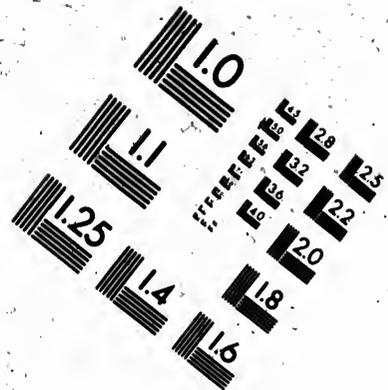
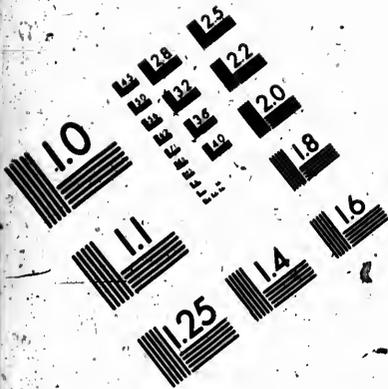




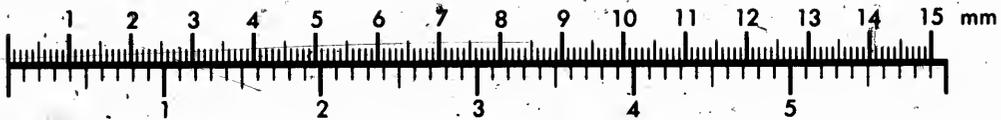
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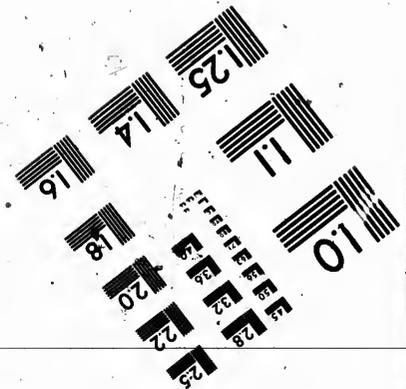
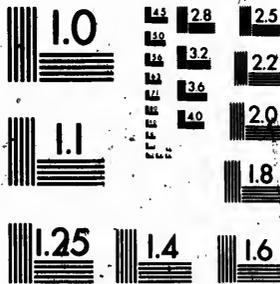
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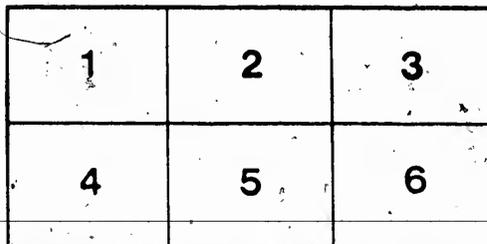
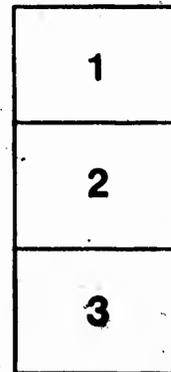
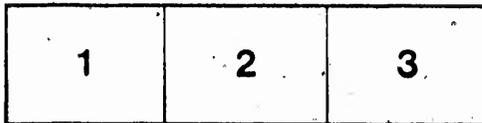
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A PLEASURE TRIP.

TORONTO TO DULUTH.

JULY, 1880.

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PLEASURE TRIP — TORONTO TO DULUTH.

JULY 29th, 1880.

Left Toronto at 11.30 a.m. *en route* for Collingwood and the Upper Lakes. After leaving the Union Station, we were surprised to find three Cobourg friends on board the train. We were all delighted to have them. Our party now consists of thirteen persons—three of whom leave us at Duluth for Manitoba. First on the list comes:

1. MRS. LEYS, "THE BOSS."
2. MISS MORGAN, "LAMBE."
3. "HEWSON, "DUMPLING."
4. "MACNACHTAN, "DAISY."
5. "ADDIE GOODERHAM, "M. D."
6. "LULU GOODERHAM, "HONEY."
7. MR. A. J. HEWSON, "COMMODORE HUCKLEBERRY."
8. "G. R. HARGRAFT, "VICE-COMMODORE."
9. "J. R. WALKER, "PRESIDENT."
10. "E. G. GOODERHAM, "D. I. S."
11. "A. B. BARKER, "ADMIRAL."
12. "A. WALKER, "NUMBER 2."
13. CHAS. UNWIN, "FATHER."

We arrived at Collingwood at 3.30 p.m.; went on board the steamer *Frances Smith*, and were introduced to Capt. Tate Robertson and Mr. Harry Smith.



"WE WERE INTRODUCED TO CAPTAIN ROBERTSON."

While waiting for our boat to start, some of our party went to look at their state-rooms; while others amused themselves on the wharf, and enjoyed a laugh at the Porter. As he was wheeling

some trunks on board they upset, and out came some cooked chickens. From this occurrence we nick-named him "Chicken-pie." We had a good tea at 7 p.m.; then spread rugs on the deck and had a jolly time.

We arrived at Meaford at 9 p.m. Took on board twenty head of cattle and one calf in arms.



"A CALF IN ARMS."

We walked to the post office with letters; and then left Meaford a little after 10 p.m. After some music and a supper of biscuits and candies, we retired for the night. But, alas! the arms of Morpheus failed to bring slumber to our eyelids, as there was a cattle show below. The steamer stopped at Owen Sound at 1.30 a.m. We were disappointed, as it was too dark to see



"OWEN SOUND—TOO DARK TO SEE ANYTHING."

anything of the town. For some time we were entertained with the melodious voices of the sailors as they chanted their midnight song, "Look out below" and "Pile away," as the wood came tumbling down. We also took on board more cattle and sheep.

JULY 30th.

Left Owen Sound at 3 a.m. The bell aroused us at 6.30 a.m., and we were a little disgusted not to get breakfast until 8 a.m., as we were told it would be at 7 o'clock. We will be wiser in the future and take a longer rest. We again spread our rugs on the deck; and, while enjoying

the fresh, cool breeze, the Commodore and Vice-Commodore informed us that they had been poetically inspired the evening before, and produced the following lines as the effect :

"OUR GANG."

AIR—"Vive à la Compagnie."

- A is for Aunty, the Boss of the crowd ;
B is for Barker, our Admiral proud.

CHORUS—Vive à la compagnie

- C is for Charlotte, our Dumpling Cook ;
D is for Daisy, with a cross-eyed look.

CHORUS.

- E is for Eddie, our Dear Little Soul ;
F is for Fannie, who's not on the roll.

CHORUS.

- G is for George, our Vice-Commodore ;
H is our Honey—give us some more.

CHORUS.

- I is for Indian, noble and brave ;
J is for Jimmie, our President grave.

CHORUS.

- K is our Kommodore, Andy by name ;
L is our Lamb, who comes with the same.

CHORUS.

- M is My Darling, graceful and tall ;
N is for Number Two, good on the bawl.

CHORUS.

- O wen Sound is the town that we didn't see ;
P is our Party, all out on a spree.

CHORUS.

- Q is the quickness with which we speed ;
R is our Captain, whom we all need.

CHORUS.

- S is our Ship, to make up the song ;
T is the Hash for which we all long.

CHORUS.

- U is for Unwin, who fathers the gang ;
V is the Chorus which we all sang.

CHORUS.

- W is the Water with which we begin it ;
X is the X-tract which we put in it.

CHORUS.

- Y is for you, and you, and you ;
Z is for all of us, tra-la-la-lu.

CHORUS.

If you don't like the way in which we strike it,
Just try it yourself, and see how you like it.

CHORUS.

The weather so far has been cool and the lake smooth, for Lambie's benefit.

We arrived at Killarney about 4.30 p.m., and spent about three hours admiring the scenery and looking for specimens of Indian work. Bishop O'Mahoney and Vicar-General Rooney kindly invited us to go with them to see the village church and grave-yard. The Indian name for Kil-



larny is "She-ba-wa-na-ing," or "Here is a channel."

We arrived at Little Current at 9 p.m. There is a very strong-current here between the islands, which is affected by whatever way the wind blows. We remained here thirty minutes. Then spent a merry time sitting on deck until 10.30 p.m., watching the Northern Lights, and were well repaid. Afterwards adjourned to the saloon, had a supper of "broken biscuits," and then retired, each to their little bunks.

JULY 31st.

Landed at Bruce Mines at 9 a.m. Bought some specimens of copper ore. Then called on



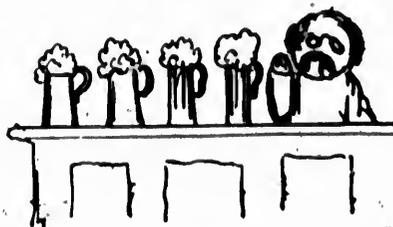
"WE BOUGHT SOME SPECIMENS OF COPPER ORE."

Mr. George Marks and hunted up more specimens, of which there are plenty. This was at one time a bustling, noisy place, when the copper miners were at work, but now quietness reigns

supreme. The village is composed of small hovels, which, together with the old workshops and immense chimneys, cover about two miles. At present it looks like rain. We are having a lovely sail among thousands of islands; passed the Islands of St. Joseph and the Two Sisters at 11.20 a.m. Shortly after, saluted steamer *Quebec* on the St. Marie River; later on we passed tugs *Hale* and *Abercorn* with several big tows. Also four schooners laden with iron and coal

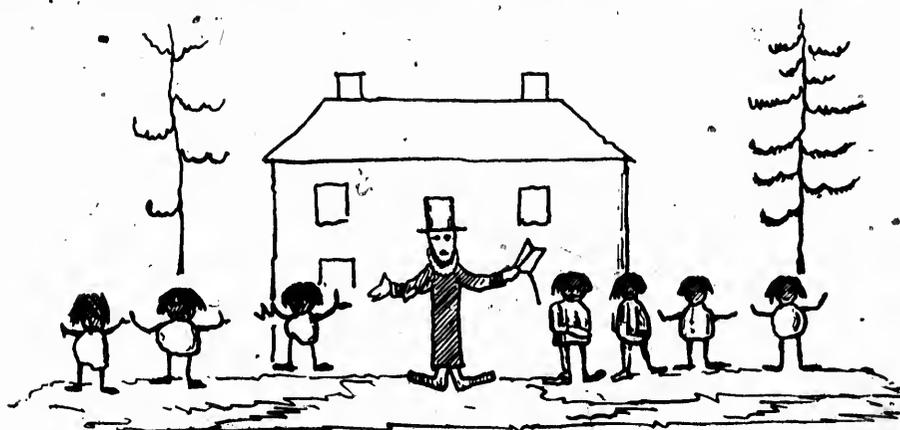


"SEVERAL BIG TOWS."



"FOUR SCHOONERS."

for Collingwood, and fishing smacks with sails painted red to preserve them. We arrived at Garden River at 2.40 p.m. It is a very pretty little mission, studded with small white houses, a post-office, parsonage, and English church, in which the Rev. James Chance officiated for years. As we wind in and out among the small islands we notice at our left the Devil's Gap. All enjoy the trip from Garden River on the St. Marie River in spite of the rain, which partly impedes our view of the distant hills and small missions. We are pleased to note that the land appears to be nicely cultivated. Arriving at the Canadian town of Sault Ste. Marie, we take thirty minutes stroll in quest of Indian work. Here we see the far-famed Shingwauk Home, where Indian children are educated and cared for. We steamed over to the Yankee Sault Ste.



"SAULT STE. MARIE IS WHERE THE SHINWAUK HOME IS."

Marie, and, while waiting for our steamer to enter the canal, we walk up town to ransack the principal stores, and, well-laden with candies, baskets, canoes, moccasins and paposes, we

boarded the *Frances Smith*. Sault Ste. Marie on the American side is the largest of the two



"WE WENT TO THE STORE AND BOUGHT SOME INDIAN WORK."



"WELL-LADEN WITH CANOES AND PAPOUSES, WE BOARDED THE FRANCIS SMITH."

towns; it contains a barracks, court house and high school. The new canal they are building is a wonderful piece of work, they expect it will take seven years to finish. It took us about thirty minutes to go through the canal. Enjoyed a lovely sail on the river to the first port on Lake Superior, called White Fish Point. The evening was beautiful. We spent our time in singing and playing bear (the effects of eating so many huckleberries).



"THE EVENING WAS BEAUTIFUL, AND WE SPENT ALL THE TIME ON DECK, PLAYING BEAR."

AUGUST 1st.

Sunday morning we find quite a change in the weather. The thermometer stands at 32°. Water froze on board last night. It is foggy, and there is quite a swell on the water. We began a morning service, but our congregation were *rather restless*, and one after another mysteriously disappeared, until the Dumpling (who presided at the organ) and three or four others found they were left alone to finish the hymns, &c. All managed to reassemble as the dinner bell rang, except Honey, who was shortly after joined by several of her companions in No. 12 stateroom, which was quite an hospital. We had a good deal of fun during the afternoon, and could not



"No. 12 WAS QUITE AN HOSPITAL."

easily find the most agreeable place on deck to squatulate; at last the Boss, Dumpling, the Admiral and Walker No. 2 got nicely settled leeward of the boat, and she was tossing beautifully; Walker turned to answer the Boss a question, when he suddenly collapsed, without even turning pale; the Boss had to jump out of the way, and there was quite a scattation of the party into the parlour. Then the Boss requested the Admiral to bring in the shawls; he came back rubbing his hands, and saying, "Boss, Boss, they are anointed! What will I do?" We forgive and forget all mishaps to-day, as it is so rough; it is blowing big guns. Father and H. S. lost their hats overboard. We had lots of room at the tea-table, as only Boss, Dumpling, Vice-Commodore and



"FATHER LOST HIS HAT OVERBOARD ON SUNDAY."

quite comfortable and warm, although it still remains very cold. ~~We got this clipping from an Owen Sound paper:~~

"Waves"—The *Sault* was subject to three violent "waves," or changes of the weather, on Sunday; from early dawn until evening we had a "heat wave," and everybody was in a state of rapid dissolution; in the evening we had a "storm wave," and the thunder revelled in the fury of the wind and rain; and at night we had a "cold wave," which made everybody hunt up their thick wraps and bedding. The "cold wave" was a long one, and reached to Tuesday morning, which opened with a slight frost! No harm done beyond numerous "ugh's," expressive of cold or disgust at the weather.

The Captain says he has not seen Lake Superior so rough for six weeks; but the *Frances*



"THE CAPTAIN SAYS HE HAS NOT SEEN LAKE SUPERIOR SO ROUGH FOR SIX WEEKS."

Smith is very steady, and well handled by our gallant Captain. We feel perfectly safe and happy. In the evening the Vice-Commodore and Dumpling adjourned to the piano and enjoyed singing some hymns, which, the absent ones afterwards informed them, was rather cruel, as they were not able to join. At 12 p.m., the Boss and Dumpling had to tidy up No. 12, as the Stewardess was also laid on the shelf.

AUGUST 2nd.

Arrived at Silver Islet at 1.15 a.m., too dark to see anything of the place. At 4.15 a.m. reached Prince Arthur's Landing, where we remained about two hours; several of the gentlemen strolled about the town. Father and our D. L. S. brought us a pretty bouquet of wild flowers.



"SEVERAL OF THE GENTLEMEN STROLLED ABOUT THE TOWN."

situated on the banks of the Kaministiquia River. We spent a couple of hours viewing the town, which appeared lively only at the wharves, where the Indians are busy shipping iron rails.



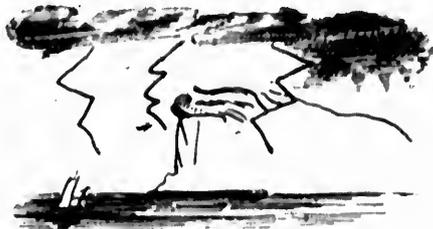
"THE INDIANS WERE BUSY SHIPPING IRON RAILS."

As we write, in state room No. 12, we see the far-famed Neebing Hotel, prettily situated on a high bank. On the opposite side of the river stands the picturesque McKay's Mountain, 1,100 feet above the level of the lake. Several of the ladies gathered beautiful flowers and ferns at the edge of the river. We had a nice quiet dinner here; all our party seemed to enjoy their meal after their fast yesterday. After unloading 90 tons of steel rail and leaving some of the cattle,



"WE HAD A NICE QUIET DINNER. ALL OUR PARTY SEEMED TO ENJOY THEIR MEAL."

we left Fort William at 4.52 p.m., and enjoyed a short sail back to Prince Arthur's Landing. The scenery as we passed down the river was charming. Along the banks are many pretty shrubs, wild flowers, etc.; the hay makers are busy at work, adding life to the scene. Arriving at Prince Arthur's Landing we took a short stroll through the village, which is a stirring place, situated on rocky ground. Some of our party called on Mrs. Monroe and Mr. Maitland; met Mr. J. Marks, who kindly invited us to call on him on our return from Duluth. Others went in



"THUNDER CAPE."



"PIE ISLAND."

containing magnetic iron, and is likely soon to be taken possession of by miners); also the Sister Islands, and an Island the exact shape of a steamer (here we saw the mirage very plainly). When the daylight began to fade we squatted on deck and sang songs, we were surprised to hear the Lambie singing in a round, "Do you know the Muffin Man, who lives in Crumpet Lane," which was introduced by one of our jolly English friends. We afterwards adjourned to



"OH! DO YOU KNOW THE MUFFIN MAN!"

the piano until supper time. But the Boss, Dumpling and D.L.S. loitered around until the clock struck 12, to secure the first kiss on D.L.S.'s 21st birthday.

AUGUST 3rd.

Another lovely clear morning. Water calm. D. L. S. got his twenty-one bumps from the gang. All but M. D. enjoyed the morning sitting on the deck singing and reading. We arrived at Duluth at 1.50 a.m. All went up to inspect the City. It seems to be quite a place of commerce, prettily situated on hilly ground at the head of Lake Superior, near the mouth of the



"VIEW OF DULUTH. WE COUNTED EIGHT CHURCHES."

buildings are nearly all made of wood, some few of stone. The gentlemen of the party very kindly presented us with several bouquets as we were on our way to Mr. William Whiteside's Photograph Gallery. While there, we had to sit three times; during the first sitting, as usual, several laughed, &c.; while sitting the second time, we had a sun shower and could not remain quiet long enough; then the Lambie fell through the screen (and looked like one of those gulls), which had to be settled while the man was out of the room preparing for a third operation, which, we were gratified to learn, was quite a success, as we were warm and tired. That performance being over, we started for our last stroll with Dad, D. L. S., and Walker No. 2. After our return to the boat, all assembled on the deck; then the Captain held Father



"WE SAT FOR OUR PHOTOGRAPHS."

on a chair while he addressed his numerous family, wishing us a pleasant trip home in



"THE CAPTAIN HELD FATHER UP ON A CHAIR WHILE HE ADDRESSED HIS NUMEROUS FAMILY."

"Father, I'm so glad to see you home again." After bidding farewell, and loathe to part, we remain sadly gazing after our D. L. S. companions, as they start by the C. S. R. R. for Winnipeg. It was our intention to cheer them with a farewell song, but it was more than our strength allowed. We spent the rest of our stay in looking at the numerous docks and splendid new elevator, in which can be stored 500,000 bushels of grain. Buildings have been erected for storing granite, large quantities of which are found near the city. At the north of the city, the Ship Canal has been built through Minnesota point, to enable vessels to enter the inner harbour of Duluth. Left at 4.30 p.m. Quite a number of Americans joined us as the tea bell rang, but that did not reconcile us for the loss of our absent friends, which, as the evening advances, we realize more and more. We tried to rouse our spirits with song, but at E, the Dumpling and Honey collapsed, at N, we missed the deep voice of Walker No. 2, at U, all the Orphans wept; so we sat on the deck until 10 p.m. Retired then to rest and had a splendid sleep, as we were tired after going through so much during the day. It was very warm at Duluth, and we were glad to feel the lake breeze. The Captain says this is one of the warmest trips he has had this year.

AUGUST 4th.

Fine morning, but cooler. When the Orphans collected around the breakfast table, Daisy "carried her eyes" to the Captain, and sadly said "Daisy has got no Da;"; then out of sympathy he said "I'll be your Uncle Tate," and we took him in. All our party joined "Uncle" on the hurricane deck. The scenery is very pretty and we enjoy it, although it is the same as we passed on our trip up. Later on we adjourned to the saloon, and wrote in Uncle Tate's autograph album, which he purchased at Duluth for "Our Gang." We arrived at Prince Arthur's Landing about 12 a.m. As soon as we stopped, a little girl came on board with a piece of pemmican (dried Buffalo), from Mrs. Munroe as a present for Boss. We appreciate her kindness and will try and take a piece to Toronto, if it does not get there before us. "There are millions in it," they are as big as bumble-bees. As "Uncle Tate," M. D. and the Boss were on their way to call on Mr. and Mrs. Marks, they met an Indian mother carrying her papoose. The rest of our party sauntered about town, and had a magnificent view of Thunder Bay with its numerous islands, &c., from the upper balcony of the "Queen's." After purchasing some curiosities, all walked to the boat, accompanied by the Misses Summers, Miss Laird, and Mr. G. Marks, jun. We steamed away from the Landing at 3.50 p.m., and took a last glance of Pie Island, &c. We were all delighted with the grand scenery. Thunder Cape is an immense rock, projecting 1,500 feet above the level of the lake. The water was like a mirror all evening. We stopped at Silver Islet for ten minutes, and did not feel the least inclination to disembark. It is a forsaken looking place; nearly all the houses are built of wood and painted brown. They boast of two churches, one painted brown and the other white. To the south of the village lies the island where the silver mines are. It was once owned by a Canadian Company, and then sold to an American Company. It is now in full work, and some who have seen the island in days gone by, say it is now much larger and measures, or covers, five acres—as the debris from the mine is used for crib work, which

told by Mr. Symons (who has just come on board our boat), that he saw a barrel of ore worth \$300.* To the south of Silver Islet lies Isle Royal, American property, which contains rich copper mines. To the east of the village all eyes are turned towards the noble form of a lion, clearly cut in the rock, the effects of volcanic action. We approach Black Bay in the evening; the sun set is beautiful. Looking back we see Thunder Cape in the distance, which now (with the surrounding hills), takes the form of the great indian giant Nanabijoo, who, the Red Man says, got drunk, and lying down on the summit of the cliffs, never got up again. They also say Isle Royale grew out of a pebble which he throw out of his canoe.

All enjoyed the evening, remaining on deck until late, straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of the entrance to Nepigon Bay, which is thickly studded with large and small islands. Afterwards we charmed the passengers with a grand concert.

AUGUST 8th.

We anchored at Red Rock at 1 a.m. All were up at 4.30 a.m. to see the beautiful scenery and meet some friends, who have been camping on the shores of the Nepigon River. About half a mile from here is a Hudson Bay Post. To our left is Red Rock; we are sorry not to be near enough to read the Indian hieroglyphics carved by the "red men" in days gone by. This rock was sacred to Manitou, and out of it was made the calumet, (or pipe of peace). To our right lies Vert Island, 1,000 feet above the level of the Lake. We leave Red Rock at 7.35 a.m., and, as we glide along the calm waters of the Nepigon River, seem to be surrounded by beautiful islands. We called at Salter's island, a fishing station, and were charmed with the booths made of small poles, over which are spread pine branches; I suppose they are intended as a covering for the barrels (when there is no rain); beside the booths are several whirligigs for drying fish nets. A few steps higher stands a log house; then small shrubs and wild flowers, and a background of stately spruce and birch completes the scene. The natives wear a kind of penitentiary suit of homespun tweed, ornamented with patches of sail cloth (circular behind and oblong in front, Dr. R.) One poor old man, a passenger, nearly missed the boat, and had to try climbing a plank; failing in that, a friendly hand assists him to jump on board. Before we leave Salter's Island we will take another look at the numerous channels formed by the islands; it is a beautiful sight. Away to the west stands a high bluff (Battle Island), on which we see a lighthouse. The islands are nearly all covered with green trees, pieces of rock jutting out here and there adding variety to the scene. We are loathe to leave such a peaceful spot, especially as some of our party see white caps in the distance. We are all enjoying ourselves on the hurricane deck, listening to "Hurly Burly," but must leave or go without our seats at the dinner-table, the boat being pretty full at present; there is a grand scramble at all meal times. Our camping friends (Dr. Richardson,

* SILVER ISLET BONANZA.—The Bishop of Algoma has just looked in to show us a specimen of the new find at Silver Islet. It needs no glass to discover the precious metal, as it sticks out all over it in bars as thick as a darning-needle, and the rock drops from it in grains as fine as sand. The Bishop says he saw it drawn from the shaft in blocks weighing thousands of pounds, which is broken and barreled for shipping without picking it over. The specimen brought away was not to be compared for richness with some he saw at the barrel house.—Clipping from *Ocean Sound paper*.

We entered Lake Superior about 1 p.m., and are agreeably surprised to find the water pretty smooth. We had a game of shuffle-board in the afternoon; Dr. Richardson, Mr. Delamere and the Boss won two games, so we will have lemonade to-night; Honey finds the lemons, Vice-Commodore the sugar, and Dr. R. skirmishes around and finds the water. It is pretty cold to-night. No. 12, being very comfortable, is well patronized; some had to play bear to keep themselves warm. Dr. Ellis assisted in making our evening concert more enjoyable with the solo "Little Billie." We passed Michipicotan Island at 11 p.m., and were very sorry not to be able to see its large and well-sheltered harbour more clearly. The Northern lights, as usual, were beautiful; and, as we watched them, we were surprised at seeing our old friend Jupiter cast such a brilliant reflection on the water. We retired about 12 p.m.

NOTE.—The Admiral shaved to-day for the first time.

AUGUST 8th

After a good quiet night's rest all were up for breakfast at 7. It is a lovely morning, and all are sorry we are making for home. We passed between Iroquois and Gros Points at 8.30 a.m. The Iroquois light looks very pretty on its red brick tower, which is connected with the keeper's dwelling. A little farther on we see the Indian village, built in the usual straight style; then a lumber mill and a lovely "round" bushy island with a pretty lighthouse, which is a guide to and from the entrance to Lake Superior. We arrived at Sault Ste. Marie at 10.30 a.m. The Boss and Honey, with several of the gentlemen, ran the rapids and got a good wetting. The rest of the party, chaperoned by Dr. Ellis, went to purchase more Indian work, and what was their dismay, on returning to the wharf, to find both the *Ferry* and *Frances Smith* on the Canadian side of the river. As the *Ferry* returned to the wharf, who should we spy on board but Huckleberry and a fair young damsel. We had a quick trip across the river, boarded the *Frances Smith*, and left Sault Ste. Marie at 11.30 a.m., having kept our kind "Uncle Tote" waiting twenty minutes, for



which we are sincerely sorry. Dr. Ellis presented each of the ladies with small Japanese parasols as souvenirs of our trip. As Grandpa Richardson was enjoying his afternoon nap, some of the

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.

AUGUST 7th

Arrived at Killarney at 4 a.m. President and Admiral made some more purchases of Indian work, and also got a case of huckleberries for the Bears. We only remained at the village about thirty minutes, to take in wood and fish. The dressing bell rang at 6 a.m.; and we had breakfast, if possible, earlier than usual. The boat is having a good wash before going into port, and, as the deck is still wet, all adjourn to No. 12, where Drs. Ellis and Richardson enchant us with opera selections on a tin whistle. It is a lovely bright day, the waters of Georgian Bay still calm. Uncle Tate seems in a hurry to get rid of us, as he is having all steam put on, and we are travelling considerably faster than usual. The young gentlemen of our party informed us that some of the ladies were industriously inclined the evening before, sewing up night-shirt sleeves, legs of pants, etc., also putting thistles in the berths. The inmates of No. 12, in return, informed them that shuffle-cues were not the most comfortable things to have in a berth. When approaching the Christian islands, all assembled on the deck to sing their farewell song, and give three cheers for Uncle Tate; all sorry to have to leave him. We landed in Collingwood just in time to catch the train "homeward bound." After bidding Uncle Tate an affectionate farewell, the ladies secure their seats; while the gentlemen assemble in the rear of the car and sing, "For he is a jolly good fellow, as ever we did see." We pass our time chatting and singing until we reach Allandale (or Hashdale), where we get a good tea. Then return to the cars, and, after a rapid ride, we arrive at Parkdale, where we receive a telegram from Uncle Tate, containing the following gratifying words: "Am lonely without you all to-night. My best wishes are forever yours."

Arrived at Toronto at 9.30 p.m. Found all well.

CONCLUSION.

Never forget the trip so glorious
We took on the *Frances Smith*;
Never forget the fun uproarious,
And the jolly crowd we were with.

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