

day. Little Mother was still rounding up the last of the dishes. Since five o'clock she had served three suppers and put two children to bed.

Little Father squinted at my overalls.

"Feeling hungry at all?" he suggested.

"Well, about the extent of a little bread and milk," I admitted.

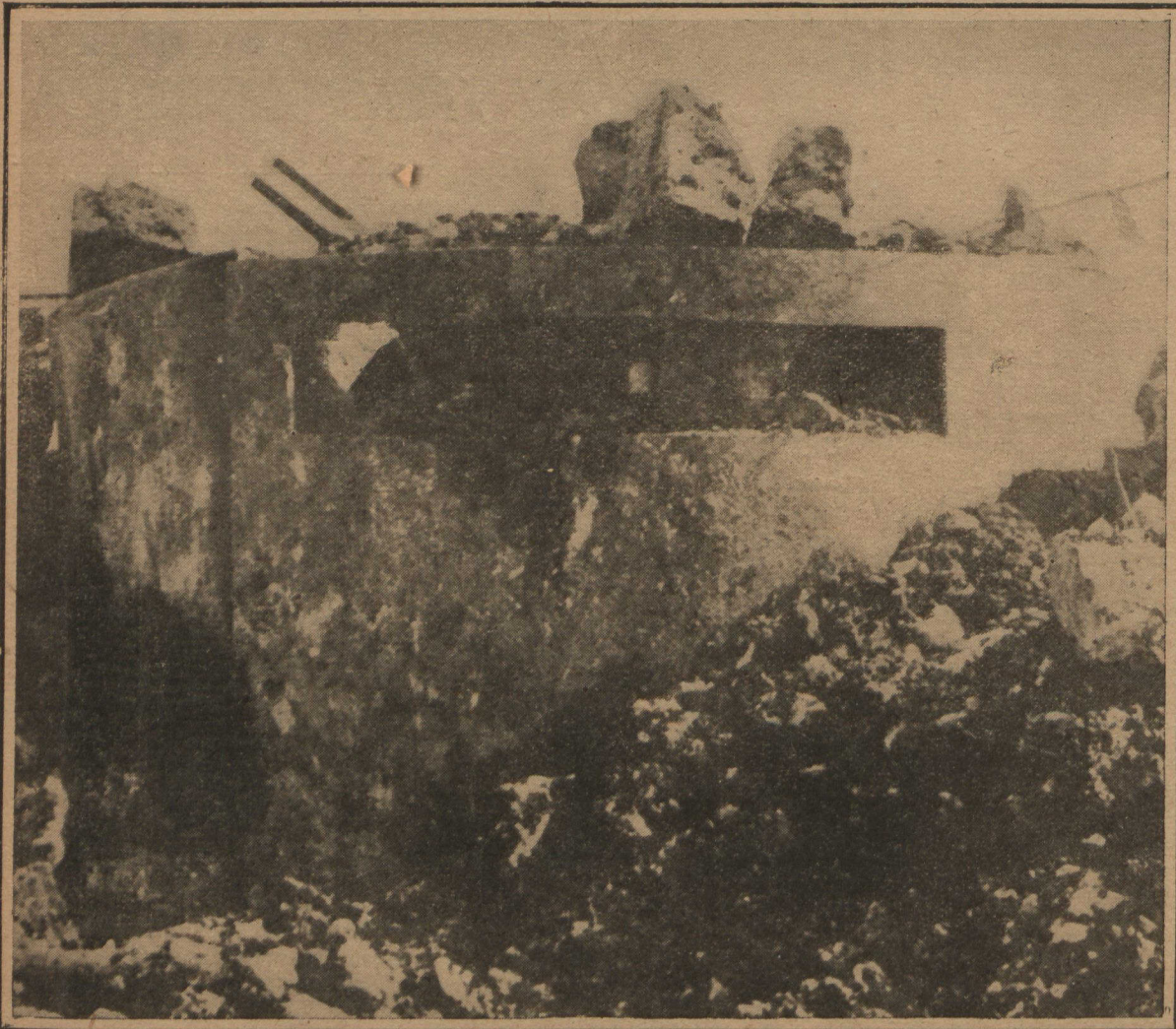
"Sho! Now that's an idea. It's some while since

we trotted out the night milk in this house. Just hold on—I'll get it now."

He ducked into a back part of the kitchen, somewhere next to the little old log annex that was once the log cabin of his grandfather in the bear days, and came back with as fat a white pitcher as I have ever seen, brimming with milk about an hour old and ice-cold.



**P**ENDER ISLAND, B.C., has not many pictures like this, at least not outside of the farm where this and several others like it were taken. Seven beautiful little snap-shots were sent in of this girls' haying bee on the Menzies farm, Pender Island, where the Canadian Courier circulates. The little story accompanying the snaps is an epic in itself. "The men on this little island," says our correspondent of the camera, "are few and far between, so many of them being at the front. When women suggested a bee to help take coal and take in our hay crop, the girls responded nobly, and though it was a very hot day, they kept at it till the field was finished, working side by side with the men."



**W**HEN you hear that the Hindenburg Line is a structure of concrete, barb-wire, compressed air and electric lights, and all that sort of thing, you at once imagine it is one vast miracle tunnel of construction. What it really looks like, what our armies really have to smash through in rolling back the Huns is illustrated in this photograph. This is what the Tommies call a "pill-box." It's really a mostly underground fort made all in one piece. It may be used singly as a dugout, to a machine-gun post—literally bristling with machine guns; in groups as redoubts.

"How will you have it now—glass, cup—?"

"Oh, a bowl, eh?"

"You're right. Then we'll need some bread. Wait."

He forked out two varieties, and we broke bread solemnly into the milk.

Afterwards it was 9.45 and high time for bed.

"Excuse me," said I, "I think the hay-mow will suit me. Have you a lantern?"

"Well, sir," he said, "that's just what I have and haven't. There's three out in the shed, and not a drop of oil's been in one o' them since we had the Hydro lights. But I've got a battery flash-light somewhere."

With an old quilt procured from Little Mother, I worked my way out.

"Don't try the hay-barn," advised Little Father. "It's jammed to the ridge-board, and it's a long way up to the top. You might break your neck."

"Good-night!" said I fervently.

Stars were shining. A shy harvest moon lighted up a fresco of very innocent-looking mackerel cloud. The Holsteins glimmered in the huge barnyard like a squad of the KuKlux clan. Out of curiosity I took a look at the hay-barn, so far as a toy battery flash is capable of a look. The roof looked as high as a cathedral and every visible inch both sides of the drive-floor was crammed with hay. There was a long mow-side ladder along the edge of one mow. I decided not to go up it. There seemed to be no end to that ladder.

The Holstein bull in the spare bed-room to the right seemed to be getting up. He gave an admonitory cough which sounded like that line in Excelsior, "Try not the pass, the old man said." I retreated, out to the cattle barn which looked and felt like the Catacombs of Rome; long lines of cement stalls, secret passageways, past three sentry-boxes of calves stirring uneasily, past a pen of white bacon hogs that roused in a sort of plutocratic protest at the idea of a common harvest hand disturbing bacon worth 16 to 18 cents a pound on the hoof. From the hog-pen the trail led upstairs past a rampart of chop-stuff sacks into the glimmering cathedral spaces of the big grain barn with its granary amidships one side and all the rest mows.

Here was my chosen bed-room. I went up a ladder and over a beam. The intermittent flashes of my toy battery scared a large number of sparrows and martens roosting on the purline plates under the roof. They scudded all over the barn like a hive of bees, as I picked out what looked like the most downy recess in the heap of hay and making the best combination possible of the one quilt and the clothes I had on, sank to rest—

Down among the little bugs and things. The birds went back to the purline. Soon the only sounds were the pigs and calves below, the fool geese parleying in the yard and the still small rustle of the hay.

In spite of the little bugs I must have gone to sleep. I remember how deliciously isolated it all seemed as I got the last glimpse of the end of the barn with long cracks of light looking like a 1917 skirt on a warm street. Then the spirit of the hay got hold of me, and I smelled my way into a swift land of big doings. I dreamed that I had just shocked up 25 acres of wheat in an hour moving with giant strength over the field, picking up sheaves as a magnet does iron filings; having accomplished this by early sunrise I found myself after breakfast in a fabulous large field of stooks with a gigantic fork waiting for the arrival of a tremendous waggon. Thereupon I heaved wheat, a whole shock at a throw, on to the waggons that came and went, feeling like a god-cousin to Hercules with Little Father transformed into an Apollo of strength and speed, and the Clyde horses moving like the wild horses in the days of old—

Gradually I became conscious of a strange pattering, a low silken music like the noise of soft rain on a silent sea. I opened my eyes. There again was the summer skirt glimmer of the barn wall; here was the hay; once more the quilt that would not fit me and the crawling buglets.

I had been surely dreaming. I sat up to listen. The patter was still there. The whole roof was pattering.

"Great heavens!" I heard myself mumbling. "It's raining. That puts the kibosh on all I was dreaming about."

And I rolled back to dreams again.