

CANADIAN CAMP LIFE

with Charley as escort. But when the time came for our departure, four horses were brought round to the front door. Mr Templeton helped Josie to mount first, Charley vaulted into his saddle, and away they scampered on ahead.

Mr Templeton excused himself for 'one moment'; there was something he wished to take with him. Mammy and Mrs Wentworth hovered about me with more than their usual solicitude. When I was mounted I wanted to catch up with the others.

'I thought you were a merciful young lady, Miss Bessie,' Mr Templeton said in his quizzical way. I looked inquiringly at him. 'You know you should take your horse easy for the first mile or two when you have a long distance to go, and then you can take him in at the end of your journey almost as fresh as when you started.'

'Josie and Charley seem to have forgotten that,' I returned uneasily. But he soon began to talk so pleasantly of English country life, and of his travels in distant lands, that I got quite at my ease.