

stream to intercept our chattels, which are rapidly floating away. After much hunting and hauling and pulling, we eventually get things together, "but in a sorry plight are we." Clothes soaked, nearly all the eatables spoilt, and not a dry rag to bless, or rather dress, ourselves with. We walked half a mile to a farm house for matches and provisions, and return and enter the bush. Soon we have a crackling fire on and our clothes steaming before it. As the dampness forsakes our clothes, so it forsakes our spirits, and we soon are on the way again, laughing at our little accident.



[Now, this would have been a good opportunity of introducing a little excitement into my dry tale, in the shape of a few huge alligators; but, as I have promised my reader facts, and, as I am a *man* of honor, I will let the alligators roam undisturbed in their swamps of Florida.]

Seeing a farmer crossing a bridge, we holler to him:

"Hello, mister! How far to Thamesville?"

Pulling up his team, he says:

"Dunno; me'bbe about sixteen miles."

We paddled for five minutes, and the sixteen mile-distant Thamesville, with its rafts and sawmills, came in sight. We found, as usual, that if we wished to know anything about the distances of towns, we should not ask the natives, as the only extent of space they could comprehend was that between breakfast and dinner.

We soon enter the luxuriant and productive garden of Western Ontario. Any farmer living in Kent will tell you that this is the best county in Canada,—an oasis in the desert. Apple and peach orchards are seen everywhere. We no longer see the primitive forest trees and wooded hills, but a low and flat plain stretches away on all sides. The flow of the river had become imperceptible, so we had to exert ourselves more to advance.

We arrive at, but do not remain long at Chatham, being anxious to reach Detroit before our provisions run out.

From the river, Chatham is an imposing town, with its elevators, sawmills and docks, and is the only town on the Thames connected with the lake traffic.

All kinds of craft were on the river, from the huge *City* of Chatham, to the little mudscow containing wooley-headed darkey children. Fishing for "mudcat" is the chief sport of many of the dusky inhabitants of Chatham, judging from the number of darkeys to be seen sunning themselves upon the docks.

Rigging up our sail for the first time, we take advantage of the brisk east wind, and swiftly skim towards the lake. The scenery was an entirely different type from that we had before passed through. The banks are lined at

intervals with gigantic buttonwoods and willows, festooned with ivy and wild grape, and hanging far out over the tranquil water. The banks finally disappear as we approach the mouth of the river, and the vast, unbounded plain of feathery and waving reeds stretches away to the west. The pale green marsh shimmers in the morning sun, and the broad river twines its circuitous path through it like a silver snake.

The lighthouse is seen standing in solitary grimness, looking far out over the flashing waters of Lake St. Clair. We make fast to the antiquated dock, and see if the lake is sufficiently calm for our light skiff.

Everything is favorable, so having taken a hasty dinner, we "crowd on all sail," to use a technicality, and skim over the bright blue water towards Detroit. Away in the distance can be seen the vapoury smoke of the great Upper Lake Steamers, and their deep bass whistle can be heard as they pass through the St. Clair Canal.

I experience all the agonies of the "*mal de mer*," and Artemus, with his usual thoughtlessness, laughs at my miseries. But punishment swift and certain seizes him, for he also is seized in the throes of seasickness.

I look back, and the tall, white lighthouse has melted away to a tiny speck on the horizon.

We enter the Detroit river early in the evening, and succeed, after many imaginary escapes from being run down by steamers, in making a landing at Windsor. Here we have considerable difficulty with those awe-inspiring creatures, the Custom officers, but finally we are allowed to ship our canoe home.

After a brief visit to Detroit, we take the train for home, with light hearts and pockets to match.

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It is strange that this delightful canoe trip of nearly two hundred miles, and through some of the best scenery in Canada, is not frequently made by the aspiring paddlers of the Forest City.

If any of my ambitious readers would like to make the tour, I will give them a few suggestions of inestimable value. If you calculate going for one week, take provisions for four weeks. Do not attempt to make the journey in a rowboat, but in a light canoe, and this must not be burdened down with too much provisions.

Do not start in the "dog days," or you will be roasted, but choose the spring, when the water is high and the river-bed clear.

If you have a bitter enemy, persuade him to take a trip down the Thames in August, with two days' rations. It is a lingering and torturing death.

Do not drink the river water before straining it through a colander.

Do not waste your money buying relics at Moravian-town. With a little practice, you can learn to make them yourself, and easily give them the two-hundred-year-old touch. S.