

SOME NICE ROLLS; OR A VISIT TO THE COOK'S FRIEND.

"Just look out for your coat, please, Industria; we are very busy, and have not much time for dusting."

"Don't mind that. I have long had a curiosity to see where our ocean-to-ocean Cook's Friend came from. I guess I can stand some dust."

"We'll take the top flat first. The top of the tree is the foot of the ladder here, you see, and our processes creep down until we come to the tempting piles of packages there."

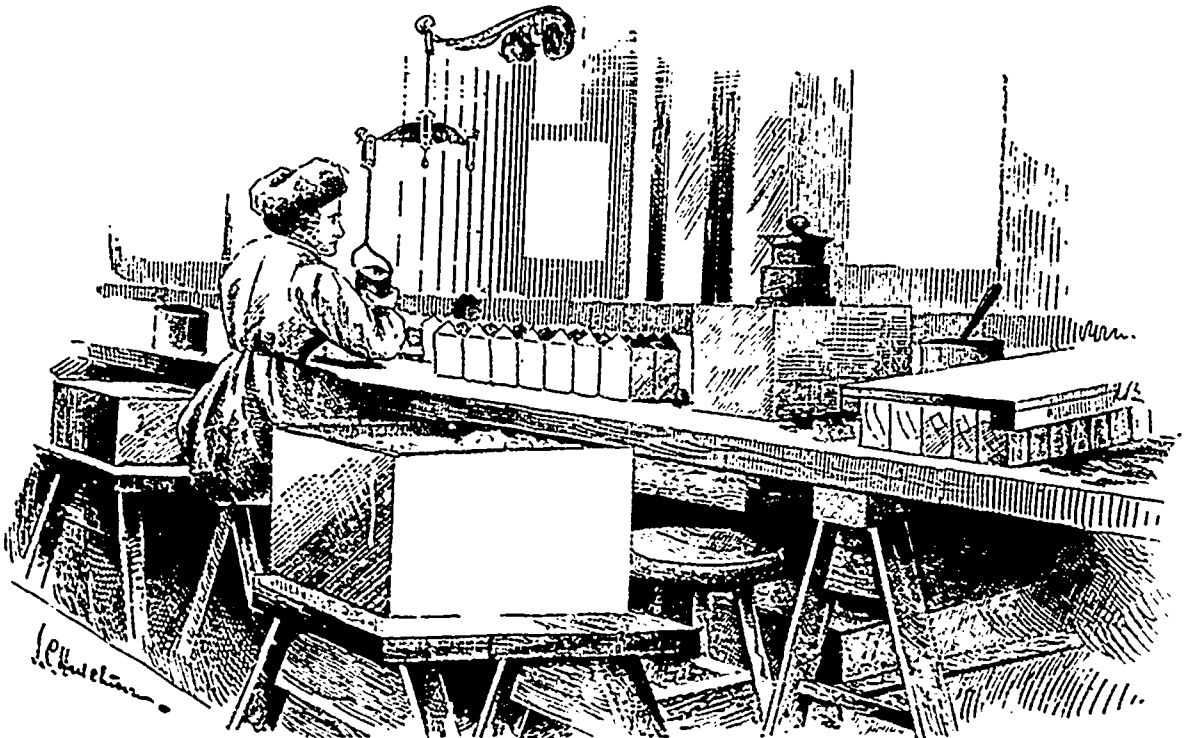
"Makes me hungry to look at them, and touches us Canadians, young and old, in a most comfortable fashion. First time I saw the Cook's Friend was on my first fishing and camping expedition. We had, ten of us, with a small yacht, and a couple of canoes, gone off for two weeks—a fortnight's free and glorious life on our lakes.

Dick Brown, you know him, was one of us. He was in the 'blues'—indigestion, he said; the kind of mood a fellow gets into when he shakes his head at everything. Shakes it for downright contrariness, and grumbles for the pure love of grumbling."

The manager smiled. He knew Dick, and had struck him once in a while in one of his "moods."

"Well," I continued, "Dick was grumpy. We chafed him. No use. We 'bounced' him. Still worse. We threw him out of the tent. He got mad. We tossed him into the water—no, not too deep. He declared he'd go home. Holidays were no go for Dick. --- Oh, that is the material, is it, in these huge casks? Where does it come from?"

"Wherever we can get it best. Sometimes from Eng-



WITHOUT A SOLITARY ONE BUDGING.