



VOL. XXXIV

NOVEMBER 19th, 1906.

No. 3

### ON A JULY MORNING.

THE river flowed softly between its wooded banks, with scarcely a quiver of the dark shadows stretching out towards its silver centre. Here and there it rippled round a point where a tree stood, green, still and strong, but yielding gradually to the insidious advances of the water. Then it swept smoothly round a grassy curve and between the piers of the wooden bridge, where it widened suddenly into the mill-pond. Gleaming in the sunshine lay the pond, a semi-circular haven ringed round with green banks to the north, and to the south with its straight, deep channel, dark blue in the shadow of rocky shore and wood, then sparkling bright where the bank was low and clear. Just where the river narrowed for its plunge stood an ordinary Canadian saw-mill, low, open and weather-beaten, and from it to the southern shore stretched the dam. The gray-stone grist mill stood below it, while some distance back and hidden from the river were the offices and out-buildings.

No more was to be seen, but up beyond the wood, which rose first abruptly, then gradually, from the edge of the mill-pond, straggled the little village. It was ugly, but interesting even in its ugliness, for there one might read something of the his-

tory of pioneer days. Lothian on the banks of the Chandeaux; how much even in the names!

But the village with its history is not our present concern. Enough that it had boys, who went to school—when they were obliged to—learned lessons—or forgot to learn them, as they often did—and on the last day of June promptly banished both school and lessons to an oblivion of cheerful indifference. For six glorious weeks home was a place to eat and sleep; the river, the place to live.

And there two of them sat in the splendid sunshine of this July morning; happy as kings, throned on a pier in the middle of the mill-pond. They had reached it by the boom, which stretched from the mill; and were anything needed to enhance their happiness, this was enough. To have walked a hundred yards on the two-foot-wide boom, even though with secret thrills of fear as they glanced into the depths on either side, would make the heart of any boy of seven or eight exult with the joy of difficulties and dangers overcome. In imagination they already saw themselves "running the logs" from shore to boom, diving off the pier into twenty feet of water, even running the slide as they had sometimes seen the rivermen do. Could the imagination