

A fortnight's sojourn on the French River affords only a taste of the joys which nature holds and unfolds for her devoted followers. Each day brings a woodland surprise, a woodcraft problem to solve.

The same interesting writer who tells of the beauties of morning, says of the French River country:

"In a lake, occupying a perfectly round basin on top of a rocky 'summit, we found Oswego, or large-mouthed black bass. The 'big lumbering fellows held this mountain reservoir all to their 'greedy selves, having apparently exterminated all other species. 'We took back to camp four specimens, the largest weighing 7½ 'pounds."

Perhaps the most picturesque bit of inland water is the lake of the Bonny Blue Flag. These pretty flowers blooming late in August made the lake with its masses of blue, at every turn, look as if it were decorated for a Yale regatta, while here and there just a bit of envious crimson which the hawthorn and cardinal flowers threw forward from the banks to keep Harvard in countenance. And as spectators, there were the dragontooth, with its yellow for Princeton, and the purple gentians for Williams. What a study in color for the artist!

THE LITTLE CHAUDIERE.

The same writer as above quoted goes on to say:

"A favorite resort was the Little Chaudiere, two miles from camp across the neck of woods, or three miles around by the island-studded river channel. The overland route offered the inducement of enough partridge for lunch on the rocks overhanging the foaming cataract. It is called the "Little Chaudiere" because this mad prank of the river is a degree milder than that of the Big Chaudiere. Portaging around this wild carnival of waters, a romantic and picturesque channel leads along Okikendawt Island to the point where the tug dropped us the next morning. But it is a 20-mile paddle, and we are content with the attractions afforded by the neighborhood of the Little Chaudiere. Above the cataract there are rocks which divide the stream into five forks, each as impetuous and fierce as the Niagara Whirlpool Rapids, but

of course on a smaller scale. Here the nodding cardinal flowers bloom the brightest in the midst of the falls."

"Discarding our steel rods and automatic reels loaded with braided silk lines, we brought our heavy split-bamboos rigged with 21F twisted-linen lines, 7-0 Sproat hook or 8-0 Kirby and an ounce sinker. Creep carefully along the slippery ledges, for a misstep means a plunge into a current swift and deep. Then cast far up stream and let your frog or hunk of bacon settle into the eddies below. Presently there is a tug, and a steady pull, which threatens to drag the angler from his perilous position. A big catfish has gulped down the bait, and there is a fight on which requires nerve, endurance and no little dexterity, owing to the fisherman's handicap of situation. Part of the time the man is fighting for his own life, glad to cling to the vines and roots along the rocky slope with one hand, while holding desperately to the rod with the other, regardless of the whiz of the reel. Gradually he works his way down the ledge to better footing and smoother water, where he can fight it out to better advantage. In an hour six of us landed 14 catfish, running from 8 to 12 pounds each. In the calmer waters below, the maskinonge are always lying in wait for prey. And the angler who hooks one there may well pray that old *Esox* does not take him up into the dangerous waters."

THE FIVE-MILE.

"An hour's paddle from camp brings us to the main southern channel of the French and to the Five-Mile. Mark well the various islands that look so much alike if you would not get hopelessly lost when you try to make the short jaunt alone some day. The southern branch, in making one of its numerous excursions deeper into the forest, describes a half-circle, in the course of which are five rapids one mile apart. The Indian shoots all of them, but the tenderfoot, if wise, walks around. The aromatic fragrance of the sweet fern on the portage is exceedingly attractive as we look at the terrifying waters below us. We land, but one brave member of the party takes a firm clutch on the sides of the canoe and with hair flying goes through, with 'Louis' vigorously and dexterously