

sure that handkerchief belonged to Sidney. She even allowed her glance to travel to him. Sidney grinned.

"I may as well own up when you look at me like that," he said. "So are we."

Mrs. Freddy started and looked alarmed.

"Sidney!" she exclaimed. Evidently Cupid had been attending to his own affairs.

"We've been engaged a month," said Eleanor.

"I never dreamed," repeated Mrs. Freddy, as if those were the only words in the language.

"Well, you see, it's my first season," Eleanor went on, "and it handicaps a girl to be engaged. Sidney thinks it handicaps a man, too, so there. We are going to be married in June. I wish you wouldn't tell."

Mrs. Freddy put a finger to her lips.

"Sh-h-h-h, not a word," she promised.

Freddy filled the glasses and held one aloft.

"May I?" he said.

Mrs. Freddy looked at him in astonishment.

"May you?" she asked.

"There was an eloquent pause, Marion broke the silence.

"After all, why should I care?" she said.

Mrs. Freddy gasped. She had no words left, so waved her hand silently towards John. Marion nodded. Mrs. Freddy was on her feet in an instant. She kissed each girl in turn, and in her enthusiasm almost kissed John, too.

"I don't mind," said Marion, "if Freddy doesn't."

"How did Freddy know?"

"He came into the music room most unexpectedly last night," John confessed. "He said he could keep a secret."

"How long has it been a secret?" queried Mrs. Freddy.

"Since last night."

"Not really?" She fairly trembled with delight.

Freddy raised his glass with a gesture so perfect that all were lost in admiration.

"Here's to Cupid," he said. "May he live long and prosper."

Freddy extracted the list from his pocket and held it out to his wife. He stroked his chin thoughtfully, with a question in his eyes.

"I still think that Leigh and Eleanor—" he began.

"Oh, what's the use of trying to interfere with Cupid Freddy? I'm satisfied."

Strange Scenes in a Naturalist's Wide Workshop.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Our walls are the forest; our ceiling is the heaven; our floor is the shifting water of the lakes and the "drowned lands."

Many are the white man's wiles—aye and he uses the wiles of the red man too—to lure into his pictures the sly but clever inhabitants of the far North. We travel afoot over the drifted snow; we peer through deep holes cut out in the thick ice; we build "hides" in the thick wild rice beds; we drive holes, here and erect platforms on which to steady our cameras; we float our machines down swift currents into the midst of feeding flocks; we conceal them in heaps of aquatic vegetation, building these heaps carefully an inch a day to allow the setting wild bird whose picture we covet to become accustomed to the changing pile; and often with a taut line over her nest we force her to take her own picture since she refuses to let us do it; we climb far up into the swaying trees, and with only a treacherous foothold point our lens at an egg-filled nest, while the great birds we have disturbed circle and scream over our heads. All this we do (and gladly) in order that the omnivorous maw of the illustrated press may be filled.

Our opening day this year found us shovelling with great eagerness into a drift of snow that had buried the lower and middle branches of the cedar that lined the banks of the ice-bound stonabee, the "Crooked River" of the Mississaugas. Hawk, our guide, pointed to the tree roots with eloquent gestures. "Beewun penay" he grunted. "Partridge snowdrift!" we translated it, and our shovels flew to the release of the game grouse. Only a tiny airhole, formed by the bird's frantic attempt to tunnel upward, and aided by the March sun, told where the partridge was buried. But soon we came upon a perfect subway of tunnels, a tiny line where the stoat had run, a larger, more deeply trodden path, where the weasel had passed, and other roads, yet larger, pressed by the soft feet of the rabbits as they sped along to their cozy burrow under the old tamarack root. Here a cross path had been run through by the mink, and a reddish stain on the snow and a few hairs told the tragic end of some poor Bunny.

We found many a tunnel bi-sectioning the main ones, and these we guessed, had been made by the field mice and moles, as they had left their sacks on the bark of the swamp maples.

Again we found a path where the

slowly implanted footmarks and the groove of a dragging tail gave evidence that the heavy muskrat had passed from some "breathing-hole" on his way to a "diving-hole" in the drowned lands. Sometimes we paused in our work, and standing erect gazed at the drifted solitary unbroken waste of snow, and then turned back with wondering admiration to the thoroughfares made beneath by these busy animals.

At last we came upon a short wide path, trodden by the spreading foot-



Some of the tools of the naturalist, hunter, trapper and photographers work

marks of a large game bird. All along its course the beaver grass had been torn out and eaten. I had my fat boy Fritz with me, and with Fritz holding my feet from above I hung like an acrobat, and peered into the tunnel. At the far end I saw the gleam of a pair of bright eyes. Hastily setting the machine, we concealed ourselves beneath a spreading fir. Slowly and stiffly, cautiously at first as if expecting danger, the handsome bird—a male ruffed grouse—emerged. He stood blinking in the sunshine, and slowly eating mouthfuls of snow that he picked up on either side. "Clang!" rang the camera and the grouse sped back along his laboriously won path.

We plunged away through the deep snow, red man, fat boy, and camera laden white. The leaning red flame of our camp fire lighted up the gloomy

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