

toes; you skin your knuckles and almost break your neck as you stumble along—all the while the roar is sounding in your ears and confusing your senses, and the rush of water is doing its best to carry you off your feet, and finally if you do 't look out you are into a hole and then you have to swim for it. This was just what happened, the man in front took a header, the man behind lost control, the water caught the canoe, turned it sideways, poured in and then—chaos. Next morning's sun shone serenely on articles of clothing, tea, fish-hooks, rice, matches, sugar, ammunition, oatmeal, blankets, pepper, books, salt, etc., etc., with which the surrounding rocks and bushes in all directions were covered. Memo. of loss—1 boat, 1 stocking, 1 surveyor's compass, 1 pipe, 1 sponge, 1 paddle, 1 set of maps and 2 letters from Mr. Grasswell to his daughter at Mattawa.

The balance of the river between the the Epines Rapids and its junction with the Ottawa, some seven miles, lies for the most part between high rocky banks and is very pretty, especially in the neighbourhood of Boom Lake, a small expansion a mile long. Well; anyway, one fine afternoon about five o'clock, we ran the rapids beneath the little wooden bridge that spans the Mattawa at its mouth, much to the amusement of a crowd of loafers on the bridge, who had seldom, if ever before, seen such dainty little craft on their waters—for our blue and green Peterboroughs, with their flags gaily flying, showed to considerable advantage over the dull coloured and squat birch-barks of those regions, and almost before we were aware of the fact we were swiftly flying down the Flat and the first dip of the Burritt's Rapids, and had camped on the right bank of the "Grand River" just below the little village of Mattawa.

How changed everything was now, and into what insignificance the little Mattawa had shrunk! Looking ahead the shining water might be seen for a mile or two, lying in a deep valley that ended abruptly in a towering hill, as the river bed turned south, and was lost to sight. Everything was on a grander and more magnificent scale than anything we had yet seen, while about half a mile away a streak of white foam showed where the second dip of the Burritt's Rapids stretched across the river.

Did you ever run a rapid? No? Then you have never experienced the most intense excitement and keenest enjoyment that can be obtained in this ordinary every-day world. To prove my statement, you know what a stolid unmoveable being the North American Indian is; how phlegmatic, how indifferent under the most unusual and trying circumstances. Now in a rapid I have seen Indians' eyes dance with excitement, and heard them shout like very children; and these were men whom no other circumstance could move in the slightest degree. Nor is it to be wondered at, for there is always an uncertainty about it that makes the run exciting. You see ahead the white foam extending in a line across the river, marking the beginning of the fall. If you don't know the rapid and are wise you will go ashore and