

cal kind, but cascades plunging in a tumultuous, tumbling, broken fashion down a steep place.

"Immediately below the Fall there is a fault on the rocky bed, and, no longer gradually dipping, the strata stand out in a stubborn vertical wall. The full force of the current comes against a sheer cliff and is thrown back in a mighty whirlpool named "Ramon du diable." After this the river rushes through an exceedingly narrow opening down another rapid and then spreads out into a placid bay and finally resumes its previous course."

Last, but not least comes the lady's description:—"We lift our eyes to where a green island divides the St. Maurice waters into two channels, and where the first ugly rock ledges cause it to leap in successive cascades that quicken its already swift speed to a wild rush.

Now the channels meet; the yellow water bounds to the head of the fall and the wild glory begins.

It is not a sheer descent; not a straight, mighty, precipitous downpour like Niagara—no, no, no! It is a wide and tortuous incline; a sloping torrent bed of giant, jagged rocks over which the tortured water leaps in a mad tearing, magnificent beyond words. . . .

It has reached the base; it is caught in with a tempest of white churned waves, and together they fling themselves passionately across the chasm, lashing the face of the opposite rocks then dropping in wild writhings of pain into the awful devil's whirlpool.

And here, while yet in the throes of anguish, the rainbow spans the white foam with promise of peace, its low arch half hidden in the mist. But the maddened water heeds not, only flings out blindly and rushes down between the high-walled rocky chasm, 2,000 feet in length, to be torn and tossed again upon its way, until, with one final white-foamed leap, it drops down into a pretty curving bay, and with a few last wild surgings is at peace."

I would willingly have continued my explorations of the neighboring forest paths and rocky ledges, and feasted my eyes upon various aspects of the noble waterfall; but the unromantic sensations of hunger began to come between me and my enjoyment of the beauties of nature. What was to be done? The only course open seemed to be to embark on my buckboard and drive back to Lac à la Tortue and there partake of "la bonne nourriture" which my companion had promised.

Before starting, however, I must have one more view of Shewenagan; so I retraced my steps to the rocky height overlooking the fall and bade it, as I thought, a last farewell.

The declining rays of the afternoon sun at length warned us that the best of friends must part, so with a final handshaking and another parting gaze at Shewenagan, I mounted my buckboard and retraced my way to Lac à la Tortue, where I was to enjoy such excellent entertainment.

The station master, on my being introduced to him, seemed rather to hesitate as to my reception, at which I was not much surprised, as, on entering his domicile, I found that it consisted of a tumbledown leaky-looking shanty which served the double purpose of the back-woods railway station and the abode of the official and his family.

The furniture of the establishment consisted of an old deal table, an ancient cooking stove and three or four rickety chairs. It was evident that my Jehu's opinion differed widely from the views usually held as to these matters. However, there was no alternative but to make the best of the situation until the arrival of the train next morning.

Terms having been arranged, I whiled away an hour by getting on board a lumbering-looking row boat, pulling

across to an islet in the lake and taking a plunge and a swim in its limpid waters. Supper was announced on my return, when I was introduced to Madame, and invited for the evening repast into the "living room" which contained the aforementioned stove, table and chairs.

The "bonne nourriture" consisted of a few stale crusts of bread without butter, the only condiment being molasses contained in a jug topped with a substantial covering of defunct house flies.

I have a distinct recollection of swallowing a crust or two, washed down with a draught of really good spring water, which beverage was the only redeeming feature in the bill of fare; the tea not being to my taste and milk being conspicuous by its entire absence.

The day's journey and my tramp at the Falls before long inclined me to turn in for the night. I was pointed to a ladder and invited to ascend, which I did. On arriving at the top and stumbling over two or three cradles and chairs and other articles of ancient household furniture, I was shown a room and bed, which really presented a better prospect for the night than the downstairs ménage appeared to foreshadow.

No time was lost in laying me down to rest, lulled by the lapping of the lake on the shore and the monotone of my host, as he and his spouse (devout Roman Catholics) recited their evening litany before retiring for the night.

The adventures and fatigues of the day quickly brought sleep to my eyes and slumber to mine eyelids. For the space of three or four hours I enjoyed most delicious repose. After that lapse of time I awoke with sundry peculiar sensations, which seemed to indicate the presence of more companions than I had bargained for when making terms for my night's lodging. These sensations soon developed into convictions based on the most positive proof, when on striking a light, I beheld whole nests of bed fellows, some ensconced within and others rampaging around my pillow.

There was nothing for it but to retreat without loss of time. I pulled on my clothes. Daylight was yet distant by several hours, so I sat me down on a three legged stool by the open window, and, fanned by the mild breezes of the night, and resting my head on my hands and elbows, first on the right knee and then on the left and occasionally on both, I dozed until dawn arrived, and descent by the ladder into the region below could be accomplished with safety. I once more pulled over to the islet and had a refreshing morning dip, cheered by the genial rays of the rising sun.

I took care not to miss the morning train for "Les Piles" Village, and the afternoon train for Three Rivers.

The moral of my story is this:—If your summer trip should extend to Montreal or Quebec, by no means omit to land at Three Rivers and visit Shewenagan; but do not take the route by rail; drive by the road on the west bank of the river as far as "Les Gres." There take a canoe and a guide, and paddle up the river, and whatever happens, shun the station house at Lac à la Tortue.

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At Trafalgar, it is related, two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, happened to be stationed near each other when the celebrated signal was given from Admiral Nelson's ship: "England expects every man to do his duty."

"Not a word about poor Scotland," dolefully remarked Donald.

His friend cocked his eye and turning to his companion, said: "Man, Donald, Scotland kens weel enuch that nae son o' hers needs to be tell't to dae his dury. That's just a hint to the Englishers."