

extended on deck perusing that absorbing production by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt—"How to be happy without working." In temperament the Boy Trapper is reserved of manner, gloomy and taciturn and prone to irritability. In the paroxysm of his wrath he has been known to quiver like an aspen-jelly, beat his breast, ejaculate "Hang it!" and burst forth into scalding tears—a veritable human geyser. We cannot hope for perfection in this world, but "The Boy Trapper" is as near perfection as mortal man can hope to come. He is the soul of modesty and the eye-teeth of integrity. Appearances are often deceptive and this interesting youth is not really fierce. The gentleness of his nature betrays itself in his kindly eyes—soft and moist as those of a heifer after eating onions—as the poet says, "all his nature deeply dawning in his dark-blue heifer eyes." His nervous system, however, is a wreck; he has been seen to give a violent start and look hurriedly around when struck in the back of the neck by a potato, when wheeling past a corner grocery. The greatest men have all their eccentricities, and the Boy Trapper early developed a disposition to wear variegated waistcoats, long hair, and lavender gloves, while he bedecked his person with massive jewelry of priceless value. The intellectual attainments, too, of this distinguished personage are not inconsiderable, in fact, the burden which so retarded the progress of Christian, was a mere nothing compared to the weight of intellect that the Boy Trapper is obliged to portage about with him.

III.

Off at last! All the weeks of preparation seem consummated in this one moment of embarking. As the captain is manned, and the anchor weighed with a merry Yo-heave-ho! every heart on board beats high with exultant hope—though not a few eyes are dim, for the vicissitudes of life are great. As the "Undertaker's Joy" heads for the boundless main an enthusiastic cheer bursts from the mouth of every spectator. Ah! what beauties of nature meet the eye on every hand—the fragrant slips—the limpid waters of the Bay, glistening in the sunlight and dotted with craft of every kind, from the humble punt to the palatial ferry-boat—Toronto Island lying low in the South, and looking like a solitary oyster in a bowl of soup! The paddles cut deep and the canoe rushes along at a giddy pace. As they pass through the Western gap and leave the sheltered Bay, the frail bark is tossed like a direlict cork upon the heaving billows. The voyageurs are not wholly free from a sense of impending disaster, for they well know that it takes a strong man to hold his own "when the stormy winds do blow." On, on, stroke after stroke, mile after mile! Tempus doth indeed "fugit," for the time is beguiled with the Baron's narrations of experiences from his own life, and with discussions upon scientific subjects. The conversation takes a literary turn and they speak of those books that best help a man. The Baron mentions the Bible, Shakespeare's works, etc., but his companion cannot help remarking (prompted by an omnipresent sense of lack of the circulating medium), that a properly conducted bank-book would probably afford *him* more assistance than any other. The Baron merely stares a stony stare at this feeble effort, and remarks in an acrid tone that they should have packed away a tank of laughing-gas in the hold for occasions such as this. Dissention, however, is fortunately averted, for at this stage of the game, Munchausen's dog evinces a disposition to separate himself from such contentious neighbours by leaping overboard—but a tap from a paddle knocks the enthusiasm (and a few howls) out of him.

The voyageurs pass in turn Parkdale (where an inhospitable shore fairly bristles with breakwaters and sewers), High Park (where swarms of Timothy Eaton's flighty salesladies are taking an airing on their wheels, and are incidentally flirting outrageously with emaciated salesgents in high collars and gaudy hose), the Humber (whose

pellucid marshes breed malaria and mosquitoes in equal proportions). On, on! never resting, never tiring. Here a group of human beings rushes up and down the strand, gesticulating wildly and beckoning the discoverers to land, and accept their hospitality. But no! the "Undertaker's Joy" flies past, and the inmates of the Mimico Asylum have to content themselves with gesticulating at the sky or at one another. Signs of human life now become rarer. Off the starboard bow huge mounds like overgrown graves, loom up in the distance—the dreaded rifle-butts at Long Branch. Weird tales are circulated concerning this deadly spot, where it is said a shower of bullets flies day and night o'er the face of the waters, carrying death and destruction in their track. "The very place!" cry the Baron and the Boy Trapper in melodious unison. "None will e'er disturb us in this cosy corner. A wall of adamant were not so good as these bullets, whose gentle lullaby, too, will soothe us as we sleep."—The spot was certainly as wild as the heart of the bitterest misanthrope could desire. Above hung a lowering sky, on the left-hand lay the tempest-swept lake, while on the right, a bleak and desolate land met the eye. Nothing broke the monotony of those cheerless wastes save huge heaps of bleaching bones—the mortal remains of inquisitive cattle and wandering sheep—the luckless billet of some straying bullet. The canoe is turned towards a clump of trees, near the beach, and amid a fusillade of screaming balls the intrepid discoverers leap ashore and claim the country in the name of her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria.

IV.

Fifty-six minutes later the Dauntless Two are seated on the beach lubricating their jaws with juicy pieces of beef-steak. Anon as hunger is gradually appeased, and a genial feeling of comfort and safety pervades their frames, they flag somewhat in their efforts to circumvent gaunt famine; their jaws move slower and slower and finally refuse to move at all. This is certainly provoking, but our heroes accept it, philosophically, as one of an explorer's hardships. Boa-constrictor-like, they long to compose themselves for a quiet pipe, but the shades of night are falling with great rapidity and a siesta is impossible, for it behooves the toil-spent voyageurs to prepare a shelter for the night. The Boy Trapper tugs and drags the canoe and other camp-paraphernalia up a precipitous bank two feet high, and sets to work at the construction of a refuge from the penetrating blasts and insinuating rain-drops. Meantime Baron Munchausen rouses himself and makes an excursion to reconnoitre for fire-wood. He returns in triumph, panting beneath the weight of ten rails off a snake fence. During the whole of their sojourn in this strange land this fence will provide a perfect God-send to the discoverers in the way of light and fuel. To be sure it is in direct contravention of the law of the land to move a line fence without six months' previous notice in writing—but necessity knows no law, and the military authorities will have to whistle for their resinous fence-rails. Meantime, too, the Boy Trapper has not been idle, for the Dauntless Two scorn to use the prosaic tent and rely for shelter upon their own ingenuity—and their canoe. Verily, the den that the Boy Trapper now expeditiously constructs is fearfully and wonderfully made. It has an all-hope-abandon-ye-who-enter-here look about it that breeds suspicion. Snuff, Munchausen's dog, however, is not easily daunted; even ere the finishing touches have been slammed on, he is inside and dreaming happy, puppy dreams among the blankets.

The cherry-fence rails roar and crackle in their glee and hurl a fusillade of sparks against the black vault of heaven. Naught breaks the pastoral silence of the spot, but the lapping of the waves upon the pebbly beach, the sighing of the night-breeze among the birches and the plaintiff cry of the whip-poor-will o'erhead. The starry hosts, too, have