

THE WHITEROCKS OF TEMISCAMINGUE

A Strange Legend From the Romantic Canadian Northland.

It is only during the last few years that Lake Temiscamingue has been known to more than a few lumbermen and the employees of Hudson Bay Company. Geographers spoke of it as a large lake from which the Ottawa River took its rise; a fallacy which has been exploded by exploration and the discovery that it is only an enlargement of the Ottawa River, the real sources of which lie two or three hundred miles beyond it.

One of the most remarkable features of Lake Temiscamingue is a limestone cliff known as the White Rocks, which jut out into the lake, forming a bold promontory, and presenting on the east side an abrupt precipice, but sloping off to the west in a gradual descent, until it reaches the waters of what is known as Wabikeesick's Bay, where it takes the name of Wabikeesick's Point. In former times it was a favorite camping ground of the Indians, being not easily accessible except by water, and commanding such a view of the lake that a surprise attack, unless under cover of darkness, would be almost an impossibility; a feature of great value to the timid Ojibways, who in former times were much harassed by the fiercer and more warlike Iroquois, especially when those gentlemen were in search of fur, which they found far more easily and expeditiously procured by hunting the hunters than by hunting the animals themselves. These cliffs are not only remarkable as being apparently an isolated outcrop of Silurian limestone hemmed in on every side by the Huronian and Laurentian formations, but they have the peculiarity of being composed of thin layers of gritty limestone, ranging in thickness from one to three inches and which have the appearance of uncooked cakes of meal or flour, a peculiarity which is accounted for among the Indians by the following legend.

In the dim and half forgotten past; before even the Hudson's Bay Company had begun to get rich by befriending the poor Indian; before the missionary had persuaded him to adopt a new and better form of conjuring; in the good old days when the ears of the Getchie-Manitou were tickled with the sound of the drum, instead of the bell; and when the mighty Wendigo stalked abroad through the bush, wearing in winter, snowshoes of the size of a barn floor, and in summer, when on the run leaving the impress of his awful foot stamped into the solid rock; there was a famine in the land. The foolish rabbits had disappeared, and the wise beaver refused to be caught, so that the people were on the verge of starvation, and many a father, and head of a family, had cast longing eyes upon his fattest relative, with a view to replenishing the larder.

In those days Cheynah was chief, and beloved of the people; for he was bold, and a mighty hunter. Though he was well advanced in years, the fire of his youth was in him and not a handsomer man amongst them trod the dizzy mazes of the war dance, or hurled in sport the flint-headed spear, in the use of which he far eclipsed them all.

It was not likely that such a Beau Brummur in a blanket, or Chesterfield in war paint, would escape the admiration of the fair sex, and many a young girl, in these good old times polygamy was not counted a sin, yet Cheynah had but one wife, for he loved her so, that he had sworn to her by the sacred drum, that while she lived, no other woman should share his wigwam, a devotion which his wife repaid by living a very long time, much to the inconvenience of one Picodjeesie, "The Sand Fly" who adored him, but in a maidenly, modest manner, such as becomes an Indian maiden. She would throw wild berries at him as he sat at meat in his tent; or when he went forth, play bo-peep with him in the bushes, apparently afraid lest she should be caught, yet ever placing herself in his way, so that he could catch her if he felt so inclined. At length Picodjeesie's attentions became so persistent that they did not escape the notice of the favored wife; and though the chief conjurer, who by his powers of divination could know all things, and who could have told her all about it, had she not found it out herself. She indeed, consulted her father concerning the matter, for her heart was full of jealousy, and he counselled her to wait.

Now the famine was great; and the people cried to their chief for food. But Cheynah could not help them in their strait, though he did what most modern rulers do in like predicaments, he called a meeting for consultation, at which many resolutions were adopted, all amounting to the fact that they were hungry and they must procure something to eat or die; resolutions that perhaps relieved their feelings a little, but not their necessities, and the meeting was about breaking up, when a shrill fierce voice cried out:

"Kish! which means 'Hold.' All eyes were turned upon the speaker, who with uplifted hand emphasized his command. It was 'Kookookooohoo,' 'The Night Owl,' the chief conjurer, the most aged man amongst them. His nose resembled the beak of the bird from which he took his name. His hair was white as snow; an unusual thing amongst Indians, who often arrive at a good old age before a single hair turns grey. But his figure was erect, and his eyes shone fiercely bright; an uncanny-looking mortal, and one whose face betokened craft to conceive, and cruelty unspeakable to execute. At his word a silence fell upon the people, a silence of awe and expectation, while Cheynah, of the color of his skin had permitted him, would have turned pale, for in his heart he dreaded 'The Kookookooohoo,' and feared lest his interference at this crisis might portend evil for himself.

"Indians!" said the conjurer, "hear me! I dreamed a dream last night, a dream of blood. I looked upon the face of the Getchie-Manitou, and he whispered in my ears awful things, too awful for you to listen to and live, but I could hear and not die, for the Getchie-Manitou is my friend. He, the Great One, knows your strait and has offered you a way of getting food. Let your chief, dearly beloved sacrifice to him that which he holds dearest in his heart, and you will be fed in abundance. The Getchie-Manitou has said it: it is not I that speak of myself, I speak for him; look ye to it."

And so saying, he glided from their midst and entering his conjuring tent, commenced a vigorous tattoo on his conjuring drum, a sign that he was engaged in holding interviews with familiar spirits, and no one dare interrupt him by further questioning concerning this great sacrifice that Cheynah, was called upon to make.

Cheynah however, hung his head in silence, and in spite of his great love for his people, seemed rather bewildered, until the shouts of the people calling him by name recalled him to a sense of his position and his duty.

"My children," he said, "the terms of the Getchie-Manitou are hard, but for your sakes I am ready to do his bidding. Assemble therefore, this evening on Wabikeesick's Point. Let every man, woman and child be there. I do not ask you to come and starve, for I have yet one dog unneaten. He is not very fat, but he was my largest and best-beloved dog; come therefore, and eat him. I give him to you, a foreshadow of the greater sacrifice that I make for your sakes this night, and if the Kookookooohoo has not lied to-morrow, ere the sun again rises, you will have meat in plenty. I have spoken."

And Cheynah moved majestically away, seeking the solitude of the woods, where no one followed him except Picodjeesie the persistent, whom the people pitied because of her unrequited love.

That night Wabikeesick's Point presented a wild and weird appearance. A circle had been cleared in the bush, in the center of which roared and crackled a tremendous fire, around which the Indians were assembled in groups, the natural ferocity of their faces enhanced by famine, their eyes glaring wolfishly as they waited in silence the manifestation of the power of their Getchie-Manitou. Apart from them and further away from the fire were grouped the women, who were less reticent and who discussed in awed whispers the probable victim, while they gnawed the bones of Cheynah's dog, which, true to his promise, had already been sacrificed. Kookookooohoo, the conjurer, sat with his keen, cruel eyes glittering with excitement, surrounded by the lesser brethren of the craft, four in number, only less sinister in appearance than their high priest, all carrying their drums and other paraphernalia of their order, and clothed only in the scantiest attire, which only just conformed to the laws of even Indian decency.

At last the hour had arrived. The midnight moon had just emerged red and blood-red from behind the pine-lad hills of the eastern shore, when at a given signal from Kookookooohoo, the Indians formed a circle round the central fire, hand in hand, old and young, from the oldest veteran to the child just able to walk, they commenced slowly to move around singing in unison a plaintive chant led by Kookookooohoo, whose voice could be heard above the rest as the filing of a saw is plainly distinguishable above the roar of the machinery of a saw mill in motion. Suddenly a blood-curdling shout announced the arrival of Cheynah, who, amidst a deafening hubbub of drums, leaped into the circle attired in the wildest war-paint, with his heaviest flint-headed tomahawk in hand which he flourished over his head and with which he slew scores of imaginary enemies.

The people now ceased their circling and their chant, standing still in their places; but Cheynah took up the chant alone, and with short, jerky springs commenced in turn to circle inside the ring. Twice he went completely around without making an attempt to slay his victim, merely brandishing his tomahawk by way of reminding them that some one had to be slain. On the third round, however, he stopped dead before Picodjeesie who seemed to have been made more for love than for sacrifice, for she trembled exceedingly and looked piteously at him. He raised his tomahawk on high as if about to strike while at the same time the drums set up an unearthly din, far above them all could be heard a low deep rumbling sound making the earth to shake like unto the shock of an earthquake; but Cheynah did not strike, with a wild cry he passed on singing the same chant and with the same gait, nor did he again pause until he had completed the third round, when he again stood before Picodjeesie with tomahawk uplifted about to strike. Again the drums gave forth the death rattle and the earth shook with an awful noise. But Picodjeesie overcome by fear of death had swooned away, and lay on the ground prone before him, and Cheynah did not strike, but passed on with dragging steps, his tomahawk hanging limp and listless in his hand, while the plaintive chant had now become a perfect wail of agony.

Kookookooohoo's face became perfectly diabolical, and as Cheynah was about commencing his third round he fiercely whispered something to him as he passed. The effect was magical, Cheynah was himself again, and with a shout that made the echoing forest ring he buried his tomahawk into the skull of his wife, the daughter of Kookookooohoo (for did he not love his wife the best of all? How many men of recent times would give their wives the same token of their affection if their duty required it of them?).

Then followed a deathly silence. No sound of drum was heard, no noise of tumbling earth; even the fire seemed to burn low and cease from crackling. Cheynah was the first to break it. Standing there with his bloody ax uplifted in one hand and with the other pointing to the lifeless form of his wife, he said:

"Kookookooohoo, the deed is done. Where is now the food that you have promised?" To which Kookookooohoo replied: "Indians, if your chief has not lied to the Getchie-Manitou, then—pointing eastward—"your food is there. Follow me."

Saying which, followed by the hungry, wondering crowd, he led the way to the eastern side of the promontory. Here they beheld a wondrous sight. That which had been a comparatively level shore had now been raised into an abrupt precipice, from the sides of which issued volumes of steam, and, more wonderful still, the whole face of the cliff was composed of cakes, piled up one above the other, almost as far as the eye could reach, apparently just hot from the oven. Kookookooohoo seemed rather dejected than elated at the successful indication of his reputation as a prophet. However, like Moses in the wilderness, he commanded the people to eat, but not without restrictions, saying:

"Indians, your chief has not lied. Great is the Getchie-Manitou, and great is Cheynah, the chief."

Whereat the Indians fell upon these cakes and commenced to devour them with a voracity begotten of starvation. Hardly, however, had they swallowed the first mouthful, when with cries of disgust they flung them down, saying:

"We are deceived. Matchi-a-waygan (meaning, the devil's in it.) The cakes are not half cooked and are more than half sand."

Then Kookookooohoo arose and spake with a loud voice:

"Ye have been deceived. Cheynah has deceived you, and tried to deceive the Get-

chie-Manitou. He has sacrificed his wife, whom he hated, and has spared Picodjeesie, who he loved. The Getchie-Manitou, who knows how to cook, began to make the cakes in a proper manner, but in his wrath at the deception of Cheynah, he did not finish cooking them and has thrown sand into them as well. Indians, be avenged! Hasten back to the camp and tear the traitor to pieces."

At which the whole rabble started with a rush for the camp, where, in confirmation of Kookookooohoo's denunciation, they found Cheynah in the act of consoling Picodjeesie for the fright he had given her. His arms were around her, and the attitude was such as to justify the suspicion that all the love was not on Picodjeesie's side.

The Indians, like wolves upon defenceless deer, fell upon them and, obeying the injunction of Kookookooohoo, literally tore them to pieces. Indeed, they would have slain every one in the chief's family, but Kookookooohoo prevented them by saying:

"Me-ti-l-ce (meaning, it is enough). The Getchie-Manitou is appeased," which may have been true, but he never finished baking those cakes, and there they are to this day, worn and crumbling with age, but still to all appearances gritty, half-baked cake.

How the Indians managed for food the legend does not say, but as Cheynah was fat, his wife fairly so, and Picodjeesie by no means slender, it is more than likely that they provided a feast for the half-starved savages, which at least in quality, if not in quantity, surpassed that provided by the Getchie-Manitou. C. C. F.

Lake Temiscamingue, Que.

Fatal Balloon Accident.

A military balloon, containing a captain, a lieutenant, and a private soldier, went up from Berlin one day recently. Towards evening, owing to some defect, it suddenly collapsed over a forest near Schrimm, in the Province of Posen, and descended with great force among the trees. The private was immediately killed, while the captain had both his legs broken. The lieutenant managed to escape almost untouched, and succeeded in obtaining help for his wounded comrade.

"Born to be Happy,"

so said Socrates; so have reiterated many other philosophers in regard to humanity. As health is the vital principle of bliss, it is not only an imperative duty, but a welcome privilege for every man and woman to maintain it in the highest degree. One of the most insidious and dangerous omissions in this connection is to neglect a tendency to constipation. The clogging up of the system with effete matter predisposes to disease, depresses the spirits and creates gloom and despondency. The occasional use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will prevent a constipated habit, clear the brain, sweeten the temper, (and we might add, the breath also) and open a vista of happy activity possible only to the well regulated mind and body.

The sailor hat and the polo cap are as popular this spring as last, or more so.

If you suffer from "cold in the head," or from Chronic Catarrh in the Head, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cures when everything else fails.

The variety in shoulder capes equals or exceeds that in jackets and long wraps. Liver disease, biliousness, dyspepsia, or indigestion, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or money paid if it returned.

A tank job—going to war.

All Men.

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension very function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed.

Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

The chain of marriage is so heavy that it takes two to carry it, and sometimes three.

A. P. 502.

Watches Free. Send *stamp* to introduce our goods. Write and be convinced. Canadian Watch Co., Toronto, Can.

CANCER and TUMOR Specialist. Private Hospital. No knife. Book free. C. H. MCMICHAEL, M. D., No. 64 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BIZ Bookkeeping, Banking, Penmanship, Short-hand, Typewriting, etc., at Canadian Business University & Short-hand Institute Public Library Bldg., Toronto. Circulars free. Thos. Bengough, Manager.

FENCE—The Cheapest, Strongest and Best Fence for Farms, Gardens, Orchards or Town Lots. Prices from 45¢ per rod, (16 1/2 ft.). Send for price list. Toronto Picket Wire Fence Co., 221 River St., Toronto.

Wanted! General Servant, for a small family, with a comfortable home. Good references required. Fare advanced if necessary. Apply at once to 23 BERNARD AVE., TORONTO.

\$10.00 A DAY.—Easy and respectable work for men and women. Address: N. SCHAFER, 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

DOES CURE CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Palatable as Milk.

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

J. L. JONES WOOD ENGRAVER
10 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, CANADA

STONEMASONS WANTED!

(Both Cutters and Builders) in Toronto at New Biological Buildings, also at New Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park. Wages 25¢ per hour. Apply, JOSEPH YORKE, Jarvis St. Wharf, TORONTO.

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS.

Sailing Weekly between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL. Sapon Tickets, \$40, \$50, and \$60. Return Tickets, \$80, \$90 and \$110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate \$25, Steerage, \$20. Apply to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager Canadian Shipping Co., 4 CUSTOM HOUSE SQUARE, MONTREAL, or to Local Agents in all Towns and Cities.

— THE —
Cheapest and BEST PLACE in America to buy Band and Musical Instruments, Music, Etc.

Address: WEALEY, ROYCE & CO., 155 Yonge Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.

KEEP YOUR EYES ON THIS

KNITTING MACHINE

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and this advertisement with your order for our NEW STAR KIBBER and we will allow you \$10 PREMIUM DISCOUNT.

ADDRESS: Greelman Bros., M'fgs., GEORGETOWN, ONT. RECORD

NEVER FAILING ST. LEON.

Up to three years ago Dyspepsia, that horrible sensation, wretched pain and choking. The very worst I ever had. A friend got cured with St. Leon; urged me to try it. I did. The choking got softer and softer. I was cured and remain in the best of health. St. Leon Water will cure when all other mixtures fail.

GEORGE G. WILSON, Victoria Square, Montreal.

DR. NICHOLS' Food of Health

For Children and Adults. Invaluable for Indigestion and Constipation.

FRANKS & CO., London, England, Proprietors Montreal Office, 17 St. John Street.

Dr. T. R. Allison, L.R.C.P., London, says: "I like Dr. Nichols' 'Food of Health' very much, and find it of great dietetic value in many diseases. As a breakfast dish I prefer it to oatmeal. For the regulation of the bowels it cannot be surpassed. Send for sample FREE."

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 188 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

WHEN LOGS ARE HELD UP FOR WANT OF SNOW

Take your Saw Mill to the Logs, by purchasing one of our Portable Saw Mills of 12 to 40 Horse-Power. Most Practical, Efficient and Economical Mills Built.

Send for Circulars. WATEROUS Engine Works COMPANY, BRANTFORD AND WINNIPEG.

ALL THE WORLD OVER JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

is used as a STRENGTH-GIVING FOOD for Invalids and Convalescents.

I CURE FITS!

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. — 21, 26 ROOF, M.C., Branch Office, 188 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL. Scientific and reliable systems taught, whereby stylish, perfect-fitting garments are produced. Send for circular. S. CORRIGAN, Prop., 4 Adelaide St. West.

The Albert Toilet Soap Coy's oatmeal Skin Soap

MAKES THE HANDS SOFT AND THE COMPLEXION BEAUTIFUL.

See that the Coy's name is stamped on the Soap and on the Wrapper. Beware of Imitations.

THE CONBOY CARRIAGE TOPS ARE THE BEST KNOWN.



Their increasing popularity is a proof of their superiority. Be sure and get a Conboy top on your buggy.

To The Furniture Trade

AND Dealers in Furniture & Upholstered Goods

We the undersigned beg to inform the Retail Trade that we have a full line of Furniture and Upholstered Goods, also a well assorted stock of Walnut, Parlor, Lounge, Sofa, Easy and other Chair Frames. The goods are well finished and made of the best seasoned woods. Orders solicited.

Queen City Manufacturing Co., Ltd. 117 King West, Toronto.

A. R. Williams, SOHO MACHINE WORKS, TORONTO. CANADIAN AGENTS FOR

Foot Power Barnes Machinery.



The demand for Foot Power Machinery is increasing every year. No Carpenter can afford to be without Foot Power Rip and Cross Cut Saws, Former, Temon Machines, etc., etc. Send for catalogue.

POND'S EXTRACT

THE LADIES' FRIEND

THE WONDER OF HEALING! CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, FILLS, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHOIDS OF ALL KINDS. Used Internally & Externally. Price 50c. \$1. \$1.75.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York & London.

THE CHAIN OF MARRIAGE IS SO HEAVY THAT IT TAKES TWO TO CARRY IT, AND SOMETIMES THREE.