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By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

The F Barclay Newkins were what are known as "sports" in the woods of New Brunswick. Tho they had been in the Right Branch country six times, after moose and caribou never had they been of it. Their camp, with its upto-date cooking-range and its porcelainlined bath, was the wonder of half a

Now the F. Barclay Newkins were on their way out to civilization, having steadied their jaded nerves with a month in the wilderness, and having killed moose, deer, and caribou to the limit allowed by law. The time of year was about the end of October. Early that morning they had parted with their cook and their handyman. Of their two gides, one had started down the Moose Leg at dawn, with a canoe-load of their kit, and Joe Coombes was still with them.

The shortest way out from their camp to the railway at Deever's Mills was by way of the Moose-Leg. But the Moose Leg can only be run at a season of high water. In a dry time it will not float anything larger than a half-pound trout. Now the stream was filled to overflowing with the autumnal drainage of millions of acres of forests and the leakage of the big lakes to the north. It clashed and boiled and snored down its shallowrock-studded channel.

It was noon; and for five hours Joe had "snubbed" the canoe down that clattering path. Yard by yard, in the sweat of his brow, he had eased her

down from menace to menace.
"Snubbing" a loaded cance down. swift water requires nerve, skill, and strength; but the Newkins did not find it a difficult mode of progression. Mrs. Newkins sat on an air-cushion, facing the guide and the stern of the canoe. She was draped in a fur cloak and two blankets. She was mildly interested in watching the flashings and bendings of the long pole of spruce in Joe's crafty

Mr. Newkin sat with his back against his wife's, facing the bow of the canoe. He too, had an air cushion under him, and fur and blankets over him. He smoked an excellent cigar. From beneath the lowered brim of his soft hat he watched the bow of the slender craft dart down as if to split itself upon some toam-tangled fang of rock, hang so for a few seconds, swing slowly and inquiringly to the right or left, then nose its way into some narrow channel and slip thru to face and outwit the next lurking danger.

Fifteen miles of the It was noon. Moose-Leg had been safely negotiated: Then, quicker than you can read of it, the over-taxed pole broke fair in the middle-Joe lost his balance and plunged into the stream—the canoe righted itself and sprang forward, struck a snag with its bow, swung around and caught its stern in the roots of a cedar, broke its back, and rid it self of its load.

Joe came right end up with a snort, grabbed Mrs. Newkin by her swirling skirts and one trim ankle, and dragged her unceremoniously ashore. Then he reached for Mr. Newkin, and landed him by the collar.

The sportsman held a small wooden box in his arms. Two such boxes had been aboard the canoe, one containing a useful assortment of medicines, liniments and plasters, and the other a diminished but still desirable store of cigars and cigarettes. As Mr. Newkin lay dripping among the cedar roots, he hoped that he had salvaged the latter of these two boxes; but he hadn't!

The air cushions danced merrily away down the racing stream, followed by a small leather bag, the water-tight depository of choice tobacco, and a large, open box in which much excellent food, all ready to be eaten, had been stowed

by the cook that very morning. 'Now that's too bad!' said Joe, in a somewhat strained and artificial tone company in time. "Bother that old pole, anyhow!"

"It is unfortunate, certainly," said Mrs. Newkin.

Mr. Newkin did not say anything just then. He was busy hooking fragments of a water-soaked cigar out or his mouth with the index finger of his right

The guide glanced to the right, and immediately his dripping face bright-

"Guess we've gone an' fell in at Simpsey's—at Bill Simpsey's," he said. "Well, I call that luck! There ain't another clearin' on Moose-Leg, an' here we've gone an' bust the old canoe slap in front of Bill's door!''

A short scramble thru black -mud. black water, snakelike alders, and crosspiled cedars brought them to higher ground, a fringe of spruces, and a clearing. In the middle of the clearing stood a log house and a log barn. Blue smoke, curled up into the gray air from the rusty stovepipe which protruded from roof of the shack.

"Tish Ann's got the fryin' pan het up, ye kin bet on that!" said Joe.
At that moment, as if in answer to

the remark, the door opened, and a woman stood in full view of the castaways. A tousled head appeared on either side of her, one in line with her

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpsey, the moment she detected the dripping condition of her visitors. "Why, ye must hev fell in! So it's you, Joe Coombes? Well, I never did!"

"These here are Mr. an' Missus Newkin, the sports ye've heard about," shouted Joe, in reply. "My pole busted an' we got upsot into the drink, Tish Ann—an' the whole outfit gone on downstream ahead with Peter Sacobie!'' "Sakes alive! Ye do exclaimed Mrs. Simpsey. Ye don't tell me!"

By this time the groups were face to Mrs. Simpsey put out a hard, red hand and grasped Mrs. Newkin's drip-

ping glove.

"Happy to meet ye, ma'am." she said. "Massy me, but ye surely do look like a drownded hen! And yer man, too-leastways, yer gent, as I should say. I've grown that rough in my talk ye wouldn't hardly believe it, livin' up here so far away from the settlements. "Thank you, you are very kind," murmured Mrs. Newkin.

They pressed forward at a good pace for already the wind was striking cold upon their water-soaked clothing. Mrs. Newkin shivered. Mr. Newkin sneezed. Mrs. Simpsey grabbed each by an arm and increased their speed.

"Goodness gracious, but ye'll be lucky if ye don't both die with newnater he leaned up again a colt's hind legs. Yep, that's the truth. Trustin'l legs. Yep, that's Well, I guess!"

"Is there a canoe here?" asked Mrs. Newkin.

"No, ma'am. Bill's took it away up north of the lakes with him," replied

"Where is the nearest? How long will it take you to get one?" she asked.

"Maybe there's a canoe on Paddle Lake, ma'am, an' agin maybe there ain't one this side Dave Paxton's camp on Middle Brook,' replied Joe. "It'll sure take me a good few days, ma'am, even if I hev the luck to find a canoe on the lake, for 'twill mean wadin' all the

"There seems to be nothing else to do, however," said Mr. Newkin. "You must start early in the morning."

Just then Mrs. Simpsey returned to the kitchen with both arms full of a variety of dry, clean garments. Shespread them about on the backs of

"Here's all ye need, Mrs. Newkin, to rig ye snug an' warm from the skin out," she said. "An' here's all-wool linders an' sich of Bill's for Mr. New-kin, an' his Sunday suit that he ain't wore since Uncle John's buryin' down to the mills last June. As for ye, Joe, here's all-wool, dry an' clean, but nothin' fancy. Now, Joe, ye kin jist climb that ladder an' change yerself in the loft-an' mind ye don't come down again till these folks is ready. You two, ma'am, do the same right here by the stove. I'll take the young ones into the bedroom. Holler if ye want any-thing, an' give me a yell when ye're all changed."

Twenty mn tes leter, Mrs. Newkin knocked on the bedroom door. Mrs. Simpsey and the children entered immediately, and Joe descended from the

The sportsman was seated uneasily in a rocking chair. On his feet were purple woolen socks and low shoes, laced with rusty strings. Bill had worn these shoes at his wedding and at many a barn dance. The black coat had been made by a dressmaker down at the mills. The otrousers, which were also black, gripped the upper legs like tights and flared out at the ankles. Inside, out of sight, but not out of mind, the undergarments of all-wool did their worst. Never before in all his long life had F. Barclay Newkin felt his sartorial equipment as now.

Mrs. Newkin was more fortunate in her change—and more comfortable. The skirt of the home-made woolen dress stood out stiffly from her trim waist, giving her a quaint, girlish, last-century

appearance. The dinner was of fried salt pork, boiled potatoes, and, in honor of the guests, a pot of coffee. Of course, all ate together at the kitchen table. It was the first time the Newkins had ever eaten at the same board with one of their guides. Joe-and Tish Ann used their knives as some people, including the Newkins, use

As soon as the meal was finished, the "sports" borrowed heavy boots and escaped from the hot and noisy cabin to the chill and silent clearing.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Mr. Newkin. "These all-wool abominations are simply flaying me!"

"And what a talker she is," returned the lady. "My head rings. But she means well, I am sure. She is doing her best to make us comfortable."

The long, gray afternoon dragged itself away, and at last supper time arrived. Mr. Newkin retired to the bedroom immediately after the evening meal, unable to endure Bill's undershirt another minute.

Next morning, Joe set out on his journey immediately after a breakfast eaten by lamp light. The Newkins accompanied him to the edge of the clearing,

Continued on Page 18



"Why, ye must hev fell in"

"Bless my soul! Two children!" exclaimed Mr. Newkin.

'Four, sir,'' corrected Joe. "I guess t'other two is clawin' at the back of her skirts this very minute, tryin' to git their heads out somehow.

The F. Barclay Newkins halted like

"I think we had better-ah-pass

right on,' said the sportsman. "It would prove to be the wisest course, I am sure," said the lady. Joe gaped at them in pained astonish-

ment and pity. "Pass right on?" he stammered. "But where'd ye pass on to? There

ain't another house of any kind whatsumever inside fifteen mile of this here an' the canoe gone, an' the woods full of water up to a moose's bell!''

"True," returned Mr. Newkin. "We must make the best of it, Caroline, until Joe procures another canoe.'

The three continued their advance upon Bill Simpsey's farmstead. The wo-man had left the cabin, and was now walking swiftly toward them, trailed by a boy of seven, a girl of five, and a yet smaller Simpsey of uncertain sex. The fourth and last of the brood remained in the open doorway, fist in mouth, staring out upon the big world of the clear of voice for he had remembered his ing like a young hird from its nest.

waist, the other not much above her mony," she cried. "I've heard tell how tender you city folks are-worse nor young turkeys, Bill says."
"I assure you—" began the sports-

man, with cool dignity; but at that moment she pushed him into the kitchen, almost on top of the baby with the mouthful of fist.

"Stand up to the stove, the three of ye,'' commanded Tish Ann, "whilst I hunt out some dry clothes. Bill's away cruisin' timber for Sandy Fraser, an won't be home afore the middle of nex' month, so ye'll hev to excuse him; but I guess I kin fix ye all up as well as Bill could, anyhow.''

She entered the bedroom adjoining the kitchen, followed by the eldest of the four children. The Newkins and Joe crowded close to the stove, and steamed

Mr. Newkin was about to address his wife when he felt a tug at the left leg of his knickerbockers. Glancing down, he beheld the youngest of the four children moored to him trustingly with a grubby hand just above his knee. He stared, shifted his feet uneasily, and forgot what he had intended to say. Both Joe and the lady noticed the cause of his uneasiness.

"These here Simpseys are the trustin est fambly ye ever saw, sir," remarked the guide. "That's how Bill got the scar on his face. When he was a little feller, he was that trustin' in his

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