

ment, and it is with shame that I must confess that we immortalized them in such snatches of doggerel as we could perpetrate between us.

The wet days gave us our friends, for we were compelled to stay within doors a few hours when the rain was quite equal to the description one often doubtfully reads when it "descends as a solid sheet, blotting out the landscape." It was all that and more!

Those wet mornings what fun we had at the camp—dashing from one tent to another, and into the rain for hasty ablutions, taken, quite as a matter of course, outside.

How we laughed when one suggested what our feelings would be should one's mother say, "My dear, it isn't raining very heavily, run out now and wash!"

Lunch time saw us up the river or on the primitive wagon-road on the side of the Vermillion Mountains. Pity the man, who, allured by the written description of the "delightful motoring one may have from Banff to Laggan" along this self-same road, attempts it, for this road should be named the "Motorists' Terror," and the sign, "Abandon hope—and tires—all ye who enter here," be set up at its entrance! But for picnics it is delightful—one never feels quite sure whether one will be required to clamber down a precipice or ford a small river, and "variety is the spice of life!"

The weeks flew by, and riding, paddling, swimming or climbing, we enjoyed ourselves with a childishness not at all compatible with our years; and friendship seemed sweeter away from the cramped restrictions of city life.

Sounds and smells were invested with a new delight; the ordinary occurrences of everyday life were lightened with much laughter, and so, always together, we sought from nature, and found happiness.

Then two of us had to leave, and we other two adjusted ourselves all over again and hastened to glean all that was possible from the remaining weeks.

Other camps were breaking up also, and often up the river we would hear the chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" ring out, followed by a verse of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and we would both feel it was cruel that such a summer should come to an end.

But life is full of surprises, and we had yet to see Banff in another aspect than that of tears and laughter.

We wakened one morning in an unnatural quiet and gazed across at each other, apprehension dawning in our eyes. Slowly—and shiveringly—I crawled out and peered through the flaps of the tent. "Oh, Frances!" I gasped, and then words failed me.

It was snowing! Snowing in a quiet, unassuming manner that smote terror to our souls. But the funny side of it struck us, and we laughed until we were weak.