

view in the picturesque open fireplace of the bungalow at Sandy Point Camp. How we did enjoy the tempting hot meal prepared for us travellers, especially when the tasty Muskoka partridge was brought in for our special consumption.

It was rather late in the season, our hostess informed us, to risk sleeping out in camps, indeed all the tents had been folded and laid away for this year, but we enjoyed our night's rest just as much in the rough-boarded shanty attached to the bungalow and fitted up as a bedroom for my friend and me. Our invalid was given a "shake-down" not far from the glowing-fire, for there nights are very keen so far up the Lake, and one needs to be in good condition to stand the sudden change of temperature from a house in the city to the open life in the bush.

And then those evening rambles over lake and through wood, away off to the primitive little post-office at Torrance, where one of the Lake boats calls every evening with the mail, not always at the same hour it is true, but these settlers for the most part are an easy-going lot and are quite content to gather in at the cosy post-office, some for hours perhaps before the welcome sound of the steamer's whistle is heard first, far down the lake. The postmistress is a pleasant-faced chatty young woman and seems quite disposed to discuss any little bits of news with anyone who comes along. My friend undertook to row two of us across the lake one rather autumnal early evening when the water appeared cold and rough, but as we were all anxious to get our mail that night, we left, saying we would be back before dark, we hoped.

After rowing for about a mile, we drew our boat up on the opposite shore, then set off for a brisk walk through the woods to Torrance. Sometimes we dipped into dark silent woods where the trail would almost be lost amid the thick brushwood and fallen trees obstructing our way. Then again suddenly out into a clearing where the enterprising settler had been hard at work on his land, and here a tiny bit of a house testified to human habitation. Through the woods we would catch sight every now and then of a certain brownish speckled object, perched maybe on some old stump, but at our approach there would be a fluttering of wings, and with a whirr, away would fly a plump part-