

the chesterfield and the blue of the antique glassware used in the living room. The kitchen is a gay yellow and green, with easy to wash plastic curtains and yellow venetian blinds. The rest of the windows have shades, for six blinds are enough to keep clean.

The first winter we lived and slept in the front room. I certainly learned to appreciate faucets and a sink, for that year saw us melting snow and icicles and throwing the dishwasher out the back door. All of the plumbing was then outdoors.

The end of April found us no longer appreciating the beauty of the pure snow on the outstretched arms of the balsam and spruce, but blessing the first quarrelsome cawing of the crows. The next day we thrilled to the sight of the wild geese flying. Forgotten were the struggles of building and the doing without of heretofore accustomed things. Who could worry about the material side of life with that sound of thousands of Springs before and yet to come, singing in our ears? Each day the river was dotted with more ducks and the gulls were screeching a welcome to each other. For a few nights the loons kept up their eerie and lonesome call and sleep was forgotten.

But with the coming of good weather came the urge to improve, so that at the end of Spring we had a bathroom with all the trimmings, a woodburning furnace and faucets that actually produced water. The dishes also were in place in the new kitchen cupboards built by my husband and a helper.

Walks in the woods to catch the sweet smell of Trailing Arbutus and later to keep count of the Lady Slippers, as well as various fishing trips put an end to working, thus for another winter there was a lovely sink to look at but not to use.

Until 1950 a small Johnson motor supplied enough current for 12 volt lights whenever it was in the proper mood. Early in the Spring of 1950 Hydro was brought down the highway and there was great activity getting 9 poles 35 to 40 feet tall to carry the wires from the highway to our place, finding some strong lad to dig the holes and then a crew to set the poles. What a thrill the night they cut us into the main line! I know we had all the lights blazing, the radio tuned to CHOV, the iron plugged in, the toaster all set to go, while the coffee percolator was making coffee.

It seemed like Christmas to unpack these things tucked away for more than 4 years. When the refrigerator was put in place and started, we knew a real sense of relief. No more racing around in the winter to get ice cut and packed in the ice house and then a summer of digging it out and lugging it over to the house.

A few evenings after the power had been turned on, our supper was one that needed only electrical appliances for its preparation. While we were eating my husband asked me if I did not find something missing? I answered "yes. It seems as though we are doing without the company of a third and most

welcome being." Then we knew we would not part with the woodburning cook stove. The sound of its crackle, the smell of the wood and the coziness of its warmth was something we did not want to do without in spite of any inconveniences. But for the hot summer days we bought a Westinghouse roaster oven which can be plugged in anywhere, yet big enough for an oven meal or a roast turkey. It takes two cookie tins, two pies or a two-layer cake and has an extra grill for frying or broiling.

We who were born and brought up in a city are often asked if we do not find it lonesome down at the river and in a community where homes are so far apart. That is a feeling we have yet to experience. The Jeep takes us wherever we wish to go in summer or winter. There are enough neighbours to keep us visiting every night in the week if we wish to do so. In the summertime many hours are spent walking through the woods, riding on the ever changing waters of the Ottawa, or gratefully soaking up the sun's rays while anticipating that exciting tug on the end of a line.

Visitors from afar envy us a spot with such beautiful scenery. In the evening when the sun is setting the hills change from the various shades of green to a rosy purple and the sky is streaked with red. It is a soul feeding experience to sit at the river's edge and watch darkness steal quietly over the land and to hear the first clear call of the Whip-poor-will.

Silently we watch an orange moon glide into view, changing to silver as it climbs higher and soon it throws a silvery ribbon across the river and we half expect to see wee elves dancing there on the glittering surface. The night now becomes alive with the sound of fish jumping and not far away a bigger splash lets us know that a deer has sought the coolness of the water.

After Autumn has set our heads awheel with all its blazing colours our eyes finally welcome the peace of the bare trees and the now subdued green of the pines.

Once more we prepare for winter. The boat is put away with the screens. Storm windows keep out the raw winds and soon we are making more plans for the layout of the electric trains, idle all summer, up in the attic. Unfortunately we have no children of our own, but many have and will continue to enjoy watching the miniature trains chug through tunnels and over bridges and each year should see new villages spring into being or some other added interest for all to enjoy.

This is the time of year that I most enjoy the Women's Institute meetings. Husbands are forgotten as we greet each other and talk over the various happenings since last we met. The Institute has given us the grand opportunity of working together. It has brought interesting programs and speakers to us, as well as to others in the community.

With all these interests and blessings around us it is small wonder that nowhere else do we feel so completely at home or so deeply contented as here. "Home is where the heart is".