

at the end think he has done you a service; for he cannot believe that anybody else ever met with half the incidents or adventures that have fallen to his lot. He laughs at his own recital of the times when he was dreadfully hard up, or the awfully tight places he has been in, until the jack-knife and black cutty pipe rattle in his waistcoat pocket and the big tears come rolling down his weather-beaten cheeks like globules of ice down the roof of a house.

If a stranger should happen on three or four together some winter's night, when old Father Time did not occupy the place of honor in the chimney corner—for in general they are very attentive to the old gentleman—he would hear many a laughable story that never finds its way into the columns of the city dailies. Such was our good fortune some seven years ago, while on a tramp through the backwoods of a north-western county of Ontario. On the particular day in question, we had travelled what seemed to be at least 25 miles. It was late in the fall, and the leaves had completely obscured the road, which, by the way, was only a track sufficiently clear of underbrush to allow of an ox sleigh to pass between the trees. We were therefore guided altogether by the tree "blazes." Scattered along the greater part of our route there were small clearings, and men here and there at work cutting the underbrush preparatory to the winter's chopping. Occasionally we met with a stray deer; but, owing to the heavy coating of leaves under foot, which when disturbed made a loud rustling noise, we had a very poor chance of scraping an acquaintance with this wide-awake species of game. Very often the only part discernible was a white tuft of tail stuck up in the most provokingly perpendicular fashion, and sailing over cradle-knolls and windfalls at the rate of a shooting meteor. Other wild animals there no doubt were; but, according to our experience, a little shooting involved a great deal of hunting. The only animals we found disposed to regard us with suspicion was a litter of pigs—tame ones of course; but they did not deserve the name. They leave home at an early age and soon get completely demoralized. They live almost entirely upon beech-nuts, and seem to

regard them as private property. Arouse one of them, and, as if by a preconcerted signal, the whole gang rushes to the rescue, a ring is at once formed, with the little ones, if any, in the centre, and each one presents his tusks outward, prepared to receive the attack from any quarter it may chance to come. As night came on we began to feel the "keen demands of appetite" and welcomed with joy a small clearing of some 15 acres with a shanty of about 16 x 20 feet in dimensions, covered with elm bark, and another one near at hand of similar size covered with basswood boughs. We might have been at a loss as to which would have afforded us the most comfortable lodging for the night, but the smoke curling through the roof of the bark-covered one, furnished us with all the information we wanted. As we neared the dwelling, three bare-footed children that had been swinging on a fallen tree top before the door, scampered pell-mell into the shanty, carrying the news of what was coming, and when we saw them again, on entering, they were ranged along on the top of the bed close against the wall, like huge flower-pots on a window-sill. We were met at the door by the lady of the house, who, on our representing to her that we were in need of food and shelter for the night, at once very kindly invited us in. As we walked in we must have bowed very perceptibly, for the door was nearly a foot too low to admit of entering on any other conditions. She informed us that her husband was away helping a neighbor to raise a building, but would be home shortly. Soon after dark he came, accompanied by three of his neighbors, who had all been engaged at the raising. We were somewhat surprised to see him enter in his shirt-sleeves, carrying his coat in his hand, as it was raining very heavily at the time, but discovered afterwards that he had done so in order that the others, who were not so well-acquainted with the path through the bush, might the more easily see and follow him through the darkness. In addition to the rain there was a high wind blowing, which made it fully as dangerous as disagreeable for the other men to proceed homewards. Limbs and whole trees could be heard, at no great distance,