

layer above layer right up the valley. The water rushing between them has a very narrow channel in places, but goes tearing and boiling along to form the Montmorency Falls lower down.

The Indian village, some eight miles distant, is a decided swindle, but a good excuse for visiting the Lorette Falls, which are well worth the drive; lower but wider than the Montmorency Falls and in some points more striking than the latter.

The once dreaded tribe of the Huron Indians lived in this village, the guide book says, but at present the farce is only kept up as a means of making a few cents out of the confiding tourist.

Very few of the men, women, or children had the faintest trace of Indian blood, and the present chief whom we saw standing outside his "store," looked uncommonly like an English grocer in a small provincial town.

My chief interest here has been an attempt to investigate the Emigration question, having already heard a good deal of the other end of it in East End London halls, where a kindly, enthusiastic gentleman is in the habit of holding forth with much eloquence on this apparently sovereign cure for all the ills that poor suffering London flesh is heir to.

Canada seems to him a sort of Aladdin's Lamp, and