

order to take the Kingston creek short route from Bellisle, leading into the Kennebecasis. Here the whole character of the scenery changes; instead of the usual rolling country, or intervale and island lands hitherto observed, the river banks are steep and rugged, the scenery picturesque in the extreme, and the skater, while eager to move on, is inclined to hold back for mental or ocular refreshment. We sail rapidly on—passing rock, glen, cavern—and we are safely landed at St. John, having covered a distance of 70 miles before many a society man has had his light lunch or smoked his midday cigarette. A short stroll about town to see the fashions, and get some exercise before dinner—the 70 miles our legs had already carried us being considered nothing in the day's work, and the rest of the day is quickly spent.

BACK AGAIN.

We have had a good time down stream. We hope for equally favorable circumstances up hill on our return journey to-morrow: "No harm to make an early start." We sleep the sleep of the weary, and having laid in a good foundation of bacon and eggs at breakfast, 6 a. m. finds us again on the ice, homeward bound. We soon find that a high wind has set in in our teeth. Up stream means up hill work. The long strides of yesterday have been exchanged for short, quick steps. At times all we can do is to hold our own, or to make much of every inch of the headway. We seek shelter behind every projecting bank. The rocks, glens, and caverns of yesterday no longer meet our admiring gaze. Thoughts of "envy, hatred, and malice" fill our minds as we see each passing "skatist" flying down stream and down wind, while we (sorry figure-skating ours), with wind and weather against us, plod wearily along. We count the hours as they slowly pass. Miles passed are easily recorded.

"The evening sank in sorrow down." We still have one-third of the distance to travel. Could we but reach Oromocto—10 miles from home—before night sets in, we could there refresh the inner man, and arrive at Fredericton by midnight. We put on extra steam; we pull ourselves together—easily accomplished in the absence of food by tightening our waist-belts; we fail to get extra speed; we fail to see the long expected Oromocto at each turn of the river. At last!—*Sic transit gloria mundi*—sick at heart and weary in body, we drag our weary legs along. At last, about 10 p.m., a dim light on the river bank directs us to the long