

IN WILDS OF CANADA.

EXPERIENCES WITH VOYAGERS ON
AWAY BACK WATERS.

The Yearning for the Woods Is a Fever in the Blood of Both White Man and Savage—Through an Indian Hunting Ground—A Good Word for the Indian—In His Own Business He Cannot Be Surpassed.

An interesting account of experiences in the Canadian forests is given by a writer for The Empire Review, under the title, "Canadian Voyageurs." In the course of it he writes as follows:

But to those who know the smell of the balsam and the aroma of the twisted cedar, who have seen the infinite cliffs, the hollow canyons and the dashing cascades of the Canadian northland, the yearning for the woods is not one which passes understanding. The fever is still in the blood though the breed has changed. The coureurs de bois were the lost legion of the French regime, but they were empire builders, after their kind, who stayed not for forest nor torrent, but pressed north, west and south, to spread the Gallic lilies over half a continent. To-day the Canadian voyageur is the scout of another empire. Still resolutely he pierces the sub-Arctic wilderness, and paddles his birch bark into unknown waters. The rulers of the old regime set themselves against the woodland fever. To-day the government turns it to account by organizing and despatching exploring parties into that vast country lying between Hudson Bay and the Great Lakes.

Expeditions of this kind are naturally through an Indian hunting ground; but in that broad district stretching from Labrador to the Lake of the Woods, where once the populous, Montagnais, Algonquins, and Pottawatamies roamed, the tribes are few and far between. A century of commercial hunting and trapping has made the peltries scarce and now the straggling natives are selling their birthright for a mess of pottage. The aborigines are surely passing with the game. Hunger and exposure bring consumption, and it is now rare to find an Indian whose lungs are sound.

It was about 5 o'clock on a June morning that our small fleet of canoes pushed off in the rain from the south shore of Lake Helen, and a paddle of three miles brought us to the Narrows; 9 miles further up we came to Camp Alexander, which lies at the foot of two miles of rapids, the first chute on that magnificent waterway, which is also the finest trout stream in the world. Here, in a blinding rainstorm, we pitched our tents, and, besides the discomfort of being wet, we were ravaged that night by mosquitoes. All the next day, and the next, we waded over the portage through the mud, weighed down by loads ranging from 100 to 200 pounds, according as we were whites or Indians, tenderfoot or seasoned packman. The man who has never had a pack strap across his forehead or staggered a mile or so under a hundredweight of pemmican will know but faintly of the joy of a two-mile portage or the perspiration which attendeth it.

On the fourth day we had our canoes once more in the water, and an early start brought us to Split Rock Portage before noon. Islet Portage was reached in due course, and for the night we camped at the south end of Pine Portage. At the foot of these rapids we landed several five and six-pound speckled trout, which made a pleasant variation in our menu. The day following we forwarded our supplies across Pine Portage, a distance of two miles. Passing around the foot of the White Chute we came to Little Flat Rock early in the afternoon, and, leaving the Nepigon River, crossed little Black Sturgeon Lake to the west, camping for the night on Flat Rock Portage—the home of the original black fly.

At daybreak we made our way across the trail and had our first glimpse of Lake Nepigon, the largest body of water between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay, measuring about 40 miles long by as many broad. High, rocky shores rise abruptly from the dark, deep water, and forest fires have scorched its bleak headlines. Here the Hudson Bay schooner Bella was waiting for us, and as soon as our supplies were on board she slipped out of the barren harbor.

I must not give the impression of the Indians as a race, idle, childish and incapable. In his own business, so to speak, the Indian cannot be surpassed. In the woods he is as agile as a deer. He will carry his canoe through undergrowth that almost balks you empty handed. On one occasion we were making our way overland to a small lake. There

was no trail to speak of, and the distance was five miles. We rested only once, and, although I was only burdened with a rifle, I had great trouble in keeping pace with the copperhead who bore on his shoulders my 50-pound canoe. Seeing that the savage triumphs over his environment through the sharpening of his wits, one half expects the ingenuity by which he secures his prey. His traps and deadfalls are marvels of crude engineering, but he does not rely on such implements exclusively. One day a partridge started up in front of us as we were crashing through the brush, and by some chance we were without a firearm. The bird looked down upon us foolishly, after the manner of partridges, little suspecting the sequel. In about a minute an Indian had cut down a sapling, pulled forth a tendril from under the moss, and, executing a flank movement, he soon had the silly bird dangling at the end of his pole.

Our cook, Perrot, was a French-Canadian who knew the backwoods from the Ottawa to Hudson Bay, but before we reached home we had dragged him over a country he had never seen before. Perrot was also our interpreter. He knew all about Indians. Some said that his own mother was an Ojibway squaw, but this Perrot denied with a good Scotch oath, and as he wore a long, fair moustache and parted his hair in the middle, I believed him. As a linguist, his repertory was great, including English, French, Ojibway, Cree, Chinook and the profane. The last named he had perfected in a long course of river driving on the Gatineau, where a sharp tongue is as useful as an ox, and a stark oath as fetching as a canthook. Our guides knew no English, but they told their yarns to Perrot with the most outrageous powwow. And afterward he repeated them to us.

To be with Perrot in the canoe was to be at ease. No matter how fierce was the rapid or how high the wave, his paddle seems to throw oil upon it, and he brought us safely through the flood. A rushing river or a foaming cataract had no hidden terrors for him. He knew by the shade of the water and the curl of the wave how deep was the reef, and he would juggle his canoe through the rocky jaws of death. One slip, one false movement, and the tiny craft would be shattered on the rocks or swamped by the back eddy. A Canadian voyageur seldom has two chances, and on account of its element of constant danger the running of rapids is a most exciting sport. Imagine yourself bounding down a watery stairway, perhaps half a mile in length, swept around a bend by the milky cataract, the banks flying by like the panorama past the window of a train. Your pulses are galloping, but your eye is fastened on your bow man, whose every movement you must second. His paddle is now on the port, now on the starboard side; anon it is thrust out in front to guard against false channels. Over the last chute you bound like a toboggan on the ice, and slide at length into smooth water. The other canoes race down, taking exactly the same course, but running less risk now that you have picked out the safe waterway.

A landing is made at the foot of the rapids, since here is always the best fishing ground. The axes ring out for awhile, and then in the little clearing the tents are pitched. Meanwhile the cook has made a fire, on the beach, and over it on a pole the kettle is hung. Tea, bread, pork and beans—with stewed prunes as the plat du jour—make a banquet in the woods, with hunger for a sauce piquante. One will eat anything, and lots of it, when the aromatic balsam gets in his lungs and the taffrail log shows 30 or 40 miles a day. Then a good long smoke round the campfire to keep the flies at bay; a game of cards; more of Perrot's stories, or your own; and if you have run across a flock of wild duck during the day there will be a bowl of bouillon before you turn in for the night.

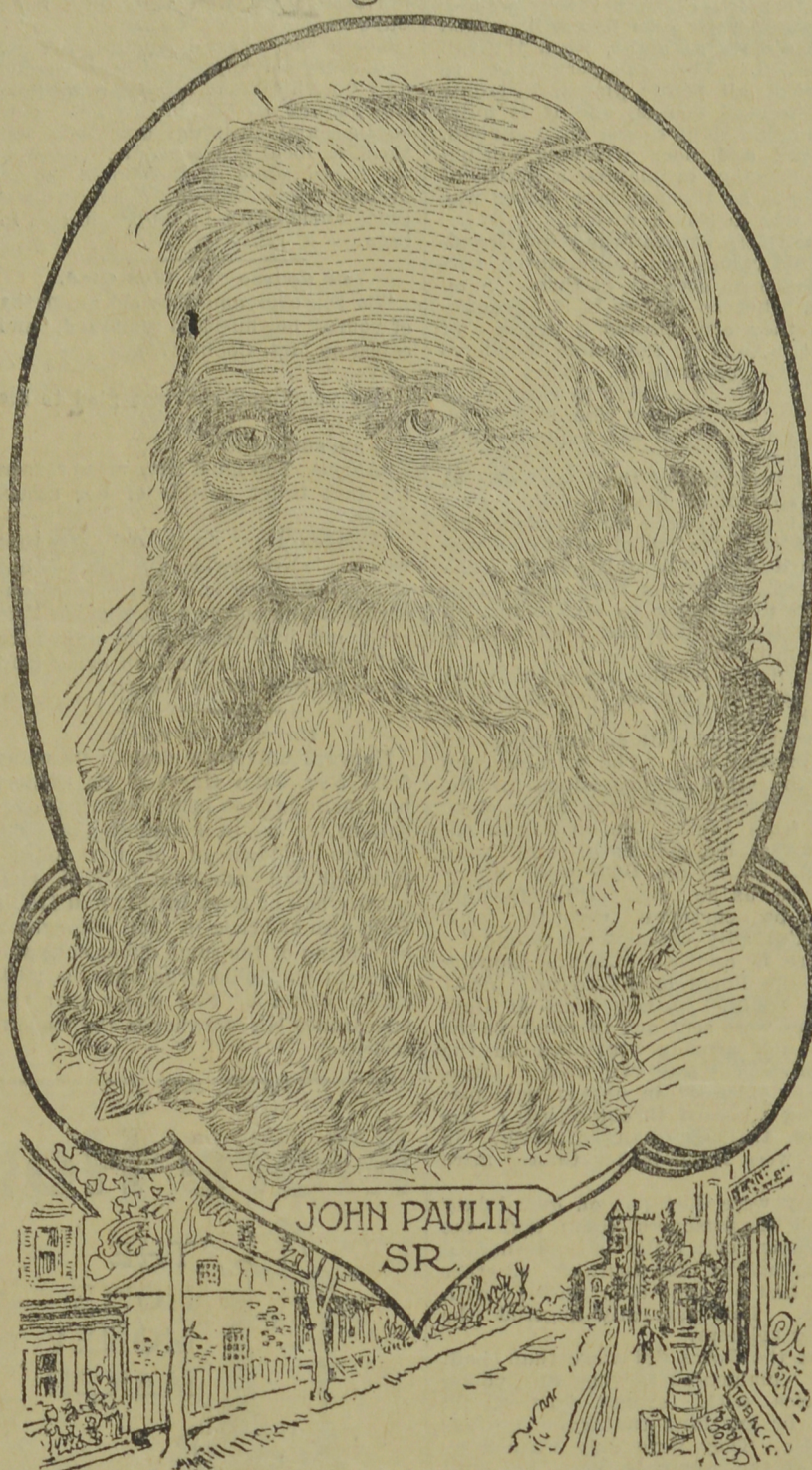
The solitude of a forest older than Lebanon is around you, and you are happy. The howl of a wolf echoes but it fits in well with your lonely mood. How far away you feel from Trafalgar Square—yet still in the infinite empire.

The Progress of Canada.

It is a favorite habit of the superior American to treat Canadian progress with mild contempt. For some reason Canadian population has never increased in the ratio which is to be desired in any new country. But the advertisement given to the Dominion by the Prince of Wales' repeated reference to the illimitable resources yet to be tapped will no doubt have some effect, and the rapid extension of the railways will encourage settlement. The rate at which population increases, however, is no measure of Canada's general advance, and even the superior American will admit that the latest trade returns of the Dominion are remarkable. In ten years Canada has doubled her exports and nearly doubled her imports. To what extent the business of the past year has been affected by the preferential arrangement with the Mother Country remains to be seen when the full figures are published. The main point at the moment is that Canada had had a record year, and unless all information as to trade movement forthcoming recently is unreliable, there has been considerable improvement in the business with Great Britain. That improvement would have been much greater if the preferential arrangement had been reciprocal, and not as one-sided as everything at-

A WISCONSIN PIONEER

Recommends Pe-ru-na as Being Worth its Weight in Gold.



Hon. John Paulin, Sr., a pioneer of Port Washington, Wis., is held in high esteem by the residents of that place. He is one of the oldest citizens. In a recent letter he says:

"I have used Peruna with good results for coughs and colds. It has also cured my catarrh which always became worse when affected with but a slight cold. I am recommending Peruna because it is worth its weight in gold."—JOHN PAULIN, SR.

Peruna can be obtained for \$1.00 a bottle at all first-class drug stores in Canada. "The Pills of Life," which can be secured at all up-to-date drug stores and upon request is sent free to all, gives a short description of all catarrhal diseases. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A.

received by our so-called trade system is.

When your philo-American is really logical, he will admit that the realization of his favorite theories involves inevitably the transfer of Canada to her immense neighbor. This, though he often styles himself an Imperialist, he declares to be inevitable, and when he carries his views to extremes he has been known to advocate the absorption of our own country by the United States as likely "to prove the end of all our troubles." So, indeed, it would be, as *Canada puts an end to the woes of life*. We have ourselves heard this policy seriously propounded by one of the most distinguished of living Nonconformists. We do not refer to Mr. Stead, who has also been ventilating these views which are indeed the reductio ad absurdum of our present policy of universal surrender to the United States. We notice with pleasure a contradiction of the ominous announcement that Lord Pauncefoot wishes to "square up" all differences with the United States before he leaves Washington, which would mean, as was hinted, that Canada cannot expect our firm support on the Alaska question. That the present government should be really contemplating an abandonment of Canada after all the sacrifices made by the latter for the empire is not perhaps inconsistent with certain spots on their record, but it would clearly be inconsistent with any claim on their part to direct any longer the affairs of a great empire.—London Saturday Review.

A product of the heretofore unproductive deserts of Utah is a kind of watermelon which is picked in October. The melon ripens after it is picked.

Candies.

Such candies as peanut brittle are far less injurious than fancy mixtures, as they are made by simply melting sugar and are without acids. Acid in the presence of heat splits ordinary sugar into two forms, dextrose and levulose. These are both deadly sweets and much more prone to fermentation than real sugar. This is the reason why so many housewives cannot make good cranberry or other jelly.

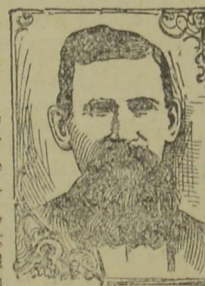
Mr. A. Howell, Marietta, Ga., writes: "I have been troubled with catarrh in head, throat and stomach for several years, and from accounts that I have read in several newspapers of the good effects that many had received from Peruna, and whose veracity could not be doubted, caused me to give it a trial, and I bless the day that I did make a trial. It has made a new man of me."

"I was all my life up to about five years ago a very healthy man, and about that time I was troubled with catarrh. I tried a number of prescriptions from different doctors but none seemed to relieve me until I commenced the use of Peruna, and from its use I can truly say that I have been greatly benefited."

"I am now in my eighty-seventh year and can walk and get about as well as many much younger than myself and attribute it greatly to the use of Peruna. I keep some on hand all the time, and consider it the cheapest medicine in the world."—Mr. A. Howell.

J. R. Prince, East Leon, N. Y., writes:

"Peruna has saved my life, and made a strong, healthy, jolly old man of me. Peruna is just what every family should not be without. I have taken very few colds since I have used Peruna, but when I do catch cold, Peruna is my medicine."



J. R. Prince.

"A minister came to me last summer and said that he had seen my testimonial in the paper, and began taking Peruna. He said that it straightened him right up—he was troubled with kidney trouble) and Peruna cured him. I cannot express my thanks for the benefit your medicine has been to me."—J. R. Prince.

Abraham Ziegler, Piedmont, Wayne County, Mo., writes:

"My wife who is now eighty-seven years old, suffered for about sixteen years from severe catarrh of the head, which affected her sight and hearing. I saw Peruna advertised in your almanac, and testimonials similar to her case attracted my attention. I got one bottle and it helped her so much that she is now using the second bottle and she thinks it is something wonderful. Her hearing and sight are both in part restored."—Abraham Ziegler.

In old age the mucous membranes become thickened and partly lose their function. This leads to partial loss of hearing, smell and taste, as well as digestive disturbances. Peruna corrects all this by its specific operation on all the mucous membranes of the body. One bottle will convince anyone. Once used and Peruna becomes a life-long stand-by with old and young.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

"The Pills of Life," which can be secured at all up-to-date drug stores and upon request is sent free to all, gives a short description of all catarrhal diseases.

PERHAPS

You have a piece of furniture that is rather shabby or that is scratched, torn, broken or bruised.

Perhaps you have never thought that such furniture can be made as good as new at little cost if you let us do the repairing. We employ an expert upholsterer. We call for and deliver furniture.

JOHN G. ADAMS, THE VETERAN UNDERTAKER

First door above Queen Hotel.

POEMS BY CANADIANS.

ACROSS THE BORDER LINE.

Your heart has longed for pathless woods,
Where moose and red deer roam,
Your soul has sighed for solitudes,
Where rushing rapids foam.

I know you wish to hear once more
The weird call of the loon,
And from a bluff on some lone shore
To watch the rising moon.

To sit on a wooded mountain crest
And wait the red deer's tread,
Until the sun sinks in the west
In clouds of flaming red.

Then come to our land where the torrents dash
O'er rocks, and through the glade;
Whose wind and sun and lightning flash
Have not yet learned a trade.

Come to our sparkling streams and see
The speckled trout at play;
Or float o'er waters gay and free,
And fish the livelong day.

Leave crowded cities far behind,
Take rod and gun in time,
Canoe and tent are waiting you
Across the border line.

—Martha Craig.

How It Resembled Mother's.

"No," said Mr. Meddergrass to the restaurant man; "no, I'll not say that your pie is just like mother used to make, but I'll say this—it's purt' nigh as crusty as she used to git."—Baltimore American.

SANTAL-MIDY
Standard remedy for Gleet,
Gonorrhea and Runnings
IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kid-
ney and Bladder Troubles.

An Old Hand.

"What was the first thing your husband said when you got started on your wedding journey?"

"Excuse me while I go forward and have a smoke." You know, it was the third time for him."

Travel.

Travel frequently improves the human being, and it does the same for crude whisky, which, after a sea voyage, returns home ripened, and then there is the case of cottonseed kernels which go abroad from the United States and come home again as the "best quality" of olive oil.

Imagination.

It is imagination, rather than reason, that distinguishes man from brute, and no person who is devoid of imagination can know extremes of happiness or misery. Happiness greatly depends on the faculty for forgetting.

Baby's Early Taste.

"Our baby seems to have a natural taste for the piano."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he gnawed half the polish off one leg."—Motherhood.

APIOLINE
(CHAPOTEAU)
FOR LADIES ONLY.
RELIEVES PAIN AND IS A SAFE,
RELIABLE MONTHLY REGULATOR.
Superior to Apioi, Pennyroyal and Tansy.
Agents: LYMAN, SONS & Co., Montreal.

One cent wise
One dollar foolish
To use any but the best

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar