

gay with flags, and just now, the shore, with the waves dashing up and curling all around the curve; with the many row boats drawn up on it or out in the water; with its array of tents, some of bright stripes, some new and white and glistening in the sun, some old and patched and dark with the wear of many seasons; with its groups of children playing in the sand, and of bathers sporting in the water, presents a very pretty sight. It is very different from the still, peaceful picture we saw on our arrival.

Where shall I begin to tell you of the joys of camp life; perhaps most interesting to the boys is the fishing, but this is a sport of which we girls know not the joy, although we have our share of that, too, when our fishermen bring in a good string of fine fresh fish for a meal. The largest fish I have seen this season was caught in the bay a week ago Saturday. It was a fine black bass of four pounds, by actual weighing. The greatest difficulty is in getting bait. Of worms the Beach supplies none, and they have to be brought from the city. During the morning the boys often take the box and go up the shore in search of grasshoppers. These, with minnows, a few crabs, and an occasional small frog, prove enough to tempt the unsuspecting fish to their doom.

The boating is a sport enjoyed by all the young people on the Beach. Nearly every camp has its own boat, and even the little children of six or seven learn to row. It is nothing unusual to see a boat with four or five children out alone, but the water is so shallow that there is no danger if the boat is kept near the shore. Indeed it is so shallow, that it is very difficult to land with a heavy load, and often we see a boat stranded, and unable to get either out into clear water or into shore. In such a case there are always plenty of boys (minus shoes and socks) who wade out and help the unfortunate but merry boaters.

The steamers Macassa and Modjeska make quite a swell which breaks on the shore in great waves. Many of the careful boaters always make for shore when they see the steamers coming from Toronto. But some with a little more daring spirit, rush for their boats and go out to meet the swell, which sets the small craft rocking on the water in a most delightful way.

There have been a few mishaps, but these have been owing to the daring venturesomeness of some of the young men, and thanks to the prompt assistance rendered by the rescuers, have in no case ended disastrously.

The water being so shallow near the shore, affords splendid opportunities for bathing. Of course all the boys avail themselves of this pleasure; but few of the girls can be persuaded to try it. I know of no time when we so forget that we are not children, as when out in the water with some jolly companions, ducking and splashing each other, and dancing in a ring or playing tag.

Living almost entirely outdoors as we do, in the clear fresh air, it is amazing what appetites we all have; and at meal times when the hungry ones come trooping in response to a blast from the fish horn, there is great chattering and excitement.

Not the least pleasant part of the day is the evening, when we have to wrap up to keep warm. Then we spend the time by taking a walk on the pier, a row, if the lake is calm, varied by a visit to a neighboring camp, or to a Band Concert at the Ocean House or Brant House. But, pleasantest of all is when two or three camps gather around a camp fire on the shore. As the great stumps crackle and blaze, throwing the surroundings into blackness, lighting up the browned and sunburnt faces of the campers, and casting grotesque shadows on the sand, it seems the very choicest time for pleasant chat, jokes, stories and songs. The other evening Mr. Morris entertained us all with a recital of some of his boyhood experiences, and stories of his life in Manitoba. Then how welcome it is when some generous camper supplies us with potatoes to roast in the hot coals. I well remember my first experience of that. The hot potato was handed to me in the dark, and forgetting everything but how good it tasted, I ate it skin and all, to the great delight and amusement of the others who had just taken it from the sand and coals.

A few days ago a deputation was sent from a camp up the shore, to invite the girls of the "Adamless Eden" and "Murray Camp" for tea. We went. The camp was well supplied with dishes for the ordinary number, but these were quite insufficient for twice that number. It was with many a hearty laugh that I shared my knife with my neighbor, ate my corned beef with a spoon, while later I saw my neighbor, across the table, vainly trying to convey preserves to his mouth by means of a fork. The fare was excellent, and we will long remember the occasion with pleasure.

Of the unpleasant experiences of camp life, we will not say much. The cold or rainy days, when everything in the tent