

and delight of all, the scow was seen to emerge from her wild bath and float quietly into calmer water, where a host of friends eagerly secured her and lifted out the heroine of the adventure, more dead than alive. After listening to the narrative we both devoutly trusted that no adverse fate might lead us on the morrow into the wrong channel. When we returned to the raft we found all hands in bathing—all, except Moses and Jim Tice. The latter had tucked his lip comfortably away under his arm, and, with his everlasting pipe, was watching, in scornful silence, the antics of his companions. Catch him risking his health by any such hare-brained folly as washing himself! We were greatly disgusted with the cowardice of these Frenchmen in the water. No power could persuade them to venture in above their waists, and there they were ducking and splashing like a lot of little girls in the surf at Old Orchard. It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the character of their vocation and the constant dangers to which they are exposed, not a man on the raft could swim ten feet! This is a lamentable state of affairs, conducing largely, no doubt, to the natural repugnance to encountering water in any form that we had noticed among them. We turned away and sought consolation at the table d'hôte, where a sumptuous repast awaited us. Moses, certainly, is a capital "chef," and some of his dishes are fearfully and wonderfully made. Before experimenting on a new one I was always careful to take a look round and see if Spot were still alive. "Fox terrier à la maitre de caboose" would have tickled Moses immensely. We swam over to the tug that afternoon, but were unable to sport our manly forms on board, as there was a "lady" cook, and it was feared she might object. It occurred to us afterwards, while pondering over the unaccountable modesty of this woman, that it did not seem superlatively good form to pay afternoon calls with nothing on but a straw hat and tennis shoes! So back we had to swim. In the evening, however, we got ourselves up to the nines, and, with Spot and the banjo, rowed over to make the *amende honorable*. Here we found an equally appreciative audience, some of whom could really sing well. After exchanging a few college glees for their beautiful songs, one of the crew produced an accordeon, and then the fun began. We tuned up together and fairly shook the old steamer from stem to stern. Just before going to sleep that night, S— remarked in a penitent tone of voice, "I say, this hasn't seemed much like Sunday to me! How are you on the subject?" I replied that I was precisely of his way of thinking, and hoped that Providence would not send us, for our sins, into the North Sault. "For Heaven's sake, don't suggest such a thing," gasped S—; "do you want to keep a man awake all night?" And, as if overcome with horror at the bare idea, he immediately fell fast asleep. Next morning, bright and early, we were up and dressed. A number of men had come on board to help work the oars, and a white-whiskered old man was perched on a box, giving

his orders in French and English with a little *Caughnawaga* thrown in to give a snap to the mixture. The steamer now left us and went on ahead. At a signal from the pilot we cut loose from the other drams and, with a few strokes of the oars, were out into the current. It was some fifteen or twenty minutes before we reached the Fork, and when we did reach it we saw what we might expect if we swung into the wrong water. A vista of gigantic billows, some of which were as tall as the fir trees on the banks beside them, broke upon our view. The effect when several of these monsters clashed was superb. The foam was dashed to a terrific height, and the whole thing resembled the pictures one has seen of the explosion of a submarine torpedo. We fortunately escaped the danger, and were swept into a narrow passage very like an aggravated mill race. It could not have been more than fifty feet wide in some places, and the shore, instead of rising abruptly out of the water, shelved gently down. It was now that the skill of the pilot and promptitude of the men were put to the test. The slightest swerve would send us hopelessly aground, and the drams behind us would dash us and be dashed to fragments. When it is remembered that the bed of the channel was one series of sharp turns and bends, that, on each side of us, there was a backwater tearing past in a diametrically opposite direction to that of the main stream, the extreme difficulty of conducting the unwieldy logs through in safety may be readily conceived.

It took us a little over half-an-hour to drift the nine miles, which was pretty fair going. We found the tug waiting for us at the foot of the rapids, ready to pick up stragglers. Captain Gignac, of the tug, and Aimé were eagerly watching the points round which the others must soon appear. They were anxious about the oak drams. The latter are built of square oak logs, and are extremely heavy and hard to manage. They are submerged some six inches, owing to the density of the wood, and draw from three to four feet of water. The men who man them usually strip to a pair of breeches, as they are often up to their necks in water. The first thing they do on starting is to rig up a contrivance like parallel bars, and when they see a big wave coming or a bad dip, they drop the oars and rush helter-skelter to the friendly bars and hang on for dear life until the danger is past. The place we were now in was a large bay about three miles wide and apparently land-locked. I could not have pointed out an opening to save myself, and, when the drams had all come down and were dotting the bay in every quarter, the scene was worthy of an artist's brush. It was a tedious job collecting the drams, and consumed the greater part of the morning, but everything comes to him who waits, and finally we felt once more the familiar wrench that happens when the tow-rope tightens, and once more we were on our way.

There was a long stretch now before us to Coteau, the next rapid, and we proceeded to make the most of it. We put up a lunch in a basket—launched the boat,