

Hotel and outfitted satisfactorily at Bennett's. The start was made from Desbarats, and we travelled in a north easterly direction, thinking that possibly we could make our way through to the Mississaga; we knew that if we could not go all the way, we could go a good portion of it and that we could do the rest by starting at the Mississaga and travelling south-westerly, thus reaching the point on that trip where we left off on this. Desbarats is a good starting point and a better leaving off point because it is at the bottom of a long descent from the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and owing to its excellent railway and water facilities. The celebrated Indian play of Hiawatha is annually given here and guides can be procured by writing in advance to the Hiawatha Camp Hotel, Desbarats, Ont. Good guides will be scarce this year because of the great demand for them, and hence the necessity for securing them in advance. The virgin country north of Desbarats gives good fishing and shooting, and as this is becoming known the demand for guides increases, while the supply is small as yet.

ITINERARY.

That is a very pretty little river between Desbarats station and Desbarats Lake. There is only one slightly dangerous stone at a sharp bend of the river. There are two or three clearings which is about as much as there ever will be, the amount of good land being limited and most of the country is destined to remain wild. Game will increase, because lumbering is over or nearly so. Find out if anything is forgotten by dining at the Rapids, where you can procure milk, bread, etc., and if you find that anything has been overlooked it is easy to repair the deficiency by sending back to Desbarats, one mile and a quarter, on foot, and nearly two miles by canoe.

An Indian Love Story.

The first portage from Desbarats is at the Rapids, called by the Indians the Red Rose Maiden Falls. There is a pretty legend told concerning these falls, which is as follows:—In the days of old before the white men came upon the scene, this was at one time the fighting ground of the Ojib-

ways and the Iroquois. Northeast, about two hundred miles away, the Ojibway Algonquins held sway. They were of the same family but not as plucky fighters as the members of the parent stock of the Ojibways. But, despite all the fighting and the stoicism, love, as it has done all through the world's history, held its own. An Ojibway maiden, like many of her white sisters, had two lovers, rivals for her hand. One lived in the same village, and the other was an Algonquin, who made periodical visits to his Ojibway cousins at their summer home in Desbarats. He was a sorcerer of some repute, but not loved by his fellows. The maiden's father, tempted by the large dower gifts promised by the Algonquin lover, used his influence, no slight one, with the Indians, on his behalf. But the Ojibway maiden herself favored her Ojibway lover, and stolen interviews round Desbarats Lake, and chance pilgrimages to the caves, near which good canoe bark was found, (and from whence according to the Indian belief, came the great flood that covered the earth) rendered the courtship the sweeter. One day they met at the Rapids, and here the lover told the girl of his resolve to go on a long hunt to the north. He would capture black foxes, silver greys, and procure so many other valuable furs that he would be enabled to offer as rich a dot as his rival. Full of high hopes and anticipations, the lovers parted, after making an engagement to meet at the same place in the following spring, when the Ojibway hoped to be able to lay at the feet of the father of his betrothed all the spoils of the chase. No sooner had the lovers parted than the sorcerer appeared. The pangs of jealousy had been stirred within him by what he had heard of the late interview, and he pressed his suit with more ardor than ever. But the maiden, also inspired by the feelings aroused by the parting with her lover, spurned him with such emphasis that he grew revengeful, threatened to betray her lover to his enemies, and vowed that her acceptance of him (the Algonquin sorcerer) could alone save the Ojibway. The spirited Indian maiden retorted that he might be cowardly enough to try to carry out his threats, but he would not succeed, and that she would tell her father what was