

responded to our hand-waving as long as we were in sight. Altogether our visit to the Reserve impressed us very much as we thought of the reception we might and most probably should have had in the "Fort" days, and realised that our scalps were now quite safe.

In these woods is the old Naval cemetery and the headstones bear tributes from comrades to Officers and men of the British fleet who, from accident or other causes found in this peaceful and secluded spot a last resting-place after their voyages had ceased. The dates and names of the various ships form an interesting, even if only partial, record of the ships that had used this station since it was established by the Admiralty.

Nearly every year, in July, the Island Indians have canoe races at the Gorge. Their canoes are very long, hollowed out of a single tree. Some are "manned" by women, and my friend told me he had seen one good lady who was so big and heavy that the united