

I believe it was in the year 1887 that the *Trappeur* and *Canadien* snowshoe clubs organized a joint excursion, on a grand scale, to Holyoke and Springfield, in the State of Massachusetts. Several guests were invited, amongst them our poet and L. O. David. Before reaching Springfield, a terrible snow storm came on, completely blocking up the line. We concluded to return to Montreal.

Snugly seated in our Pullman stateroom, which we took care to reserve, we made the best we could of a bad job. Our company was very small; our poet, L. O. David, and Ernest Roy, surgeon-major of the 65th. At Holyoke we were joined by our welcome friend, Cléophas LeDuc, who was doubly welcome on this occasion, as he had with him a well-filled hamper—it was the manna falling from heaven. The storm continued to grow worse without, but we succeeded in making ourselves quite comfortable within. We kept up a running fire of small talk. At last there was a pause in the conversation, but of short duration, as our laureate immediately “took the floor,” figuratively speaking. It was about eight o'clock in the evening and the conductor had just announced that we were stuck in a snow bank, with the prospect of speedy deliverance.

“Where are we, conductor?” was asked.

“At Vernon, in Vermont.”

“How long will it take us to reach Montreal?”

“Four or five hours.”

“All right.”

LeDuc at once opened his basket of good things and our author his stores of funny tales. The feasting and roars of laughter that followed made the car windows gingle again. I never heard so many grotesque stories of a side-splitting nature. The fun waxed hotter and hotter, only interrupted, at intervals, for refreshments—the uproarious jolity deepened and the wit sparkled and effervesced as never before. Train, excursion, storm—all was forgotten in the mad revelry for the moment. At last a knock came to the door—it was the same conductor:—

“Gentlemen, if you like you can leave”

“What, are we in Montreal?”

“Certainly not; but breakfast is ready.”

“What! breakfast! What time is it?”

“Eight o'clock in the morning.”