

Christmas in French Canada

steer himself, had no great mind to go to the rescue of his companion.

"Let the rogue look after himself as best he can!" said he; "I'm going for a drink."

And by the dim light of the candle which glimmered in the distance through the half-opened door, he succeeded, after many stumbles and slips, to worm his way into the room, where he entered without closing the door behind him, so as to give the loiterer a chance to do the same.

As soon as he had passed the threshold, you may well imagine that his first thought was to go right to the table where the glasses and bottles stood; but as he was pouring out a gobletful of rum, swinging on his hips, he heard behind his back something like a groan.

"That's you?" he said without turning; "here you are, come on!"

Another moaning answered, stronger than the first.

"What's the matter? . . . Did you hurt yourself? . . . Have a drink, that'll cure you."

But no one appeared nor responded.

Quite surprised, Joachim Crête turned