

Three handsome Canadian Pacific Railway cars were comfortably filled with the party, which was under the guidance of Mr. J. Stevenson Brown and Mr. J. S. Shearer, who acted as an arrangements committee, so to speak. The Rouge was reached about 12 o'clock, and family parties were soon discussing cold collations beneath the shade of forest pines and oaks. A large number of others accepted the invitation of Hon. J. K. Ward to partake of pot luck in the lumber camp. The dining room was a typical lumbering shanty and the bill of fare consisted of pea soup, made over a camp fire outside, pork and beans with potatoes, white bread and dried apple sauce, or molasses and tea *a la Russe*, but without the lemons. The plate was of tin and the service given by "Chef" Jean Baptiste Cadieux and his assistants excellent. Epicures who dine off turtle soup, oysters, etc., cannot appreciate the merits of pea soup when seasoned with the appetites a scientific exploring party possessed. The dinner was a novelty and a success.

The different sections set out immediately after dinner and their expeditions proved most successful.

The tumultuous cascades of the Rouge down which the logs were precipitated, was a constant source of enjoyment to many, and those who labored higher up the stream to the immense "chutes" 60 feet in height, were amply rewarded. The timbers dived madly down them and on striking the river were immersed for a distance of at least one-twelfth of a mile. Large square timbers 30 feet in length were broken like pipe-stems on becoming crossed at the foot of the chute. These sights alone were worth going to see, and sketchers certainly did not lack for interesting subjects.

"Old Probs" also was kind to the party. He hung out portents of rain at one o'clock, but kindly deferred the execution of his threats till all were safely returning home. The cloudiness only rendered the day cooler and more enjoyable.

The courtesies extended by the Canadian Pacific Railway