

glitter as if millions of diamonds had been scattered broadcast on their surface. After the usual amount of packing up and hustling around, all was ready. The wind again favored us and we came down wing and wing, or as the Frenchman says "One sail one side, one sail one side." We reached the city about noon, everyone of the crowd looking fat, healthy and sunburned and all extolling the merits of a week's camping at Appletree wharf.

R. B. D.

Charcoal Pits

IN cultivating land on the upper Mt. Albion road one often turns up patches of blackened soil, round in shape, about twelve or fifteen feet across. To those not acquainted with the early history of the place these black spots would be somewhat of a mystery, but to the native-born it is well known that a charcoal pit has been burnt here perhaps fifty or sixty years before.

I noticed a pit burning last summer near the roadside on the farm of W. B. Hooper. This was so unusual a sight that it claimed the attention of the travelling public generally many of whom had never seen one before. The manner of building these pits is as follows : first, pieces of wood about the size and length of ordinary stove sticks are placed together somewhat after the fashion of a brick flue with ends overlapping, then pieces of hardwood two to six inches thick and about four feet long are placed on end with a slight incline at the top. Wood is heaped on until the desired size is attained, generally about ten feet on top and twelve or more at the bottom. Short pieces of wood are placed on top to give the pile an elevation in the centre.