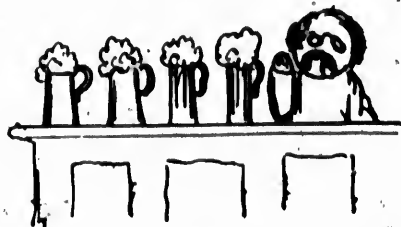


supreme. The village is composed of small hovels, which, together with the old workshops and immense chimneys, cover about two miles. At present it looks like rain. We are having a lovely sail among thousands of islands; passed the Islands of St. Joseph and the Two Sisters at 11.20 a.m. Shortly after, saluted steamer *Quebec* on the St. Marie River; later on we passed tugs *Hale* and *Abercorn* with several big tows. Also four schooners laden with iron and coal

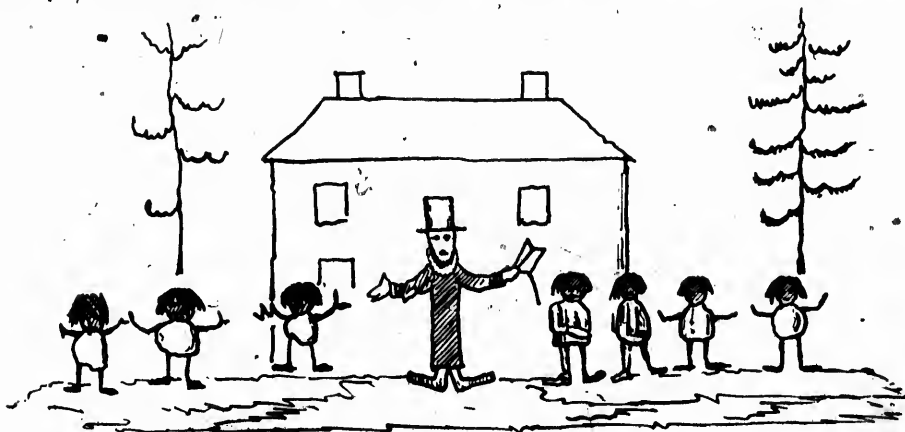


"SEVERAL BIG TOWS."



"FOUR SCHOONERS."

for Collingwood, and fishing smacks with sails painted red to preserve them. We arrived at Garden River at 2.40 p.m. It is a very pretty little mission, studded with small white houses, a post-office, parsonage, and English church, in which the Rev. James Chance officiated for years. As we wind in and out among the small islands we notice at our left the Devil's Gap. All enjoy the trip from Garden River on the St. Marie River in spite of the rain, which partly impedes our view of the distant hills and small missions. We are pleased to note that the land appears to be nicely cultivated. Arriving at the Canadian town of Sault Ste. Marie, we take thirty minutes stroll in quest of Indian work. Here we see the far-famed Shingwauk Home, where Indian children are educated and cared for. We steamed over to the Yankee Sault Ste.



"SAULT STE. MARIE IS WHERE THE SHINGWAUK HOME IS."

Marie, and, while waiting for our steamer to enter the canal, we walk up town to ransack the principal stores, and, well-laden with candies, baskets, canoes, moccasins and papooses, we