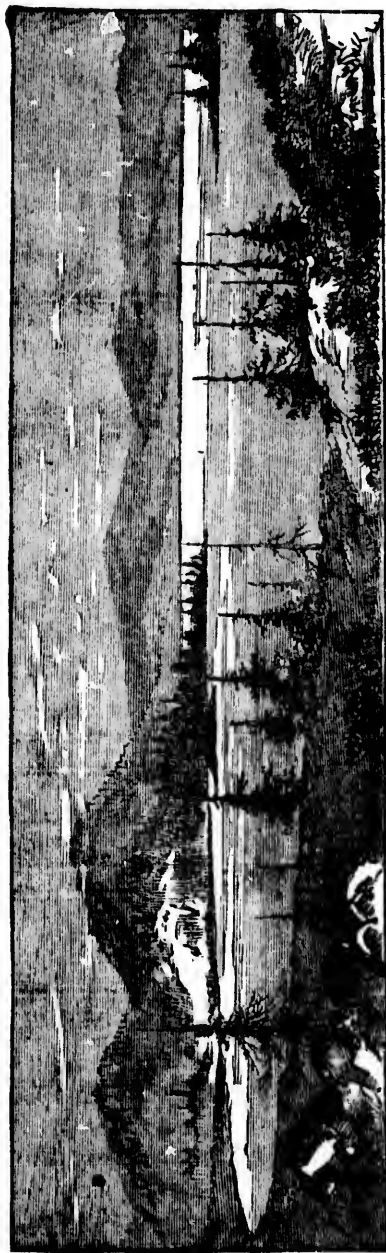


After climbing the hill from Beauce Junction we pass St. Frederic, Tring, Broughton and Robertson Stations, and arrive at Thetford; this is perhaps the most interesting region on the whole line. Thetford looks like a town of huts set upon a volcano; the charred forms of burned trees lie where they fell; earth and rock are heaped up in uncanny masses; the houses here stand at defiance of all rules of the compass, each owner evidently locating as he chooses, and yet Thetford is a necessity. Along the gray ridge of rock beside the town are the open quarries where that mysterious mineral, known in trade as asbestos, is found. It exists in seams shot through the hard serpentine rock, which is blasted out and hammered into fragments to obtain this valuable non-conductor of heat. Just how nature deposited this curious substance seems to be a mystery. Its fibrous texture renders it valuable in a hundred ways, and new uses are constantly being discovered for it. Steam-pipes are sheathed with it; roofs are covered to render them fire-proof. It is spun with other fibres into cloth that will not burn. The writer has seen a



BLACK LAKE.