

separately and clearly defined as if limned on canvas—so clear, indeed, that each successive wave could be seen gently lapping the rugged shore of the Welcome Islands, and McKay's mountain far off in the solitude of the woods, towering like an Arch-Druid amongst its lesser brethren, seemed almost at one's feet.

Our route lay directly west of Port Arthur past Fort William, and then trending for many miles to the north west, along the superb reaches of the Kaministiquia, which it crossed at the ferry eight or ten miles below the famous Falls of Kakabeka, struck westerly again in the direction of the Rabbit Mountain Mine. Each of us carried a knapsack containing our necessities, slung on our shoulders by means of packstraps. Nothing occurred to disturb the monotony of our steady tramp down the dusty road, till we reached within hailing distance of the ferry. Here Robson gave vent to his first exclamation of fatigue, to the effect that he was "awfully tired," to which I made the reply that we had better sit down and eat something, and we might feel better. Our frugal meal finished, we crossed over on the ferry, and plunged into the recesses of the wood. The road at this juncture became positively terrible, being almost knee-deep in mud and water, and proving to poor Robson at least a veritable slough of despond. Space will not permit me to detail our varied experience on the road to the mine. We both distinguished ourselves greatly at one point by slipping off a log-bridge into a quagmire, to the dire confusion of the bull-frogs and tadpoles that inhabited it, and were treated in consequence to a variation of mellow music by the full-throated choir of the swamp. Robson amused me greatly by insisting on resting every quarter mile to "husband his strength," solemnly assuring that he was not in the least tired. We arrived at the mine worn out, and were effusively welcomed by the manager, who insisted on our being his guests for the night.

I found it a very hard task to arouse Robson on the following morning. He vowed he was ill. It was no use listening to such protestations. I pulled him out of bed; time was precious, prospectors were scouring the woods, and the delay of half an hour might be fatal. Robson submitted to this treatment with many grunts and awe-inspiring ejaculations.

After a hurried breakfast, we started off, making a bee line by means of a compass, through the woods. Robson who was entirely unused to this kind of work, speedily came to grief. I heard a yell, and turning round found he had turned a somersault over a log, and was crying out that his back was broken. He soon came round however, but feeling bound to distinguish himself in some form, he shortly afterwards attempted to jump over a small abyss, which needed nothing less than the agility of a chamois to accomplish, and like Curtius of old, fell right into it, and lay kicking some thirteen feet below in a tangled mass of raspberry vines and wild plants. This last mishap soured him, soured him terribly. By the time we reached

the Whitefish River, a hateful fire was gleaming in his eye. "Look here," he said crustily, "this farce is about played out, here we are in the midst of these confounded woods, thirty-five miles from the town, the compass is broken, (which was indeed the case,) we have no tent, and the only defensive weapon we possess is a small hatchet, and if you think I'm going to be such an up and down idiot as to starve myself hunting for lumps of rock, when I'm likely enough to starve before I find that blessed camp again, why you're very much mistaken."

I saw he was determined, so I said, "Robson, all I ask is, put this day in; if we have no luck by night, I'll go back with you." I won him over, and then we went to work with a vengeance. Leaving our knapsacks on the bank, we undressed, and tying our clothing round our heads, plunged into the river. And here again, of course, Robson must distinguish himself. Forgetting ail about his head gear, he tried a side stroke, with the satisfactory result of feeling his belongings fall off his head, and seeing them float merrily down the stream. When recovered, they were decidedly more suggestive of rheumatism, than a night's rest in the open air would have been. After dressing ourselves, on we trudged again, but I felt in my inner consciousness that Robson was weakening. "I say, old man," he said faintly. "Yes," I replied, "I, I'm going back." I turned round and faced him. "Allow me to inform you," I remarked savagely, "which I do with great gusto, that you are a *consummate ass*." "I know, I know," he replied, feebly, "I'm all that, and everything else you can call me, but *back I go*," and dear reader, just as we were on the eve, as I firmly believe of a great discovery, back we did go; and, of course, on our way back, Robson put the finishing touch to his glorious achievements by losing his waistcoat containing my money and his gold watch; and so it came to pass, that, with craving stomachs and heavy hearts, foot-sore, weary and penniless, we had to tramp our way back to civilization. D.

### CONVOCATION WEEK.

The Week which SS. Simon and Jude ushered in has proved an eventful one in the annals of old Trinity, and we hope that in succeeding years the period intervening between the festivals of S. Simon and S. Jude and All Saints' will be set aside as a season of reunion and festivity for the College and University. As the years pass by, all the members of the University would come to look upon a week like this as a time when it would be a pleasurable duty for them to come up to their alma mater to renew old associations and old friendships, and to discuss in Convocation matters relating to the highest interests of the University. The Steeplechase, the Convocation Service in the chapel, the Students' Concert on Monday, the Annual Meeting of Convocation and the Dinner that followed on Tuesday were pleasant events that might be perpetuated with great advantage to the *esprit de corps* of Trinity. A detailed account of these happenings will appear in our next issue.