

curley hair, and the head seemed to be, as I have said, as big as a half bushel.

WRECKED AERONAUTS

We left there about two o'clock and went to the branch of the Gatineau known as the Basket Tongue river, where Mr. Carmichael knew the company had a large camp on a creek called De Jaouboul, at which we stayed all night. The foreman showed us some pieces of rope and some pieces of a balloon, and told us of finding—a month or more previous—two men who were lost, wandering along the lake the Indians called De Jaouboul. The foreman and his men ran across them while laying out a logging road to the lake and down the creek into the main Basket Tongue. These men, then about 150 miles from Ottawa, represented that they had started from St. Louis and landed in these woods. They were nearly famished, having had nothing to eat for two days. The foreman and his men went with them, following the trail as best they could, and found the balloon badly wrecked, it having landed in some trees, from which the men got to the ground. At that time there was a tote team, as they called it, (a supply team), up there, and the foreman sent the two men, with as much of their balloon as they wanted to carry, down to Ottawa a three or four days trip. I am under the impression that the chief aeronaut gave his name as Le Montaine, and told us where they started from. The foreman gave me some of the broken rope and balloon, which I carried back to the Gatineau mills.

From that camp we went ten or twelve miles to the upper camps, where they had found an island in the river on which they had raised enough oats to supply all of their camps within fifty miles. That was my first trip up in the woods on the Gatineau river to look after our logging interests, and it had taken us more than two weeks to make it. I made a similar trip the next winter, going to some woods, farms and camps that I had not visited before.