

on his back in the syrup, which cooled instantly, and when he rose to his feet the sugar stuck to his back, and trailed a yard on the snow behind him. A shout rose from the young people, and Mr. W., obeying the first impulse of mortified pride, set out down the hill at a high canter, with the congealed syrup flying behind him, doing his best to get out of sight and eclipse all previous records of swiftness.

His wild flight, and the excited cries of the sugaring-off party, roused Betsy, the twenty-five-year-old horse of Captain Hackett, from a nap which she was taking behind the fence, where she had been left with the sleigh and the extra wraps of the company, and Betsy, having been in her time, a noted animal on the turf, thought she had got the word to go, so the old mare and Jasper W. went it, neck and neck down the hill, both of them too excited to know that the river lay in their tracks. When they did notice, they were too near to it to turn back. When they got in, the others had a great deal of trouble in fishing them out, both the worse for their cold bath. The sugaring-off was a failure, but all had many a hearty laugh after it. After the old coachman had rubbed his horse down, he said, "Tell you what, Master, I guess that 'ere young chap won. Won't be likely to fish through the ice again right away. Drat him, he come pretty near drownin' our Betsy."

A picnic given by the officers stationed on St. Helen's Island. Among the invited guests were:—Sir Charles Gore and Lady, the Earl and Countess of Erroll, Sir and Lady Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, and Miss McNab (afterwards married to Lord Berry). The Countess of Erroll drove there and back.

We had lunch in the barracks upstairs, a long narrow room, with three windows facing the centre of the Island. Lord Mark Kerr made the coffee, and, in handing it around, called out "Soup." After we were shown all over the place, we put on our snowshoes for a tramp over the Island. Lord Mark Kerr leading with his toboggan. When some one made the remark, "I think that toboggan is out for one of Lord Mark Kerr's pranks," some one called out, "We're not going to toboggan to-day." We were a short distance from the little burying-ground, where we made a stop to rest and look around. During the time his Lordship disappeared without our notice, when we heard one of the party, "Oh, Look, look! look!" and there was Lord Mark waving his hand to us and getting ready to start. I can assure you we did not like it.

We covered our eyes, and all of us exclaimed. However, he got down safely, running on his snowshoes to join us, and laughing at our long faces. We tramped around the Island, and after more refreshment, returned home.