



"OLD MARY"—GRAND-MOTHER



"OLD MARY'S" GRAND-DAUGHTER

beans, bread and canned butter, prunes and tea, served in the little log restaurant just opened for business, I set about putting my tent-home in order and, being somewhat worn out after experiencing the discomforts of the week's travel, turned in for a good night's rest. This, however, was not to be undisturbed. After sleeping for what seemed to be a very short time I suddenly awakened and sat erect, hearing stealthy footsteps close to the tent and a voice, lowered to a whisper, saying "You go to that side and I'll take this corner." I sprang noiselessly out of bed and stood in the centre of the tent, nervously awaiting developments. These came speedily. Someone pushed a mangy cur in under

the tent flap and presently the ridge pole struck me on the head and the tent collapsed about my ears, leaving me struggling—as was my canine companion—to get free. Instead of an interesting, though undesirable hold-up, as first expected, I came to the conclusion that this was my initiation. Standing out there in the cold at midnight in dishabille, with the tent to be erected again before I could crawl into the warm blankets, I failed to see the humorous side of the situation; but, judging by the outbreaks of laughter floating back on the cool night air, and growing fainter in the distance, my late visitors, at least, were enjoying my discomfiture.

The next few days were spent in