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them with. We four get in the boat, and my husband paddles down stream. The rapids are roaring and singing amongst the rocks and stones. Presently with a little thrill we shoot through the roaring swirl, the boat going bumpetty bump over the waters like a wagon over a rough road.

The river is very deep just below the rapids, but presently it is low enough to wade. It does not seem possible that this is the same stream, that, so short a time ago, was "running white," swift and deep, and utterly impassable. There is here a little island of about an acre's extent, and on it, at the boys' importunity, we decide to camp, and they wade and tow the supplies in the boat from the wagon to the island.

The men work for a while with shovels and axes at the hill approaching the crossing while the boys play gaily around the island, trousers rolled up as high as they will go, occasionally bringing treasures—bits of coal or clam shells for mother to see.

a bit more, while the rest of the things were spread. The air was a bit chilly and the fire felt good. Everything tasted fine, the boys especially commending "that little smoky taste." As we ate a playful wind would throw a bit of feathery white ash on us from the fire, but that was part of the picnic.

"I suppose," said one boy, "that if the Mounties see this smoke going up from the island they'll think we're a party of Germans going to attack Wainwright."

Presently the operations of the forenoon were begun again, the boys their tireless mimic warfare, the men and horses their herculean job of scraping down the hills on either side the river so that a conveyance could go up and down. I washed my dishes in the river and had packed them away. After some time the men announced the crossing passable, the shouting and work stopped, and, with our milch cows, we started home again in the gorgeous autumn evening.



"Bucking the Blanket" in the British Camp

"Riding the Goat," that mysterious process of initiating a newly elected member of a "secret" society, has nothing on the process of initiating a new arrival in the military camp. "Bucking the Blanket" is almost on a par with "riding the goat." The photo shows a new arrival in the British camp (a brawny son of Scotland) who is being tossed up in a camp blanket.

It musters up Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson and all the stories of the kind that they have ever read or heard, to have a little, wooded, absolutely uninhabited island, to play on and about. Such mimic warfare as goes on—one would think there were at least two tribes of ferocious, painted Indians at their deadly work—and two boys and a lot of echoes doing it all. Of course their mother sat by like a proud tabby watching her kittens disport themselves.

But there began to be inquiries, after the manner of Gloomy Gus—"when do we eat?" So a spot was cleared, about the centre of the island, a few dry sticks lighted, and the chicken covered down to fry in the frying pan. When it had cooked pretty well, it was put to one side in the pan, and the cold potatoes sliced in. Presently that was taken off, and well covered in the lee of the fire, a green willow stuck one end in the ground, the other over a crotched upright in the earth, the free end projecting over the fire. Over this the pot of water was hung to boil, which it presently did. The tea was put to steep by the fire, the chicken and potatoes put on to brown

The next morning, Sunday, was a bit chillier, but, after the separating, we went again, this time, it being Sunday, without the appurtenances of toil, but, instead, a quantity of newspapers and magazines that an obliging neighbor had brought from the post the day before. I had brought for my own delectation "A Girl of the Limberlost." It being Sunday I proposed to do no unnecessary cooking, so I just took accessories for having hot tea, salmon sandwiches, a cake and some fruit.

We crossed the river in the buggy by our new crossing leaving the valley, climbed the hills to camp in the top story, as I call the hilly part, of our river quarter—Imagine a farm with a river running through it, with "our own rapids," "our own island," lovely river flats for grain raising, green towering hills for the cattle to feed upon, and wooded coulees with cranberries, saskatoons, currants and cool trickling springs! "H'm!" says Mr. Practical, "the bit of flat for grain is all that's of any account in the whole quarter."

We climbed the hills, I was saying, and, as we did so, we looked down over