

The Baron sighed, but consoled himself with the thoughts of bacon, bacon! But, alas! Inexorable fate! "For when he got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor boy—" Yes, the bacon was a minus quantity. There lay the paper, that had held its unctious form—but "Oh, for the touch of a vanished side, and the sound," etc. The Baron turned and gazed fixedly at the Boy Trapper, whose gaunt and haggard looks, however disarmed suspicion. Then he called his dog and investigated his ribs for traces of the missing three pounds of nutriment, but Snuff justified himself in the eyes of all. The Baron's bosom was shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—"Alas!" he groaned, "can such things be, 'tis enough to drive one to eggs!" And suiting the action to the words, he sorted out a dozen of the largest size. The eggs almost reconciled the Baron to the loss of the porcine delicacy, for Munch has been very fond of eggs ever since his boyhood's happy days upon the farm when he delighted to go on eggs-ploring eggs-cursions into hay-mows and other places whither hens retire to eggs-cavate their nests and lay their high-priced products.

VI.

Breakfast finished and the dishes cleaned, the voyageurs furbish up a few bent-pins and cut a couple of saplings preparatory to a tussel with the monsters of the deep. Full of hope, they launch the house-boat, and anchor it out among the sea-weed. The tender hearted youths stop up the access and passage of remorse as they impale the wriggling worms. No sooner do the hooks touch the water than they are immediately seized, and two goodly perch are ruthlessly torn from their native element. Another, and another, and another follow in quick succession; the fishermen hope to fill the canoe to sinking—but fickle fortune averts her face, and the game is up. Their most arduous, piscatorial efforts fail to procure another nibble, and they lack the faculty possessed by every true follower of Isaac Walton, of sitting hour after hour in fond expectation, hoping against hope. It takes a prodigious amount of cold water to cool the Baron's ardour, but finally the monotony of the game palls on him even—and up comes the anchor.

Overhead a large heron is lazily flapping. It looks down with a supercilious air upon the unsuccessful fishermen. The Barons wrath is aroused and the sportsman in him momentarily gets the better of his natural aversion to labour. The following is a detailed account of the chase from the time when the heron alighted on the beach to the point where the subsequent proceedings interested him no more—

Through the gloomy forest straightway]
All alone the Baron wanders
Proudly, with his little rifle
And his pockets full of bullets.
And the birds sing round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, mighty hunter!"
Sings the opechee, the robin,
Sings the blue-bird, the owaissa,—
"Do not shoot us, mighty hunter!"
Up the oak-tree close beside him
Springs the squirrel with his chatter,
In and out among the branches
Laughs and says between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, mighty hunter!"
And the crow upon the tree-top
Quickly smells the smell of powder,
Thinks that there is caws for clamour
Raises such an awful racket
That the Baron's anger rises,
And he longs to shoot the rascal
With his mocking "Do not shoot me!"
But the Baron curbs his passion
For his thoughts are with the heron,
With the light-blue kingly heron,
Shushugah the lordly heron,
Glancing o'er the steep embankment,
Down the beach he sees his victim,

On his stomach quickly throws him,
Starts to creep among the brushwood
To approach the shy Shushugah.
Reckless scratches all his body,
Tears his clothes among the brambles,
While the fierce mosquito bites him
And the sun inflames his scalp
Where the hair should be, but is not,
Then at last the spot he reaches
Where he last saw shy Shushugah—
But he looks in vain; the heron
Swiftly from the place has vanished.
Soon, howe'er, the Baron spied him,
Then again, he does the snake-act,
Creeping low upon his stomach,
Till his hands and knees are blistered,
Then he sees the lordly heron
With his coat of blue and silver
All unconscious of his presence.
How his heart within him flutters,
Trembles like the leaves above him,
When he sees Shushugah near him!
Then upon the ground reclining
Noiselessly he aims his rifle.
Scarce a twig moves with his motion,
Scarce a leaf is stirred or rustles—
But the wild Shushugah hears him,
Quickly tries to flee from danger,
Opens wide his wings for flying—
Oh! the singing fatal bullet
Buzzes like a bee and stings him.
Dead he sees the lordly heron,
And the proud heart of Munchausen
Throbs and beats in exultation,
As he bears Shushugah campwards.
His kind friend, the famed Boy Trapper,
Runs to meet him with applauses;
Jollies him and gives him taffy,
Till the Baron's head is swollen,
Thinking he's the only pebble.

VII.

That afternoon the voyageurs, thirsting for new adventures (and a glass of lager), set sail for Port Credit, a seaport some two miles to the west. A small sized tempest is blowing from the east, and the "Undertaker's Joy" scuds through the waves with her gunwale under water. By the time that they reach the shelter of the Credit River, all hands are labouring hard at the pumps, and the carpenter reports six inches of water in the hold. But the voyageurs at once perceive that a visit to this village is well worth any risk, however great. The thriving little settlement is a popular summer resort for thirsty bicyclists from the city. It consists of one long, dusty street, a railway station, five hotels, a general store, a combination blacksmith's shop and ice cream counter, seven residences, and a disappointed-looking church. The principal occupation of the inhabitants is pitching quoits and mending punctured tires for luckless bicyclists. The male portion of the population employs its leisure time in fishing off the village-breakwater, while the women snatch a moment from their household duties to gossip around the village-pump. The thing in the men that most strikes a stranger's eye is their ham-like fists; for those Port Creditites are most pugnacious in their disposition. The demureness of the village-maidens, too, is very noticeable (and demureness in a woman, like the color in her cheeks, is decidedly becoming if not put on).

The Intrepid Pair direct their steps to the general store, but incidentally enter a flourishing hostelry, where cleanliness is at a premium and flies at a discount. Here an oily-looking individual dispenses luke-warm drinks over a sticky counter, in a most unappetizing manner. Our heroes take their punishment like men, however, encouraged by the charms of conversation displayed by the oily individual. They then adjourn to the "store" where all the wonders of the universe lay spread before their eyes—from heaps of