

"What are you laughing at? I'm your brother, and if I am a beggar you're one too I guess."

"He didn't mean that at all," explained Phil, "didn't mean anything, it's only a word they have."

"Well, what did he say it for?" returned the youngster, only half satisfied.

"Well my man," said Mr. Morel, laying his hand on Crawford's shoulder, "as my nephew informs me, you have been here before, can you tell me how we will manage to get to school?"

"Yes, Sir," returned the boy, "that boat," pointing to the one before mentioned, "come's here on purpose nearly every day for those going over; it belongs to the school."

"I suppose I must get some one to put the trunks on board then."

"O there is no need to do that, the men rowing have all that to see to, if you just tell them what's to go."

"Thank you," said Mr. Morel, pleased at the bright intelligent face and his desire to furnish all the information in his power, "what is your name?"

"Ted Crawford. I live in the other Province. This is my cousin, Jerry Strickland. New fellow."

"Like my nephew," said Mr. Morel smiling.

"Yes sir."

Ted volunteered this additional information, as his questioner had quite won his confidence by his kind manner.

"Here's the boat now," he exclaimed, as it came into the wharf.

"Hullo, Monkey," he shouted to the steersman, anxious to show his familiarity with the school. "Many fellows back yet?"

"Well, Scrub," returned the other quietly, "what are you making such a row about. Come in the ——— steamer?"

"Yes."

"Steady!" to the oarsmen, "that will do; fend off. Any new boys?"

"Yes, my cousin and another fellow."

"Is that all there is to go."

"All that came in the steamer. There may be some in the train from below, but I guess there is a load; there is that chap, his uncle and brother, my Dad, Jerry and me, and trunks. How is that for cargo."

"I thought you said there were only two new fellows?"