

"Father, I'm so glad to see you home again." After bidding farewell, and loathe to part, we remain sadly gazing after our D. L. S. companions, as they start by the C. S. R. R. for Winnipeg. It was our intention to cheer them with a farewell song, but it was more than our strength allowed. We spent the rest of our stay in looking at the numerous docks and splendid new elevator, in which can be stored 500,000 bushels of grain. Buildings have been erected for storing granite, large quantities of which are found near the city. At the north of the city, the Ship Canal has been built through Minnesota point, to enable vessels to enter the inner harbour of Duluth. Left at 4.30 p.m. Quite a number of Americans joined us as the tea bell rang, but that did not reconcile us for the loss of our absent friends, which, as the evening advances, we realize more and more. We tried to rouse our spirits with song, but at E, the Dumpling and Honey collapsed, at N, we missed the deep voice of Walker No. 2, at U, all the Orphans wept; so we sat on the deck until 10 p.m. Retired then to rest and had a splendid sleep, as we were tired after going through so much during the day. It was very warm at Duluth, and we were glad to feel the lake breeze. The Captain says this is one of the warmest trips he has had this year.

AUGUST 4th.

Fine morning, but cooler. When the Orphans collected around the breakfast table, Daisy "carried her eyes" to the Captain, and sadly said "Daisy has got no Da;" then out of sympathy he said "I'll be your Uncle Tate," and we took him in. All our party joined "Uncle" on the hurricane deck. The scenery is very pretty and we enjoy it, although it is the same as we passed on our trip up. Later on we adjourned to the saloon, and wrote in Uncle Tate's autograph album, which he purchased at Duluth for "Our Gang." We arrived at Prince Arthur's Landing about 12 a.m. As soon as we stopped, a little girl came on board with a piece of pemmican (dried Buffalo), from Mrs. Munroe as a present for Boss. We appreciate her kindness and will try and take a piece to Toronto, if it does not get there before us. "There are millions in it," they are as big as bumble-bees. As "Uncle Tate," M. D. and the Boss were on their way to call on Mr. and Mrs. Marks, they met an Indian mother carrying her papoose. The rest of our party sauntered about town, and had a magnificent view of Thunder Bay with its numerous islands, &c., from the upper balcony of the "Queen's." After purchasing some curiosities, all walked to the boat, accompanied by the Misses Summers, Miss Laird, and Mr. G. Marks, jun. We steamed away from the Landing at 3.50 p.m., and took a last glance of Pie Island, &c. We were all delighted with the grand scenery. Thunder Cape is an immense rock, projecting 1,500 feet above the level of the lake. The water was like a mirror all evening. We stopped at Silver Islet for ten minutes, and did not feel the least inclination to disembark. It is a forsaken looking place; nearly all the houses are built of wood and painted brown. They boast of two churches, one painted brown and the other white. To the south of the village lies the island where the silver mines are. It was once owned by a Canadian Company, and then sold to an American Company. It is now in full work, and some who have seen the island in days gone by, say it is now much larger and measures, or covers, five acres—as the debris from the mine is used for crib work, which