

INTRODUCTION

It is the hour of the setting sun.

Away to the west the fiery orb sinks slowly into the Father of Lakes, splashing as it goes the tumbling waters of St. Mary's leap with wondrous tints of shimmering glory as colours laid on by a divine painter.

In a few minutes, if you care to wait, you will see the Western Express glide swiftly across the great bridge which here unites two sturdy nations.

How plainly does every bar and girder stand out in the glow of the sunset!

To those who have caught the spirit of the past it looks like the raised last resting-place of some mythical Ojibway god who, in the days almost forgotten, held sway over the thoughts and imagination of the people.

The air is full of mysticism, and as the roar of the train dies away and night sets in there grows on the ear the importunate boom of the tossing Sault as a voice eager to tell the story of its flowing and of the men who have come and gone.

Man-ab-osho no longer holds the Saulteaux in the bondage of fear.

Some day you will take the steamer, whose mighty form has superceded the lithe canoe, and