

impairing their friendship by one degree or imperilling it for a second. In fact, I think their differences rather tended to cement their friendship. To certain kinds of minds a common difference is a great bond of union. Like a debt owed by one to the other, it binds men together by a common, if reversed, interest. It is like two men pulling against each other on the same rope.

A regular field night between these two men in some village hotel, after the work of the day was done, used to afford immense and unspeakable enjoyment to the "boys." Lately it had got to be an established custom among the "boys" to start some good solid controversial subject, generally political or religious, for the purpose of starting these two "war horses" on the tilt at each other.

It was delicious to see the two men, at the height and climax of an argument, rise to their feet and solemnly defy each other,—the little Englishman capering about with clenched fists and flashing eyes and upturned face; the huge, ruggedly-hewn Scotchman towering above the other, like one of his native mountains, immovable and immobile as a granite monument, rolling back his defiance. Then, after a great deal of slapping of fists on open palms, frantic appeals for a moment's hearing from the Englishman, mutual charges of prejudice and onesidedness, Jack's face would suddenly clear up. "Let's cut a long story short with a drink," he would say, in his broadest Scotch. There would be an immediate adjournment to the bar-room, where, not at all unlikely, the whole subject would be reopened and re-argued, peace only being restored by a second judicious pouring of whiskey on the troubled waters by Billy or one of the brethren.

But I must ask you to pardon an old foggy for dwelling on the memory of these brave, merry, old days. The glory, so alas! they tell me is largely

departed from the life of a traveller, and the jolly, rollicking old days, when the "boys" dwelt together like brethren, are now forever passed. However, this is neither here nor there.

The two men above described then entered the car. As usual, they were arguing. "I tell you, Billy," I heard Fraser say, as the door opened, "you're talking rubbish. You can no more make a country richer by protection than a man can make his pants longer by cutting a piece off one end and sewing it on to the other. It's robbing ten men to make one man richer."

"Look here, Fraser, you don't know what you're talking about," replied Billy. "You've been loading yourself up with a lot of twaddle out of the *Globe*."

"Well," said Fraser, "let's get settled before we go into that question. I'm crazy for a smoke."

They sat down on a seat just behind me. I waited till they got their pipes filled and steadily going, and then, before they could resume their argument, turned round and said in a somewhat disguised voice: "You had a very sad accident in this neighborhood the day before yesterday, hadn't you?"

I saw the cockney dart a momentary second look at me as I spoke.

"Yes," answered the Scotchman, who was in a genial home-returning mood. "Yes, a commercial traveller of the name of Horseman,—William Horseman; travelled in the boot and shoe line for Bagley & Winterbottom of Brighton."

"Oh, indeed; what sort of a looking man was he?"

"Not much to look at," replied the Scotchman, with a readiness and directness of a slap in the face, "a medium-sized, scrubby-whiskered man, small-featured and insignificant-looking. He used to go by the name of 'Wise Willie' among the boys. You see, he was a good deal struck upon himself, was poor Horseman: never