

ing and twisting and running off into immense bays and inlets, and the rocky points and innumerable islands of every size, clothed with verdure and forest to the water's edge, will give the hand-camera plenty of exercise. A small steamer plies the lake every day and will tow one's boat from the hotel wharf to one of the several camps at the disposal of the visitors stopping at Mr. Baker's hotel, where, by prearrangement, one or more nights may be spent, camping out-fit and guides being obtainable from the hotel.

From Lake Edward to Roberval (Lake St. John) is a run of 78 miles, and though one is passing a continuous chain of lakes for many miles, with their delightful bits of water scenery, no stoppage is possible except to members of the various fishing clubs along the route. Once settled comfortably at Roberval hotel (three to five dollars a day), where every comfort that could be wished for may be found, at least three days hard work can be cut out. First there are the falls of the Quiatchouan River, six miles by road, a very pleasant drive and as fine a sight when there as may be had anywhere. The discharge waters of Lake Bouchette pour over a cliff 236 feet high and then rush along in mad haste through a narrow gorge cut in the limestone rock till they push themselves far out into Lake St. John, two miles distant from the falls, a long, deep blue line marking the junction of the lake and river water. The road from the hotel passes close to the shore of the lake and the mouth of the river, and half a dozen views may be had between here and the falls, beginning with a fine rapid and a charming old grist mill. A good second day's work will be found by crossing the lake (26 miles across), in the fine

steamer, the Mistassini, to the Island House and Grand Discharge. Here is a hotel run by the Roberval people on an island in the Discharge, where one may stay for lunch only and an afternoon spent in shooting some of the first rapids, returning by the steamer leaving about 4.30, or for several days. If time and means are at the disposal of the visitor he would do well to stay three days here. The scenery is superb and the excitement of shooting the rapids in a birch bark canoe, together with the splendid ouauaiche fishing to be had in these Discharge waters, especially towards the end of the season, will make it the most enjoyable part of one's trip. Guides and canoes are always to be had and are here an absolute necessity: the hire is one and a half dollars a day for each man and canoe. The correct thing really is to run the rapids from the Island House to Chicoutimi, where the Discharge empties into the Saguenay River and forms the head of it. The distance is 40 miles, and it takes two days to do it comfortably, giving time to take any number of photographs on the way. The scenery is simply indescribable, also one's feelings as the canoe arrives at the head of a mighty rapid and goes shooting down it at the rate of about 15 to 20 miles an hour, apparently to certain destruction, sometimes heading directly for a huge rock, jagged and ugly and a touch on which would mean certain death to all in the canoe, but the guides are splendid canoeemen, and just as the canoe seems on the point of a fatal collision a quick turn of the paddle swings the frail craft round and the next second the ugly mass is far behind and the voyager unaccustomed to such sport breathes freely again.

*(To be continued)*