Arrived at Killarney at 4 a.m. President and Admiral made some more purchases of Indian work, and also got a case of huckleborries for the Bears. We only remained at the village about thirty minutes, to take in wood and fish. The dressing bell rang at 6 a.m.; and we had breakfast, if possible, earlier than usual. The boat is having a good wash before going into port, and, as the deck is still wet, all adjourn to No. 12, where Drs. Ellis and Richardson enchant us with opera selections on a tin whistle. It is a lovely bright day, the waters of Georgian Bay still calm. Uncle Tate seems in a hurry to get rid of us, as he is having all steam put on, and we are travelling considerably faster than usual. The young gentlemen of our party informed us that some of the ladies were industriously inclined the evening before, sewing up night-shirt sleeves, legs of pants, etc., also putting thistles in the berths. The inmates of No. 12, in return, informed them that shuffle-cues were not the most comfortable things to have in a berth. When approaching the Christian islands, all assembled on the deck to sing their farewell song, and give three cheers for Uncle Tate; all sorry to have to leave him. We landed in Collingwood just in time to catch the train "homeward bound." After bidding Uncle Tate an affectionate farewell, the ladies secure their seats; while the gentlemen assemble in the rear of the car and sang, "For he is a jolly good fellow, as ever we did see." We pass our time chatting and singing until we reach Allandale (or Hashdale), where we get a good tea. Then return to the cars, and, after a rapid ride, we arrive at Parkdale, where we receive a telegram from Uncle Tate, containing the following gratifying words: "Am lonely without you all to-night. My best wishes are forever yours."

Arrived at Toronto at 9.30 p.m. Found all well.

CONCLUSION.

Never forget the trip so glorious
We took on the Frances Smith;
Never forget the fun uproarious,
And the jolly crowd we were with.