

necessity of portaging from lake to lake consumed much of our time and patience. About sun-down we arrived at a portage which the map gave as about half-a-mile in length, so we decided to cross before camping. We were entirely mistaken in our calculations, however, for the darkness came on very rapidly, leaving us still plodding through the woods. We could not camp on the road because there was no water, which is indispensable in camp. There was nothing left but to keep on travelling. Instead of half-a-mile, the portage proved to be much nearer two miles, and the darkness necessitated very slow progress. At last we came in sight of the lake, with a full moon casting its long, quivering reflection over the calm waters. This, then, was Little Black Lake, our first camping ground.

Expecting to find a good level spot where we might pitch our tent, we proceeded towards the shore. Imagine our disappointment when we found all the coast to be a roughly cultivated turnip-field, apparently endless in extent! The presence of this gleam of civilization in such an out-of-the-way place has always been to me a source of wonder and an insoluble problem.

Nowhere could we find a spot which was at once level and untilled. The process of tillage rendered the possibility of a comfortable bed a non-entity, so in the darkness we were obliged to take what presented itself. After the tent had been erected in the least cultivated piece of ground available, we sought a good place for a camp-fire, and cooked supper. Having partaken of this, we sat about the fire eating raw turnips for dessert, and telling stories to aid the digestion. After we had teased the Doctor about his extraordinary abilities as guide, that individual moved that we retire to our bed. The motion was seconded and carried by a majority of two and put in to immediate execution.

The night was cold, and the bed furrowed and lumpy. Little wonder that it was long before any of us obtained sleep. I at last wearily dozed off, and in my troubled dreams thought I was a turnip with an ambition to grow, but hindered by being obliged to carry a canoe through an endless maze of tents and other obstacles. Becoming discouraged in the attempt, I awoke to find Alex. quietly reposing on my chest. He was, of course, quickly jostled into his own proper furrow, while I lay there trying to accommodate the curves of my body to the undula-