

concluded that two good slices each of bread and butter would be sufficient for our needs. We hardly realized that we were going up against the most appetising air in the world, as found on the North shore of P. E. Island. Consequently we were taken unawares. A week of that air is guaranteed to give one such an appetite that they will eat anything from barbed wire stew to the jam of a broken door. Therefore the following menu seemed A 1, after we had disposed of our bread: a sour apple; a slice of dulse; a raw mussel; sour apple; dulse, mussel and vice versa, vice versa. I can taste those apples yet. They belonged to a species peculiar to themselves. No one would have you arrested if you tried to steal them—although you might be arrested if you were found trying to eat them. They belonged to a variety which sometimes countrymen bring to town to give to the unwary small boys who follow their apple carts. They are always kept in one corner of the cart by themselves. After lounging around on the shore for an hour or so, and satisfying ourselves that the water on the North side is as good as any turned out anywhere for bathing purposes we decided to start for home. I was going say a few words about our trip back to the city over those lovely roads. It takes courage to ride over those roads and our clothes soon showed that we possessed plenty of 'sand.' We got off our wheels several times, returning. We did not always come to an agreement as to when we would dismount. As likely as not it was when we saw a herd of cattle on the road and tried to dash through them without first sending in our cards. Sometimes it was when coasting down a hill and our tyres got in too close relationship with one another. We did arrive home at last,; feeling as one would probably feel after becoming too familiarized with the business qualities of a road machine. Yes, gentle readers, I was going to describe all about this trip, but somehow it seems to me, the subject is altogether too serious. We went out to have a good time, and looked upon the trip as a little pleasantry or sort of joke, but we failed to see the joke. The words of an old saw keep buzzing in mine ears :—

"Uneasy lies the head that strikes the ground."

