

At 10 a.m. we were once more between the robes of our sleigh, en route for the woods. The way was through broad fields, gradually rising, and covered with three to five feet of soft snow. An uneventful drive of some 22 miles brought us to St. Jacques, a neat and thriving village, which will be remembered as having recently been the scene of a disastrous fire. Tobacco cultivation is the principal industry. Prosperity is evident on every hand. The houses are neat and well built, many of them being constructed of brick. Here we had dinner, and after our horse had been fed and rested the journey was resumed. Montcalm, a scattered village near the hills, seven miles away, was reached in a short time, for our horse was a spirited one, that seemed to find a genuine pleasure in flying along the frozen roads, unurged by voice or whip. At Montcalm are located the general store of the company and the office of the book-keeper. Here, too, they have a grist and saw mill, operated by water power from Lac Ouareau river. At Montcalm we met Mr. R. B. Ross, a member of the company, and Mr. D. McIntyre, jr., son of Mr. Duncan McIntyre of the C.P.R. These gentlemen were "toggled out" for a hunting trip in the deep woods.



MONTCALM.

They were armed with Winchesters, and haunted by visions of countless bears, cariboo, deer and other noble game to fall before their unerring aim. The shanties were their objective point as well as ours, and we therefore joined our forces. After an hour's rest for our horse the party set out in two sleighs, Mr. McLaurin and myself in the lead, with Messrs. Ross and McIntyre a good second, borne along at a spanking pace by "Sago," a genuine old-fashioned Canadian horse, endowed with the traditional staying qualities of his race. Our ride to Rawdon, five miles farther on, was unmarked by incident save one. We met a wedding party. There were three ladies and three gentlemen. The road was narrow, and the snow on either side both deep and soft. We managed to crowd past each other, but there never was a wedding party whose enthusiasm came so near to being cooled—and yet escaped. Rawdon is a small village, but there are in it no less than four different churches. It is said to be one of the most elevated villages in the Laurentian range,—which, perhaps, accounts for the piety of its people. After the many ups and downs of a long journey, we



MY FIRST EXPERIENCE.

ing we made a snowshoe excursion to Dorwin's Falls, a remarkably beautiful and picturesque waterfall a mile or so distant. I had never worn snowshoes.

Of course, when interrogated regarding the matter, I expressed confidence in my own ability. My expressions later on were more forcible, though not exactly in the same line. The snowshoes were of a very large make and nearly circular in form. The four of us set out across the meadows and fences toward the woods. I had gone but a short distance in the wake of Mr. McLaurin, who was striding away at a lively pace, when my feet began to tangle, and my next step was made with my head and shoulders, which made a hole for the rest of my body to follow into the recesses of a huge drift. My friends discovered my snowshoes, and after a sturdy pull I was brought to the surface. They were very sympathetic, which, of course, soothed me. It always does soothe one on such occasions, as my readers, doubtless, re-

member. How many times I went down into the snow and came up out of the snow (with the assistance of my friends) space forbids to mention. But it was in jumping the fences that I won distinction. Description fails when my thoughts turn to the fences. We were more than repaid, however, when at last we found ourselves at the head of the falls. They were really grand in their beauty and picturesqueness. Down in a succession of leaps for 180 feet through a wooded gorge, ice-bound, save here and there a glimpse of the dark waters, they presented a scene of wild and wonderful beauty. The ice was moulded into strange, fantastic shapes. We were lost in admiration. One of Nature's rarest and fairest gems was here, in this snow-wrapped wilderness.

But to view the falls from various points, and so enjoy to the fullest extent their beauty, it was necessary to descend to the bottom of the gorge. As the face of the hill was almost perpendicular in places, and the snow very soft and



HOW I WENT DOWN THE HILL.

were in right good humour for the hospitality extended to us by Mrs. Burns of the village hotel. The extent of our appetites must have alarmed the good lady, but she ministered to us as conscientiously as though ravenous people were the only ones she ever saw. To see Mr. McLaurin and the other fellows look at a plate and then empty it was a sight worth going all that distance to behold. In the morn-