

no the River Adour had shifted its mouth since that date. The new knowledge gained is probably less valuable than the training acquired in method and in thoroughness.

In this brief article I have left out much which should perhaps have been said. In closing I must call attention to the munificence of the French Government which has put these advantages within the reach of all, and the invariable courtesy of the Professors to all students, their eagerness to help those who come with a view to doing serious work.

W. L. GRANT.

*Royal Colonial Institute,  
London, W. C.*

#### THE LEGEND OF TEMISKAMING.

(By courtesy of the Temiskaming Herald.)

MANY, many years ago, long ere the field of Waterloo had been stained by the life blood of thousands of brave men; before the gallant Wolfe had scaled the heights to the Plains of Abraham and ended forever French dominion on this continent, and while Canada was yet a howling wilderness—there roamed, in the vast north region of what is now the province of Ontario, a band of Indians, of the Algonquin tribe, who, according to tradition, passed and repassed many times over the very ground now known as Temiskaming, and on the shores of this surpassingly beautiful lake, from which the district takes its name (an Indian name signifying “deep and shallow water”) were enacted scenes tinged with simple romance—true romance—for Love was there, and ever will be where men and women live, and move, and have their being.

A beautiful autumn day is drawing to a peaceful close. It has been one of

those incomparable Indian Summer days, when the air is soft and hazy, and the mellow sunlight, glancing thro’ the half-naked trees, brightens the shadows and neutral tints of the lingering leaves which Nature, paints on their fibrous sides.

Grouped on the shores of a long, tortuous lake is an Indian camp. Rough tepees, constructed of cedar poles and covered with bark, were picturesquely placed near the water’s edge, and the lazily curling smoke of the camp fires indicated the preparation of the evening meal. Squaws were engrossed in primitive culinary occupations, moving quietly from one mess to another, steaming in the crude utensils suspended over the fires. Some younger Indians were indolently giving indifferent assistance; a few dusky-hued children engaged in their simple games, wading and splashing in the clear, limpid waters of the lake, and waking the echoes with playful cries, in the midst of almost supernatural stillness—a stillness as yet unbroken by that inevitable disturbing element—the “pale face.”

Sitting, apart and silent, are two figures; at first hardly to be seen in the shade of the low hanging branches, are an aged man, bent with the burden of many years, and a bright eyed Indian maid. He, savage though he be, manifests by a subtle, natural dignity, his chiefship of the tribe; she is in full possession of all the dusky beauty of the aboriginal woman.

The old chief seems buried in profound reverie, and the mark, which humanity ever bears when the ties of affection wrap their clinging tendrils around the heart, was there—the shade of anxiety, stolid and fixed. From time to time his eye, turns