large and his nose too long but the eyes held one's attention to the exclusion of all other features. They were round, black and deeply seated in his head, resembling a pair of jet black beads rather than eyes. As he focussed them on you they seemed to exercise all the paralyzing fascination of the serpent on its helpless prey.

The Chief was one of the famous Caribou family, many of whose descendants are still alive, a great medicine man with supreme faith in Nenabushoo at which even the highest criticism could not sneer. His passion for a game of chance was so great that he would not even permit a sick patient to interfere with its progress. Being an expert and renowned medicine man it was not possible for Big Canoe to refuse the Doctor's offer to play even though his reputation as a player of "Find the Ball" was unique and young and inexperienced players were always quickly forced to take cover when playing with him.

Whilst the game was in progress a large number of women, with tambourines and rattles, joined Bear's Grease, the Drummer, singing and playing the gambling song. In a very few minutes the crowd began to realize that they were watching a spirited game, the nerve and quick decisions of Kitchie Caribou filled them with confidence and they soon saw that he was easily the best player. Soon everything was won back and after finally stripping Big Canoe of his gorgeous gown Kitchie Caribou stood up amidst a tremendous roar of applause. He then handed back the goods to their original owners and bowed stiffly, with grave expressionless face, to the audience, but his unrelaxing features said as plainly as the spoken word, "If you have ever seen a better game played be good enough to inform me where."



OTTER RIVER AND FALLS.

Big Canoe, defeated and naked, was given an old torn rabbit skin blanket and with Kenabig, his drummer, left Red Rock that night with the feeling

that they had become very much disliked. If any one had dreamed or suspected what their real business was they would have soon found themselves in a very painful position for, in those days, spies were promptly executed without the formality of a judge or jury, and many of their people who had visited Algoma in search of copper and precious metals had never been heard of again. They therefore made a hasty departure and continued their explorations in other parts of the country.

Following the War Dance many Chiefs called on Green Mantle's Father to inquire the price of his daughter, but he assured them all that he could not possibly consider the matter for, at least, some time as she was altogether too young. Green Mantle, dressing that morning in her own teepee, had no idea of the plans that were already being made for her future. She dressed with great care and no one would have recognized in the dark beauty of Green Mantle the White Queen of the previous day. When dressed she crossed over to her Father's Shebandowan but, on hearing her name spoken, paused before entering. Then a great fear came over her as she heard her father say that several Chiefs had asked the price of his daughter that morning. For the first time she realized the import of those terrible words that she was to be sold without her consent and be separated from her loved ones.

When her father added "But she is altogether too young" some ray of hope returned to Green Mantle which was further strengthened by her Uncle's endorsement, "Yes, yes, and what brave deed have any of these men done to merit our greatest treasure. They are all men with many wives and Green Mantle, with her distinguished birth, shall not be a servant to any of their favorite wives. No, no, it cannot be; she would not be happy and that we could not endure."

For a few days the North Star revelled in the new and unknown sensation that had come to him. He would sit for hours amongst the trees in view of the Ogama's Shebandowan, watching the clouds as they floated by for they bore with them his thoughts over the home of his beloved one. This was his only amusement. He had not seen her since the day of the War Dance but had tried when darkness set in to creep near her home hoping that he might get one glimpse of her, but only to be chased for his life by the Ogama's Bodyguard. However, when he looked at his Guardian Spirit, the North Star, there he saw her eyes smiling at him and beckoning to him from afar, but he was quite unable to analyze or interpret the emotions that had thrilled him since he had seen her in the sacred dance.

As day succeeded day and his desires appeared to make no progress towards fulfilment North Star became restless and depressed. The festival was rapidly drawing to a close so he determined to take the bold course and ask of her father her price, even if it cost him his life, for he now knew that he loved her.

Following this determination he made his plans for a visit to the Ogama's Shebandowan. Dressed in an elaborately decorated garment he set out on his wooing trip accompanied by his drummer and four or five painted warriors whom he had persuaded to accompany him.

On the arrival of the party at the Shebandowan they were at once invited into the Council Room which was thickly carpeted with the finest beaver skins and highly perfumed in accordance with ancient custom.

After the usual formal greetings and ceremonial smoke the North Star rose to his feet. Young, stately and dignified he stood a striking figure in his elaborate costume. Doubtless he took keen personal satisfaction in being so arrayed but on this occasion he had a further important motive for he well knew the influence of such a display of pomp and grandeur on the minds of this impressionable people.

In measured tones and with a great deal of natural eloquence he gave a vivid description of the beautiful Kaministiquia River and its broad sweeping valley where lay his home. He dilated on the skill that he had acquired in the working of flints and metals and then spoke boldly and confidently of his power with the Manitou and related how, on many occasions, he had been compelled to interfere with the works of Nenabushoo.

He then said, "My name and guardian spirit is the 'anchored star,' I never approach the Manitou through the medium of the pipe although it is better to make your prayers through that medium than not to pray at all."

Then in short, clear and tense sentences he made known the purpose of his visit and invited the Ogama to name the price that he asked for his daughter.

If the speech culminating in this request caused any surprise to the Ogama he certainly did not show it but at once courteously replied, "You are a stranger to me and you do not understand our tribal laws. No man, who is not of the blood royal can ask of me the price of my daughter. If more than one man of that blood was approved of by the Council and myself, and both were able to pay the price, then a duel to the death could alone settle the

matter as to avoid the dangers lurking in jealousy she must have only one lover. But it is my hope that I may present her to some noble man of her own rank who must have many qualities that are not common, even in the noblest blood.”

There was nothing further to be said. After a short pause the party rose to its feet and, after the customary salutation, Bo-jo, marched out in single file.

Prior to the departure of the visitors several days were spent in cruising and fishing on the river and amongst the islands of the bay. The Ogama's daughter was frequently present on these occasions as she was entirely in her element whether on or in the water. She could handle her canoe like a brave and swim like a fish. As she also knew every rock and shoal as if she had been a professional pilot she was naturally the frequent centre of an admiring crowd, for her daring feats with her canoe and her graceful and reckless pranks in the water were a source of continual wonder and admiration. In fact, it was quite obvious that many of the Chiefs were simply mesmerised by this charming daughter of Ogama Eagle, but it was equally obvious that she showed no favors to any of them but rather avoided them as much as possible.

It had been arranged that when the visitors were ready to depart that a party in canoes should convoy and pilot them down the bay and give them a send off on their homeward journey. Green Mantle watched the embarkation and as the flotilla proceeded to get under way she paddled swiftly to the sacred rock and climbed rapidly to its summit. From this point of vantage she reviewed the departing guests and singling out the North Star she waved farewell greetings to him and watched him keenly until his canoe was out of sight.

When the Nipigon festival had drawn to its close everyone agreed that it had been one of the largest that they had ever attended. The Ogama was proud of his immense armies of fearless warriors and felt secure in the peace that was at that time reigning on all his boundaries.

But grim war was even then hovering over his great domain. Immediately on the return of his spies Ogama Dog, inspired by the report of the rich spoil to be acquired and in no way daunted by the numbers of the Ojibway warriors, commenced the marshalling of his troops and early the following Spring he hurled thousands of his Sioux, with almost an equal number of his Blackfeet allies, across the Ojibway frontier.

The Ojibways were unprepared for this sudden onslaught and, being caught unawares, Ogama Dog and his army drove everything before them. At the Lake of the woods they were compelled to halt where they established themselves until sufficient canoes could be built, or stolen, to carry them into Algoma. In the meantime he divided his troops into small groups which he spread all over the country to murder and plunder as opportunity offered, with stealthy cunning and the most refined cruelty.

Eventually sufficient canoes were secured and the whole army moved towards the shores of Lake Superior and established its headquarters on the slope of a commanding mountain, thereafter to be known as Dog Mountain. This rapid advance seriously alarmed the Ojibways and their uneasiness was not allayed by the reports of large reinforcements from the North and South Blackfeet, as well as from the Sioux, that were joining the invaders at Dog Mountain. The position was serious, the Sioux and Blackfeet were known to be the most warlike of all the Plains Indians and had never yet had to acknowledge defeat within the memory of living man or in the legendary history of the plains. They were the Aristocrats of all the fighting tribes of the plains and proud and arrogant in the knowledge of their prowess and achievements.

As soon as the warning reached him Ogama Eagle, his family and many thousands of his braves, all picked men, set out with all possible speed from the South and East. It was a long and tiresome journey as much of the travelling had to be undertaken during the night. By way of the North shore they at length came in sight of the Great Thunder Cape where they halted in order to present their offerings, for was it not at this spot that Nenabushoo appeared in celestial fire in the form of a great eagle to oppose the evil one in his attempt to destroy the world by flooding. And here too, it was that the sacred beasts unburdened their hearts and requested that they might live for ever.

After leaving Thunder Cape they were soon at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River where they were greeted by thousands of warriors who had assembled to meet them. The thunderous cheers backed by the vibrating roll of the war drums and interspersed with the occasional challenging war whoop expressed a loyal, self-abnegating welcome that could not be misunderstood.

After formal greetings were exchanged Ogama Eagle called a Council meeting of all the Headmen of the Bands to discuss the best plans, both tactical and strategical, for repelling the enemy from their territory.



Scouts were chosen and immediately dispatched to hold close contact with the enemy. Then to assure their reports being swiftly and accurately communicated to the headquarters of the army a large number of signallers were deployed over the intervening territory who were fully instructed in the secret war code of signals of the Ojibway nation so that the least aggressive movement, or disposition for an attack, would almost instantaneously be transmitted to the Commander-in-Chief and his War Council, thus assuring the prevention of any surprise attack, or movement of troops that would take them unawares. If late, the Ojibways were now ready.

Neither the seriousness of the situation or the outstanding military genius of the Ogama Dog were in any way underestimated by Ogama Eagle. So intimate was his understanding of the dominating influence of his opposing Ogama that he concluded no personal or national sacrifice would be too great if it assured his elimination. Therefore he announced: "To the brave who brings me the scalp of Ogama Dog I will give my daughter as his wife, and with her great wealth and supreme tribal honour."

That such an unequalled prize and honour should be placed within the reach of the humblest warrior caused a great sensation and, for many days, Green Mantle was the objective of the admiring looks and the appreciative words of every brave who saw her. The attention thus drawn to her annoyed North Star very much but it caused him to form a determined resolution that he would, himself, bring back the scalp of Ogama Dog.

Ogama Dog soon knew of the prepared line of battle drawn in front of him so he sent forth his challenge for the fray with many brutal taunts, the chief and most exasperating was the account of his treatment of his women and children prisoners whom he had captured from the outlying villages in his first spectacular rush into the Ojibway country. These he impaled on long tall poles placed at intervals along the shore line of lake and river in the most conspicuous positions so that they would die slowly, in the greatest agony, amidst the jeers of the bulk of his bloodthirsty cohorts.

The prime object of his challenge and accompanying taunts was to induce the enemy to attack him and draw the battle to the slopes of Dog Mountain. Ogama Eagle was too skilled a general to be stampeded into a rush on to the prepared battle ground of his enemy. He therefore ignored the provocation and proceeded with a patient, efficient thoroughness to fortify the Kaministiquia River, the North Shore and the beetling ramparts of cliff and mountain that lay adjacent thereto.

Despite the immense army arrayed against them, which might at any time be launched with impetuous fury to the attack, the Ojibways seemed able to ignore the serious side of the situation and, with much merriment and feasting, enter with hearty enthusiasm into the usual war sports of their Nation.

One morning, after the evening dance had closed down on the approach of a terrific thunder storm which had raged with unexampled fury throughout the night, Green Mantle did not appear at the usual hour so her father, thinking that she had over-slept, visited her lodge in order that he might awaken her. To his great astonishment, she was not in the lodge and apparently she had not even slept there. There was no sign of struggle but the cut fastenings of the door of the lodge indicated the accomplishment of a tragic outrage. The storm had obliterated any sign of trail that might have ordinarily been detected amidst the marks of the general traffic in the great encampment.

Before long the mystery was solved, but its solution only added to the gloom and horror of the event. Some of his spies had reported to Ogama Dog that the young and beautiful daughter of Ogama Eagle was the prize offered by her father to the brave who would lay the scalp of Ogama Dog at his feet. Immediately he dispatched some of his most daring and cunning braves with orders to capture her without injury and bring her unharmed to Dog Mountain. Choosing the night of the storm, when at its height, they stealthily cut the door fastenings of her lodge and entered. On turning, at a slight movement, she was astonished to see what appeared to be two great bears within a few feet of her. Before she could utter the slightest cry, much less one that would have been heard above the fury of the storm, she was seized, gagged and hurriedly carried through the darkness to be placed in a canoe.

In it she was conveyed on rushing river and over rocky portage to the encampment of Ogama Dog at Dog Mountain, where she was held a close prisoner. Here her captors took a particular delight in causing her to suffer the greatest agonies of mind and spirit that they were able to inflict. They delighted in seeing her shudder as they compelled her to gaze on the dead, and often horribly mutilated, bodies of her own people, and particularly those of her own sex who had been impaled on the torture stakes standing up so conspicuously along the shore line.

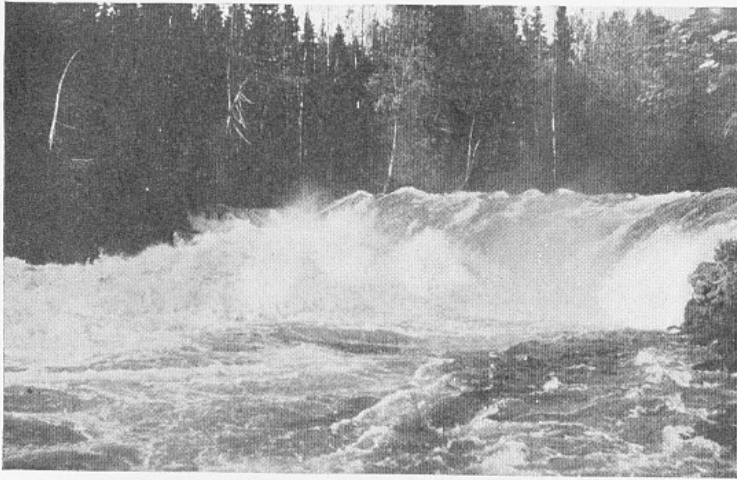
Prisoners were being brought in every day and during the hours of evening she suffered the deepest agony of spirit as she watched and listened to the carrying out of the most cruel and loathsome forms of torture that

could be devised by these fiendish minds in putting their helpless prisoners to death. Suspected spies, and all warriors in arms against the troops, were accommodated with death by fire, at the stake.

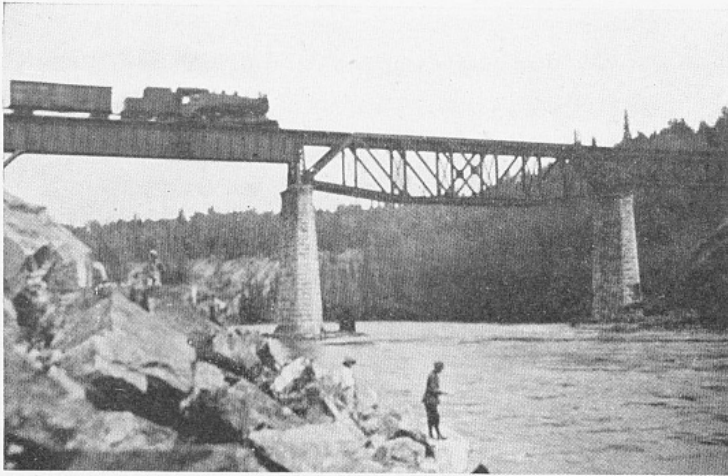
She was held prisoner within an immense circle of tents which formed the great lodge of the encampment and at all times closely guarded. Even without this supervision her chances of escape were infinitesimal for not only was every forest trail closely guarded at frequent intervals but the ground for miles outside this inner circle was closely occupied by the lodges of the invading troops. Then too, this inner circle was the centre of all the activity of the campaign for therein dwelt the Ogama, with his head men, and all their wives.

It is difficult to visualize the large range of emotions, almost every one without hope, that obsessed the spirit of Green Mantle in her apparently desperate situation. With a heart breaking feeling of helplessness and a soul depressing sense of loneliness and desolation the fact that she was unable to understand their language added many, and unspeakable terrors, to her overwrought nerves. She had seen the practice of bringing the bodies of some of their greatest warriors who had been killed in battle, inside the circle of the lodges where it was divided into small pieces and a portion eaten and swallowed by each warrior present, in order that he might acquire the strength and bravery of the departed brave. Not knowing the significance of this ceremony it always foreboded in Green Mantle's mind a prototype of her own end.

When Green Mantle had been a prisoner only a few days she was alarmed by the sound of many drums and whistles heralding the approach of a mighty host, and soon the vast inner circle of the lodge was filled with company after company of naked and gaudily painted warriors, having returned, as it was easy to see, from a victorious battle. With them were many prisoners, including a number of women and children. Fastened between two guards Green Mantle was taken out amongst the prisoners to see if any of them recognized her and it soon became apparent that she was known to several of them, by the groans that escaped from their lips as she was led into the circle.



VIRGIN FALLS, NIPIGON RIVER.



C. P. R. BRIDGE CROSSING THE NIPIGON.

Just at this moment the door of the Royal Lodge opened and out trotted a huge dog which ran to, and squatted down on a raised platform that had been erected under a white pine tree. After a short pause he raised himself upright and received the royal salute, for this was the Sioux king, Wild Spirit Dog. He stood over six feet high and was dressed to represent an immense

grey dog, with enormous head and gleaming white teeth, giving him a most savage appearance with cruelty as the dominating characteristic. It was not uncommon for some of the weaker prisoners to die from actual fright when brought before him to be questioned.

The execution of the prisoners occupied most of the afternoon, the general method of execution was to break the skull of the victim with a war club and then throw the body into an adjacent gully that was alive with snakes, after retrieving the scalp which would hang in the lodge of one of the warriors credited with the capture.

One of the most cold blooded and heart rending incidents occurred when a party chased a large snake from a nearby lodge and presented it with a little Ojibway baby snatched from its Mother. The little mite, displayed the inherited courage of his fighting ancestors and did his little best to push his attacker away with sufficient success to irritate the inhuman monsters responsible for the outrage, so that one of them struck the baby on the back of the head with a club. Immediately the snake proceeded to swallow its unconscious victim.

With ironic politeness they permitted one prisoner to go free, after they had removed his finger nails, on the understanding that he would proceed at once to report to Ogama Eagle all that he had seen at Dog Mountain and to tell him that his daughter, Green Mantle, would not regain her freedom until he personally came to her. This was the practice of Ogama Dog, to release one mutilated prisoner who would return to his tribe and relate the story of his victory and the savageness of his vengeance.

It would be idle for me to attempt to express the thoughts that filled Green Mantle's mind after all the harrowing events of the day. Stunned and dazed with the horror of it all she could but sit and stare fixedly into space, finding it impossible to believe in the reality of that which had befallen her. Then with an overwhelming realization that the hideous visions were no fantasy of her sorely tried brain she would throw herself full length on the ground in a paroxysm of grief and heart sickness to sob out her heart to the point of collapse from weakness and dizziness, engendered by the horror that possessed her. The terrible scenes seemed constantly to arise before her eyes and as she sat in the loneliness and darkness of the night, staring mechanically into the heart of the fire which was kept constantly burning, night and day, with the whole camp asleep except for the restlessly active guards who kept a Spartan vigil, her thoughts continuously reverted to the one theme "Will my people seek me, and rescue me?" The unanswered query rang in her ears until she was frantic with its reverberations, but some

measure of peace at last descended on the soul of this deeply distressed maiden as she sobbed herself to sleep, for her thoughts trended upwards in that age old cry of the mortal to the Immortal, in the time of bitter need. Her "Oh, Manitou, Oh, Manitou," a prayer, a supplication and almost a command brought peace and sleep to the troubled spirit of the great Ogama's regal daughter.

Time passed, no message came to her, her heart sickened and discouragement rested heavily on her precarious existence. In the sighing of the breeze through the dark green foliage of the giant pines she, in fancy, could hear the voice of the spirits calling to her to follow them over the mountain tops to the land beyond that knows not care, sorrow or suffering.

However, in the darkest hour of her trial a good spirit intervened for the alleviation of Green Mantle's desperate plight for, from beyond the veil, Ogama Dog received a most important message in one of his many dreams. Dreams had at all times controlled his life and to their efficacy he owed his exalted position. He was a visionary and a seer, even as his forefathers had been, generation succeeding generation, from beyond the dawn of history. At times the intensity of his dreaming induced such mental and nervous exhaustion that he would be incapacitated for many hours, occasionally running into days.

Since his arrival at Dog Mountain he had been troubled little by dreams. No message of importance had come to him from the land of spirits until the day on which he had dispatched the mutilated prisoner as a messenger to Ogama Eagle to tell him that he held his daughter hostage. On that day he held a consultation with his Chiefs and the head men of his warriors, the Council sitting until a late hour. On retiring, he quickly fell asleep and a dream of vivid intensity came to him. In his vision he saw the broad reaches of the Kaministiquia covered with a multitude of canoes, each filled to capacity with the cream of his warriors, all tensed, eager and anticipative of the word of command that would launch them to the attack against the Ojibways. Then, as he gazed, he saw Green Mantle approach the River bank with Queenly grace, saw her escorted and gravely assisted into a canoe which swiftly took its place at the head of the mighty flotilla and, at her signal, the whole army moved off, following her lead, to the attack against the forces of the Ogama, her father.

This dream changed Green Mantle's position as at the touch of a magic wand. At daybreak she was given a lodge of regal construction, far removed from the fire and scene of the torture dance, so that the anguished sobs of the victims might no longer fall on her ears.

A woman who could speak the Ojibway language was given her as a companion, her food was daintily prepared and served, she was becomingly attired and every courtesy due to one of her rank was lavished on her.

Often she would awaken in her now comfortable bed and wonder if the whole experience was not a dream, a horrible nightmare, and staring aghast and bewildered at her attendant try to fathom the mystery of this new treatment which puzzled her even more than her previous period of mental and physical suffering. No inkling of the solution could be obtained from her companion and no ray of light illumined the darkness of her spirit to show a hopeful ending to her present predicament. In fear and anxiety of mind she reviewed the various incidents of her captivity and remembered always with horror the occasion on which she had seen the bodies of the two Sioux warriors cut into small pieces and eaten by their assembled comrades. She had no means of knowing whether they had been killed in battle by the enemy or for sacrificial purposes by their own people, so the fear was great upon her that she might be in the hands of a nation of Windigoes and that the present treatment and good feeding was but the prelude to the ceremony during which she, herself, would be eaten.

One day, soon after her establishment in her new quarters, she was surprised to note the assembly of a large number of warriors at the principal lodge. From her companion she learned that the meeting had been called at the command of Ogama Dog and his Council in order that the bravery for war of his head men might be tested. Surrounded by a great circle of warriors the officers squatted in rows before the Ogama and his Council. The test was to swallow a small piece of the tail of a live snake, and if they failed in this last test of bravery their commands would be taken from them and given to others.

Whilst Green Mantle was receiving this explanation of the purpose of the gathering, which was entirely new to her, within the circle Ogama Dog was delivering the address which always preceded the ceremony of receiving the snake. At its conclusion he passed in front of the head men offering to each a small piece of wriggling snake which one and all swallowed with a great show of bravado.

At the conclusion of this rather loathsome exhibition, and after silence had been called, Ogama Dog congratulated his brave head men on the manner in which they had borne themselves and assured them that he had no longer any fear that they would be unable to achieve all that the Great Spirit would call upon them to do in their great undertaking of conquering the Ojibways and taking the rich land of Algoma and the Great Lakes for the

use of their own people. He had captured the daughter of Ogama Eagle in the hope that her people would come to Dog Mountain to rescue her and fight the battle on that ground, but the cowards were long in coming and he had since received instructions from the Manitou, through the parent spirit of the dog kingdom from whom he had ever derived his knowledge and strength, to wait not on their coming. Therefore, on the morrow his armies would set forth to make war against their enemies and to paint the land red with their blood. His commanders were ordered to show no mercy to the hated tribe and all but the very young women were to be impaled or burnt to death. The young women were to be captured unharmed and added to their Bands. Ogama Eagle's daughter will lead our braves into action against her own people and the Great Snake would accompany the army to paralyze the enemy with the potency of its magic. He solemnly assured them that his spirit would accompany them and that whenever they were in need of anything that they were to draw a picture of the moon and inscribe thereon a picture of his face. Having done this whatever they might ask would be granted to them.

His address was followed by thunders of applause which continued for some minutes and preparations for the expedition were immediately commenced. All that night canoes and supplies were being carried over the portage between Dog Lake and the Kaministiquia River whilst wild cheers and frenzied war whoops continually rent the air.

Early the next morning Green Mantle was escorted to the River and placed in a canoe, tied at the head of a long string of canoes, in order that she might pilot them down the River and through the rapids. At the word to go forward Green Mantle started her canoe with long easy strokes and as the great fleet moved off cheer after cheer filled the air.

In the meantime Green Mantle had had time to consider the purport of what these people had arranged for her to do and as quickly to determine that she must foil their plans even at the cost of her life. Almost immediately she came to the conclusion that her best plan was to guide straight through to the Kaiskabig Rapids then, when just at their brink, dive overboard and take her chance of swimming to the shore. Therefore she made no portages but ran all the rapids with the others breathlessly following. Then just as she was about to enter the first swirling hollow of the Kaiskabig, the lively and powerful prelude to the stupendous leap at Kakabeka Falls, she made a few short rapid strokes that shot her canoe towards the West bank of the river to the full length of the tow rope, jumped overboard and, in a few seconds, had with the swift strokes that had made her famous on Nipigon Bay, reached



the shore, and hurried into the protecting bush. In the meantime, the sudden swerve of her canoe and the blank astonishment caused by this sudden and totally unexpected manoeuvre, prevented any possibility of stopping any of the flotilla fastened in line from being drawn into the rapids, so they, with a goodly number that were keeping close up to the lead were drawn irresistibly into the vortex of the swift waters of the rapids and carried to their doom over the stupendous cataract of the majestic Kakabeka Falls, at whose foot jagged rocks and swirling waters soon battered out all resemblance to human form. As Green Mantle fled swiftly down the portage she could hear the terror stricken cries of her doomed victims and, behind her, the more sinister shouts of the warriors who had hurried ashore, above the rapids, to shoot her.

The pursuit was so close that she could hear the breaking of branches as the warriors crashed through the bush in the effort to quickly pick up her trail. But fear not unmixed with the exhilaration of proud satisfaction, lent wings to her feet and she fled like a deer down the portage. When near the foot of the gorge, up which the Falls have gradually receded, she returned to the river bank and swam rapidly to the Eastern shore and resumed her swift run towards the encampment of her own people, which she eventually reached triumphant, but very much exhausted.

Her arrival naturally created the greatest excitement and enthusiasm and the tale of her experiences whilst with the Sioux was told and re-told throughout the encampment. Fully prepared, the Ojibways eagerly awaited the approach of the enemy and were surprised and bitterly disappointed when the spies reported that the Sioux army had left the river and had gone into camp at Oliver Lake.

Whilst there they spent some days in painting pictures of their favorite animals on the surrounding rocks after which they gradually drew away to the South to the banks of the Pigeon River giving the impression to the Ojibways that they had determined to withdraw from the Country. Before this intention could be confirmed scouts from the East reported that a large army of the enemy had appeared, and gone into encampment, at the head of Black Bay. This alarming information was quickly followed by information from the spies along the North Shore that an immense army, who called themselves the "Great Bears" was proceeding up the coast from Duluth, killing and destroying everything in its path, which report stated was the largest and best equipped army that had ever sallied forth from the Western plains.

When the Great Bears arrived at the Pigeon River they effected a junction with the Dog Lake army, proceeding together to occupy Flatland Islands. From there the Dog Lake army proceeded North and East to take possession of the Welcome Islands, some four miles from the mouth of the Kaministiquia River and practically opposite the centre rear of the Ojibway army. In the meantime the Black Bay army had moved across the peninsular to occupy the lower end of Thunder Bay and as there was still an impressive number of troops occupying the original encampment at Dog Mountain the Ojibways found themselves almost completely surrounded. So rapidly and secretly had the movement been executed that little opportunity was afforded to take any effectual measures to prevent it.

Little time could be lost in handling the critical situation as the Sioux were supplied with all that they required with unlimited hunting territory in the hinterland, whereas the Ojibways were dependent upon the skill of their women to provide fish and game from the limited territory encircled by their foes. Soon the number of women who set out on this quest, and failed to return, increased and it was obvious that the Ojibway would have to leave their fortified and protected battle ground and carry the fight to the Sioux.

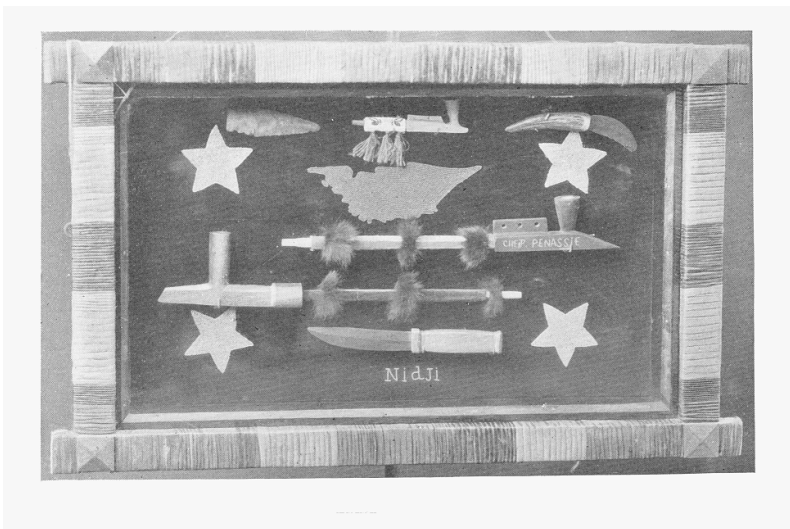
The selection of the point of attack was a matter of the greatest gravity and importance, and it was essential that the attack be made at the spot where the Sioux were likely to be least prepared and the ground most suitable for the Ojibway style of fighting. To make this decision Ogama Eagle called a Council meeting, which was held behind closed doors, and at its conclusion he came forth to his waiting people and asked them to make prayers for their army who would sally forth that night to give battle to the enemy.

Whilst prayers were being made for the success of the braves an enormous serpent came swimming down the Kaministiquia River. It had horns on its head and emitted a terrifying hissing sound which drove the warriors back from the waterfront. As though it mocked their prayers the reptile continued its course out into the bay and headed straight for the Welcome Islands. This was a most distressing scene to the Ojibways as it seemed to them an ominous portent that the Evil Spirit was assisting the Sioux. Then Ogama Eagle went among his warriors and encouraged them, telling them what Green Mantle had seen at Dog Mountain where this great serpent could not overcome even a little child until it had been rendered unconscious. Surely then it could not be an object of fear to his braves, for were they not so strongly entrenched that the enemy feared to attack them

and, as they well knew, the Manitou would surely give them victory when the battle was joined.

As the North Star was an ammunition worker he was not chosen to accompany the troops on the expedition, so to him life seemed hardly worth living as it was only on the battle field that he could hope for a chance to win Green Mantle, his love for whom grew in strength day by day. Then a great idea came to him.

Boldly approaching the Ogama he offered to do battle with the great snake if he were permitted to accompany the troops into battle. Expressing no fear of this uncanny monster he spoke with gentle appeal in his voice as he eloquently pleaded his case, being apparently controlled by a mysterious influence, for he could still feel the presence of Green Mantle with him as she had been when she told him that there was nothing to fear from the great serpent, beyond a man. So, with the Ogama's consent, he left for the Islands the next morning carrying with him a special tomahawk of copper, into which he had fitted a long handle, for the express purpose of destroying the serpent.



CASE OF INDIAN GIFTS.

In the meantime both armies had been engaged in landing troops all through the night, the Ojibways on the Eastern Island and the Sioux on the Western Island, where they had previously established a considerable force.

At the first glimpse of daylight the Ojibway war whistle sounded the advance and soon the two armies were engaged in a fierce and terrible

struggle for supremacy. Throughout the morning the huge serpent ensconced in the most prominent position on the top of the high cliff, by writhing around and emitting his terrifying noises, succeeded in holding everyone at bay who dared to approach that side. Carefully watching his opportunity, early in the afternoon the North Star succeeded in reaching the side occupied by the serpent. Boldly clambering up the cliff he fearlessly approached the serpent and, uttering a terrific yell, rushed impetuously to the attack striking the monster again and again with his tomahawk until he had completely severed the head from the body. As the head rolled over the cliff into the lake the outer skin became detached and revealed the blood stained features of a gigantic Sioux warrior.

The shout of triumph which went up from the Ojibways when they saw this great achievement put something like panic into the hearts of the Sioux and, although they continued to fight desperately, they sent up their smoke signals for the Great Bears on Flatland Island to hurry to their assistance.

Up to this time, except for the light haze that seems to perpetually envelop Thunder Cape, the sky had been clear and cloudless but suddenly a great change came over the scene and at the very height of the battle the warriors were brought to an instant check by a violent trembling of the earth beneath their feet. Darkness filled the air and the lake turned to an inky blackness. Over Thunder Cape, where lies the Sleeping Giant, the heavens appeared to be in a blaze of fire which took the form of a gigantic eagle.

At the appearance of this celestial phenomenon the Sioux immediately hurried to their canoes in wild panic. Driven by the desperate fear of the great unknown many of them hurled themselves into canoes already overloaded causing the whole crew to be thrown into the lake. With deafening and continuous peals of thunder, accompanied by the most vivid and incessant lightning, a great storm was soon raging which lashed the lake into wild fury. Revealed by the dazzling flashes of lightning the Great Bears could be seen in the distance being tossed about utterly helpless amidst the enormous seas. Closer at hand the Sioux who had fled from the Islands were in no better circumstances and they could be seen throwing all that they possessed into the Lake as an offering to the God of Storms that he might appease the fury of the waters.

Their efforts availed them not at all for as the storm broke with a rapidity equal to that of its approach the Ojibways could see that no vestige of an enemy remained afloat amidst that seething waste of waters. The victory was theirs, given them with bounteous hand by Nenabushoo, who came to

them in their great hour of peril and had left not one soul of the two great armies that had threatened the existence of their nation.

As a result of this disastrous encounter Ogama Dog lost a large proportion of his army, including almost the whole of his best and most skilful warriors, whereas the Ojibway Ogama was left with his armies practically intact and the effective strength of his battle array undiminished.

Naturally, the Ojibway Ogama was anxious to clear his country of this hated invader at the earliest possible moment and he decided that the enemy had been sufficiently weakened to warrant the launching of an attack on the carefully and strongly prepared position guarding the headquarters of Ogama Dog on Dog Mountain, so he promptly made his decision to give the enemy battle on its own field. Preparations were rapidly completed and a large contingent of Class "A" men proceeded up the valley of the Kaministiquia towards their objective near Dog Mountain.



IN BORROWED PLUMES.

From Wiseau, whose ancestor, Wild Man of the Forest, led the Ojibway forces as Head General under the Ogama, I heard the interesting details of

the tactics used by Ogama Eagle in this attack. Just before coming in contact with the enemy outposts the army was divided into three columns of which the two outer or wing columns deployed so as to develop the flanks of the enemy until they almost joined at his rear, thus practically surrounding Dog Mountain and the whole of the opposing forces.

The line of battle was formed in a similar manner for each of the three columns and consisted of a front rank of archers, six deep, supported by the spearmen and the wielders of the terrible war clubs. It was soon apparent to Ogama Dog that he was in danger of being completely surrounded so he quickly made his plans to carry out a series of vigorous assaults with the object of breaking through the encircling ring and then deploying to attack its rear. He might thus throw it into confusion and so snatch a victory or, at the worst, open a path way for retreat through which some remnant of his forces might pass to safety. These assaults were launched with the greatest ferocity and determination with Ogama Dog in the lead where the fighting was most desperate and it was with the greatest difficulty that the Ojibway warriors were able to carry out their explicit orders to capture him alive if at all possible.

Superior numbers and more skilful warriors soon decided the issue and Ogama Dog was made captive, his head men all slain and his army completely routed after a slaughter that left but a sorry remnant, the sound of whose feet could be heard throughout the night echoing down the forest trails which led, at last to the great plains from which they had so pridefully and arrogantly set out to impose their will on another nation.

In accordance with custom, Ogama Dog, his wives and all the prisoners were sentenced to death with directions that that of the Ogama should be carried out with the utmost refinement of exquisite torture that could be devised and in furtherance of this purpose messengers were sent to bring a special executioner whose skill in the infliction of pain had secured wide notoriety. To the white races there is something abhorrent about the duties and the person of a public executioner but not so with the Indian at this period of his history for, on his arrival, this man was received with unbounded delight and accorded such honour as the most successful warrior in the battle would have gladly received.

Ogama Dog's handsome teepee served as his prison house and therein he was held under a strong guard, both within and without, awaiting the day of the ceremony. The intervening days were gala days on Dog Mountain and the picture makers and gamblers gathered from far and near, the shore line of Dog Lake forming one long street of the latter's booths. Bands of wildly

painted warriors with numerous drummers were, seemingly, everywhere and the whole scene sparkled with colourful life and gaiety.

It had been decided that the place of execution should be in front of the great picture of Ogama Dog on Dog Mountain and a large area had been cleared of brush so that the spectators might have a clear view of the execution and the accompanying "torture dance." At this spot, on the appointed day, assembled every available member of the Nation and when the prisoners were brought to the place of execution the cheers and yells of a vast concourse rent the air whilst the fierce fires of sullen resentment that flamed in the hearts of the prisoners blazed from the depths of their eyes.

As the procession of prisoners marched to the appointed place an incident occurred that revealed a glimpse of the great heart of the Ojibway Ogama. Amongst the prisoners to be executed was the little son of the Sioux Ogama, a child just five years old, who, with the women prisoners was sobbing bitterly. As he approached the place of execution the Sioux Ogama asked that he might be allowed to speak to his son. His request was granted. After embracing the child he prayed for him and, reaching down, lifted a handful of earth and, with a blessing on his lips, stooped over the child, saying: "My son, we have lost everything; take this handful of earth and give it to the Ojibway Ogama; this is the deed of their own lands." Still crying, the child took the handful of earth and placed it in the hand of Ogama Eagle as he had been told to do. The Ogama then gave instructions that the child should be released, taken from the scene of the execution and given food and shelter out of sight and hearing of the ceremonies that were to follow. Thus was the child's life saved and he remained with the Ojibways until he had almost attained manhood when he disappeared over the Western trails that led to the teepees of his people.

Whilst Ogama Dog was being slowly and unmercifully tortured to death that his executioners kept ever hovering, but skilfully retarding its actual alighting, every taunt and insult that could be devised was added to the physical distress of the victim, the climax being reached when they held dog pictures before his eyes that had been drawn with the head where the tail should be and the tail where the head should be. In this, and many other, ways they mocked him until he died.

Thus passed Ogama Dog and the Sioux terror that had so sorely threatened the existence of the Ojibway Nation. True, there was still another Sioux army encamped near Rustibou, on Lake Superior, but the victorious troops of Ogama Eagle, now thoroughly conscious of their strength and



skill, in a short, rapid campaign annihilated the entire force and from that time onward Peace reigned on rock bound Northern Shore of Lake Superior.

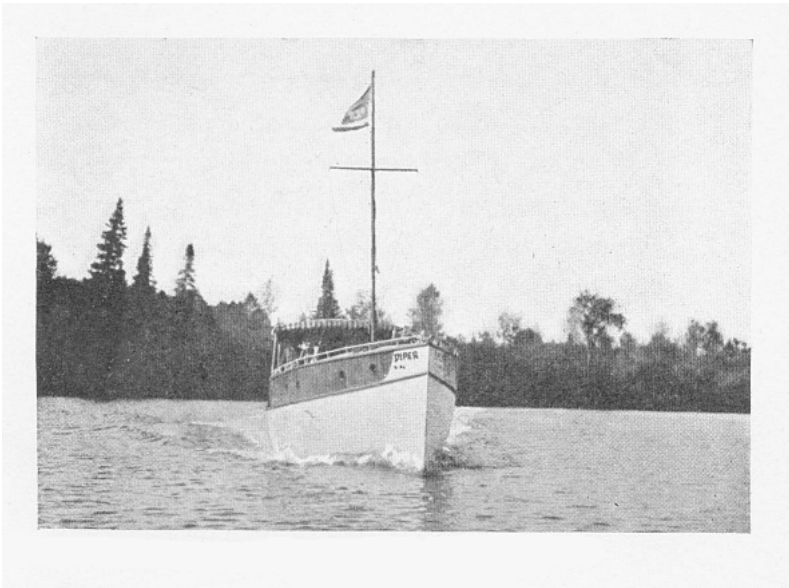
# A SUMMER VACATION

## ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR

With the thermometer registering almost ninety degrees in the shade I wasted no time in making my preparations and bade a hasty farewell to my friends. One last look around my office revealed so many things that required my personal attention that I left immediately. Since my vacation was to be an aquatic one, I made straight for the dock which lies at the head of navigation on the Kaministiquia River, where I found Luke, my Indian pilot, awaiting me.

Among the principal rivers flowing into Lake Superior the Kaministiquia ranks first as a commercial river. Born in the height of land which separates the watersheds of the rivers that flow into Hudson Bay from those that seek their outlet to the Ocean through Lake Superior, its valley is the only outlet from the great Canadian North-west into the Thunder Bay District, and the three transcontinental railways follow its course almost to the summit of the Great Divide.

The river banks are very beautiful and the winding river passes, in many places, between shores densely clad with stately spruce and graceful birch interspersed with luxuriant banks of wild roses fringed with water lilies. Immediately adjoining are some of the largest stock and dairy farms in the District. Two miles down we pass the old Point de Mueron farm which was at one time the residence of the late Lord and Lady Milton, and the birthplace of the present Lord Milton.



“ON OUR WAY.”

As we sailed down the river I asked Luke concerning “Kaministiquia.” He informed me that it was the English speaking people who called the river “Kaministiquia,” which word they interpreted to mean, “The river of many outlets and many turns,” but that the original Ojibway word was “Kamanetigweiag,” which was the name of the whole valley drained by the river and means, “A land rich with fur bearing animals: the beaver, otter, martin, mink and fisher,” and from the valley the river had derived its name.

After a run of ten miles we entered the Fort William harbour where grain elevators succeed grain elevators,—elevators of steel, elevators of concrete, elevators of wood,—with freight boats of every description receiving grain at their spouts. The harbour was a scene of great activity and, at the wheel, Luke was kept busy passing scows, barges, tugs and every imaginable kind of water-craft.

As we neared the wharf at Fort William the tall figure of our invited guest stood out in bold relief as he awaited us with his pack sack on his back and the dignity and courtesy that is only acquired as a blood legacy through many generations of Chiefs. This was Chief Penassie, of the Fort William Band of the Ojibway Indians.

It was high noon as we left the river and entered the clear waters of that great arm of Lake Superior, Thunder Bay. Here Luke took the opportunity to explain to me the Indian legend associated with Thunder Bay. He said:—

“Many, many years ago a party of hunters from a distant tribe, in spite of many warnings, provoked the wrath of the Great Thunder Eagle by climbing to the summit of the great cliff of Thunder Cape and assailing its home, which was there situated. Their progress was suddenly arrested by vivid flashes of lightning accompanied by loud and prolonged peals of thunder. The mountain was quickly enveloped in flames and the hunters all perished in their vain attempt to bring down a great medicine. Ever afterwards this bay, on which are situated the Cities of Fort William and Port Arthur, has been known as Thunder Bay.”

We were now in full view of Port Arthur, which is situated on the slopes of a commanding hill, and is one of Canada’s most beautiful cities as well as being a popular summer resort. But, for my part, when I am on a vacation, I want birds and butterflies overhead and Nature’s trees, rocks and waters surrounding me, and not buildings. Brick, stone and human faces look much the same all the world over, but Nature’s views and moods offer infinite variety, so we changed our course for the Welcome Islands, the scene, many, many years ago, of one of the fiercest battles ever fought which took place between the Sioux and Ojibways.

After a nice run of a little over half an hour we docked at the Welcome Islands. On landing the Chief remarked that we would require at least a day on the Islands as there were many things that he wished me to see and many things to tell me of the story of these historic islands. There was certainly a most impressive “atmosphere” associated with Chief Penassie. One had only to retire with him and sit down in a quiet corner with this remarkable character, one of Nature’s gentlemen, when, if he was sure of true friendship, he would relate to you all that might interest you of the legends and history of his race and people. But, only a true and trusted friend could ever get beneath the cloak of dignified reserve that habitually surrounded him and become the recipient of the knowledge that had been handed down to him, via generation after generation of Chiefs and Medicine Men, through the ages. As his story unfolded and his gaze wandered over those Islands for which his forefathers had so strenuously battled, the sparks of that ancient history were fanned into a vivid blaze of reality that easily convinced the hearer that no material riches could ever compare with the wealth of pleasure derived from listening to the tales of derring-do that shone so brightly down the corridors of time, and there seemed nothing incongruous in the situation as we sat around the little table in the cockpit of the boat, illuminated by the afterglow of the setting sun, making our supper of black

coffee, ham and tomato ketchup, and followed his thoughts through privileged channels that we continued to explore even in our dreams.

Many traces of the great battle of the Welcome Islands still remain and in the morning we spent several hours in examining the old battlefield of which one of the most striking features is the picture of the Ojibway warrior "North Star," painted to celebrate his wonderful achievement in slaying the Great Snake. This picture still remains and is in a remarkably good state of preservation considering the many centuries that have passed since the artist completed his handiwork.



CHIEF PENASSIE.

To the East of us is the Great Thunder Eagle of Thunder Cape, upon whose Western side reclines the Sleeping Giant. The inspiration of the Great Thunder Eagle, sacred to the Manitou, has from time immemorial swayed the minds of the races who have peopled this land of the Algonquins, the prehistoric and extinct races no less than the Indians of the present time. Pictures of it may be found carved on the rocks of this District, as well as in the far North, and reproductions are also frequent in the mounds of extinct and long vanished races.

All the sacred animals as described in the Revelations of St. John the Divine, chap. IV., v. 6, 7, are portrayed in stone on the ramparts of Thunder Cape:—

6. And before the throne was a sea of glass like unto crystal: And in the midst of the throne, and around about the throne, were four beasts full of eyes before and behind.

7. And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had the face of a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle.

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to discover from the photographs reproduced in this book the various gigantic rock formations depicting these animals.

As we passed Hare Island we could see, and hear, a bell buoy which was presumably placed there to mark the channel. The channel was marked right enough, but in about the same way the old lady marked her pies: “T. M.,” (’tis mince) and “T. M.” (’t isn’t mince). There was nothing to indicate which side of the bell buoy to go, but as the chart showed plenty of water on either side, we pleased ourselves.

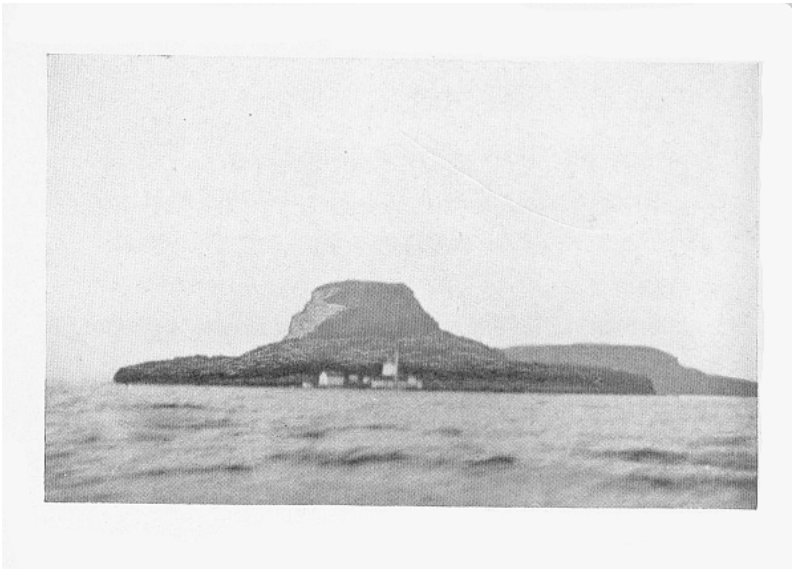
We were now entering Kitchiegamee (Lake Superior), the great fresh water reservoir of North America, which has an area of 31,800 square miles, its greatest length being 420 miles and its greatest width 167 miles. Its maximum depth is 1,000 feet, and its surface 600 feet above the level of the sea, so that its lowest floor is about 400 feet below sea level. Its summer temperature seldom rises much above 39 degrees Fahr. and falls close to the freezing point, to a considerable depth, during the winter.

When almost exactly South-West of the Cape we were able to get a good view of the Lion of Thunder Cape, the highest elevation of all forming the head and breast. Rounding the Cape, we passed Moos-oos (Moose Calf) of Thunder Cape, and sailing down the South-East shore we came to Tee

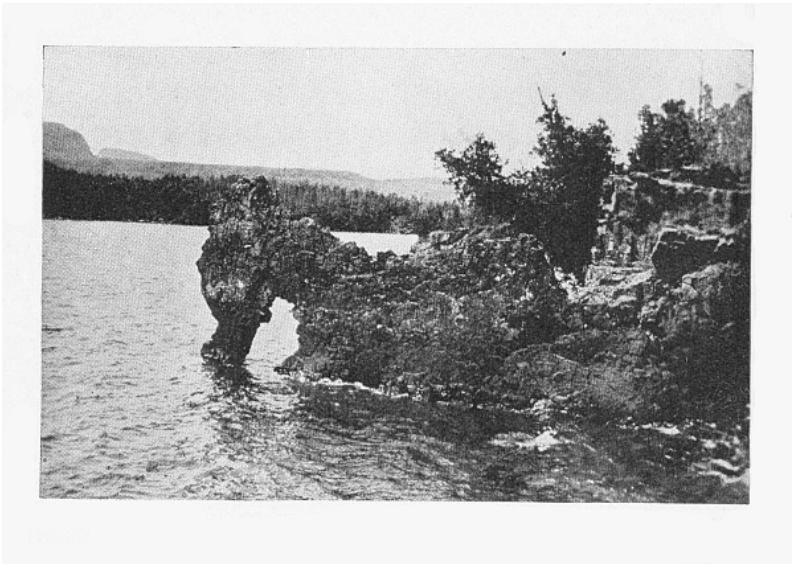
Harbour, into which sheltered haven we made our way and, stopping the engine, we came on deck to investigate the available depth of water and the prospects of a safe anchorage. From the deck a wonderful and, to me, a rare view unfolded itself to our eyes. The whole Harbour was alive with a portion of Superior's great submarine army, "the herring." As far as the eye could see the whole expanse of that cold crystal water appeared to be almost solid herring. In this country the herring is so plentiful that it is not considered a luxury and a large surplus of the catch is shipped to other parts of the country where people must have fish who are unable to afford the more sought after varieties. Every year, from the deep recesses of this great freshwater reservoir comes this vast submarine army to the surface and shore line to fill the waiting nets of man. Thousands of tons of this fish are netted annually and this district always enjoys the lion's share of the harvest which is always the most abundant of all the fisheries in Lake Superior. The Indian Legend that accounts for the phenomenal fecundity of the herring relates that when Nenabushoo created the first parent fish of this species she endowed them with the greatest of all gifts, the gift of abounding life, and thus they explain one of the mysteries of both Ocean and Lake, the vigorous survival of this fish in spite of its numerous and relentless enemies. We quickly found a good anchorage and were soon engaged in consuming a welcome supper of which the herring was not the least important item.

Thunder Cape, independent of its celestial associations with the fiery eagle, has many interesting caves and galleries of which the two most important are known as "The Panel in the Rock" and "The Indian Drum" we were informed by the Chief on the following morning. He suggested that we should visit this place and hear the drum, for these places were now known to only a very few of his people and by them the location and history were kept as great secrets. He announced that he had brought with him a map drawn on birch bark by his Father's people which showed the location of the places, the secret of which he was prepared to confide to us.





THE "LION" OF THUNDER CAPE.



"MOOS-OOS" OF THUNDER CAPE.

The early sunshine and accompanying heat had brought us from our cabins and we reclined on the open deck whilst breakfast was being prepared during which interlude we had time to study our surroundings. Here, indeed, was solitude and natural beauty and, with the exception of our own party, there was not a sign of human life. After breakfast we left the cruiser and proceeded ashore in the tender and after rowing along the shore

for a short distance we came to a gravel beach on which we landed and hauled our boat safely beyond the reach of the water. Proceeding towards the hill we had scarcely gone more than fifty yards when we came to a sheer rock wall which towered high above us and stretched to a considerable distance on either side. The trees growing at its base were tall and dense giving a dark and gloomy aspect to the environment. "That is it," whispered Chief Penassie, and following his gaze we observed about ten feet from the ground what appeared to be a door or panel in the face of the cliff. An opening had evidently been cut in the rock and a stone prepared to fit it and act as a door. Apparently the stone door had been cut a little too small so that when it was pushed home to close the aperture it rested some inches within the portals thus forming a panel from which the name was derived "The Panel in the Rock." The opening was by no means large, being about one yard in width and two yards high. To my question: "For what purpose was it originally constructed?" the Chief replied, "No one knows definitely but probably it was prepared for a hiding place in times of danger or, again, it may have been the tomb of some great Chief whose body was preserved and sealed in the rock until his spirit should return to the Earth and, with his body, rise again from the Dead." This belief in the return of the spirit and its subsequent resurrection with the body was held by many important Indians and it is not so many years ago that one could see many scaffolds erected above the ground on which rested the bodies of Indian notables, wrapped in birch bark and tightly sealed with pitch. On the birch bark covering was inscribed the date on which prophesy had foretold that the spirit would return to the body, be re-united therewith, and complete the Indian conception of a glorious Resurrection.

Whilst listening to the exposition and explanation of the various Indian legends and beliefs one cannot but be impressed by the close similarity of the faith, hope and conviction of the dominating races that have populated the Earth. The thought that evolved the rock tomb of the Hebrew necessitating only the rolling away of the stone to permit re-union of spirit and body was fully shared by the greater nations of the North American Indians. True, the Country of the Ojibways is composed very largely of the most massive and hardest rocks so that only in exceptional cases was it possible, with only primitive tools and no explosives, to hew a sepulchre in the rock. The logical alternative was, either the tree scaffold or, a wood and bark hut erected over the body. Such structures were carefully kept and proper entry always maintained in readiness for the "great day" when, in the words of our Christian hymn, "Soul and body meet again."

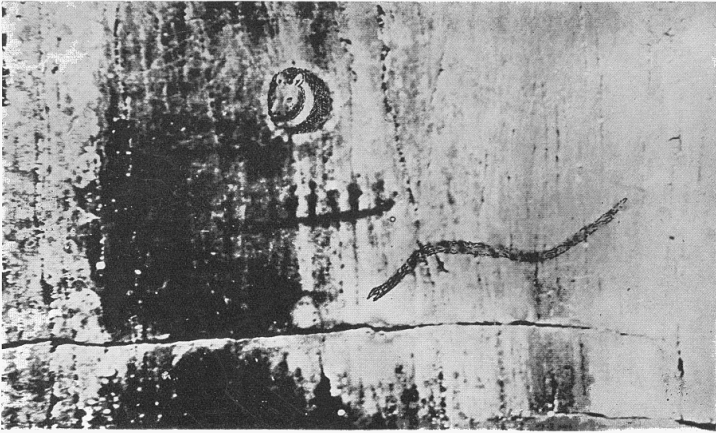
It is humiliating to realize how little is known of the great people who inhabited this land before the foot of Eric the Red, Columbus, or any other Explorer was ever placed on this Continent. It seems to have been the tragic fate of almost all the really great leaders in the affairs of their Country and Nation to pass away and the memory of their achievements to rapidly suffer the process of effacement until in these latter days the memory has become almost a complete blank. Only a little over forty years ago almost any native could relate to you all, or a very substantial part, of the history of this Country and the careers of those great men whose famous personalities entitled them to be held in remembrance by the people for whom they had achieved so much. On the other hand the memory of some infamous people has proved more enduring. We need only instance the name of Ogama Dog, a scourge of little less virulence than that of Attila the Hun, whose memory remains known to all the Indian tribes, and whose name is still held to designate lakes, rivers, mountains, falls and rapids, whereas, on the other hand the name of the great Ogama Eagle, who achieved so much, the quintessence of wisdom, courage and statesmanship, is seldom mentioned. It is sad to think that the name and influence of Ogama Dog, the enemy from whom he saved his people, should be the more enduring.

This tendency of the Indian great to achieve oblivion was further illustrated to us on our visit to the Manitou Rock at Nipigon. We had eagerly looked forward to the opportunity of visiting this rock and seeing the wonderful work depicted thereon which, with such skilled translators in the party, could not fail to be a rare historical treat. Our disappointment was therefore unusually keen when we found that the far famous pictures were so badly defaced that the whole story of the Indian history that they had depicted was, to all intents and purposes, completely wiped out. Hundreds of tons of this pictured rock had scaled off and fallen into the lake almost completely obliterating the wonderful record that had been so carefully inscribed for the benefit of posterity. Thus are we shown how varied and uncertain are the records of human history and the whimsicality of the decree that weaves some names into the minds of the people, whilst more worthy characters are consigned to oblivion, or at least neglect.

The weather on this trip was ideal and, therefore, not favorable for the operation of the drum and, although, the story of it being distinctly heard resounding through the rocks, heralding tidings of national import at various critical periods of the national life, sounded very convincing as re-told to me by the distinguished Chief, who was our guest, I could not help feeling a certain scepticism as to the relative proportions of fact and imagination that composed the record.

It was some years later that I had an experience in relation to this matter that very vividly brought the whole subject to my serious attention. We were once again bound down the North Shore of Lake Superior on a duck shooting trip. As we rounded Thunder Cape there was every indication of the approach of a bad storm so I decided that I would run into Tee Harbour to secure shelter and re-new my acquaintance with the "Panel in the Rock" and, perchance, listen to the Drum.

We pitched our tent for the night and turned in at an early hour, but not to sleep. The whole atmosphere seemed oppressive and charged with an ominous portent of mighty happenings. Near midnight the threatening storm broke with terrible fury, lashing the lake into a seething cauldron of broken, spume flecked, waters. With the first, wild, swoop of the gale the drum spoke and sounded, without cessation, in one continuous roll, pulsating to the wild rhythm of the storm. As the roll crescendoed to the higher pitches it would strike my ear drums so hard that I was forced to jump right up in bed so shocked that I was bathed in cold perspiration. The long continuous reverberation eventually got on my nerves to a serious extent and, whilst one can scarcely describe the feeling as fear, it was certainly one of deep apprehension and the night proved the weirdest and longest within my experience. The culmination of the turmoil came shortly before daybreak in one final, rending crash on the drum, which caused me, involuntarily, to jump to my feet and precipitously leave the tent. The reverberations slowly died away to be succeeded by a tense stillness broken only by the moaning of the waves on that rock bound coast. Then gradually a most awe inspiring sight unfolded itself before my eyes. The whole heavens became ablaze with light, and the light took the form of a great bird, illuminating the whole shore line as though it had been the day. Calling my Indian companion he arose and came to the door of the tent whereat I asked him to look at the heavens and tell me what he saw. I watched him as he stood for a moment gazing upwards, his face instantly aglow with a great light. Slowly, even reluctantly, he withdrew his gaze from the vision and turning to me he said:—"That is the Great Eagle of Thunder Cape; the war is over." And that was the night of the eleventh day of November in the year of our Lord, 1918. A further point to note is that, on this occasion, there was not the slightest indication of any display of the Northern Lights and that the illumination of the mighty eagle could only have come from that source, the secret of which may be deeply buried in the radio-magnetic heart of the Earth.



PICTURE ROCKS, LAKE OLIVER, OGAMA DOG, BIG CANOE AND SNAKE.

The average reader may declare that the whole incident was just a coincidence or he may solve the mystery by the convenient theory of telepathy, but the only thing certain is that the facts occurred as they are here set down and that on our arrival home we found that the war was over, just as the eagle had signified.

We are now within sight of Silver Islet, one of Nenabushoo's treasure houses, from which has been taken more than four million dollars worth of silver. The old Silver Islet Mining village, situated on the adjoining shore of the mainland, is now a popular summer resort. As our destination was Porphyry we did not call at the Islet but, slowing down, I took several photographs as we passed it.

Another hour saw us anchored in Porphyry Harbour, where the most ancient cemetery on Lake Superior is situated. It is known as the Indian's Happy Hunting Ground. At the entrance to the harbour stands the sacred rock "Shaminitou" (Child Saviour), sacred to the Manitou, and from time immemorial the recipient of special offerings by its devotees. Pictures of this peculiar rock may be seen on the Pacific Coast, as well as in Northern Alaska, carved in wood on the totem poles.

We spent the evening exploring the island and visiting the cemetery, wherein the last burial was made in the year 1884, Luke explaining to me the reason why this beautiful spot was no longer used. The Indian belief is that at death he goes to the happy hunting ground, where all kinds of game abound, but with the progress of the Christian religion amongst them many

of the younger generation profess that faith, whilst others not so professing still do not strictly adhere to the ancient customs, and are decidedly free thinkers. Others again, whose greatest need is food and clothing, devote little thought to these matters.

As it was a quiet and peaceful night we sat up until a late hour and God and nature seemed very good. We were loath to go to bed but, after adjusting our riding light, we turned in. We had not been long asleep when we were suddenly awakened by a loud hoarse noise which seemed to almost lift us out of our beds and rip the silence of the wilderness to shreds. It was the Porphyry foghorn. This started the night birds to quaver out all sorts of petulant, lost-soul cries; blaming someone or something for disturbing their slumbers and shriekingly resenting the intrusion. This "Gabriel" continued to trumpet most of the night and added the crowning touch to the weirdness of this wild and lonely place.

The morning broke clear with a nice breeze off the land so I questioned Luke on the subject of fishing for speckled trout. He replied: "As there is a breeze blowing it will be better not to try for trout off the reefs but to sail out on deep water and put out the troll." But as I protested feebly my preference for the trout of the reefs he broke in, "Oh, no, Mister, too many nets here; later, I will take you where you will get speckled trout."

So we decided to adopt his plan and, after I had started the engine, we were soon clear of the islands. When well out on the deep water I shut down the engine and hoisted the sail and spent the next three hours trolling, during which time I caught three silver and one gray trout. By this time I began to feel highly elated with my success and remarked to Luke, "Some catch, eh?" But I felt that my achievement was worthy of more applause than was contained in his laconic reply, "Not bad, Mister."

Turning the boat towards the shore I beheld a peculiar formation in front of us. The peninsular that separates Black Bay from Sturgeon Bay, terminating in Point Magnet, seemed to take the form of a human Hercules, the head lying slightly lower than the body, the chest being very prominent, and the limbs being partly covered with water, leaving the feet protruding. At one time the Indians blamed this formation for all their troubles for it was supposed to typify Matchee-Manitou, the old serpent, Satan, and it is a common saying, among the Indians, even to this day that when one has done wrong he should be sent to scratch the feet of Matchee-Manitou.

Authorities differ as to how he came to make his resting place at Point Magnet. According to one of the legends, he made war against Nenabushoo,

a serpent of the great Manitou, and was seriously wounded in the fight. This provoked the wrath of the old serpent who, hoping to destroy Nenabushoo and the whole animal creation, entered into the water and, blowing his venom into it, caused the oceans to boil up and overflow the land. Nenabushoo, seeing the waters rising, built a great raft and on it saved a species of all animal life. After the water had subsided Matchee-Manitou, in the form of a great giant, appeared on Lake Superior and as he approached the Great Thunder Eagle he was struck by lightning. In falling across Point Magnet his back was broken and thus was formed this strange formation.



GRAVES OPENED FOR INDIAN RELICS ON THE WELCOME ISLAND  
BATTLEFIELD.



Then others claim that this is the form of Nenabushoo and that at one time it was the highest rock on Lake Superior. When the Earth was flooded this rock was struck by an immense boulder which threw it across Point Magnet and spread it around for miles. They firmly believed that to rub the feet of this formation with their paddles assured the canoemen a calm lake for their journey.

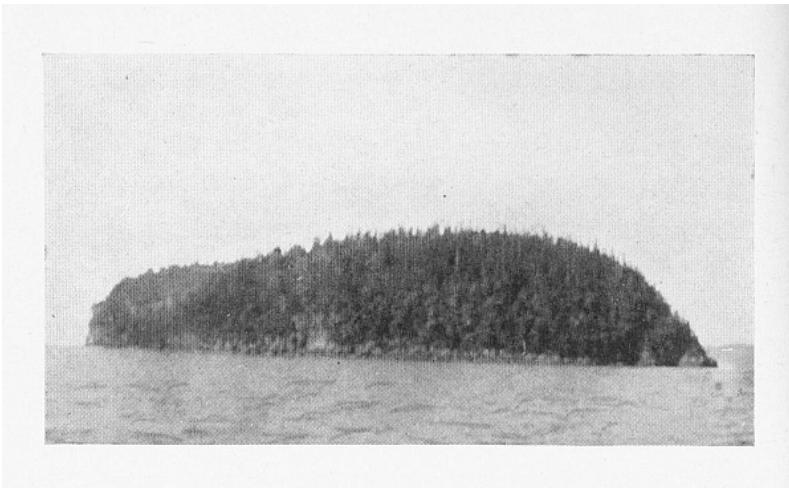
But the most authentic legend of the Flood, held by the Ojibways of the North Shore, is the following:—

“Many, many years before the white man was known in this part of the World our people was a mighty people and covered a large part of the Earth, but they listened to the voice of the Serpent King and heeded not that of the Manitou. Obeying the Serpent, both man and beast took delight in destroying the works of Nenabushoo. The huge bears, with their enormous claws, have left their marks which may be seen to this day in the many ravines, and on the ridges, of this country, which clearly shows that they had tried to tear the world to pieces. Then the spirit of Nenabushoo came upon the Earth, accompanied by the parent spirits of all the animal creation. Making war on the Serpent King, Nenabushoo pierced his heart with an arrow. Then the serpent turned his wrath upon the Earth and soon darkness covered the face of the land. He then blew his venom into the Great Lakes and poisoned all the waters thereof. Just at this time a planet from the heavens struck the Earth and caused the Oceans to boil up and flood the land. But the Manitou had compassion on us and lowered from Heaven a great rope which Nenabushoo grasped and so the Earth was saved from destruction. Then Nenabushoo caused a great raft of timber to float against the mountain top, saving many of our people and animals from destruction. Gradually the waters subsided and soon the Earth once more teemed with animal life. After a time, Nenabushoo sent a spirit to our people who told them to travel East, towards the rising sun, to where they would find her home situated on the top of a high hill, the name of which was Thunder, and over which you will see my spirit, the Fiery Eagle.

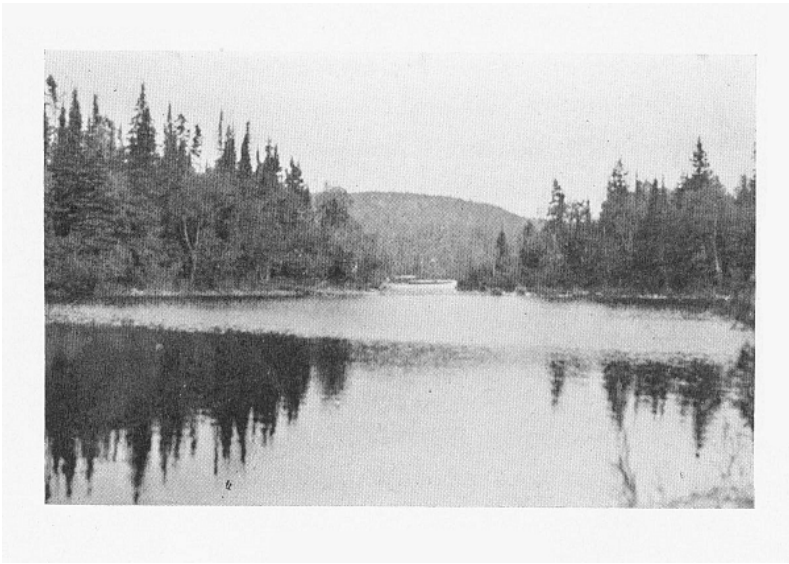
“Immediately, a large party set out on this journey. First they came to a big sea but, as they could see no fiery eagle on any of the mountain tops, they crossed to the other side where they found a land with many mountains but no sign of the fiery eagle. Losing faith, they were about to turn back when a good spirit came to them and guided them through the mountains, over lakes and rivers and through the great forests until they came to the shores of Kitchie Gamie (Lake Superior). Away out on the Lake they saw the lightning, and the reverberations of the thunder came distinctly to their

ears. The heavens were a blaze of fire in the form of a gigantic bird. Then they were all desperately afraid for they thought that Nenabushoo was angry with them for their lack of faith in wanting to turn back, but they quickly took fresh courage when they heard her voice, calling for her children to come to her.

“When they reached the top of the mountain it appeared to be all on fire, and they were in the midst of the fire, yet no one was burned. Then from out of the silence seemed to come the spirit of a great fear which filled them with the dread of the Great Unknown and they hurriedly descended to the foot of the mountain, but, gaining confidence, the man, the lion, the eagle and the calf ascended the mountain again and unburdened their hearts to Nenabushoo and asked that they might be permitted to live for ever. Immediately, a great calm descended over land and water, the lake became like a sea of polished glass and out of the stillness they heard a voice and Nenabushoo spoke, saying: “I cannot give you everlasting life, on earth, for you could not then hope to enter the Happy Hunting Grounds but I will make you out of my enduring rock.”



OTTER ISLAND.



GREEN MANTLE BAY.

Away back in the dim recesses of time, a period so remote that only fragments of the Ojibway history of the flood have come down to us through the Indian folk-lore, it was claimed that Nenabushoo, after the subsidence of the flood, returned to visit the Earth and her children who dwelt thereon. On this occasion, as on all others, her actions and works were enveloped in the enchantment of mystery but the two chief purposes of her visit were to instruct her children how to take care of themselves and to give them a tangible token of her pledge that never again should the Earth be the victim of such a deluge.

For this purpose, she told them, she had prepared an enormous snare that would encircle the heavens and hold the flood waters perpetually in their appointed place. The snare was to be of wondrous colors and was to be known as the “rainbow” which, from time to time, would be made visible to them as a reminder of the promise she then made to them that there should be no repetition of the Great Flood.

After listening to her comforting words a wolf approached and presented Nenabushoo with a fine young wolf, saying—“This is my nephew, the best hunter in my pack. Take him and use him to hunt for you whilst you are with us on Earth.” “We will go for a hunt at once,” said Nenabushoo. The young wolf remarked: “I am afraid that you will be unable to keep up with me as the travelling is hard and difficult.” “Nonsense,” replied Nenabushoo, “of

course I will be able to keep up with you.” So they immediately set out on the expedition.

Towards evening they came to the shore of a beautiful lake and Nenabushoo took off her fine pack and selected a comfortable place to camp for the night. When camp was made she gave instructions to the young wolf on the best methods of hunting moose, deer and all kinds of game; telling him never to kill the young animals but always to choose the old ones. Also, when chasing a moose or deer and the way led across a ravine or creek he was to observe if a tree had fallen across the obstacle on which he might pass over and so save much time. Again, if the game proved to be too speedy for him to overtake he was to call for the assistance of a number from his pack and form them up in a semi-circle to leeward of his quarry. Then he was to send a single wolf to approach the game from the windward side so that the scent coming down the wind would startle the deer or moose and cause it to run into the embrace of the waiting semi-circle, whose members would close in and make the kill.

Early the next morning Nenabushoo and the young wolf left their camp and followed a deer trail until the afternoon when the young wolf stopped and sniffed the air, asking Nenabushoo; “Do you smell them?” “Yes,” replied Nenabushoo. “Then how many do you think are there?” he questioned. “There are three,” she told him, “one old one and two very young ones. There is a lynx following them and they are running hard. You must kill that lynx for me.” The lynx came rapidly along so keen in pursuit that he was taken completely off his guard when the wolf sprang to the attack and after a short, sharp fight the wolf made his kill. Giving the body a couple of shakes he proudly laid it at the feet of Nenabushoo, pleased and thankful that the hunt had been successful and that he had, through the kindness of Nenabushoo, acquired strange knowledge never before known in wolf history.

Soon millions of geese darkened the sky, calling loudly, “Nenabushoo,” “Nenabushoo.” After listening for some time Nenabushoo called them to come to her when she told them that it was very unwise of them to call on her unless they were in grave danger as their cries would reveal their presence to their enemies. They then confided to Nenabushoo that they were in great trouble owing to their inability to fly on a dark night. Then Nenabushoo promised them that she would light up the heavens with the milky way and that its appearance was to be their signal that they might fly on that night.

Following this promise, she then endowed all her children with some special gift for their protection that would assist them in foiling their enemies, giving to some of the weakest the greatest strength in defense. For example, that wonderful coat of mail bestowed on the humble porcupine makes what would otherwise be one of the most helpless of her creatures, secure from almost any danger excepting only the hand of man.

After completing her work, Nenabushoo ascended into the heavens and the observers saw the Great Fiery Eagle gradually growing softer and softer until it finally faded away. Ever after the appearance of the Great Fiery Eagle over the mountain top always portended some great event.

As we neared the No. 10 lighthouse the keeper ran down to the water's edge and hailed us. Thinking that it was an S. O. S. and that something was wrong, we promptly turned in. His delight in greeting us was truly pathetic as we were his first callers for eight weeks. He flooded us with questions about the war and other current events and one seldom gets such an appreciative audience. We gave him some newspapers, fruit and cigars, and after spending a couple of hours pleasantly on the island we left with the feeling that we had never before known how glad one could be for the mere presence of human companionship. We then ran to the old Hudson's Bay Company's harbour where we cast anchor.

Taking the tender we rowed to the reefs which lay about two miles distant, where the water was deep and as blue as sapphire. I handled with care my two new and expensive fishing rods, which were accompanied by a large assortment of different kinds of flies. I knew that I had been extravagant and gloried in the sensation. Carefully adjusting a large brown hackler to my line, I cast, keeping my fly in the air and winging it about like a thing alive. Lightly I deposited my offering on that crystal platter and it was immediately accepted. I had hooked a coaster. On feeling the metal in his mouth he made for the open lake, sending my reel spinning. Suddenly my line slackened and he leaped from the water. I reeled in only to be forced to let it spin out again; his dashes for freedom being most beautiful. After playing him for about twenty minutes he began to tire and, hauling him close to the boat, Luke landed him with the net. I had caught a lovely speckled trout eighteen inches long. I hooked two more that evening, each about fourteen inches long, and packed them in a box of moss covered with ice.

On awakening the next morning we found the lake in a very obstreperous mood. Lake Superior is a large lake and certainly does things in a large way. One could not believe that her temper could get so ruffled in

the course of a few hours. No reef fishing to-day for the water was jumping high above the reefs.

That afternoon I trolled up and down the bay, but all in vain. Many a time I hauled in my line expecting that I had hooked a maskinonge or a sturgeon, only to find that my catch was either a stick of pulp wood or a bunch of weeds.

That evening there was a beautiful pink sunset, which indicated fair weather, so we decided to leave for Rustibou in the morning. We were not particularly early risers when cruising, but perhaps I was the demoralizing influence. At any rate, it was noon when we dropped anchor in Lamb's Bay.

I was anxious to explore Rustibou, as Luke had told me that there were relics to be found there of a bloody encounter that took place between the Sioux and the Ojibways. I particularly desired to find a copper arrowhead, but my search was unsuccessful, although I managed to find a flint one in perfect condition. The arms used in this battle were spears, bows and arrows, and the swatter or bludgeon. The latter was the favorite weapon of the Ojibways and when the ammunition of the Sioux gave out the Ojibways exterminated the entire band with this terrible implement. The extinct races, whose remains are found in the tumuli, or mounds, of North America seem all to have suffered death from the same weapon. Luke's great, great grandfather, then a young brave, fought in the battle of Rustibou.

That evening we left for Otter Cove, one of the finest harbours on Lake Superior for pleasure boats. After casting anchor, we rowed up near the falls and cooked our supper on the river bank. Talk about beautiful scenery—it was magnificent; the falls with their banks of spruce and birch made a picture long to be remembered. During supper I discovered that we had camped at Mosquito Lodge, and it proved to be lodge night with a full attendance. They certainly seemed to have selected me for the goat as Luke seemed undisturbed. As soon as we had washed up after supper I was glad to return to the boat to escape the pests. Stretching out on the cockpit cushions I lit a cigar, a great peacefulness stole over me and I lost all desire to move. The soft fragrance of the air and the murmuring sound of the falls seemed to sooth my mind as I gazed dreamily at the reflection of the moon on the water. I suppose I must have dozed off, but soon awakened half-conscious of something splashing near by. Swimming towards the boat was a large moose which I watched with genuine pleasure as there is something delightful in meeting these interesting people of the wilds. Suddenly it raised its sensitive nose and, sniffing suspiciously in my direction, caught the

danger scent. It immediately turned, swam rapidly to the shore and disappeared in the bush.



THE MOOSE CAUGHT THE DANGER SCENT.



Next morning, as the big red sun was pushing its way above the Eastern rim of the lake, I slowly, and with great care, made my way to near the foot of the falls. When within about two rods length of the goal I cast a fat pink worm into the water. It seemed to have scarcely sunk beneath the surface when there was a great commotion at the end of my line. In four casts I landed four beautiful trout for breakfast. I fished no more that day as I did not wish to catch more than we could use.

That evening I strolled up the Otter River above the falls where I found an old lumber road. Walking further than I had intended, I sat down on a log that crossed the river, or creek, and watched intently for some time for signs of fish. To my surprise I saw neither fish or any sign of animal life, not even flies. It was a pleasant evening and the time passed quickly; the sun had dropped behind the hills and darkness suddenly descended. Almost instantly a crashing in the bush arrested my attention and a red deer went flying past me towards the lake, seeming scarcely to touch the ground. I at once made for the trail walking at my best speed. I had a feeling that I was not alone for the bush seemed to be alive with the patter of feet. I was not afraid, but more than startled, on seeing the form of a large timber wolf ahead of me. Raising his sepulchral voice, he called his companions, and was immediately answered from all sides, apparently for miles around. Striking a few matches, I pressed on toward the lake, never slackening my pace until I saw the welcome light of the camp fire in front of me.

Next morning we left for St. Ignace Island. Lake Superior is famed for its precious stones and Luke had told me of one of Nenabushoo's treasure houses where I might find some agates. Passing Otter Island we encountered a strong South-West wind which we headed into until well out on the lake. Changing our course for Lamb Island we encountered a heavy sea on our quarter aft, the combers picking us up and sending us forward in long, intoxicating bounds. In two hours we were in full view of St. Ignace and, crossing the blind channel, we ran for Green Mantle Bay, where we cast anchor.

St. Ignace Island is the second largest island on Lake Superior. It is the granite king-pin of the archipelago of islands which form the breakwater which shelters Nipigon Bay from the fury of the lake. It is a huge rock with an area of about 160 square miles and is rich in Indian legends.



LUKE DOUBTS MY MEASUREMENTS.

Without the aid of a pilot one would never find Green Mantle Bay, although it is situated on the South side of St. Ignace Island. It is a crystal basin, almost oval in shape, and one could not help marvelling at the beautiful transparent water which, at a depth of about two fathoms, seemed clearer than the atmosphere, with the pebbles at the bottom sparkling like opals. There are many similar bays on Lake Superior, but none more bewitching than Green Mantle. There is also an inner bay known as the "Death Chamber" which derived its name from the following legend:—

Many, many years ago the great Ogama Eagle, his wives and handsome, only daughter visited at Nipigon. The girl's dark-eyed beauty won, at first sight, the heart of a young Kaministiquia brave. She was a true child of nature, passionate and impulsive. For some time Green Mantle and her young brave were constant companions and parted with the understanding, and hope, that they would soon meet again. But Fate decided otherwise. Shortly after the battle of the Welcomes, Ogama Eagle declared war on the Sioux and in the great decisive battle in which an overwhelming victory was won by the Ojibways, Green Mantle's lover was numbered among the slain. A great festival and dance was afterwards held at Rustibou to celebrate the event. Ogama Eagle dearly loved his daughter and had presented her with a beautiful green shawl which she wore on that occasion in the expectation of meeting her lover, but on her arrival there she soon learned the bitter truth and her heart was crushed and bleeding from the cruel blow. Vainly she strove to rally, but life seemed but an empty blank to her and the merry dance knew her no more. Upon the second night, when the festival was at its

height, she quietly disappeared and was not missed until the morning. Her canoe was also missing—she had gone to bear her sorrow alone. Two days later a search party found her body lying on the shore of this little bay, rolled in her green shawl, with her canoe drawn out of the water. This had been one of her favorite camping grounds. When the lake was calm and the moon shone brightly, a party of her friends started with her body for Porphyry Island cemetery, and there they laid her by the side of her lover.

“They journeyed there in the dead of night,  
With their loved one o’er the deep,  
That she might be laid  
In this sacred place  
Where parted spirits meet.”

W. S. P.

We spent the next two days in searching for agates, which were all in the solid rock, the best of them being under water, but I succeeded in getting quite a number of these handsome stones, one of them being a rare gem resembling a human eye, blue in color, with a small tree of gold growing through it. The next day as I stood on the shore of that beautiful bay and looked out on the blue and whiteness of the sky and water, the lure of the sport got me again.

On calling Luke, he prescribed Nipigon Straits, and we were soon on our way to cast anchor in the Eagle’s Nest, one of Superior’s safest harbours. Whilst at supper we had a call from an Indian and his son. He had some fine speckled trout in the bottom of his canoe which he wished to trade for pork and tea. I traded with him and also gave him some tobacco, although trout were now so plentiful with us that they were beginning to be almost a bore.

After supper I went over to his teepee in order that I might hire him, and his canoe, to take us to a lake on St. Ignace Island which I wished to explore as well as troll in its waters. To my surprise he flatly refused, telling me that he had seen marks on the shore there of a strange animal, one foot being that of a man whilst the other was the foot of something else. I suggested that he could show me these marks on our way. After a desultory conversation, carried on largely by himself, while he stared into the fire with many shakes of his head, what he did not know about a windigo, or evil spirit, I certainly did when I had reached the end of that interview. Apparently, a windigo is the male of witch, probably a witch’s husband. Having secured from him a description of the place, I visited the shore where the tracks had been seen

and found that he was correct—one foot was that of a man. It was the mark of one who had suffered, and offered all that he had that freedom may not die and that the accident of birth shall not give men license to trample over the rights of their fellows. The marks were those of a soldier who had lost a foot.

That afternoon a splendid yacht came down the Nipigon Straits, flying the American flag, and cast anchor in the Eagle's nest about a hundred yards from where we lay. We saluted them and were immediately saluted in return. Later I rowed over to make a call and soon felt quite at home with the owner and his party. The owner, by the way, was a true boat lover and was got up, regardless of appearances, in a suit of blue jeans. After showing me all through his magnificent yacht, I came to the conclusion that it was impossible to tell a wealthy American's rating with Bradstreet, by his clothes. I soon learned that they were from Cleveland and were cruising Lake Superior in a leisurely way for the benefit of the owner's wife, who was subject to a severe form of hay-fever. She laughingly informed me that she had not had a sneeze since entering Lake Superior, which was certainly remarkable, for among her friends in Ohio she was known as the "seventeen times sneezer." They were anxious to go trout fishing, so I invited them over to my cruiser and presented them with about ten pounds of speckled trout with which they were greatly delighted.

We spent three delightful days fishing and cruising, visiting the Wana-Wana Falls, Duncan's Cove and the reefs of St. Ignace Island, and each evening we were entertained with their splendid phonograph. But I had made up my mind to see Lake Nipigon, and it was with a feeling of regret that we pulled anchor and bid good-bye to our friends. As we sailed down the Nipigon Straits they played that beautiful song:—

"I'll take you home again Kathleen  
Across the ocean wild and wide."

Three hours later we were anchored in Nipigon Harbour, one of the safest on Lake Superior. It is protected by two peninsulars with three large islands at the entrance, forming a breakwater, and checking the force of the storms from the South. East and West it is effectually sheltered by high mountains, making it practically a land locked harbour.

One of the large islands referred to in the bay is Isle Verte. The Isle Verte stone is well known to the builders of Fort William and Port Arthur and large quantities of this beautiful red sandstone have been used in both cities. At the mouth of the Nipigon River stands the Sacred Red Rock, sacred to

the Manitou, from which the Indian Calumets have been made from time immemorial.

The Virgin Falls of the Nipigon River was my intended destination so, after hiring two Indian guides in Nipigon, with canoe and tents, and purchasing provisions, two days later I was comfortably settled in my "Hotel Virgin." My Indians gave me splendid service. Here I met many of the disciples of Izaak Walton and they all agreed that the Nipigon is the first and last word in things piscatorial. A dear old gentleman from New York spent the greater part of one night with me. He was a real student of nature. For the early part of the night the sky was illuminated with the Northern Lights and later, as heavy clouds drifted overhead, the stars burned soft and close, and friendly, through the clear spaces. This gentleman, in his conversation, stated that if Nipigon Lake and River were in some remote part of Europe thousands of our American tourists would spend a vast amount of money to see this land of the Ojibways, returning to the United States to boast for the balance of their lives that they had seen the Nipigon.



THE SACRED ROCK "SHAMINITOU."



“NO REEF FISHING TO-DAY.”

The Nipigon River is famed the world over for its speckled trout and magnificent scenery. It is the largest and clearest river flowing into Lake Superior. It is forty-two miles long, with numerous lake-like expansions and surging rapids, being also the only outlet from Lake Nipigon. It has an average width of three hundred feet of the purest and coldest of water. In its course are nine portages and it is near these portages that the best fishing is to be found. As you canoe the river you get view after view that looks like the climax of wonder yet soon another even more inspiring one will appear.

Lake Nipigon, with its Franco-Indian name, is situated between the parallels of the 49th and 51st degrees of latitude, and the 88th and 89th degrees of longitude; measures nearly 70 miles in length by about 39 miles in width, and in consequence of its numerous and deeply indented bays has a shore line of nearly 600 miles. It is the World's greatest breeding ground of the king of fish, the speckled trout. This beautiful sheet of pure water, with its numerous islands, was, until the exploratory surveys of Canada's great transcontinental railway, the Canadian Pacific, little known to the outside world. It is very deep and has an elevation of 852 feet above the sea level. The climate of Lake Nipigon and the North Shore of Lake Superior, in Summer, is much the same as the Florida winter. There are nearly 700 Indians in the Nipigon district, of whom many are employed in summer as tourist's guides, but the majority depend almost entirely on fishing and hunting, the Government paying them an annual bounty of four dollars per

head. It is much to be regretted that in this, their own land, the Indians are actually dying of starvation.

Having fished, explored and photographed the Nipigon Lake and River, I could now count the remaining days of my vacation on the fingers of one hand. The sun had baked me to a healthy brown and I could find no excuse for further prolonging my holiday, so, with a feeling of regret I packed up and started on my homeward trip. It was evening as we left Lake Helen and the last rays of the setting sun were shining on the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's bridge, crossing the Nipigon River as we swept under it into the quiet waters of Nipigon Harbour.

But of all the picturesque routes on the Great Lakes, the inner channel from Nipigon to Thunder Bay is unsurpassed for island scenery. In the early morning the lake gleamed like a mirror, every tree and rock being reproduced in the water.

Passing the Great Thunder Eagle, the lights of Port Arthur and Fort William shone out, making me feel that civilization would soon have me in its grip again.

The case illustrated above was a gift to the Author from some of his Indian friends and is entirely the work of Indian craftsmen. Cedar wood is used throughout and the border of the frame is wrapped with split spruce roots stained in natural colors red, white and blue. The background against which the objects lie is a very dark skin.

The four stars represent the four sacred beasts of Thunder Cape and the bird stands for the Fiery Eagle of Thunder Cape in full flight. All of these are of bead work closely woven to the skin. The spear point in the upper left hand corner was found on the battle field of Rustibou. At the top centre is a silver pipe recovered from the bottom of Lake Superior in a fishing net. At the top right hand corner is a copper knife found buried a foot below the clay by a fish worm digger. The large pipe in the centre was a present to the Author by Chief Penassie of the Fort William Band and the lower large pipe was similarly presented by Chief Skeet of the Lake of the Woods. The stone knife at the bottom of the case was found after a forest fire on the shore of the Lake of the Woods and is undoubtedly of great antiquity. The blade is carved with the sacred emblem of the red willow and indicates that it had an important ceremonial use.

The greeting NIDJI signifies "Friend" in the language of the Ojibways.



AT ANCHOR, EAGLE'S NEST, NIPIGON STRAITS.

It will be of interest to note that an exceptional repetition of some of the phenomena on which the Indian legends herein related have been based, took place very shortly after the first publication of "A Summer Vacation." The following news items of the Associated Press give in brief terms the incidence of the occurrence:—

**From the Winnipeg Free Press, March 7, 1918:**

**Fort William, Ont., March 7.**—"Southern Lights," the first seen here in years, were part of the brilliant display of the aurora borealis that made the heavens a blaze of fire at the head of the lakes last night. The aurora commenced about 8 o'clock in the evening, in the North, and gradually worked around till it was flashing from every point of the horizon. At midnight the display was one of rare magnificence, the streamers changing to all the colors of the rainbow.

There have been strange electrical phenomena over the hills of Thunder Bay for almost a week past, in the midst of which Ojibway Indians from the Mission Bay claim to have seen the sacred thunder eagle depicted in fire in full flight over the lake.

A curious coincidence is that a despatch from Duluth this morning states that the figure of an eagle in full flight was seen in the aurora display there last night.

The thunder eagle, according to Indian legends, is supposed to have its nest on the highest peak of the Sleeping Giant in Thunder



Bay, some 1400 feet above sea level. Its appearance, say old Indians, portends wonderful happenings in the world.

Constable Shabb, of Squaw Bay, Chief Penassie, of the Mission, and other prominent Indians, claim to have seen the phenomenon, which is corroborated by several men of this City, who say it looked like a meteor in the shape of a huge eagle.

**From the New York Times of March 9, 1918:—**

**To the Editor of the New York Times,**

I am wondering if any fortunate soul besides myself saw the glorious American Eagle in the sky last night about 10 o'clock. In a high peak of snowy white, in the very centre of the heavens, was his head, stretching thence to every horizon were his pinions, streaked with changing hues which merged into deepest crimson.

J. B.

New York, March 8, 1918.

March 8th, 1918.

**Strange Coincidence of the Fiery Eagle Seen at Duluth Last Night—Lights in the South.**

(Associated Press Despatch.)

**Duluth, March 8:—**The most elaborate display of the aurora borealis ever seen in Duluth, appeared last night. The lights took the form of an eagle with full spread wings.

The widespread belief in the portentous significance of this celestial phenomenon is aptly illustrated by the following letter written to the "Glasgow Herald" by Sir Herbert Maxwell, the eminent Scottish author.

Monreith, March 19th.

Sir:—The note on Aurora Borealis in your issue of 18th inst. may serve me as an excuse for mentioning incidents in connection with the two most remarkable displays of that phenomenon which I have ever witnessed.

Lord Palmerston died on October 18th, 1865, being then Prime Minister. During that night the sky was aflame for a considerable time with magnificent red Aurora, bringing to mind the lines in

Aytoun's poem, "Edinburgh after Flodden" (I quote from memory)

---

All night long the northern streamers  
Shot across the trembling sky,  
Fearful lights that never beckon  
Save when kings and heroes die.

The other occasion was in October, 1870, when the Prussian and French armies were in fierce conflict. I was staying in Glenluce for salmon-fishing and, like most of the inhabitants of that village, turned out to witness the display which flooded the heavens with crimson. I heard one man say to another—"Aye, aye —That means that the French and Germans are hard at it."

The remark would be hardly worth recording were it not for the coincidence that the late Canon Tristram of Durham, Oriental traveller, mentions in his book, "The Land of Moab", how on that same October night, being encamped on the Jordan, his people all stood watching the Aurora, and that he heard one Arab exclaim that it betokened a great battle in France. I am, etc.,

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE END

## TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

Section headings have been added to the Contents as a convenience for the reader.

Illustrations have been relocated due to using a non-page layout.

Book cover is placed in the public domain.

[The end of *The Eagle of Thunder Cape* by William Samuel Piper]