

**A RECORD OF A TRIP THROUGH  
CANADA'S WILDERNESS TO LAKE  
CHIBOGAMOO AND TO THE  
GREAT LAKE MISTASSINI IN THE  
SUMMER OF 1906**

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A Record of a Trip Through Canada's Wilderness to Lake Chibogamoo and to the Great Lake  
Mistassini in the summer of 1906 by Fred'k. G. Pauli

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**FRED'K. G. PAULI**

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# CHIBOGA MOO



START OF CANOES AND PROVISIONS FROM ROBERVAL  
Prominent business men of Roberval in the group

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CANADA'S WILDERNESS  
TO  
LAKE CHIBOGAMOO

AND TO THE  
GREAT LAKE MISTASSINI  
IN THE SUMMER OF  
1906

BY  
FRED'K. G. PAULI

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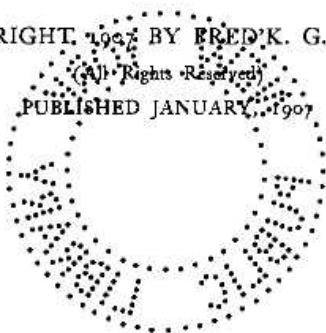


*Francis Parkman fund*

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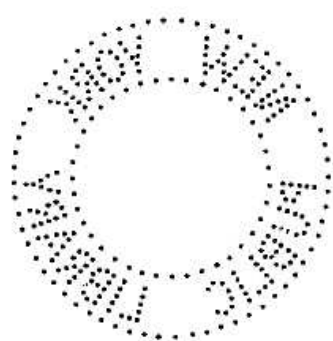
## TO MY FRIEND.

Although as life rolls on,  
One may forget a ripple here and there,  
One may forget a friend, or two  
Or in his absence shed a tear,

But what is life, without a past  
When sunshine followed day by day,  
And clouds were chased by lucky winds,  
That, was the "Spring of Life" I say.

So in these days, when Spring has gone,  
And Winter sets his foothold on thyself,  
I think of sunshine then,  
And Dedicate this book to thee myself.

THE AUTHOR.



SIX HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE TO  
**CHIBOGAMOO**  
CANADA'S NEWEST MINING DISTRICT  
AND TO THE HUDSON BAY POST, AT THE  
GREAT LAKE MISTASSINI

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**INTRODUCTION**

For a good many years past The Grande Discharge of Lake St. John, Quebec Co., Canada, has had a great attraction for fishermen. Roberval, the end station of Lake St. John and Saguenay R. R., is the center where fishermen and sportsmen meet from all over the world. It was here that I paid my first visit in August, 1905, and it was here that May, 1906, saw me back again. There is something about this French Canadian Section that I like. It may be through my frequent visits to France and my liking for the French language, or it may be a desire we all have to see something new and interesting in this world, which broadens, strengthens, elevates, and makes us better fitted to communicate to others that which may do them good.

It was during the latter part of May that the stories of "*gold*" found in Chibogamoo were on every man's tongue in Roberval, which stories were kept alive through the arrival of a number of prospectors starting for that point. From morning until night I heard nothing but Chibogamoo, and, finally, I caught the fever myself, and it became my greatest wish to see Chibogamoo.

After looking around for a suitable companion, I