

of England, Germany, France and Italy, and a fine exhibit of British art pottery and china.

Professor Emmerich, the cholera expert, of Munich, has announced that he has determined the mode of action of the cholera bacillus, thus opening the way for combating the disease. He attributes the rapid spread of cholera to bacilli-laden dust.

Owing to the failure of the fish harvest, the Labrador fishermen, with whom all Canada, through the efforts of Dr. Grenfell, has become acquainted, are facing starvation.

Teachers-in-training at Guelph.

Although somewhat belated in publication, the following list of names of teachers who have completed the courses in Elementary Agriculture, etc., at the Farmers' University, the O. A. C., Guelph, may be of interest:

ELEMENTARY INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

Miss L. E. Abbott, Lucan; Mr. G. K. Casselman, Williamsburg; Miss Mollie E. Cluff, Clinton; Miss Edna Copp, Clinton; Miss Agnes A. Curtin, Brockville; Miss E. E. Daniels, Alvinston; Miss N. B. Gibbons, Leamington; Miss E. E. Gott, Amherstburg; Mr. F. H. Huffman, Colebrook; Miss Arlissa Hagerman, Athens; Miss A. E. Harshaw, Toronto; Miss F. E. Jamieson, Stanstead, Que.; Miss Myrtle Justin, 46 Askin St., London; Miss Alice Jull, Norwich; Miss Maude Johnston, Cornwall; Miss Minnie E. Kilty, Clinton; Miss Catharine Kennedy, 269 Brockett Street, Sarnia; Miss G. P. Keys, Blake; Miss Annie C. Laing, St. Mary's; Miss Etta Lane, Toronto; Miss Isabel Law, Drumbo; Miss Jennie MacKenzie, Rathburn; Miss Margaret March, Dutton; Miss Annie M. McEwan, Martintown; Miss Catherine McLeod, Star; Miss Annie Moran, Essex; Mr. E. W. Moss, Wales; Miss Josephine Murray, Wilton Grove; Miss Nellie Myers, Goodwood; Mr. John D. Medcof, Holleford; Miss Clara E. Neelands, Woodford; Miss Emily M. Parker, Toronto; Miss Addie A. Phillips, Toronto; Miss Lulu Russell, Walkerville; Miss Jean Sivell, Owen Sound; Miss Mary Smith, Parkhill; Miss Nellie E. Spearin, St. Mary's; Miss C. E. Thomson, Aylmer; Miss Juanita Thomson, Toronto; Miss Cora Tiffin, Thamesville.

AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.

Laura E. Arnold, Kinlough; Ella E. Baker, Littlewood; Emma Batterman, Williamsford; Annie M. Bell, Glanford Station; Frances A. Bennett, Hamilton; Annie M. Boal, West Montrose; Anna Catherine Brown, Fergus; Charlotte M. Casey, Eganville; Bessie E. Cristelaw, Blind River; Irene May Clark, Simcoe; May S. Cody, Embro; Elma E. Daniels, Alvinston; Ella M. Dewart, Warsaw; M. Ella Doupe, Kirkart; Alice Dunning, Cumberland; Irene Dunning, Cumberland; Jessie R. Eakins, Port Burwell; Mabel A. Edwards, Balsam; Gertrude K. Elliott, Lucan; Greta E. Fahey, Dundas; Edith C. Fetterley, Cornwall; Lena M. Fields, Smithville; Mary Fitzgerald, Hagersville; Evelyn Ford, Galt; Laura G. Francis, Brooklin; Laura Fuller, Stratford; Grace Gilmour, Doe Lake; Bella E. Groves, Fergus; Mary G. Groves, Fergus; Maggie G. Hamilton, Wychwood Park; Jennie L. Harkness, Irena; Olive E. Hodgins, Lucan; Helen Johnson, St. Thomas; E. Gertrude Jones, Ottawa; S. Louise Jones, Whithy; Grace B. Jones, Brampton;

Lucy A. Kenny, Princeton; Margaret King, Plattsville; M. C. Lloyd, Toronto; Clara Lovelless, Fanshawe; Mabel McClung, Cayuga; Jennie McDonald, Wyoming; Eliza S. McLauchlan, Milbourne; Ella McLean, Chesley; — McClelland, Air Line Junction; Myrtle B. Matthews, Acton; M. Florence Millen, Fordwich; Fanny Monteith, Stratford; Margaret Kay Murray, Avening; M. B. Nicholson, Beaverton; May A. Nolan, Fingal; Adele O'Neill, Bulger; Katie O'Reilly, Eganville; Margaret Padfield, Gorrie; L. E. Patmore, Flora; Mabel Patterson, Laurel; Eleanor

A Trip to New Ontario.

(Continued.)

Long before the sun was well up we had left the roses and birches of The Forks, and were following the so-called East Branch—South Branch would seem more appropriate—of the Montreal River, our course now lying directly towards Gowganda. Although the stream was much narrower than the main river, there was the perpetual expansion into lakes, as before. We crossed Nest Lake in a bracing wind that taxed our canoe-men somewhat, but it was glorious—

and down, waving branches about our heads to keep off mosquitoes and black flies, which were here truly terrifying. It was our first experience of them at their worst, and we began to understand why "tenderfeet" were flying the country, and prospectors moving to outlying towns, until the nuisance should have abated. With incessant motion, we could not avoid bites—bites from mosquitoes that stung, and from black flies that bled. What, then, must be the fate of men working in the heart of the woods, where, they say, the insects are much more numerous than along the water-fronts? There are but two sources of consolation at this time of the year. In the first place, the black flies do not bite much after sundown, and practically not at all in the tents, where they seem to be confused at being entrapped, and creep about aimlessly on the canvas. In the second, about the middle of July the mosquitoes develop a sort of yellow fuzz on their heads, which seems to act as a soporific. After that they give comparatively little trouble. In the meantime, the people do not say, "How do you do?" or "Good day." They say, "Are the flies bad in there?" or "How are the flies?"

Along the portages we saw numerous traces of fleeting encampments—the "bed of boughs" and little ashy spot, with a few charred sticks across it, which marked the place where once had been a home for a night. It was Ruskin—who it not?—who defined a home as a "bit of the world with a fire in it and a roof over it," or something to that effect. This is nowhere more true than in the woods. As soon as your tent is pitched and the fire built, you are at home, and the bed of boughs proves a by no means bad resting-place. But the bed of boughs needs to be built aright. The tenderfoot is likely to tumble the branches in in a promiscuous mass, making a last sorrowful effort to smooth them down before he "turns in." The experienced bushman lays them carefully, upside down, and shingle fashion. Occasionally a stem protrudes, but the odor of spruce or balsam makes up for all, and, as you fall asleep, with the sound of murmuring trees and lapping water in your ears, you have no repinings for down-south mattresses.

The tenderfoot, too, builds his fire in an awkward fashion. He cuts a great mass of stuff and piles it up, kindling-wise, adds a log or two, then strikes a match, gets on his knees, and proceeds to transform himself into a bellows. The bushman, on the other hand, snatches a screeed or two of birch bark, throws a few twigs on top, and applies the match. As the tinder burns, he adds to it, bits of dried moss and twigs, whatever comes handiest, and finally the branches and logs that make the "good cheer." This is the true Indian method, and very effective it is.

The "lady birch," by the way, is one of the most useful, as well as the most beautiful, of the trees of this country. Everywhere you see the white trunks gleaming among the jack-pines and spruces along the water-fronts, and hence you know that the ready fire, the bit of writing-paper, the drinking-vessel pro tem., and a score of other things, are waiting for your hand. Indeed, the deep woods is the place par excellence for developing resourcefulness in emergency. Your canoe goes a-leak, you plaster it up with spruce gum. You "go in" with but an axe in your hand, and in an hour or two your tent poles and your table have been evolved from the rough but ready material of the wilderness: a bent stick serves for a crane whereon to hang your pot and kettle, and a tump-line makes an admirable clothes-line whereon to hang your dripping clothes. As for the tarpaulin, its uses are legion; you must go to the North country to find them out, and to find out how many are the things

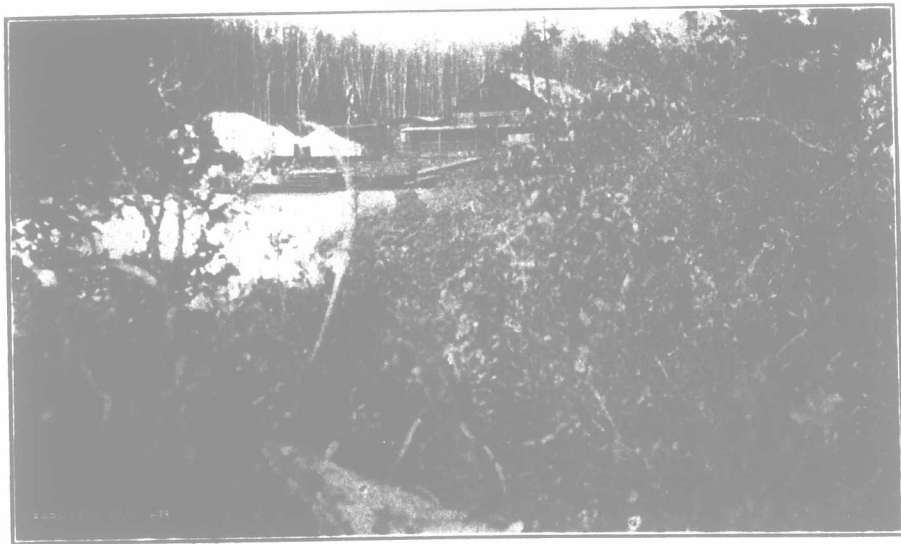


Silver Queen Hotel, Just Outside of Gowganda.

At the beginning of the portage leading to this hotel is a bill-board advertisement, proclaiming that the Silver Queen Hotel is provided with "spring beds with mattresses."

Perrott, Alliston; Lizzie A. Rankin, Nipissing Junction; May Riddell, London; Blanche A. Robertson, Dundas; Edna M. Root, Rockport; Effeda Roy, Georgetown; Violet M. Savage, Ridgetown; Jean Schleihau, West Lorne; C. M. Sherrard, Uxbridge; A. M. Sillers, Walkerton; Lizzie K. Smart, Vesta; Ivey M. Spense, Eden Mills; Gertrude M. Sprague, Queensville; Nettie A. Stewart, Blyth; Maud Tanton, Byron; Lizzie H. Taylor, Smithville; Myrtle M. Trainor, Binbrook; E. Gertrude Tucker, Orono; Edna May Twiss, Woodburn; C. P. Van Valkenburg, Port Whitby; Bessie Van Every, Waterloo; Lulu G. Vickery, Port Perry; Helena J. Waddell, Oro-

the ripple of the sun on the water, the curling of the waves as they rushed towards us, the mastery of the elements which sent our light bark swiftly forward in the very teeth of the wind. There is no vessel so responsive as the canoe. The slightest movement of the paddle is sufficient to propel it; the slightest influence of wind or current enough to deflect it from its course—the reason, probably, why, in the hands of a novice, it is the most dangerous of water craft. Under control of the expert, however, there is comparatively little danger. Indeed, you cannot but gain confidence as you watch these canoe-men of the North—the short, swift strokes, the unend-



Hotel and Tents in Gowganda Town.

no; Mabel Walsh, Wingham; C. Hazel Washburn, Rockport; Ella Weatherhead, N. Augusta; Florence Wegenast, Aylmer; Margaret White-man, Teeswater; Clara Williams, Toronto; Lily E. Wilson, Lindsay; May C. Wright, Blind River; Jennie L. Young, Brockville; Anna Higginson, Hawkesbury; Mary Watson, Alfred Centre; Mary E. Eaman, Avonmore; Edith M. Smith, Chesterville; Anna McIntosh, Poland; Sarah Duff, Berwick; Elizabeth Mansfield, Goldstone; Zella Hanham, Port Colborne.

ing watchfulness, the readiness to meet emergencies of wind or wave or current.

Between The Forks and our destination, Lake Obushkong, were several portages, or, rather, trails for passengers, for the canoes were not always taken from the water. In one place we walked for perhaps half a mile through the woods, over low ground which looked as if it might some day be farmed, although farming land in this country is surely at a discount, and had a wait of half an hour at the next landing, a half hour which we spent in pacing up