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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

That Boy Jack Weir "of Ours."

A Tale of the Canadian Rebellion.

BY CALESTHAN.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

I resumed my journey after breakfast, and arrived at King's hotel in Sherbrooke at four in the afternoon. I reported myself at once to the Commandant, who received me in his old characteristic manner.

"What! eh!—and who the devil are you in that merry-andrew dress? Mr Weir!—I thought you had been killed,—there's no getting rid of you."

"No, Sir," I replied. "I was not killed. The officer who was barbarously murdered was one of Colonel Wetheral's detachment. I was taken prisoner when carrying dispatches to the colonel, but was released unconditionally. I now beg to report myself, Sir, and would respectfully ask of you to grant me a fortnight's leave of absence."

"Two weeks leave! in the present disturbed state of the country!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "Well! you have a good deal of impudence. No! I will give you five days though, to visit your parents. There! go and see them at once, they must be anxious. I'm glad you were not murdered. Good-bye!—And Weir," he added, "you will join your troop immediately after your leave has expired, and give my compliments to Colonel Nickle, and tell him that he had better send you on outpost duty—you have a talent for that sort of thing."

Having reported myself at headquarters, I felt myself at liberty to avail myself of my leave at once, so, as soon as my horse had sufficiently rested, I mounted and took the road to Hatley village, in the vicinity of which was my paternal home.

The shades of evening were lower

ing over the valley of the St. Francis as I left Sherbrooke, at a slow canter which increased to a brisk gallop ere the village of Lennoxville was passed. Onward flew my gallant Morgan, who seemed to be animated by the same impatient spirit which was stirring his rider's breast. When we reached the Tilden Hill and Tavern, a place then infested by a gang of infamous counterfeiters and desperadoes, I pulled up my horse to recover his breath, and felt my breast pocket for my pistol, but all was quiet and still as I passed the ghostly white house in which had been committed many dark and nefarious acts. On and over ten miles more, when Spark and his impatient rider halted at Captain Weir's stable door.

The door was open and suspended to a beam shone brightly the stable lantern. I dismounted, and the horse stepped in and went straight to his accustomed stall.

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed a well-known voice, "but that's thee Spark! And who be's you? ye murthering Frinch spalpeen! Ochone! Wirra! Wirra!" pursued the poor fellow, crossing himself, "if it isn't the Banshee! the young masher's wraith!"

"Not by long odds, you dear old Mike," I said, "It's your old friend Jack himself, in flesh and blood. How is the Captain and my dear mother?"

"Oh! misther Jack! misther Jack" and its yerself, intirely, intirely?" sobbed the dear old man, throwing his arms round my neck and pressing his grizzly face against my cheek, where he blubbered like a great school girl.

After a while old Mike recovered himself and clasping his hands together exclaimed, "Holy Mary be thanked! an' it's the Masher and Misthress that will be glad. Hould a bit an' I'll tell em!"

"No! let me see them, myself first, Mike," I interposed, "I'll be careful. Take care of the horse and by and bye I will tell you all about my adventures."

I entered the house at the kitchen and frigh'ened old Biddy Welsh as

much as I had her husband, but the past day had either been one of fasting or the master's *potheen* had been less potent, for she did not scream and allowed me to pass, without a fuss into the sitting room, where my parents were moping silently by the stove. Before either had looked up, I said firmly in my usual tone of voice, "Father! Mother! I have come home, was taken prisoner, have come home, safe and sound."

They both looked up suddenly; my father's pale, stern face flushed and grew more and more stern as the old soldier struggled to subdue his emotion. Rising slowly from his chair, he seized both my hands which he wrung until my knuckles cracked, "My boy! my boy!" were the only words which escaped his twitching, trembling lips. My mother, good loving soul! had, at once, gone into a swoon from which she recovered without hysterics, to lavish upon me the fondest epithets and caresses.

CHAPTER III.

All's well that ends well! I was again at home, resting and happy. I had related to my parents my late adventure and lucky escape and had rehearsed my story by the kitchen fire for the benefit of Mike and his loving spouse, neither of whom would be convinced that "them divils of Frinch Kanucks" were as good and honest Catholics as any of the sons of St. Patrick.

I was awakened at peep of day by the sound of a horse's hoofs at full gallop. Thinking that it might be a neighbour on some errand, I again sank into slumber from which I was aroused a couple of hours later by old Mike, who entered the room carrying a pair of Wellington boots and a fur cap which he deposited on a chair.

"Well Mike!" I asked, "Is it very late? Is mother up yet?"

"The top ov the mornin' to ye, Misther Jack!" said that individual, "I thought may be ye'd loike to wear yer