

re-auburn hair will be there, so you look across where live the genial couple with whom she boarded. No one in sight. Your party are apparently the only lunatics about.

At the fountain, Hubby waters the horses, and someone says, "If we knew the cheesemaker we might go into the factory and get dried up." We don't go in—we go on. Shall it be north or east.

East. It is sixteen years since you were over this part of the road, but you remember the little lake and the large, red raspberries that grew on the long hill that is one of the main slopes down to Squaw River. They still grow so close to the road that you reach out and pick two, declaring you have berries anyway.

Past a sawmill where the shanty in connection might shelter the party, but is probably locked up.

Past huge boulders of granite, and over some of them, too. Down the hills and up again. Down over Squaw River and up on the other side. You have apparently left the limestone behind and entered the granite formation.

Past a large patch of red raspberries which almost tempt you to stop. No! You are after huckleberries.

At the Buckhorn Road the party turn south. Soon Hubby stops where a small, new barn, looks clean and inviting, and asks if we may have dinner in the barn. Everything around that barn is spick and span, and the owner is hospitality personified.

Baskets are unpacked, hot water obtained at the house, and dinner is served on fresh, clean hay.

Some chickens come in, and you throw some scraps outside for them, whereupon one of the party says that the proper way to drive an animal is to coax it. You reply that the rule works as well with the unfeathered as with the feathered biped. Some one offers to bet a cent that the weather will clear after dinner, but the bet is not accepted.

But when your dinner is finished, four men, your host among them, appear, and offer to take you to the berries. Each man carries a pail, and you are somewhat surprised to see that the clouds are thinning and no rain is falling. Off you go.

Across the road, through an oat field, across a pasture field where wild strawberries run riot, and out on to the bare limestone rock the path leads. You are surprised at this, but hurry after your host, who tells you he can hear the rapids.

Presently your host stops at the edge of the ledge and tells you with a significant gesture, "You can see some country from here." You can, indeed! Miles and miles of flat limestone, with its characteristic covering of sumac and juniper. Down, far down below, runs the Mississauga River, inky black. You can hear the rapids now, and involuntarily you shudder, and you wonder how you will get across, though the other three men have gone ahead to prepare the way. But over there are the berries. Miles and miles of granite hills you can see, and you know that their sloping sides are covered with huckleberries. But there is that dreadful river to cross, and no bridge, and no canoe to be seen.

Your host leads the way, and you go down. Surely some giant hewed out those steps for his own benefit. Three feet broad and two feet down. Down, down, down. You touch soil again, but still the path leads sharply down. Over a seventy-foot boulder, not of limestone, but of rounded granite. The boulders now are all granite. Mother earth has been curling on some gigantic rink in bygone ages, and has left her playthings lying in every position, till they have been grown over by shrubs, and even large trees.

The path leads down to the river where there is an old dam, and you see the rapids now. You think of the Wreck of the Hesperus, as the cruel, beautiful water dashes on. Your party rinse the sand out of their pails and then hurry along up the bank of the river. There are huckleberries growing on the boulders now, but you leave them to "top off with" coming back.

But all the while you talk and laugh in the sunshine you are wondering how you will face that awful water. Turning a bend, you see the three men who preceded the party. You begin dimly to

understand how you will cross the river now.

You have crossed several of the rivers of Ontario at different times. You have crossed the Don and the Humber at Toronto. You have crossed the Thames and the Grand at various times and by various kinds of bridges. You have trod the little foot bridge over the Moira at Belleville. You have crossed the floating bridges on Pigeon and Chemong Lakes. You crossed this same river sixteen years ago by an old bridge you were nearly afraid to tread on. Now you see the actual making of the bridge by which you are to cross.

Two boom logs are placed across the river just where it leaves a small lake. An uprooted tree is placed across these, some planks are thrown on the timbers, and behold your bridge.

You think you can never cross, but when the oldest man of the party goes across, though he is lame, you go too, but you are right glad of a helping hand on the other side.

Here are berries at your feet. You leave the lower berries for those who cannot climb so well as you, and you zig-zag up the granite slope.

Berries everywhere! Miles of them! Growing in tiny cracks; growing in an inch or two of soil on the flatter places, clinging even where the rocks rise so steeply that you dare not tread.

You notice that what you had always thought were berries with the bloom rubbed off, are a distinct variety, and you fancy they are sweeter than the more beautiful bloom-covered variety.

How quickly the berries fill your pail. You pick as rapidly as possible, but you are getting more than berries out there on those granite hilltops. You are getting a whiff of your childhood days. You forget for a while that you are the mother of eight children, that there are shirts to mend and socks to darn. You forget even the baby for a little while, and involuntarily you look south to see the wide, tumbling waters of blue Lake Ontario. South! Where is south! The sun is apparently shining in the northeast though Hubby's watch tells you it is half-past three.

The party have agreed to meet at the bridge at five. Hurry, then, to fill your pail while you may.

The small boy of the party says he has his pail nearly full, whereat you express surprise, but he assures you that it is so because he has the bottom covered. Five o'clock. Hubby calls you, but those berries are so enticing. Fifty-three. You reluctantly leave the patch, cross the bridge, and start homewards.

The rapids are foaming white and cruel, and the uprooted tree which formed part of your bridge is tossed like a match in the racing water. You watch it go, and then begin the upward toil. You are glad now that your childhood was spent among the hills. You learned there the trick of climbing easily, and it stands you in good stead as you mount those gigantic steps.

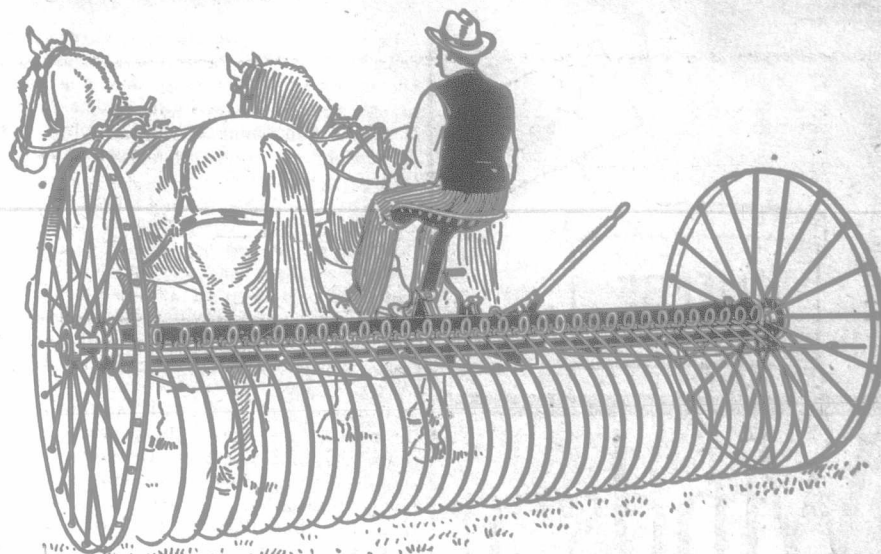
A picnic supper in the barn, berries bought from the men who have done so much for your party, then for home. One man has filled a large milkpail, and not a leaf or a stem in it. Between what the party buy and what they have picked, there are eight pails of berries in the democrat when you start home.

You meet others coming in who will perhaps camp several days. You envy them, but there are home ties not to be slighted.

Someone starts to sing, and for several miles you sing anything you can think of. The song stops abruptly sometimes when the horses trot through the yielding sand over a granite boulder, and the democrat gives a jounce that settles your supper and the berries in the pails at the same time. You wonder if there will be a whole dish left in the basket—but never mind. You are having one of the times of your life.

The evening mists are falling, and as you look back from the uplands they appear filmy and delicate as a bridal-veil flung sideways, decking the woods with beauty. Another hill or two passed, and the mist has covered all but the tree-tops, giving one the weird sensation of driving into a lake dotted with islands.

While you laugh and talk and sing (or croak), you can see in your mind's eye the tall figure of your host as he tells you the berries are over there. You can still see the black river, and hear the purr of those white, cruel rapids.



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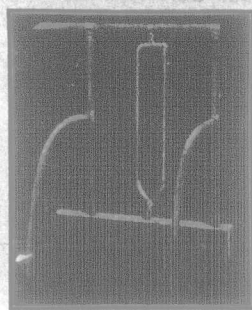


Fig. I

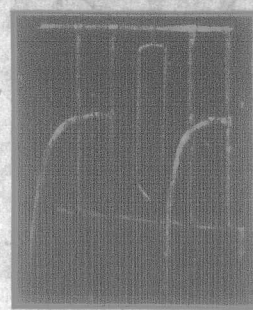


Fig. II

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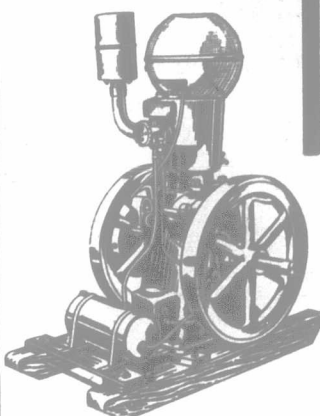
Fig. I, 1 1/4-in. Pipe, Black..	\$3.50	Galvanized.....	\$4.25
Fig. I, 1 1/2-in. " "	3.75	" "	4.60
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Fig. II, 1 1/2-in. " "	4.75	" "	5.70
Stanchions alone " "	1.25	" "	1.60

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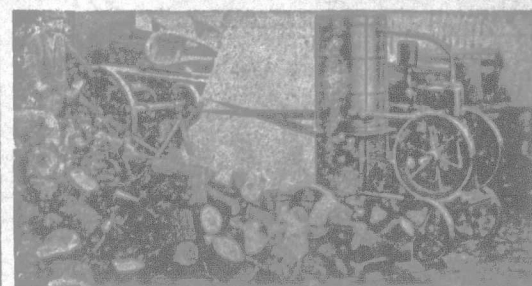
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