

THE PRIMITIVE LOVERS.

My aunt was horrified. That was nothing extraordinary; she had a failing in that direction. I had taken her for a summer holiday to Clo'oose, on the west coast of Vancouver Island; far from the madding crowd and far from those brazen hussies of Vancouver, who display the roundness of their limbs and the fairness of their bosoms, on the sands at English Bay, to the dismay of the W. C. T. U. And here was an Indian bathing close to her habited in, she blushed to say it, a pair of socks.

"But, aunt," I remarked, "you fail to see the charming originality. A pair of socks in place of a bathing suit! The man is a genius."

"I always heard that genius was akin to madness, but here it is allied to indecency," was her freezing retort.

"But these Indians are not used to white visitors," I hazarded; "moreover, his action is perfectly natural, and he has not the slightest idea that he is doing anything to offend the proprieties. Besides, you can turn your face to the left and make yourself believe that you never saw him," I added, rather maliciously, I am free to admit.

"Algernon," she retorted, poking me playfully in the ribs with her parasol, "I sometimes think that you are very coarse. I warned your dear