

couraged to sit on the barrel or the harmonium). Prairie chickens, ducks, celery, nasturtium salad, lemon-cheese cakes, coffee and bread and butter made a delightful spread.

The choir, coming over in procession, were greeted at the door and then ensued a hunt for places. Cards indicated these, but how puzzling the cards were. The tenors had their initials written in the tenor clef. Daisy Fisher's card exhibited a daisy and a little fish; Dodo Day's a dodo; Kathleen's had a "lean cat." There were many others. When all our seats were found, the word was given and we sat down with one simultaneous movement. It would have been impossible any other way in such limited space.

As the meal proceeded the fun rose; it was like an evening picnic. We had to manoeuvre matters a good deal to accommodate everything. "Would you mind laying down your fork a moment while I drink my coffee," was a necessary request for elbows were in dangerous proximity to cups. "Oh, just put the salad down on the floor, there is plenty of room, but don't slip into it." The Compliment tell rang all too soon and put an end to an evening of great enjoyment. The choir formed up and singing "God Save the King," they marched away; on reaching the Canadian School they gave three hearty cheers for the Misses Moody and three more for the most receptive of reception rooms.

"ONE OF THE CHOIR."

About Places we know.

LYTTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

This small town is situated at the junction of two rivers, the Thompson and the Fraser, and 50 or 60 miles above the mouth of the Fraser Canyon.

It is a mining town and also the traffic centre for the newly made town of Lillooet.

Coming from Eastern Canada the traveller follows the Thompson River for about a hundred miles. The scenery in this vicinity is magnificent. In some places the high rocky banks descend almost perpendicularly to the water's edge; in others the river foams and rushes madly through its narrow bed until reaching broader, lower ground it throws itself over with angry haste and then settles again to calmness.

As you approach Lytton you find that the Thompson loses itself in the Fraser, which is a much wider, deeper river, with low, sandy banks and rather brown, muddy water.