

some found an outlet in singing and those who could not sing stood on the seats and shook their fists at those a long distance ahead. Once a cat ventured too near a waggon and a Scotch Collie gave it a chase for its life. It was "nip and tuck," but the cat got the best of it. The hills were steep in places and everyone but the drivers walked up. The roads must have been rough, too, for half the cider dashed out.

Arrived at Cantley, the advance agents received us, introduced us to our ever-to-be-remembered-friends, the Prudhomme's, and we enjoyed a few minutes relaxation there. The journey was resumed and the remaining six and one half miles to our stopping place were as enjoyable as any before Cantley was reached.

About 12 a.m. we reached the farm-house of Mr. Despoti who was to be our host and guide. Preparations were made immediately for dinner. In the meantime Ric led a cake-walk on the sward and over the ploughed ground. In a short time dinner was announced, and a rush ensued for a large tree in the shade of which ham and eggs were spread in abundance. It is unnecessary to treat in detail of the sumptuous dinner that was served on the grass; but to see how caves were filled seemed paradoxical in scientists in search of "the cave."

After dinner the boys lay in the sun and sang "Floating down the river," and a dozen old songs that never seemed so new before. Truly was it good to be there and feel, though you could ne'er express, the joy of a good conscience after doing justice to a good dinner.

About 2 p.m. we started for the cave. The path lay along the base of the mountain, over and under logs in rabbit style, and frequently through marshy places. But no one complained of anything but heat, as our guide led the way.

The cave was reached at last. It looks on approach like a huge mouth in the side of the mountain. Without investigating further, we rested at the entrance and Mr. Richards took a snapshot of the party. Then into the cool, hollowed rock we ventured, candle in hand to light our way. Twisting, turning, slipping, climbing, on we pushed. Now we were in the beautiful, lofty "chapel," and anon struggling on all fours through a crevice. What matter if we were covered with mud and slime? Down