

slowly moved making indentations which now held soil enough to form a precarious foothold for ferns and berries; some of them having been converted by nature into veritable rock gardens.

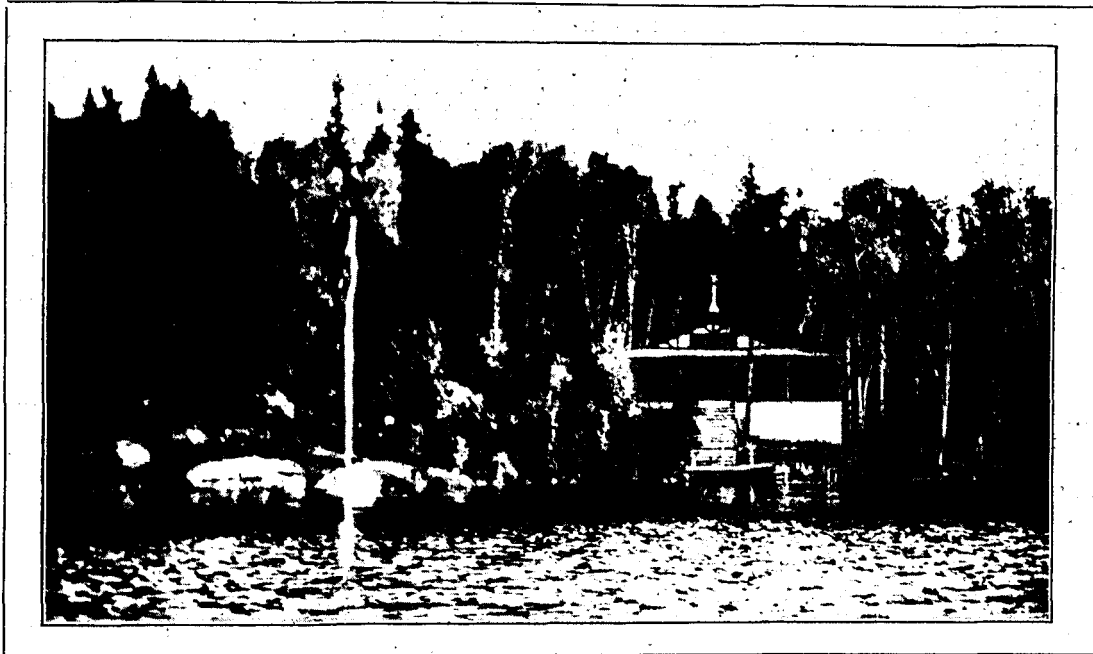
Sometimes we had a whole-day's picnic and then we went in a launch miles away up the lake among its thousands of islands. Once, far up the lake, we had not seen any signs of human life for some time when we came suddenly upon some Indians. In the shadow of a rocky precipice, they slowly paddled their canoes of birch bark, which shone like silver and made an exquisitely beautiful picture as the paddles were dipped rhythmically, breaking the reflections into a thousand silver ripples. But the sad morose faces of the Indians and their resentful attitude when the kodaks were pointed towards them as

West Show came to town before we visited the Indian in his natural state.

The flowers were beautiful on some of the islands and our expeditions always gave opportunity for the capture of fresh botanical specimens. The great clusters of golden rod, growing as it often did at the water's edge, were beautiful and we to whom Professor Carruther's poem had always been familiar learned the significance of the verse:

"And all over lowland and upland  
Lies the charm of the golden rod;  
Some of us call it Nature,  
And others call it God."

Sometimes, very occasionally, it rained, but we managed to enjoy ourselves even in wet weather—one could always go swimming—and there were always long letters waiting to be written to friends at home in England.



HA HA LEEWIS HOLIDAY HOME.

we drew nearer!! We felt quite ashamed of our blatant curiosity. Often afterwards we saw many Indians in the villages selling berries, but they looked different at close quarters. They had not the dignity of those far away silent ones—but, perhaps, after all it was the "brave music of the distant drum."

At Squaw Island, quite near our camp, were a number of Indians, and we planned to visit them at home. But one evening from the wigwams came the sound of ragtime on a gramophone, and there were rumours of sewing machines, and later we saw an Indian woman in a black sailor hat and a hobble skirt with a papoose on her back. It all seemed so incongruous, so we finally decided to keep the illusions we had formed from Hiawatha and to wait until a Wild

One of our number was commissioned to write the camp "Log." In an ambitious moment she began it in the style of Longfellow's Hiawatha, and subsequently all events were interesting as they lent themselves to description in that metre.

It was everyone's ambition to do some deed worthy of record in the pages, and how proud we were when we found ourselves—so to speak—mentioned in the despatches.

And so we passed our holiday at Ha Ha Leewis. We left regretfully, as apparently did our amateur poet whose final entry in the "Log" ran thus:

"So Good-bye to Ha Ha Leewis—  
Other scribes shall pen your story  
Surely with more art, but never  
With more pleasure, than the present."

FLORENCE M. BLOY.

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