



was formed.

The enquiry, however, How far back in time do you suppose the eruption took place? may be answered at a venture, — say, 150 years. This fits in with the "seven-linked chain of men" of the Indian legend, counting 21 years between each link. Twenty years ago, cedar logs were being cut in a place where tradition avers the fugitive Indians made their first temporary camp. The trees, when sawn into logs, were found to be involuted, that is to say, having been stripped of bark on one side in the days of their youth, they had grown outside and around the stripped sides. The concentric annual rings showed they had been barked exactly 128 years before they were felled. We may assume, then, that the eruption occurred in the beginning of the last quarter of the XVIII Century.

Report says there is a petrified woman, a petrified house and a petrified fishing trap to be seen on the lava. But, while moulds of all sorts of natural objects may be had for the seeking, nobody in this generation has come across the lavafied form of a woman; and, alas, the old man who alone knew "where she lived" is dead!

Are there any possible uses to which this lava plain might be put? Oh, yes; many possible uses, commercially viewed. But I will not mention them here; being in dreamland I will be consistent, and stick to the dream. Supposing the government have not the imagination to turn it into a national park, and supposing I were a millionaire, recently converted and looking round for a new investment, I would try to do one good, big thing for those of our Canadian heroes who have been condemned by German poison-gas to cough out their lives in sanguine despair. In this way, and to this end, you may dream of the building of a large modern Sanatorium for consumptives in the centre of the plain, while from the mountains behind earth is being conveyed for the making of gardens, pleasure grounds and park. The whole ten square miles of lava is being tracked by macadamised roads, cement drives, through avenues of aromatic shade trees of native pine, where Bath-chairers may take the air, and plank-walkers go to the show places. Here is air, pure and curative, such as may not be breathed in many, if any, other suburb of this planet. Yes; if I were a millionaire this afternoon, I would let the contract before night or on the morrow. As it is, I can do it in my dreams!

— THE "TRAIL CRUISER."