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of song, and there occurred the first rehearsals of the masterpieces which made the trip famous from a musical point of view, and the strains of "Down! down! down! where the Wurtzburger flows! flows! flows!" soon rose above the din of the locomotive. North Bay was reached in eight hours. It was then a respectable bedtime, but some of the energetic sightseers persisted in having a look at the diamond-in-the-rough town forthwith.

As the guests of Mr. W. B. Russell, representing the Ontario Government, and accompanied by a score of North Bay citizens, we spent the second day in exploring the first twenty-eight miles of the new Government Railway—the exploration being carried on from the Sacramento, the first Pullman to go over the road. We saw a great deal of rocky, uninviting country, some land that held promise of agricultural possibilities, and great stretches of excellent timber. The sportsmen saw footprints of moose and harked to the whirr of the partridge. Mr. C. W. Young saw limpid brooks that made him instantly fondle his trout rod and long for a half hour's delay. Moose Lake was the terminus of the trip. There on the construction gang's commissariat train we sat down to a sumptuous meal of workingmen's fare, which gave us an opportunity to test the keen appetite produced by the northern air. We arrived in North Bay again in time for a citizen's banquet, an enjoyable function, at which the Mayor coined an immortal phase by his reference to the "blessed Globe."

It was "Ho, for New Liskeard" at 6.50 the next morning. We journeyed east on the main line of the C. P. R. as far as Mattawa, a quaint little French-Canadian town nestling beside the Ottawa River and sheltered by the high Laurentian hills. Here we crossed the boundary into Quebec, and on the forty-mile spur of the C. P. R. ran along the brink of the river to Temiskaming station, the foot of navigation. The scenery along this bit of railway was engaging. The train twisted and squirmed along the blasted-out, shelf-like base of the rugged autumn-tinted Laurentians, while on the other side of the track, the river, with its numerous angry rapids, including the famous Long Sault, holds interest enough in itself for one journey. The Algonquins, who resided hereabout, had a strange legend about these rapids. The tribe was known as the Amikonas, or

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