

yarn, and some of it she wove into home-made flannel—why, she has the blankets yet, and all done with her own two hands. And piece-work quilts—the one on the spare bed, where Willie and his wife must sleep—she did know how many thousand pieces were in it, but had forgotten—the red as red, and the white as white, as the day it was quilted, and twenty-five other quilts—grand chain patterns, and basket patterns, and double x's—just pick up play, when the real work was done, you know, and the children—"Why, my two children was no trouble; they was just play toys for me and William, and he was that funny and good-natured, and we got along well and have plenty and to spare of everything now."

It was the "Wee short hour ayont the twelve" when they all went to bed. A memorable night in the lives of all four had been lived.

The next day was fine and the drive to Bon Echo was by way of the Indian trappers, where Bon Echo launch was expected to meet them, but he who puts faith in a gasoline launch is lost.

John the Indian came out to tell them to drive on, but when he found out who was aboard a visit had to be made.

"Why, you're Little Willie McLaren. I knowed your father and mother and I've had you on my knee. That's a good-looking woman you've got. Where did you get her—I want one like her for my Charlie—he's good-looking, too."

Again the wondrous charm of friendliness fell like a mantle of joy and everyone was having a good time.

Bon Echo Inn had been closed for a month, but the yellow room was ready, and a big log fire blazed in the old stone fireplace to welcome the hunting guests.

Our charming neighbors, "The Fenns," of Bucke Island in summer, and Chicago in winter, were to occupy the Cement Cottage—yes, to stay all winter—to see a real Canadian backwoods winter, with Massanoga for their front door yard, and "Old Walt," just across the lake to symbolize a delightful camaraderie, appreciated by these worth-while folks of culture and refinement, who knew that the big things of life were the ability to know nature and love the great out-of-doors. Then there was Miss Barnhardt, who had been with me for some days. She had arrived, all in, from doing double nursing of the "Flu" in Toronto, and now she herself was being nursed by the health-giving air of Bon Echo, and last, but not least, was Mary and Alex, who made this hunting party possible with eats in the caretaker's cottage.

What a delightful two weeks it was to be sure.

Hunters were camped all about the lakes and hounds giving "tongue," and rifle shots echoed about the old Laurentian Granite hills, giving an uneasy feeling to the wild life of the woods and exciting us to pity, because the killing of animals or birds is really not fun. It may be a necessary evil, but our joy came with the camera, and long tramps through the woods over the fallen leaves, noting the many interesting fern, moss and late plant life, with now the evergreen firs as their only rivals.

We had voted Bon Echo glorious beyond description in