

days to reach our objective point, and presumably would take the same to reach Seal Rocks again; so we must move driven by the devil of necessity.

When we were ready to start Frank began to complain that he had "something in his inside." This wasn't to be wondered at, as he had put himself outside a whole leg of venison during the night, even to the marrow in the bones, and had eaten the kidney beside.

He was evidently suffering a good deal, and lay in a sheltered corner in the sun, shivering till his teeth chattered. The man had had several bad wettings, and I had a horrible vision of pneumonia and rheumatic fever, and of our having to depend for grub on my fishing rod. However, in a little he recovered sufficiently to move slowly on, and later that day, we passed through such quantities of fallen timber covered with loveliest moss. It seemed as if the moss, with its green fingers, was doing its best to

restore the glory of life to the fallen trees.

On Sunday we reached the railway track, but at a point many miles nearer home than Fischels. I could have hugged that track, and did all that was possible in that way to Frank Paul's utter disgust, as he wore moccasins and despised railway track for walking on. About four that afternoon we got to the settlement of Flat Bay, and at Frank's suggestion, went to the house of Paul Benoit, where we ate of good bread and good butter, and good eggs and jam, and drank tea with milk in it, that was nectar; and chief joy of all, washed off the stockholm tar and oil with which we had tried to keep off our winged tormenters, the mosquitoes.

The chief joy of camping out is the good taste of things when you get to civilization. I never knew how much I thought of my grub till that beefsteak came before me, in the dining-car, on my journey to St. John's.

THE SENTIMENTAL OARSMAN.

(ON THE THAMES.)

HE belongs to an old school of rowing man now almost exterminated by the vast hoard of Cockney excursionists which pours itself with yells, oaths and general offensiveness upon nearly all the lower reaches of the Thames, and by the almost equally vast hoard of members of the Pink Shirt Brigade who frequent the parts less easily reached. He rows for reasons various. For the love of rowing; also because the river brings to his soul a most blessed peace; because he likes to feel the fresh air and sunshine filter through his pores it seems to his very soul; to see the cultered flowers on the smooth-mown river lawns of riparian estates and the wild ones

that blow in the fair meadows through which the Thames carves its gentle way. Also does he love to hear the subtle sounds of Nature's language, so sweet, so numberless and to feel her sweet presence with his every sense. Well does she delight him and he is her most faithful lover—not the butterfly of two warm days. He sees the chestnuts shed their snow of pink and white upon the stream. He sees them clothed in emerald. He sees them in Autumn, when Midas has touched them and turned the emerald to gold; and he loves her in her old age, when the snow falls to hide her nakedness and the rain has brought down the flood-water which