

River, over which he had travelled a couple of times. His information was Job-like and comforting. He said that the Portage du Talon, the first portage we should come to, was the very worst he had ever encountered, and that Le Grand Parresseux, further on was not quite so good.

It had rained in the morning, but about noon the sky cleared, the sun came out and all nature seemed to smile as we glided between the steep banks of the Mattawa River, the outlet of Lake Talon. The scene had changed with a vengeance. We were now slowly moving between high rocky bluffs 150 to 200 feet high. The warm color of the cliffs, the dark green of the pines, the bright green and yellow of the birch and poplar mingled with autumnal tints, formed a picture all light and colour, while the bold jagged rocks and complete silence all around made the scene very grand.

Half a mile brought us to Talon Chute, the largest fall on the river, which drops at this point forty-two feet. Here all was life and activity for a large gang of men was at work building a timber slide—not a small affair like you see by the side of the Gatineau, but one large enough to accommodate whole logs of any size.

With fear and trembling the canoes were unloaded and this terrible portage commenced, but as is usually the case the old proverb "The Devil is not so black as he is painted" held good, for though rough and rocky and up and down hill, an hour saw us safely on the other side. Crossing Pimisee Lake, a sunny expansion, we descended without trouble the Pimisee Rapids, being merely shoals, the water rippling between the stones with no more force than in a brook. That night we camped at the head of the Boileaux Rapids. On the portage here is a grave with a rude cross at its head, carved roughly, with the inscription "Antoine Joli, drowned 1870." We afterwards learned that he was foreman of a gang of river-drivers, and that similar graves might be found on almost all the other portages along the Mattawa River.

To proceed, passing the Boileaux and Petit Parresseux Rapids you arrive at the Grand Parresseux, where, according to Mr. Grasswell, the portage was not quite so good as the worst he had ever met in his life. It was all our friend had described it, but by this time an obstacle could stop us, and soon we were across with all our goods and chattels. Le Grand Parresseux is a very pretty fall of some thirty-four feet, almost perpendicular. The Mille Roches Rapids and mouth of the Amable du Fons River were next passed and the stream began to get wider and the rapids wicked.

In the Rose Rapids we escaped with a few pails of water and the breakage of a paddle, and in the next—the Epines Rapids—sad to relate one of the canoes came to grief entirely. These rapids are shallow and the boulders and rocks in them very close together. In order to get down with loaded canoes it is necessary to get out into the water and pilot your canoe between the boulders. Sometimes you are up to your knees in water, sometimes you are up to you neck; you stub your