

Humphrey. Jimmy said, however, that he had thought of my predilection for jam, and so he had hardly touched that—yet; and he could recommend the bread, though he had been able to harvest but half a pound of butter, indifferent dairy at that, and so soft that it had melted away under the sun in no time. I looked around, and saw that Jimmy's reference to the butter applied with equal force to the bread, and that his "touch" of the jam had been about as light as the hand of Pa Xmas on the pocket of a Civil Servant with a family of ten. Then James arose with a beneficent smile, and turned over some fresh-cut maple boughs and disclosed my convalescent hope: coffee smoking hot, creamery butter, cool and firm, half a loaf of whitest country home-made bread, the biggest and brownest of eggs ever laid by the black hen, a dish of black-caps fresh from the lake-shore that morning, and a pot of the real thing in cream.

He wasn't a bad sort, Jimmy wasn't, if only you weren't too famished and had the constitution and patience to see his humor out.

Jimmy said that he found Miss Frazer in a hammock reading Silas Wegg's serial in the *Civilian* up-side down. (The *Civilian*, not Miss Frazer.) He said that she said that her sister had been sent for by the Government at Ottawa to take editorial charge of the new Millinery Department in the *Civ.*, and that she had a nice-looking man for stenographer to dictate to. I'm a good deal of a liar myself, but when Jimmy gets started that way (and you can't try to stop a real professional Strong Man up a lonesome creek), he's in a sort of Old Testament Class all by himself.

"What were you rubbering at up there on the bluff, anyway?" he said, with his back against a pine, as he lazily produced a cigar and eyed it dubiously, for it was a Roman House weed, *strongly* recommended by Gus of the bar. It made me think of Joe Plante's cigar in the boat, as I sketched Jimmy what I had seen and heard from the bluff.

"So, I'm to believe that I've got a double in the neighbourhood, that he's the 'new purser' of the *Fairy Queen*, and that he is to be in Rome this afternoon to catch his boat," Jimmy said, telling off my details on his fingers' ends. "Well, the guests of the Roman House should see for themselves now that Mr. Carew was not at the garden party. It ought to be interesting when Miss Ivy Green turns up. If this purser chap is as much like me as Giggs and those people at the Roman House made out, there ought to be some goggle eyes in Rome this afternoon. I don't suppose Potts, with the pair of eyes he must have by now, will show himself. If he does, and sees that purser, he'll think he contracted brain fever on Blood Rock. I shrewdly suspect, though,"

Jimmy added, having lighted his dubious cigar and then thrown it away, "that the combined light of the moon and Chinese lanterns is one thing, and daylight quite another, and that the dashing and flirtatious purser of the *Queen* won't turn out this afternoon to be an absolute double of Yours Truly."

"According to Joe Plante's description of the pink-and-white beauty flirting in Red Horse Lake, we may reasonably conclude that she is the original of the girl in the locket," I said. "I suppose we may have a look-in at the original if we keep our eye peeled as we go through Red Horse."

"You can do all the peeling!" said Jimmy with some acidity, as he hung a glass on one of the pines, preparatory to executing a leisurely shave. "Her bally miniature has caused me trouble enough! But, I say," he added, with a note of triumph, stopping a razor, "didn't I read her character correctly, according to 'Joe Plante'?" I said at Johnnie's Falls that I would call her Helen Blazes offhand, didn't I?"

"Yes, and Mrs. Moore said at Rome that Helen had a beautiful, bold face," I remarked reminiscently; and Jimmy said no more.

We cleaned up and put our canoes in shape for a start, and then lay around, feeling as exquisitely *strong-do-nothing* as a pair of lazzaroni; for the day had grown hotter, and the water was stirless, and the sky of a Neapolitan blue. Jimmy said that we—or, rather, he—might as well be killed for a sheep as for a lamb now, since we couldn't begin to hope to conform to Rule Ten of the Racing Rules, and that he would simply have to depend on the breadth of view of the Regatta Committee to be able to race for the Cup, and that anyway he wasn't very particular about it. So I knew that Bessie Moore had just about done her little worstest so far as Jimmy's aquatic ambition was concerned. I felt too lazy to argue or run, so I didn't mention Otto Weatherbee. We stirred up after a while, and had a swim in the altogether, waking the echoes clear across to Blood Rock with our delectable war-whoops as we raced up and down the beach in the sun, and pelted each other with pine cones. For it was good *just being alive*, and to get in a quiet harbour like Frazer's Creek, and tell yourself that the veneer of your civilization wasn't much more natural than a plug hat on a cannibal, after all, so far as the primitive war-whoops were concerned. Then, being refreshed and *rested*, as Jimmy said, after the Blood Rock episode, we dressed and stretched out under the pines for a smoke, breathing huge sighs of wordless satisfaction, too, and having a wealth of pine needles for a bed. "Old Morpheus enveloped my faculties fast," as the bard of Newstead remarked, and the great god "Nick o' Teen" had a very short session of worship