

occupant who does all the work. the same houses, to say nothing of the pigs on the public thoroughfare or rooting in the grass in the front yard.

The men also seemed to be built on the same principal, you would see them at each place sitting like so many crows on the fence, smoking their pipes, gazing with open mouths at the unusual spectacle invading their peaceful domains; we musn't forget the village hotel made of boards that resemble strongly in color the shingles which adorn our old wood-sheds, with its proprietor looking like a modern Rip Van-Winckle in his shirt sleeves. This is all there is about these villages, and they differ only in the number of stray dogs.

The scenery especially on the journey up is very picturesque, Islands are very plentiful, they crop up on all sides, no matter which way you may turn you see nothing but Islands, in every imaginable shape, size and form. They are mostly covered with fir trees and the land would not raise much in the market garden line, as the soil consists largely of rocks. The mainland is the same, but what is most remarkable is the entire absence of human beings, mile after mile as our steamer ploughs its way along nothing is to be seen on either hand but a great barren waste of trees; no houses, no roads, not the slightest sign to show that the foot of a white man has ever found a resting place on its banks, save where we can sometimes see an old shanty most likely built by a raftsmen. This total solitude in our nineteenth century, makes our minds revert to the tales of Cooper and if Hawk-eye with his two Indian friends had suddenly appeared on one of the hills it would have seemed quite in harmony with the surroundings. In due time we arrived at the Sault, where our genial captain tells us if possible to ride down the rapids in a canoe manned by stalwart Indians, which plan we immediately proceeded to carry out; once more landed on terra firma, we walked up to the Locks and saw the immense gates swing open on their ponderous hinges, then the big C. P. R. Steamer steamed through and from there out into Lake Superior. Our boat then got up steam and headed her bow for our long looked for goal

Mackinoc Island, where we arrived about six o'clock Tuesday morning. After breakfasting we started out to explore the Island, the first thing we did, as everyone else did likewise, was to hire a carriage and take one of the most delightful drives anyone would want to take. As we whirled along under the overhanging green foliage, the sugar loaf rock, the Devil's Kitchen, the Arch Rock and the Lover's Leap were all duly explored and commented upon.

The Devil's Kitchen and the Arch Rock attracted our chief attention, as they were the most difficult of access, besides the most picturesque.

We have I'm afraid, made this epistle too long and as we don't want our readers to get a wrong impression of this delightful trip, we will merely mention one or two other points and then say farewell.

On coming to the end of our drive our party proceeded to inspect the old Fort, which is one of the chief points of interest on the Island, and no one should miss seeing it who is interested at all in martial affairs. Our next step was to go up to the "Grand Hotel" where we promenaded on the spacious verandah till our feet ached from weariness. Weary and footsore in body but elated in mind we once more seek the quiet shelter of our steamer the "Pacific" where we gladly sought our staterooms and took a much needed rest. As our homeward journey begins from now, it will be about time to bid "Adieu" to our readers of the "Port," hoping that we have not wearied you too much by this decidedly lengthy epistle.

VIATOR.

Question Drawer.

We respectfully invite the readers of the "Portfolio to contribute to this column.

Professor Huxley says:—"Life has but two legs to stand upon." What are they?

What opposite effects have shame and fear upon the heart beats?