

"Now, mother," said Billy, as he returned from assisting to put in the cellar the last of their forty bushels, "now mother, as soon as we get our potatoes sold, I can buy a wain cloak for you."

"Na, na," cried his mother—the dialect of her native north, which had been somewhat modified by her intercourse with strangers, rushing to her tongue in that moment of emotion, and flowing on in all its breadth and depth, "nae cloak for me this winter. Proud wad I be, Billy, to wear a cloak of your winnin'; but look at yourrain claes, an' look at Richard's—an' not a penny hawew to buy new for you. You'll jist buy claes for yourself. Maybe you'll get a chance of some Canadian coming up with their grey cloth—*toffie*, as they ca't,—wantin' praties."

There was no gainsaying this; for in truth the jackets and trowsers of the two boys were covered with patches, if not of divers colours, of divers shades, and if they had not, as is sometimes said—grown too little—it was evident the young wearers had grown too big.

No Canadian with *claffe*, however, had as yet made his appearance. Some had come with traines, some with carioles, tubs, half-bushel and peck measures, everything in fact which is usually offered in exchange, except the article most wanted. At length came two, to purchase potatoes, offering not cloth but money in payment. Neither the boys nor their father were at home; but their mother had full power to act for them, and when they returned from their day's labour thirty-five bushels of potatoes were on their road to the *seigneurie*, and six dollars and a half were laid on the table before them.

"And for the five bushels of *outwighes*, boys," said their mother, "I'll give you the first cash I get o' my own winnin'. Poor fellows! you've wrought for it late and early."

"Now father," said Richard, "will we have to wait till some one comes with cloth?"

"No, for your uncle is going to St. Austin on Monday, he'll take me with him, and I'll get cloth for you at the old Dutchman's store," was the reply.

It was no wonder then, that on Sunday night Billy should be dreaming of his new suit of clothes.

The stars were yet twinkling in the blue depth of the cloudless sky when William rose, renewed the fire in the stove, and set out for the dwelling of his brother-in-law. At sun-rise they were both on their road. It was a cold, but calm and beautiful morning; the sunshine gleamed through pine trees which sometimes met on high above the narrow road by which they had to pass through the bush, but it gleamed on recently fallen and yet untrodden snow, loading the branches, weigh-

ing down the young trees, and cumbering the path; so they advanced but slowly, till they emerged into the open country, and there, sometimes on the already beaten road, sometimes on the frozen bosom of the *Ichmen*, sleighs, carioles, and empty traines, were careering along to the merry ringing of their own bells, still giving place to the loaded vehicles which from time to time claimed the middle of the road.

The spire of St. Austin was glittering in their sight when they overtook a Canadian driving slowly on with a small, lean, but young and well formed cow, tied to the end of his train; a sign that the animal, if not recently purchased, was now for sale.

"Vends?" cried William.

"Oui monsieur?" replied the owner.

"How much?" said William again.

"Twelve dollar," replied the Canadian.

They passed on.

"How much you give?" cried the Canadian.

William looked back; he fixed his eyes on the animal, and seemed to have set his heart on her.

"It's little use," said he, as he sprang from the train; "for I can't buy her, but I may just look at her."

She lost nothing in his eyes on a closer examination; he returned to his companion. "O, man but she is a fine young beast. What a prize she would be to Martha."

"But the cloth?"

"The cloth! I'm sure the boys would want the cloth to get the cow. I'll give him a hode; but, oh! he'll never be fool enough to sell her for seven dollars."

"I can lend you half a dollar," said his brother.

"Let me have it then."

William counted his stock: besides the price of the potatoes, there was a quarter dollar, which had been a lone dweller in his purse for nearly a month back, and a three shilling piece which his wife had received for work on Saturday. This, with the added half dollar, made almost eight.

Some of my readers may wonder how a French Canadian and an Irishman can make out to buy and sell. Truly their dialogues are sometimes very amusing, but it would make my tale too long to insert one here, and besides the bargain was soon made. The buyer was willing to give all he had, the seller believed his assertion that it was all; he had only then to consider whether he would take it or go on. His wife was sick, he had left her and their two infants to the care of a neighbour, he knew she stood in need of comforts which she could not get till his return; he managed, by the aid of gestures, to tell this; and, in the picture of distress thus presented to his