

If any of the subscribers to the "Wawa" fails to receive his paper in due time, a simple reference to this office will be followed by the posting of the missing number. Owing to mistakes in addressing, some of the last month's papers have not reached their destination.

Across the Mountains to William's Lake.

It was vacation time these last few weeks, so we enjoyed our holiday in our own way. It consisted of an excursion into the William's Lake district, in company with Chief Andrew, of the North Thompson, and two dozen of his people. Our party left Kamloops on June 28th, and reached Louis' Creek the same evening. Next day we arrived at the North Thompson Indian Reserve, where the whole band was assembled for Sunday. On Monday, July 1st, we started on horseback, and rode about ten miles north to a place called "Little Ford," 60 miles north of Kamloops. There the whole afternoon was spent in putting the horses across the river, which was very high and swift, it being the time of high water. We camped for the night on the other side of the Thompson, at Mr. Lemieux's place. We started off early in the morning, and soon disappeared in the woods. We climbed up the mountains on the west side of the North Thompson, and reached the top before noon, having travelled only a dozen miles, fallen timber all along our way and steep climbing making it impossible to proceed otherwise than at a slow pace.

Before we came to the top of the mountain we found a letter written in shorthand, fastened to the branch of a tree, bidding us good luck on our trip, and requesting us to take advantage of a quarter of deer which was suspended to another tree across the narrow path. Those who had come to the place before us took the deer with them, but left the letter where it was for the others to read. All, to the last, read the letter, and searched in vain for the meat. Other letters were found every five or six miles, diverting our journey by the recital of our predecessors' luck in hunting or fishing. Some of those letters were written on clean paper, some on shreds of wrapping paper;

then, when paper failed, trees were stripped of their bark or squared with the axe, and the correspondence written on the tree. One of those letters amused us so much as to make us unaware of a marshy swamp we had come to, until some of the pack-horses began to sink into the mire.

In the afternoon the path became more level, and better time was made (about 25 miles), making our whole day's ride some 35 miles. The scenery around us is now different. We have come upon beautiful lakes full of fish; the country all round is covered with abundant grass; the mountains are reduced to low hills, sparsely timbered, but thickly covered with pasture, where the horses enjoyed themselves immensely. At sunset our tents were pitched in the middle of that beautiful scenery, and next morning, a rustic altar having been built by our young men, the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ was offered for the first time on these lonely hills.

That day, the 3rd of July, was a day of hard riding for us, some 55 or 60 miles having been covered before the evening. News was brought from Kenim Lake that an Indian had died there, and we had to make haste in order to arrive in time for the funeral.

The country we travelled through that day was similar to that described above, — now through hills covered with timber overshadowing rich pasture, now skirting a swamp or natural meadow several hundred acres wide.

Kenim Lake Indian Village, three miles from the west end of Kenim Lake, is situated in a lovely place, well sheltered from wind on every side. A band of 70 Indians lead there a quiet life, between hunting, trapping, and cultivating the soil, which readily yields up a bountiful harvest. They are building a new church or chapel, which will be second to none in that upper country. It is after the same plan as the one just now finished at William's Lake.

After taking a two nights' rest at Kenim Lake, and attending the funeral which had hastened our coming to the place, we started on our journey on the 5th of July, arriving next day at St. Joseph's Mission, William's Lake, where His Lordship Bishop Durieu had already preceded us.

July 9th was the day appointed for the opening of the exercises for the