

But to return to the supply boat. We were all fairly astonished at the quantity and variety of the stuff they sold on this trip. You see, their trade has gradually grown to meet the demand, which is increasing every year, and in consequence they seem nearly always able to supply just what is needed. Of course, the stock they carry varies considerably, according to the season. I was amused to see on board, when they made their last trip in the fall, snow-shovels, shoe-packs, moccasins, ice-tongs, skates—in fact, all we required for the cold winter, to last until they visited us once more in the spring.

As we were nearing home on the day of our excursion I was talking with my brother's wife (who is the daughter of an old Muskoka settler) and we were contrasting the present with the past. She said how little the young ones growing up around us can realize the hardships their fathers and grandfathers endured in the bygone days. She told me that, when almost a child, she used to walk once a week, all through the winter, across the lake to Port Carling and carry the family groceries back with her. Then I thought of my own dear father (who had all his life, previous to coming to this country, been accustomed to something so different), how he toiled in clearing the farm, how he worked year after year, living on the barest necessities, enduring cold and heat, for the sake of making himself a home. Should we not cry shame on ourselves if we dare to grumble