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"People of the Beaver," and they claimed descent from the great original beaver, or father of all beavers. They believed that these rapids were caused by dams made by their ambitious ancestor. However, that has nothing to do with the modern chateau high-embowered in the grove, that we found at Temiskaming, or the dainty meal awaiting us there. After dinner Mr. Lumsden escorted us to his commodious steamer *The Meteor*, and we embarked upon the bosom of Lake Temiskaming.

Up to this point the weather had been simply glorious, but we had scarcely reached the boat when there were unseasonable peals of thunder. The rain came in torrents, while the mercury dropped about thirty points. But in sunshine or in rain, in hurricane or in calm, the trip up Lake Temiskaming is grand. Mr. H. P. Moore, who has been on press excursions for the last twenty-five years, has, since his return, staked his journalistic reputation on the assertion that, "this trip for grandeur and scenery is unequalled in America." Some of the contributions in this souvenir, notably those by Mr. Wilgress and Mr. Walker, are descriptive of Temiskaming's beauties. We sighted many points of interest, including *Ville Marie*, on the Quebec side, and *Haileybury*, the pioneer town on the Ontario side, but called nowhere because the boat was running a special trip for our benefit. We reached *New Liskeard* in the gloaming, early enough for the *Meteor* to safely feel her way through the precarious, brush-buoyed mile-and-a-half channel, which is the entrance to the harbor. Mr. Southworth met us on the wharf and welcomed us as heartily as though we had been bona fide settlers. Thereafter we found that much of our pleasure was due to his thoughtful arrangements.

We were on the move at 7 o'clock next morning, this time embarked on two smaller boats of the Lumsden fleet, chartered for us by Mr. Southworth. We set out under sullen skies, venting their ill humor in a disheartening benumbing drizzle, but the party with its gaiety shamed the weather, and before long the sun peeped out. We called at North Temiskaming, at the head of the lake, on the Quebec side, where there has been a Hudson's Bay post for generations. We then veered into the *Blanche* or *White River* and explored it for

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