

did not expect them, and it all ends up by our going back to the boat and cooking our own morning meal. You can see it all, can't you? Yes. Well, that is where you are mistaken for she was a very pleasant and most hospitable though quiet lady, which I will show you later. "Well, then," you say, "where did this danger in a calm come from? Surely not from those little children, the eldest of whom was only in the early teens yet." No, not from them either. You give it up then, do you? I will have to tell you, and this is it.

She came daintily tripping out of another room neatly dressed in a nice muslin dress, with a pair of cinderella slippers on her feet, her hair done loosely and low down on the back of her head, and she had a pair of eyes which Cupid would have died for, a silvery voice which would have put David's harp to shame, and this vision of loveliness the old lighthouse keeper told us was his niece. Right there and then in those sparkling dark eyes, which were almost Southern in their shadowed softness, with a full blown rose on each cheek, I could see signs of a coming storm in regions which hitherto had been undisturbed by any earthly forces. As the light flashed from those eyes, and as soft and mirthful laughter rang out from her rosy lips, they raised such a storm that it could be felt, as it were, a thousand times further than the one which had put the old sear on the shore so many years ago. I could truly understand one of the dangers that goes with a calm.

After breakfast the old lighthouse keeper offered to show us the lamps. We thanked him, and said we should be glad to see them. When we got to the foot of the stairs, I felt like refusing to go further for our fair companion was not coming with us. I stood at the door for a minute debating with myself whether or not I would ask her to come with us, or allow me to stay with her, but I think she quickly guessed my thoughts and offered to accompany us, saying, as she did so, that it would be a pity not to see the fine view which could be had from the top of the lighthouse.

By this time all the others had reached the top of the first long flight of stairs, so I held the door open for her until she passed through, then when I had mounted the first step I offered her my hand, which after giving me a quick glance she accepted with a very sweet "Thank you."

As we climbed the stairs we stopped to look out of the little windows, which were placed at every round; and she explained to me some of the sights she had seen through them. Then, I wished that the old lighthouse were a mile high instead of only one hundred and forty feet.

Finally, we reached the foot of the last flight of stairs where she suddenly dropped her hand and bounding upward like a rocket; she stopped at the top and looking down at me with a half smiling, half laughing expression; as much as to say, see, I could have come alone if I had wished to do so.

As I looked up at that beautiful face and graceful figure, which showed up so well against the walls behind her, I truly understood why it was said that man was a little lower than the angels. When we got back to earth again the wind had risen a little, so we thought it best to make a start.

We bade adieu to our kind friends, and were just shoving off when one of the children arrived from the house bearing a hamper. It was filled with fresh biscuits, a pie, some greens and a large piece of cake. This we wanted to pay for, but I think the dear old mother, knowing that we were some other mother's sons, had been thinking of these very things instead of talking, so had instructed the children to take nothing for them.

We sailed away very much in their debt, and once only, as I looked back I thought I saw the flutter of a handkerchief at one of the little windows which we had looked through, and then it, like its owner, went out of my sight for ever, and there was nothing left but a memory of my first danger in a calm.

The little breeze that had sprung up carried us out some six or eight miles and then died away. From then until

evening we had to sit there under the burning August sun, which reflected from the water, burnt our lands, our faces, and lips until they cracked and blistered and were so sore we could hardly move or speak; but when the sun went down we got out the oars and by one of us rowing for an hour or so while the other slept we managed to get the night in.

A dreadful feeling would come over us as we sat there in the dark, knowing that we were out of sight or reach of land, and that one of those sudden storms might arise, to which the north end of old Huron is so subject and which would be too much for our little craft. We also knew that we could do nothing to help ourselves except to make slow headway by using the oars and even that, he knew, would take us further and further away from land until we had crossed the half way mile.

As I have said in the opening this calm was far more trying, and appeared to me to be more dangerous than any storm that I have passed through since.

Early the next morning the breeze began to rise again, and it sent our little boat gliding along so swiftly that in a few hours we had travelled further than we had on the previous day and night, and were soon beyond the lighthouse on the opposite side of the lake, among some of the beautiful islands which make up the grand Manitoulin.

Our breeze soon left us again and all we could do to make a little headway was to use the oars again.

The water was so calm and clear that when we were sailing down the north channel we could see hundreds of islands reflected in the water only to have them move or disappear altogether when we got to where we thought they were.

Though suffering from the heat and discouraged with not getting along as quickly as we would have liked, this part of our trip we enjoyed very much for there you see some of the most beautiful islands in the world.

Amongst these are the vases or flower pots as they are sometimes called. They are well worth going many miles to see. There are two beautiful rocks which rise perpendicularly out of the water and gradually swell out from a yard or so where they can first be seen until they reach a width across their flat tops of twenty feet or more, then as if to finish their vase-like appearance they have beautiful evergreen trees growing on their tops and the combined height of rock and tree must be fifty feet or more.

One day while we were working our way amongst these islands it was exceedingly hot, and as our legs were cramped we decided to go ashore and have a swim. We pulled into a little bay where the water was so calm and clear we could see the bottom twenty or thirty feet down, which was lined deep with empty clam shells, and gradually sloped back to the surface where there was a rod or two of clean washed beach; then, back of that, the evergreen hills which rise for two or three hundred feet almost perpendicularly and are thickly covered with rock cedar.

We thought we were regular Crusoes and had our little world all to ourselves, so had dropped our clothes along the beach just as we had taken them off piece by piece as curiosity led us around. We had swum back and forth across the little bay several times and were trying diving for some extra large and pearl-like clam shells.

On coming to the surface once and shaking the water out of our ears we heard something splashing and on looking out to the entrance boat and in it, I think, was the half tribe of Mannasseh.

I was in the hopes that they would row by the mouth of the bay and we would see them no more, but whether it was an old camping ground of theirs, the quiet bay, or the white man, which at that moment after half an hour in the water were very white, I do not know, but I do know that when they got opposite the bay they turned and came straight down it. I first thought there must be some opening out of the bay which we had not noticed and they were making for that. By swimming around in the water until they had passed by we thought we would



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