

pose—plenty of sport. You have hunting and fishing all the year round, don't you?"

Somewhat mollified he assented unqualifiedly to this. Following the law of association, she dragged from some recess in her mind another less pleasing feature of the hunting world in Canada, which she had somewhere and at some time heard mentioned. "Do the Indians cause you very much trouble?" she asked sympathetically.

"No, madam; our aborigines are a very peaceful set."

"How long may it be since your last massacre?"

"I don't quite catch your meaning, madam."

"Don't you have risings and rebellions? I had some cousins living in Halifax when I was a girl—army people they were, and they told me that they used to shoot Indians from their bedroom windows."

At this point the little man gave tokens of a general collapse.

"Perhaps they said bears—I really believe they did," Mrs. Macartney added hastily, by way of restoring his suspended animation; "in fact I am sure they did, and," confusedly, "I think they said the bears came in from the forests after dark, and went about the streets to pick up the scraps thrown from the houses, and it was quite a common thing to see a night-capped head at a window with a gun in its hand—" she stopped delightedly,