

WHERE THE LOON LAUGHS.

Then Portage Lake, with a mile and a half portage over a wagon trail at the end of it.

"Boys," says Kitchener at the beginning of this, "as this is a long portage I propose that we make it in one carry. Sick Thing, are you good for two of the bags?"

"Sling 'em up and I'll try it," the Sick Thing responds.

He starts with something more than twice the load he has thus far carried. At the end of half a mile or so he shoots his load over his head and rests. He is doubtful about ever getting it up again—but he must rest. Then, when his breathing is easier he lifts the heavier of the two bags to his shoulder, adjusts the tump-line about his head, and slides the bag to the hollow of his back. Then, taking the other bag by its tump-line, he swings it over him and drops it on top of the other, finding the operation much easier than he had dared to hope. Training has done wonders for him. Another half mile, and he rests again. Kitchener goes past him now at a jog trot, a canoe on his shoulders and a miscellaneous load in his free hand.

"Can you do it, old man?" he calls.

"Yes; to the Queen's taste. I just stop now and again to admire the scenery."

When he has his load up again, Cyclops trots past him bearing two bags, an axe, a couple of guns and various odds and ends. He looks quite comfortable and entirely happy. A shorter carry this time, and the Sick Thing admires the scenery once more. The Little Officer Boy now passes him, bearing a canoe, and the Sick Thing falls in behind and makes a lusty effort to keep up. But he cannot do it, and when the Little Officer Boy has disappeared around the next turn he lets his bags drop once more. Then Kitchener comes running back to him.

"By George, old chap," he cries heartily, "you've done it within a couple of hundred yards. This expedition is just what you needed. It's made a lusty youth of you."

The course from the end of the portage is into Lake Joseph, and thence by a small channel into Lake Rosseau. At the far end of this is Morgan's Bay, the ultimate destination. Just three weeks have passed since the four voyageurs left Orillia. The remainder of the month is to be spent in permanent camp in fishing, shooting and in limitless idling. Though the mainland is dotted with summer cottages and the village of Rosseau lies in a corner of the bay, civilization is still sufficiently removed to be easily forgettable. Camp is pitched on a little island nearly three miles from the mainland, and the only sounds which reach it, other than the familiar sounds of the forest, are the occasional hootings of