

I saw that my friend was bent on getting a shave out of the transaction, but it was useless to get angry, so I told him to go over to Benny at once and make the best bargain he could.

"Then ye'll just give me a bottle of whisky to take over wid me," said Tim; "it would be no good at all going to see Benny widout the whisky, sure he'd niver come. And ye'll give me a bottle of your raal good whisky, now won't ye? Sure that stuff ye give me the other day was nothin' but high wines."

Now "the stuff" I had given him the other day was the best I had, so I got another bottle and told him to taste it.

"Now that's fine," said Tim, smacking his lips; "that's real fine."

"Well," said I, "it's the same you got before, at any rate."

"Divil a bit is it the same," said Tim. "Ye don't fool Tim Cassidy like that, I can tell ye;" and with that he went off on his mission. Late that night he came back, looking slightly groggy, and assured me that there would be no trouble at all, as he and the whisky together had been quite enough for Benny.

Next morning Benny turned up in good time, and went off to the camp with Louis and another Canadian, Tim and I following them about half an hour later. It was a dull, misty morning, and snowing slightly, so that when we got on to the lake we could not see the other side. It was not more than a twenty-minutes' walk across, but after going steadily ahead for over quarter of an hour I was surprised to find that there were no signs of our approaching the opposite shore. Tim then asked to look at my