

THE PICTURESQUE SCENERY OF LAKE OF THE WOODS, RAINY LAKE AND RAINY RIVER.

MR. W. H. WILLIAMS, so widely and favorably known as the clever and brilliant descriptive correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* in the North-West, writes thus of the matchless scenery of the Lake of the Woods:

"This morning I took passage on board the steamer *Couchiching* for the purpose of visiting the Rainy River country and Fort Frances, as well as for the purpose of seeing something more of the charming scenery of Lake of the Woods. In former letters I have had occasion to refer to the beautiful scenery of this great North-Western archipelago, but volumes would fail to convey to the reader an idea of its bewildering beauties.

"The afternoon has been sunny and warm, with here and there a fleecy cloud islet floating in a June sky of the deepest and brightest blue. There has been just wind enough to raise a shining golden ripple on the broad sunlit traverses that occasionally open out between the clustering groups of smaller islands, while the narrow shadowed inlets between towering walls of spruce-crowned rocks have slept dark, glassy, and tranquil. One could never weary of such lovely, ever-changing scenery. Now the sides of the steamer are almost brushing the fantastically-coloured mosses that clothe steep, rocky walls on either side, while the hoarse snorting of her exhaust wakes a score of echoes above and all around her and the next moment she is ploughing a broad sunlit field of rippling, burnished gold. Now she is threading her winding path between yellow moss-covered islets of solid rock, and now she is slowly creeping in and out among jagged reefs whose black slimy jaws just peer above the shining waters as though they belonged to huge sub-marine monsters that were waiting to seize and drag her away down to their horrid lairs in the gloomy caves below. Long after the setting sun had set in such a flood of orange and purple as is only seen in these northern latitudes, and cast a dainty net-work of light and shadow upon the dancing waters away to the westward, but while still a soft glow of lemon gold lit up the North-Western horizon, the steamer "slowed down," and finally stopped, and then the sharp rattling of "running chains" told that she had come to anchor in the shelter of an island about two miles from the edge of the "Big Traverse." Though it is after ten o'clock meridian time the sunlight has not quite faded from the north and west, while the young moon lights up a silver