

wished for haven—Oromocto—having skated, with much hard work and not a little perseverance, 60 miles in 16 hours—not a bad quarter of an hour but several bad hours, a sad contrast to our progress down stream yesterday, when we did the same distance in five hours. But there is nothing so successful as success, and success will surely come if we but wait long enough. The dim light outside was but a faint indication of the good cheer—the light, heat and comfort—that prevail within the walls of Oromocto's welcome hostelry. Moreover, a friend, both near and dear, had foreseen our difficulties on the return trip, and had sent sleigh and pair to carry us back from Oromocto. The thoughtful host had in like manner been thus induced to prepare a good dinner for the *voyageurs*, and never before and not since has food and warmth been more appreciated, nor the exchange of long skates for the snug sleigh, when winds were contrary, been more welcome.

“BEAVER.”

FREDERICTON, 2nd November, 1895.

### A CONNAUGHT IDYL.

*Jacques.*—A présent, monsieur, je voudrais bien que vous m'appriiez le but moral de cette impertinente histoire.

*Le Maître.*—A mieux connaître les femmes.

*Jacques.*—Et vous aviez besoin de cette leçon ?

*Le Maître.*—A mieux connaître les amis.

JACQUES LE FATALISTE.

Denny Cronin was a young man endowed by nature with broad shoulders and a narrow forehead. His morals were unimpeachable and his manners genteel—as that word is understood by his fellows in the county of Galcommon. He was really an excellent young man, and his father's pride. Old Jerry Cronin had wormed his way from nothing into the proud position of a squireen in a district from which his fellow landlords were absentees. Indeed, it was by acting as agent for these bloated denizens of the Saxon metropolis—vide the Cleggan Herald, passim—that the old man had acquired the few hundred acres of spewy soil that constituted his estate. He had been a barony cess collector also, but, being the only man in a radius of ten miles from his own hall-door that used a pocket handkerchief for purposes of emunction, the Lord Lieutenant of the county had seen fit to make him a magistrate, and Jerry was obliged to resign the collectorship in favor of his son. If young Denny had