

Then Ben and Mac. demanded an explanation, and the Doctor was not loth to satisfy their wishes. This journey had been a greater one than was anticipated, and more time had been consumed than was expected. His mineralogical researches were unsatisfactory. The best of the mines were already being marked out for working, while the remainder were not sufficiently valuable to repay the labor of mining. A council of ways and means was then held and the following decision was arrived at:—"Whereas, provisions are at a low ebb, and whereas it would be almost impossible to return by the same route over which we had passed, and whereas there is a shorter and easier road to Lake Joseph, via Parry Sound and the Georgian Bay; this council favors the latter course, and proposes an immediate start." George was profuse in his thanks to Ben for his successful treatment of the horse, and showed his gratitude in tangible form by loading us down with choice vegetables on our departure.

Not much difficulty was experienced in reaching Parry Sound. By noon the tall smoke-stacks of the saw-mills loomed up before our sight, and in a very short period of time we were once again in civilized territory. Ben and Mac. took the canoe down the river which runs through the town, while the Doctor and I escorted the boys through the streets. We attracted much attention, but what did we care? Were we not to be envied? Several stores were visited and many parcels of groceries were purchased and conveyed to the dock, where Ben and Mac. met us with the canoe. While enjoying a hearty dinner on the dock, we discussed future prospects. The Doctor had made the journey from Parry Sound to Lake Joseph before, and thus we knew just what to expect. Our return journey was not so eventful as the previous part had been, therefore I shall not weary you with a detailed account.

Our final entrance into Lake Joseph was celebrated by a good hearty cheer. During our absence, we had traversed the waters of twenty-seven lakes and fifteen rivers, and none seemed so beautiful as our own Lake Joseph. The ten miles which lay between us and home were paddled in darkness, but no difficulty was experienced in finding our way. When near home we began a series of songs which lasted until our arrival at our own island, where we were met by many friends who welcomed us back in a hearty homelike way.

H. H. NEWMAN.