

died, leaving the spirit of Miniota encased in stone as a lasting tribute to her memory, and for the healing of his brethren. The stone was sacredly kept and guarded by the Indians, being in the custody of the medicine-men of the tribe, and handed down, the one to the other, and placed by them at stated seasons by the side of the stream for the healing of the people.

Such was the legend of the fair Miniota as told to Ralph Thompson by the aged Indian. The story was fascinating, and though in many ways crude, it reveals a wealth of imagination, and strength of intellect that points to a period of culture and years of enlightenment in the history of the noble red man "who sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the winds."

Our October Trip up Lake Muskoka.

BY E. P., TORONTO.

WHAT a pleasant novel sort of a trip of it we had, we three friends who declared one day that we would try the camp at Sandy Point, Muskoka Lake, for a week in this bracing month of October. One of our small party who was something of an invalid and under doctor's orders, yearned for these "flesh pots of Egypt," viz., the game which these bountiful woods at Muskoka always provided at this autumn season, and he was assured that with the Muskoka partridge and fish fresh drawn from the Lake he would soon get former strength up again, so armed with "game bag, powder horn and gun," and a few other necessities, we left Toronto early one cold October morning, and took the train en route to a certain camping ground owned by friends up the Lake.

How weird, yet grand, this big lake looked as we sailed up in one of those comfortable boats provided for the numerous tourists. Past picturesque small islands we sailed, a short month ago all gay and festive with the presence of the enterprising summer tourist, gaily painted bungalows, stripped now of all their adornments of flags, hammocks and such like, and only