



BIG JOHN AND PARTY SHOOTING LACHINE RAPIDS

a narrow channel hemmed in by rocks, presenting a scene of weird, wild grandeur. Rushing over huge obstructions, the waves are lashed into fury, and clouds of spray ascend from the abyss, arched by a thousand rainbows, as the vessel plunges madly forward, apparently doomed to inevitable destruction on the ghastly crags that raise their abutting edges right ahead. Amidst the roar and tumult of the waters one feels as if escape was impossible; but though the vessel rushes with headlong speed to within a few yards of the rocks, it glides past them with swift security. The passage seems truly miraculous, for, should the helm have wavered to diverge the boat from the precise channel, one touch of those rocks would have reduced her to splinters and her living freight churned to instant death in that terrible whirlpool. It is not alone that the vessel must be kept straight with the course of the rapids, she must

always occupied a place among the souvenirs of Montreal, has been gathered to his fathers, and the more prosaic, but not less capable, white man has taken his place, and the boat goes on its way without stopping as of yore at Caughnawaga. Indians are still, however, employed, for they have a knowledge of the river, its moods and seasons, which mere steam-boat hands never entirely acquire.

Passing onward the vessel begins to sway in the mighty throes of the great river, here tortured in