

world's proudest lake, and as we stand upon the stern of our vessel and watch the land slowly receding from our view, and, turning, gaze upon the extent of water before us, and think that two suns will have risen before we can again set foot on *terra firma*,

"We look each one at his fellow
And no man speaks a word."

The night is clear and bright, and off to port the light on White Fish point sends us its cheering rays, and far to our star-board is Michipicoton Island, now only a purple strip on the horizon ; but, when we awake in the morning, we are abreast of the island, a bold mass of rock about one thousand feet high, where we can see the remains of an abandoned copper mine. And now all day long we are running through calm and sailless seas, beautiful as a dream.

We seem to be in

"A wild, weird clime
Out of space, out of time."

In a few hours the long blue line of Canadian headlands has drawn nearer, and we keep them in view all the rest of the day. There are many illusions in this region, and mountains which appear to be about four hundred feet high are in reality about fifteen hundred feet. Awful is the only word that expresses the wild, desolate grandeur of these north shores. There is nothing but a howling wilderness of giant piles of granite rocks, with here and there a few trees of stunted growth. A friend on board has been quoting all day "leagues on leagues, on leagues of desolation." Our port is Heron bay. It is a very narrow channel, the entrance to which is marked by two targets. High promontories of massive rock are on each side. To this point a branch runs down from the main line of the Canadian Pacific R'y, about two miles in length, and our coal is loaded into cars. We begin at once a series of delightful excursions on bay and mountain. What a treat to sit in a snug little boat and go in and out among these granite islands fragrant with spruce and birch. Up we climb that hoary mountain yonder, through bush and bramble, over ravines and up rock after rock, striving and struggling until, almost

fainting, we reach the top. Hold your breath and hear your heart-beats as the glorious scene spreads before you ; in front, the blue waters of Lake Superior, and behind, the far-reaching wilderness of granite mountains. Think of man penetrating this fearful solitude to cut a railroad through these iron mountains, almost every foot of which had to be blasted. Look away to the right and you see an immense bridge crossing a chasm. See! a train is going over it now ; watch it running head away from you, toward the lake and disappearing behind the intervening mountain, to reappear on the other side. But we must not tarry too long. We will name the mountain Victoria, partly after our sovereign and partly on account of our victory in gaining the summit. We will sing the doxology and go down, down, down to our vessel below.

Life at Heron Bay is not all unalloyed pleasure, however ; there are black flies and mosquitoes here as well as picturesque scenery. The captain and the crew have some good mosquito yarns. Two tars, one yarn goes, were trying to see who could tell the best. One was a salt and the other a fresh water sailor. The salt water had said that the captain of their vessel one day saw a great black cloud coming up, and thinking they should have a squall, ordered all the sails to be taken in and everything made ready for a blow. But in a few moments they found that, instead of what they saw being a cloud, it was a great flock of mosquitoes that settled down on the vessel and ate everything on her, sails and rigging and running gear. Tar number two, replied : "Yes, that's so, mate ; I saw that same flock of mosquitoes afterwards at Niagara." "How do you know it was the same flock?" exclaimed the first sailor. And the fresh water man got away ahead as he replied : "Why I knew they were the same because they all had on canvas overalls and tarred rope for suspenders." Our cargo is unloaded and it is time we were heading for Fort William to get our load of grain for Kingston. Sailing all day, towards evening we see the royal old mountain of Thunder Cape lying off to