

But now the whistle sounds, the gang plank is drawn in, the lines are cast off, and the *Pacific* puts about, and is bearing away towards the North Star over the great bay of storms and shipwrecks. Soon all the passengers are gone to their berths, and all is quiet on board save the subdued rhythm of the plunging screw and the liquid cadences of the water splashing on the bows.

At sunrise we pass Lonely Island, fitly named, the only land now in sight in this wilderness of water. During the forenoon we sailed over the Squaw Island fishing ground. This island is the centre of by far the greatest fishing industry on the Canadian Lakes. A fleet of fifty boats and a steam tug are engaged in the work, and steamers from Collingwood call four or five times a week for the products of the fishery. Two enterprising firms carry on operations here. We learned from the Manitowaning *Expositor* that the catch of one of these firms during the present season up to the end of July alone amounted to four hundred and forty tons. Of these, four hundred tons were shipped while fresh to Buffalo and Detroit, the rest were salted and packed in barrels for winter consumption. The fish taken are chiefly salmon trout and white fish.

We are now sailing along the eastern end of the Grand Manitoulin Island, and the gray mountain tops of the north shore become more and more distinct from the hazy atmosphere that surrounds them. Soon a wild and rugged coast meets our vision, differing greatly from the familiar shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie. The rocks at a distance have a gray appearance, but as we approach nearer some of them assume a reddish hue, quite similar to that of rusted iron. They look as hard as adamant, and are for the most part bare of grass and trees.

Meanwhile, the *Pacific* has been steaming ahead, right against the rocky shore, and we are beginning to wonder where she can possibly be going to, when her head is slowly brought round and in a few minutes we are sailing up a beautiful bay. There, a mile ahead, lies the village of Killarney, and a more picturesque scene throughout, one could scarcely imagine. The bay is narrow and irregular in outline, and its rocky sides are diversified by clusters of fresh green bushes and pleasant patches of verdure. The water is very deep and of the most intense blue—much deeper in shade, it seems to us, than that of the lower lakes. A touch of aboriginal life is added to the picture. On a little sheltered plateau close to the bay is a birch-bark wigwam. Near the fire outside, an Indian family are sitting, evidently engaged in preparing their midday meal. They all turn and look at us with awed interest. Somebody on deck shouts "Boo-zhoo" (*Bonjour!*) to the swarthy father; he acknowledges the salute with a laugh, hearty and innocent, and a dozen handkerchiefs are at once waved from fair hands to the great delight of the squaw and papooses.

To the Ontario tourist, Killarney seems like a village in some foreign land. The people are for the most part Indians and French. The majority of the able-bodied men move to Squaw Island during the fishing season. Others do a thriving trade in rush mats and birch-bark knickknacks. The Indians of the neighbourhood bring in large quantities of blueberries and cranberries during the season. An Indian family, after spending four or five days on the mountains, will come into the village with a boat-load of berries which they trade off at the little stores for boots, cloth, and groceries. We were told that the value of the berries exported from this port last year was upwards of \$5,000.

After leaving Killarney we enter a great inland archipelago, containing uncounted thousands of islands, infinite in variety of size, of form, and of rugged beauty. The greater number of these islands are of Laurentian or Huronian formation, being geologically of the same structure as the La Cloche Mountains which here skirt the north shore. But the Grand Manitoulin itself, and the islands lying near it, are for the most part limestone. During the afternoon we crossed the channel, and ran up a long bay, and we were soon in sight of the old and weather-beaten island port of Manitowaning.

Here Mac and I stopped off for two days. A short distance to the west of Manitowaning lies Lake Manitou which discharges itself by a small stream into Michael's Bay on the south side of the island. We had some excellent trout-fishing here, the fish rising readily to the fly, and taking bait equally as well. On account of the proximity of the great central ridge of the island to the north shore, there are no perennial streams on that side, but all the streams that run to the south shore are said to be well-stocked with trout.

Next day we visited a remarkable deposit of fossils, a short distance from Manitowaning. They lie here detached in immense numbers and of several varieties; but the *Gastropoda* and the *Zoophyta* were especially abundant. The limestone ridge of which Fossil Hill forms a part extends through the island and reappears again on the mainland at Cabot's Head, as the

well-known range that continues through the Province past Guelph and Hamilton to the Queenston Heights and Niagara Falls.

Across the bay from Manitowaning lies a large Indian reserve, in which is situated the prosperous aboriginal village of Weequeemikong. In a future paper we purpose to take up various points of interest in connection with the history and life of the aboriginal inhabitants of this and other reserves in Algoma.

SIGMA.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

THE gentlemen's residences at Donald are all the typical log houses of the settler, constructed on the simplest and most inexpensive plan. Lumber in this part of the country is a costly item, \$25 per thousand feet being paid for rough boards which in Ontario would sell at \$9 per thousand, or even less. The buildings consist generally of one centre or living room, off which the bedrooms open, with a kitchen at the back, and their dimensions are about 27 x 19 feet inside. The exterior of these modest dwellings is much more picturesque than would be imagined; the roughly trimmed logs laid in substantial parallel rows over and under each other at the four corners, show many artistic shades of dull grays and browns, blended into a harmonious whole by the creamy white plaster filling the intervening crevices. The logs are often allowed to project a foot or more at the angles instead of being squared off, and this breaks the rectangular lines, and adds a charming irregularity to the general effect. Roofs, floors, inside walls, and partitions of boards use up a surprising quantity of rough lumber, and the latter as well as the walls are covered with sheets of coarse, yellow-brown paper, tacked on to conceal the cracks and joints. This forms an excellent background for pictures or prints, and also lends itself admirably to decorative purposes with the brush or chalks.

In the matter of living, Donald is not a cheap place; at the same time all the necessities and most of the luxuries of life can be obtained. Beef and mutton are excellent in quality, and sell at 15 cents per pound. Poultry and veal the market does not supply, owing to the scarcity of the biped and utility of the quadruped. Calves are not for the knife in this stock-raising district; the rollicking, awkward little beast leads a charmed life in the west. Salmon comes every week fresh from the Pacific Coast, and is sold at from 15 to 20 cents per pound; it is much redder in colour, and less flaky in quality, than the Atlantic fish. Fruit is abundant, being imported extensively from California and Oregon. I believe it is not generally appreciated that San Francisco is only three days by sea from Victoria, consequently only four and a half from Donald, so that these perishable articles reach us fresh and in the best condition. Peaches of the most superior quality, and price 80 cents per dozen; Bartlett pears, 60 cents; fine purple and white plums, 25 cents per pound (which means about six); beautiful grapes the same; oranges and bananas 10 cents apiece. Fresh vegetables can be procured once a week at least, sometimes oftener, and are decidedly expensive, though excellent of their kind. What would Ontario gardeners think of pease and beans at \$1 a peck, lettuce 25 cents a bunch, vegetable marrow 25 cents apiece, and new potatoes at 20 cents per pound? Butter and eggs are neither irreproachable nor above suspicion, and bring respectively 30 cents per pound and dozen; bread at 20 cents a loaf, and milk at 15 cents a quart, show that British Columbia is not at present a refuge for the impecunious. The Scott Act does not prevail in this country, but the prices of liquor are sufficiently high to prevent any great over-indulgence; beer and whiskey are 25 cents per glass, the latter stimulant is \$2 a bottle and the former, both English and American, sells at \$3 per dozen for pints, and \$5 for quarts. Fortunately, there is excellent water flowing from two or three springs, and the Columbia River provides soft water at 50 cents a barrel. I must not leave the subject of living without mentioning that servants' wages are \$25 to \$30 a month; and washing given out is done at the rate of \$1.50 to \$2 a dozen; the Chinamen, of whom only three or four have found their way to Donald, ask only 25 cents per piece. Five cents is the smallest current change, and coppers do not circulate in the Columbia Valley.

I have not noticed any vegetation peculiar to this district, the soil is sandy (as, I believe, is universally the case in pine regions), and the herbage is all scanty, cropping up in detached bunches every here and there. Wild strawberries were abundant all through July, and berries of all descriptions prevail now,—huckleberries, blueberries, whortleberries, mulberries, and raspberries in some parts. Every particle of foliage near the ground seems, at present, to be donning an autumn livery which rivals in brilliancy of colouring the gorgeous tints of the Canadian maples and oaks. The leaves of the wild strawberries glow with ruddy colour. I