

his senses or to the store. There are times when a man thinks inexpressible things but wears a calm face. If the day is a rather sweltering one in late summer, and the man a stranger in an inhospitable place, there is reason for him to think very inexpressible things, and he is to be commended if he does not unguardedly express them.

This young man was an "Anglo-Saxon," and, as might be expected, he was endowed with the race's qualities. He was not going to be balked in his plans. He found out the store-keeper's house and went there and asked the man why his store was not open—the jocular greeting had slipped from his mind.

He was conducted to the store—through the side-door—and made his purchases. Then following instructions he went to the side door of the post master's house, and carried away letters and purchases in triumph to the camp.

He would have a good laugh on the boys when he got back, he said to himself, and chuckled over the fun between mopping-spells at his shining forehead.

For this was Sunday, and the boys had observed Saturday as a day of rest with Sunday-school decorum and had sent him rapping up decent people to trade on the Sabbath-day. He knew they were in excellent form just then, and keen for a quick paddle, but, willy-nilly, they would have to keep Sunday over again.

A splendid joke on the fellows!

Ah, yes; but—

Few men can see two sides of a matter at once, and he forgot that he had been, and was, foremost among the boys. But they did not, and the laugh ran all the other way when he got to camp.

There was much rejoicing over the day that had been lost and was found. And with the lesson in reckoning Time's whirling of days, cheques came that day to line the commissary-purse. Time and Money—indispensable in the civilization to which they were returning, but things to be laughed at on a canoe-trip. We are told that in Paradise we shall not know these finite conveniences: perhaps that is one reason why, east or west, a canoe trip suggests paradise.