

4-225

THE WERKEY ONTARIO, THERE DAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1920

loughing it in t

(Continued from Prece

rful brute; the other mbed. I regarded the m ry companions with

He was between forty ars of age; his head, n res were high, his ightly dark, and his ey pe, and color, greatly yes of a hawk. The as sorrowful and tacitur hin, compressed lips lo ey were not much accu or often to unclo fal communion with an od at the side of the hu ilently smoking, his eyes b ilen, and now and then he eads of his dogs, repro-suberant expressions of a

th — "Down, Music: "A cold, clear morning," rer to attract his atten raw him into conversation a nod, without raising r withdrawing his eyes ire, was his only answer; ng from my unsociable ook up the baby, who took up the baby, who awoke, sat down on a low the table, and began feed During this operation, I once caught the stranger's hawkooke he none; and presen whistling to his dogs, he res

When Moodie and Monagl in to breakfast. I told them strange visitor I had had; a die laughed at my vain att induce him to talk. "He is a strange being,"

ust find out who and what In the afternoon an old clied Layton, who had ser ng the American war, and rant of land about a mile car of our location, can trade for a cow. Now, this was a perfect ruffian, a ma no one liked, and whom all He was a deep drinker, no one liked, and whom all He was a deep drinker, sweazer, in short, a perfect bate, who never cultivated h but went jobbing about fro to farm, trading horses and and cheating in a pettifoggin Uncle Joe had employed him Moodie a young heifer, and brought her over for him to when he came in to be paid cribed the stranger of the m cribed the stranger of the m and as I knew that he was every one in the neigh isked if he knew him. o one should know him No one should know him than myself," he said; "" Brian B_____; the still-hunts a hear neighbor-of your'n. morese, queer chap he is, mad as a March hare! He Lancashire, in England, and c this country some twenty yea with his wife, who was a young lass in those days, an ough then, though she's so by now. He had lots y. too, and he bought four es of land, just at the co concession line, where i main road. And excelle it is; and a better farmer, stuck to his business, never the bush, for it was all en. He was a dashing, low, too, and did not mey either; he loved hi

the pot too well; and at last of farming. and gave him them altogether. Many a jolly he and I have had, I can te rian was an awful passional and, when the liquor was in, was out, as savage and as some as a bear. At such re was no one but Ned nd go near him. We once hed battle, in which I wa ueror, and ever arter he yie ort of sulky obedience to all o him. Arter being on the tor a week or two, he would ta of remorse, and return home wife; would fall down at her and ask her forgiveness, an ilke a child. At other tim would hide himself up in the v and steal home at night, an what he wanted out of the p without speaking a word to an He went on with these prant some years, till he took a fit o blue devils. "Come away, Ned, to the take, with me.' said he; 'I am of my ife, and I want a chang "Shall we take the fishing ie?' says I. 'The black bass a prime season, and F- will us the old camoe. He's got some ital rum up from Kingston. fish all day, and have a spr might. a week or two, he would ta 'It's not to fish I'm going,' "To shoot, then? I've b ckwood's new rifle.' "It's neither to fish nor to s ed: it's a new game I'm goin y; so come along'." "Well, to the _____ lake we TY: so come along." "Well, to the <u>lake</u> we he day was very hot, and our ay through the woods, and hose scorching plains, for eight filles. I thought I should have-ed by the way; but during our valk my companion never op is lips. He strode on before t a halt-run, never once turning ead. "The man must be a devil!" I, "and accustomed to a was place, or he must feel this. H Brian! Stop there! Do you mea Take it easy,' says he; 'y another day arter this—I've as on hand and cannot wait.