

CANADIAN CAMP LIFE

weather set in, we had better look for a quiet place in one of the salt-water bays with which our coast abounds, whether on the mainland or one of the numerous islands was of little consequence, so long as the bay was shallow enough to leave the sand bare at low tide; for when it had slowly made its way back, there would be delightfully warm bathing.

One of the objections to that delightful exercise here is that the water is too cold, not only for comfort, but the shock is too great for weak people, especially if there is any affection of the heart.

Accordingly, we set out in quest of a place not too far from Westminster. Vancouver, we decided, we knew all by heart, for it is our sister city, and we ride or drive, go by electric tram or C.P.R. train, backwards and forwards all the time. Boundary Bay, everyone said, was exactly the place we wanted; so dad and I drove over there—at least we thought we did.

We crossed Fraser by the steam ferry *Surrey*, and drove up and up over a road that tried our axles exceedingly; through the