

"We don't want Yankees with their nasty summer hotels, and gingerbread cottages," answered my tall Canadian girl. "Discourteous, but charmingly frank," and the Southerner smiled engagingly.

Of course, I would, and then we inspected such of Portland's departmental stores as were open, where Oxford ties hob-nob with jars of honey, and rolls of print are side by side with Portland mixtures, which a camp digestion

we landed on the little island which I soon learned to call home.

In front of us the sun was going down in a perfect sea of glory, and the glow spread out over the lake and touched the islands far and near, till all things seemed alive with the ruddy light, and one found one's lips framing "How lovely," and stopped, almost startled to find how inadequate the words were to express one's sense of the beauty and rest of it all.

I should like to tell you, did I not know space was limited, of the luncheons we had sailing on the high seas, with the boat "keeling" over, in spite of the efforts of the small girl to keep it from "tipping," by kneeling up, and leaning a few inches over the gunwale to windward, and of how skilled the girls got in passing bread and cheese, lemonade, etc., from the commissariat in the bow to the seat of government in the stern, where sat the skipper and the chaperone of the day, and of how, for a little variety, we landed on a hitherto unexplored island where the undergrowth was so thick, and snake-holes so numerous, that we felt moved to exclaim with the Yankee senator, "A primeval forest, truly, a place where the hand of man has never set foot;" of the storm, the first warning of which was a sudden quieting of all the myriad voices of nature. A vast black thing came up out of the southwest, and seemed to settle down close,

and yet closer, over the lake, and the hush became almost choking in its intensity.

Of the fishing advantages of the Rideau I have not spoken, though they are exceptional. Green and black bass abound in all the small lakes, and in Lij Rideau you can hook your salmon trout, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds. And now, good people all, though this sketch has given you no adequate conception of the beauty that will meet your eye, and the rest that will enter into your soul amongst the Rideau lakes, and on the Rideau River, still let me repeat, "Go down the Rideau," taking



ON THE RIDEAU. NEWBORO RAILROAD BRIDGE.

"However," he said, "I am going to bring a large party here next summer, and I promise you they'll all sleep in tents," he added reassuringly. Shortly after two men came up, and the talk turned on international affairs, and we soon found that the soft Southern speech could adapt itself very readily to the exigencies of political controversy.

We were now going through Nurd lake, towards the town of Newboro, where there are two locks. Near here is the height of land from where the river runs down to Ottawa and back to Kingston. After passing through the canal at this place, where the Government dredge is always working to keep a channel clear, we came into Little Rideau lake, and down to the thriving village of Westport at its head, when a good deal of freight was put off, and several passengers landed. The "Swift" doubled on herself after leaving here, and after a short sail we came through the Narrows Locks, and out into Big Rideau lake, a sheet of clear, cold water, about eight by twenty miles, abounding in fish of many kinds from minnows to salmon (very large salmon trout), and dotted with islands of varying size, from the one large enough to be taken by the uninitiated for the mainland, down to the little heap of stones, about large enough for one person to stand on.

We soon came in sight of the village of Portland, prettily situated in a little cove, and sheltered by a height of land jutting out into the lake. But just then all thoughts of scenery vanished, for I spied a little white canoe in the distance, and that canoe, I knew, was coming to take me where I was to spend two blissful weeks. The small craft reached the wharf before the "Swift," and there was a hasty slipping on of a crimson sweater over the unornamental gray camping shirt, and he of the paddle was ready to greet the solitary passenger who disembarked.

Would I walk "up town" with him in these "togs" and help get some "grub"?

makes not only harmless, but very wholesome.

What a sleepy, peaceful old place it is! Butter was needed, but the shop that we wanted to patronize was locked, and the proprietor was at the other end of the village discussing the potato crop with a friend. We walked slowly after him, the skipper and I. Nobody ever hurries in Portland, and even Her Majesty's mail has a slow and decorous method of entering and leaving. The owners of two other establishments had shut up shop and gone fishing.



JONES' FALLS.

"They don't usually do this the day the "Swift" comes in, but the early part of the day was cloudy, and I suppose they couldn't withstand the temptation," explained the skipper. Back to the canoe, a paddle of two miles, and

with you as few incumbrances as possible, select your island, pitch your tent, and then think gratefully of the individual whose suggestions led you to that land of bliss.