

Swiss Boy;" for which deed our old friend says he knows we were afterwards sincerely sorry at having disturbed his peaceful slumbers when he looked so handsome and innocent. At 2.45 p.m.



"HE LOOKED SO HANDSOME AND INNOCENT."

we passed the rocks covered with Indian hieroglyphics, the water like a mirror, reflecting the blue sky and white wool packs, as well as the islands with which we are surrounded. At 3 p.m. we passed the Two Sisters (small islands marked with tripods), and begin to feel the cool breezes of Lake Huron. So far it has been warm; all out on deck without wraps. Vice-Commodore has just read'us an extract from the "Detroit Free Press" about cat concerts, which may at some future time recall those harmonious sounds heard from the "Menagerie" on the *Frances Smith*, so I will "dot it down":

"Some people dislike cat concerts at night,
Which they never can cease from abusing;
But it always struck us, that a cat concert was
At all times and places a *meow*-sing."

There are quite a number of fishing smacks on the river this afternoon. We stopped at Bruce Mines at 4.30 p.m., and went hunting after wild flowers to replenish the vases in the saloon. We met "Chicken-pie" on the way back with the mail-bag, and were sorry to see he had received some sad news. On returning to our boat, we learned that his brother and a young friend had tied their yacht to a steamer that was racing with another, and that it had suddenly stopped, drawing the yacht under the screw. Marshall's young friend also went under, but he escaped by climbing a rope at the end of the boat. All enjoyed looking at another magnificent sunset on Lake Huron. M. D. and Dumpling had a nice quiet time at the bow of the boat in the evening, until Uncle Tate and Vice-Commodore disturbed us; then we went into the parlor and laughed at Dr. Ellis' cartoons of our "Gang." We saluted the *Emerald* at 11 p.m. It was a pretty sight. A dark cloud behind the boat showed its many lights off to perfection; while at the top of the cloud, like a bright bow, shone the Northern Lights. We retired shortly after, and had a quick trip to Killarney.