

The first evening after our arrival all felt tired, and instead of taking any violent exercise we sat around the camp; some by the fireside, others played chess or sung. The little dog, Carlo, seemed to enjoy the quiet of the thing, too, for he dozed away upon the hearthrug, occasionally opening his drowsy eyes and taking a sly peep as he moved, to see would he be reprimanded for his rudeness.

Next morning after breakfast was over, and everything placed in order, we started. Two of the boys took the canoe, and paddled up to the bay, where they were going to fish; a few others went bathing, while Jack and I went tramping over hills and rocks in search of foxes. Travelling the greater part of the day we returned to the camp, fatigued and hungry. In this way we spent the first few days; sometimes bathing, other times fishing and paddling, and occasionally we would go for a romp up the mountains. This was very good, being novel for the first three days, but we soon became desirous of a change.

One evening after quite a little deliberation we started up the river to Mr. Makers', a free, easy, kind man who yet clung to the good old customs of the country. Not knowing him or his family we were rather timid about entering without a formal invitation. Mr. Maker, however, contrary to what we expected, made us welcome and had us go into the house. He was as ready as the youngest of his family to play chess, dive for apples, and play checkers. Though belonging to the class of "gentlemen farmers," he was not above joining with his servants and family in their innocent amusements. There was nothing of the paddy-go-easy way about Mr. Maker; none of your windows stuffed with rags; nor your gaps blocked with ploughs; everything bore an appearance of ease and opulence. We joined in the games, and spent a very enjoyable evening. Mrs. Maker, also, did her best to make us happy, and from that date onward we were never lonely. Whenever there were to be any special amusements at the farm the Maker family would send word to our camp, which was only a mile distant down the river.

From the date of our acquaintance with the Maker family time passed very quickly, and for the remaining two weeks we never wanted anything which their farm produced. After our three weeks' absence we returned to the city, firmly convinced that there was nothing better for "brain dusty" students than to spend a few weeks camping.

F. CORKERY, '11.