

the kind of man he favored for a son-in-law. This so angered the Algonquin that, exerting his power as a sorcerer, he turned her into a wild red rose tree. Many and vain were the searches made by the members of the tribe for the missing girl, and at length it was believed that she had been captured by the Iroquois. The Algonquin carried out his threats, and by means of his information the Ojibway was captured by the Iroquois and carried southward towards the great lakes. Famed as a warrior he was bound and led away a prisoner in order that he might afford entertainment upon the return of the band to the squaws in the Iroquois village at their torture feast. But towards the spring the Ojibway made his escape and tirelessly travelled to the northwest to keep his appointment with his beloved. He reached the place in time, but no one appeared to welcome him. He waited, first hopefully, then wearily, and finally made up his mind to face the worst and to find out what had happened. He was about to take his departure when his feet were arrested by the music of the Falls, which appeared to him to merge in the distinct and urgent utterance of "Cut the tree, cut the tree, cut the tree." So insistent was the voice that he could hear nothing else and with his hatchet he soon felled some pines near by. Nothing happened, except that the voice appeared more insistent and urgent than ever, and glancing round his quick eye fell on some wild rose bushes. Cutting one of them, to his delighted astonishment his true love appeared before him, and very soon the two were made acquainted with the adventures of each other. On their return to the village they were heartily welcomed, and upon the treachery of the Algonquin being made known. Indian vengeance, remarkable for its swiftness and completeness, fell upon him and the reunited lovers, as in all right ending legends, lived happy ever afterwards. This tale, told round the camp fire with Indian eloquence and local color, is most impressive.

Now a days the Rapids are famous as the spawning grounds of the mascalonge, dore, bass, and the universal sucker. So numerous are the fish that they can be caught with the hands, and our attempt to follow the local custom was, as the illus-

tration shows, quite successful. A New York editor, who was one of the party, was quite excited to find that within a mile of the railway station fish can really be caught in this way. Those who are doubting Thomases about bears fishing with their paws would have all doubts removed by fishing here themselves with the same tackle.

At the Rapids we were entertained at dinner by an English journalist, who is trying farming on a new bush farm. From a round rock just above the Rapids there is a pretty winding view. The vista looking towards Desbarats Lake is one not to be soon forgotten, as probably many readers will agree who note this view, page 63. Our English journalist friend bade us adieu here, and we waved hats and paddles in return.

Desbarats is a bass lake and fifteen minutes sharp walk from Desbarats station brings us to its shores. It is the first in the chain of lakes we were to follow. A paddle of about three miles from the Rapids brought us to the landing on the north shore of Lake Desbarats as depicted in the next view.

A Curious Couple.

On the trail from Desbarats to Diamond Lake we came across a couple of woodcutters, whom we dubbed Lonely Bill and Profanity Jem. We were hospitably entertained at their camp. Bill has one of our lanterns and we have a tin cup belonging to him; these camping mistakes, which will be rectified next time we meet. Jem has the most decorative and sensational style of conversation, with which to entertain visitors that it has been our lot to enjoy. He spun us many yarns round the camp fire and notwithstanding his many expletives some of them might have been doubted had he not been such a genuine son of the timber. He told us of a deer which came to him at the sound of the axe, and for whom he kept dainty bits. As a matter of fact tamed wild rabbits and squirrels played round us and about our feet all the time we were there. We saw partridge and deer and plenty of moose tracks. Jem told us how to capture a fawn. "Clear your voice like — and