

let his book fall. Uncle John broke into one of his characteristic basso profundo laughs, and said:

"So this is the way you don't fish on Sunday, eh? It's a fine afternoon, isn't it?"

"Well—er—really," spluttered the Minister. "Pilkins, I really had no idea you were fishing. Pull in that line instantly."

"Oh, that's all very well," I said. "But look here, what's *this*?" And I dangled the line which the parson had been holding over the side, and had released on seeing us, and which I had seen in the clear water in sufficient time to catch with my oar.

He hadn't anything to say after that, and tried to turn it off by facetiously asking what we had caught.

"A tartar," growled Uncle John; and he narrated the flask catastrophe. Whereat the Minister and Pilkins went off into fits of mirth, and we felt convinced they were at the bottom of it.

That night, while I was getting my traps together, for I had to return to town the following morning, I pumped Pilkins about the flask incident, and he finally admitted his guilt.

"The Parson and I rowed down there by chance," said he, "and saw the nose of the flask peeping out of the breast pocket of Uncle John's coat. It didn't take us long to go through the contents; then the next question was, how could we protect ourselves from suspicion, for, as we were the only others out, we knew the mischief would be laid at our door. So the Minister filled the flask up with water, and screwed the top on so that there would be a good, healthy leak, and put the flask back in the pocket. You know the rest."

The hired Prussian drove me the following morning to the "Farm," or Blanche Post Office, as it is postally known. It was at this point I had to catch the mail waggon, which would carry me to Thurso, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The drive to the

"Farm," in the fresh morning air, after a good breakfast, was exhilarating, and as it was in an open buggy, I had an opportunity of admiring the splendid ruggedness of the hills and ravines, and the glories of gleaming lake and mountain river.

The "Farm" is the head-quarters of the Edwards lumbering business. Here the men employed in cutting get their supplies. The "Farm" embraces a large and fine stretch of arable land. The soil is particularly good, as the manure of the teams employed in the woods during the winter is brought down in the summer, and used as a fertilizer. This farm is picturesquely bounded by the everlasting hills. Indeed, it reminded me of photos I had seen of South African agricultural country. The various shades of green embraced in the meadow-land, and the flora of the slopes and hills, with the morning sun shining down the valley through a great mountain cleft to the eastward, made the scene one fitted to fill the memory afterward in hours when the sight was weary of prosaic and urban sameness.

Away to the eastward, too, was Big Lake, three miles in length, shining as a million newly-minted silver dollars might, with the sun full upon them. The winter's cut is towed across this fine lake to the Blanche River, on the other side.

The "mail" referred to runs from Inlet Post Office, six miles north-east of the Farm, to Thurso. After leaving the Farm, the road is through heavily-wooded country, and is rough, but it rapidly improves as it runs toward the south. The mail vehicle, on the occasion of my acquaintance with it, was a stout buckboard, with a seating capacity for two, and the locomotive power, a well-built and large team.

It is twenty-two miles from the Inlet to Thurso, and the trip is made three times a week, rain or shine, as the lacrosse advertisers say. Altogether, six thousand eight hundred and sixty-four miles are travelled annually