

Autumn in Ontario.

ALL our seasons possess charms that endear them to us. Some people like the winter, with her frozen lakes, clear, crisp atmosphere, and vast fields of snow; others enjoy the buoyant life and fresh greenness of the vernal season; while still others prefer the pleasant summer time, with its wealth of foliage and beauty of blossom; and even autumn draws admiring eyes toward herself, decked out as she is in her robes of variegated colours.

The last named season is the one most dear to me. All other seasons have attractions that make me sometimes long for them, but too often certain features make them repulsive. Winter's cold is very severe, and who would say that the months of March and April, with their cold rains and raw winds, are pleasant ones? Summer no doubt is very attractive, but the sweltering heat of July and August too often brings a feeling of oppression. Autumn provides a happy medium to these extremes. It is the evening of the year, a period of calm before the stern approach of winter.

No mistake can be made as to the time of year Autumn is ushered in. September, October and November were the months that our kind teachers of the Primary classes tried to make us believe made up that season, but they, although geographically right, were in reality wrong. That Fall creeps in on us during the last fortnight of August, and leaves us when the cold November skies, overhung with dreary clouds, tell us that winter has arrived. We know well just when the first day of Autumn comes, and mark with regret the disappearance of its peaceful smile in November's gloom.

It comes in a very unassuming manner, in the night too, not at all like what we would expect in the arrival of such a personage. A cold evening, a frosty night, and we wake in the morning and know that Fall has come with the frozen moisture that lies on the fences and on the grass around us. The hot sun through the day may almost deceive us into thinking that summer's sway has returned, but the marks of the colder season are with us in the meadow ferns that have all been turned to brown and the whitened leaves of the cornstalks.

Not only in the vegetation are we aware that a new season has arrived. The birds that fear the cold, the swallows, the king-