

Island beach, and with the aid of Walter, who was our lightest sailor, we spliced a rope that put us in sailing order again, when away we went till we reached Whisky Island, then suddenly the wind fell and changed, and for hours we made slow stretches, from one shore to the other, our patience nearly exhausted, and only kept up by the fact that we were all vocalists. We about exhausted our vocabulary of song, and finally had to bring in the aid of our oars, with which our feather weight sailor and the writer were allotted to pull half the way back, the agreement being that our Captain and the other fellow were to pull the other half. We pulled and pulled, and finally reached Kingston, when the other fellow played sharp, and voted to leave the skiff at one of the city boat-houses, so we had to foot it the rest of the way home.

COLUMBINE.

### A VISIT TO THE CAMP OF JUNIOR COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE LADS.

We set out at eight, a. m., to spend the day at the Camp of five boys,—George, the Emperor; Fred, the Prime Minister; and Tom, Dick and Harry, the humble subjects, for they were juniors in age and in strength; the weakest go to the wall, however the worm will turn, and sometimes there is a mutiny in Camp, and they follow Deb's orders and "sass" their superiors (!)

While travelling over our eleven miles of hilly country, we met numerous vehicles, eight of which were loaded with cheese for Whyte & Son's, cold storage; passing a cheese factory the men on the milk wagons waved their hats. At last we came to a settlement of about twenty buildings, which we supposed must be Farrington, our destination. We found out where the Camp was by asking a bare-

footed girl, sitting on a fence rail swinging her feet contentedly to and fro; she was anything but the shy rustic one reads of in story books, and was able to give us any amount of information.

Looking towards the woods we descried two bare-legged chaps make for a tent, and re-appear in neatly tied boots and stockings, giving evidence of the wear and tear of Camp life. As we neared the tent, we saw stockings and towels decorating the laundry tree, while on the grass to our right the bedding was airing. Everything was in ship-shape, from their refrigerator, which consisted of a box sunk in a neighboring spring creek, to their cupboard, which was another box nailed to a tree.

We stretched our tired limbs on the green sward, but our reveries were doomed to have a sudden ending, for a huntsman appeared, madly rushing for his big gun, as great game was to be secured in the neighboring wood; his hat flew one way, and coat another, but the black squirrels escaped.

Then Dick and Harry got the "murphies" out, and began to pare them, but when the Emperor came in, he administered an imperial blessing, and commanded that they pare those peelings. "Wilful waste makes woeful want."

Half of the party went with us to the carriage to procure our lunch baskets. In our absence Fred and Tom went to the tent, and donned their Sunday togs, although their first appearance had been in hunting costume.

Next we had dinner all seated round upon the ground, under the broad blue canopy of heaven, close by the purling brook; we should have preferred it under the spreading beech, as the thermometer was well up in the eighties, but the Emperor informed us, and he must have been there before, that the