

the following epistle from my father, I was in a measure prepared for further news from that very remote quarter, although, of course, its true significance did not then dawn upon me. His letter, referred to, was as follows:

“Gold Rock, Lake Manitou, Ontario,
“May 16th.

“MY DEAREST MARION:—

“Only received yours on eve of departure, and consequently have no time to explain; and now that I am here in this primitive place I cannot get currency for a cheque for preliminary expenses. Arranging, however, to send you a money order from this combination “general store and post office,” and anticipate with much pleasure meeting you on my return to Port Arthur early next week, when, together with your sister Frances, we should have a pleasant time, indeed! But in meantime, my hip causes me much trouble, and as the section into which I am going is considered an unusually broken and rough one, I do not anticipate having a picnic. I enclose Connie’s letter, announcing her wedding for the 20th, proximo, all of which is most interesting. I leave here by gasoline launch early to-morrow morning and shall count the hours until we again meet.

“Ever your loving father,

“WALPOLE ROLAND.”

“Miss Marion Roland,

“527 Grain Exchange,

“Board of Trade,

“Duluth, Minn, U.S.A.”