

collection of white houses, with the deep, old-fashioned Hudson Bay Company roof, showing up in a most striking manner against the dark back-ground of a pine grove.

The largest portion of Allumette Lake is taken up by Allumette Island—the island of the Algonquins, for it was here that in olden days Champlain found several tribes of that nation, who had come there to be safe from their enemies, as here they were protected by the dangers and difficulties of the Calumet rapids further on. This island was the furthest point reached by Champlain in his first voyage up the Ottawa in 1613. He was induced to make the trip by the representations of one Nicholas de Vignan, who had spent the winter of 1611 with the tribes on Allumette Island. At the foot of Allumette Lake are the Allumette Rapids.

The Pauquette Rapids, at the foot of Allumette Island and the entrance to Lake Coulonge, are over a very curious formation. The river here rushes over an immense limestone slab full of deep holes and crevices. The surface of the rock has been worn by erosion to a state very much resembling brain coral, and is very uncomfortable to walk on in bare feet as we found to our cost. I should say that this was a very paradise for fossil hunters, but Messrs. Stewart and Sowter can tell you more about that than I can, as I understand they were in that neighbourhood last summer.

Coulonge Lake, in fact, I may say the remaining distance to Chats Rapids, was made in a thick shroud of fog and wood smoke combined, and the greater part of the way, as far as scenery was concerned, was a blank, progress being made by groping along the shores.

The Chats Rapids, or rather Falls, divide Chats Lake from Lake Deschenes. They are so called on account of the abundance of wild cats that in days gone by frequented the Falls and vicinity.

To my mind, with the exception of the "Big Kettle," the Chats is the grandest fall on the river. The main body of water pours into Deschenes Lake with a drop of some 37 feet, which may be seen from a distance of several miles down the lake like a white wall.

The most interesting part of the fall, however, is the left near the portage. Here the Ottawa River Improvement Company have blasted out a channel sixty feet in width, through which the water rushes with tremendous force. The whole is a seething, boiling, bubbling mass, and woe betide the unlucky one who should ever get into it. It is very grand to look at, and as the surroundings are jagged rocks, capped with cedar and spruce, the whole has a wildly picturesque look that is very fascinating. Looking at this raging torrent one can quite realize how the big logs seen on the quiet river below the Chaudiere come by their bruises.

As the tract between Deschenes Falls and Ottawa lies within the jurisdiction of the Field Naturalist Club, I do not intend to speak of it. Suffice it to say that, having combated rain, wind, and rough weather for two days, we found ourselves at last camped in the Grove at Britannia.