

fish now no more. Frawce Seguin has rob my platform.'

" 'Take de nex' one lower down,' my moder she's say.

" 'Dat's Jawunny Leroi's.'

" 'All right for dat. Jawunny he's hire for run timber to-day.'

" 'Ugh—I'll not be able for get up. Send for M'sieu le Curé—I'll be goin' for die for sure.'

" 'Mis re, but dat's no *man*! Dat's a drunk pig,' my moder she's say, angry. 'Sick, eh? Lazy, lazy—dat's so. An' dere hain't no fish for de little chilluns, an' it's Friday mawny.' So my moder she's begin for cry.

" 'Well, M'sieu, I'll make de rest short; for de sun is all gone now. What you tink I do dat mawny? I take de big scoop-net an' I'll come up here for see if I'll be able for scoop some fish on Jawunny Leroi's platform. Only dere hain't nev' much fish dere.

" 'Pretty quick I'll look up and I'll see Alphonsine Seguin scoop, scoop on my fader's