

of making this lengthy trip. Our party was accordingly organized with two ends in view : primarily, to investigate the mines ; and secondarily, but most important in the eyes of the majority, to have, as one of the boys expressed it, "a real jolly good time."

The morning which we had chosen for our departure was dark and gloomy, foreboding a rain-storm in the near future, so that when I arose reluctantly from my comfortable bed, I felt almost sorry that I had promised to go, and found myself hoping that the others would decide to postpone the trip until a more favorable season. But whatever hope I had entertained was soon banished, for before I had done justice to a scant breakfast of my own preparation, I heard the shrill whistle of the little steam launch, and a moment later saw her speeding around the point with the big birch-bark in tow. A few minutes sufficed to stow away my baggage. Again the whistle blew, and away sped the launch toward the unknown north. A pleasant ride of about nine miles brought us to a point near the head of Lake Joseph, whence our first portage was to be made. After unloading our baggage upon the rocky shore, and bidding farewell to our friends, we watched the little launch steam off homeward until she was lost to view among the islands ; then the Doctor, delegating himself as official scout, started out confidently to find the portage to Clear Lake, which, according to the map, was about half a mile distant.

For over an hour we patiently awaited the Doctor's return, and had almost decided to organize a search party, when a lusty yell rang through the woods and a few seconds later we saw a tall familiar form sauntering along among the trees. By the contented expression on his countenance we at once surmised that he had met with success, and were assured of it when he called : "Shoulder up, boys ! it's a pretty rough road and longer than the map says, but we're good for it." In response to this encouraging order, up went baggage and canoe, Ben and I shouldering the latter, and the Doctor going ahead as guide. For an hour we plodded on through tangled underbrush, over fallen logs, and along roads which had once deserved that name, but were now little better than jungles. Our courage was almost beginning to desert us, when the Doctor relieved us by signalling that water was in sight. Mac and the boys hurried