

when we are enjoying in comfort the fruit of their labors.

I will now close this chapter and with it these rambling reminiscences, which I hope have not been wholly without interest for my readers. The winter is nearly over; it is the first of March. A few more weeks and the ice and snow will disappear, the reign of old King Frost will be past, and we shall once more hear with thankful hearts the whistle of the *Constance* and the *Mink*.