

whistled Spot in—told Moses we would see him in Quebec (D.V.), and hoped he would not drink up *all* the champagne—hoisted the sail and away we went with a splendid breeze, heading directly for that well-known place—"The Lord-only-knows where." There were several camps along the shore, to each of which we paid our respects. It was a curious enough place to choose for a camp—no boating, with the current, and not much fishing from all accounts. But they live well, the campers in these parts, and are hospitable to sharing the last oyster. The channel widened as we sailed on and soon expanded into a large lake, which we made up our minds to cross. We hadn't the faintest idea where the outlet was, but chose a blue streak of land away over on the other side that seemed "likely." The wind had begun to blow quite fresh, and we made everything snug for the voyage—stowed the grub in the fish box, got out our Mackintoshes, and put Spot in the bow to look out for snags. By this time we had left the raft two or three miles in our rear, and could just see the smoke of the tug among the distant trees. We bowled along merrily, giving a little out of our course to meet a steamer coming our way. This proved to be the "Johnson," of Garden Island, whose captain and crew we knew quite well. Their look of amazement as we passed was pretty rich. "What in thunder are you fellows doin' here?" "Where are you bound for?" "Are you going all the way?" "Well, if this don't beat the Jews!" A perfect volley of questions was fired at us after they caught their breath, but, by the time they had finished asking, we were too far away to answer. That point was further off than we suspected, and, by the time we reached it, the tow was nowhere to be seen. Here was a kettle of fish! Like shipwrecked mariners, we began to calculate how long our provisions would last, and had just decided that, with strict economy, Spot and the sandwiches would keep body and soul together for about thirty-six hours, when we rounded the point and spied, at the end of a long narrow bay, a little village nestling in the hills. "Hurrah," I yelled, "let's go and see where we are." "Hold on," said S—, "there's a man ploughing, let's go and ask him." "Right you are, but who's going to do the asking, and what's the French for Hallo?" "You can ask him," replied S—, calmly; "do you want my hand-book?" With an infinite amount of labor we constructed a sentence that, we flattered ourselves, would paralyze any son of Gail with its rhetorical beauty, and, having learned it off by heart, we approached the inoffensive husbandman. "Now for it," whispered S—, when we were near enough. I rose, and with a polite bow, lifted my hat and opened fire: "Hola, mon ami! Il fait beau temps n'est-ce pas fil vous plait pourriez-vous nous dire ce que l'on appelle ce village là au gauche?" We breathlessly awaited his reply, for we were afraid he would speak so fast we shouldn't understand him, and we could not, for the life of us, have told him to go slowly. The man stopped ploughing, looked at us sus-

piciously and, with a brogue as broad as the Atlantic ocean, said: "Av ye'll spake a dacent tongue may be I'll answer ye." I collapsed like a wrung-out towel into the bottom of the boat, and on regaining consciousness found myself propped up against a seat with a sandwich in each hand. I didn't catch the first remark of my friend, but it was something about a "ruling passion" strong somewhere. S— informed me that, with his modest little Anglo-Saxon, he had ascertained that the village was St. Ignace—close to Coteau, and that we were now on our way to meet the mail boat from Kingston. I jumped up and looked across the lake, and sure enough there was the "Corinthian," with the raft just behind her, about a mile ahead of us. We spent that night at Coteau. It was too late to run the rapids, and we needed some supplies. So after tea S— and I, with Louis, the foreman's son, rowed over to St. Ignace. Although we wanted expressly to have a look at a typical Lower Canadian village, somehow St. Ignace did not quite fill the bill. It was a frightfully dirty hamlet, quite innocent of decent sidewalks, and apparently invested by an army of unruly children, who were jabbering, fighting and rolling in the gutters at every corner. "P'tits crapauds," cried Louis as he rapped a lot of them over the heads with his knuckles, an act which elicited from the injured ones a torrent of the choicest patois, expressive of their intense indignation. We beat a hasty retreat and pulled our well-laden craft back to the landing. That night, for the first time since we left Garden Island, we were bothered by mosquitoes. I firmly believe they were allies of those St. Ignace youngsters come to torment us. But the night was so perfectly still and the anchorage so close to the low marshy shore that I suppose they were to be expected. After the light was put out, however, and we were all quiet, they became less troublesome, and very soon we were in the arms of "Porpus."

(To be continued.)

★COLLEGE NEWS.★

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

TWO articles have recently appeared in this column, dealing respectively with the Y. M. C. A. and the A. M. S. Whether all will agree with the allegations and insinuations in these articles or not, we fancy no thoughtful student will hold that these societies are all that they should be, or even all that they might easily be made. Now, it is no doubt much easier to stand aside and criticise them, than to throw ourselves heartily into the work and do our level best to make the societies better; but we think there can be but one opinion as to which course is the more honorable.

It is assumed here that no one will question the importance of the work which these societies professedly aim at accomplishing.