

THE LOVER'S JUNE.

SWEET June is here—so come  
And wander o'er the fields with me,  
To breathe the fragrance of the tree,  
And list the beetle's hum.

No pearls have I to bind  
Those massive coils of golden hair,  
But Flora's gems—more sweet and fair—  
For thee I'll gladly find.

No queenly foot could tread  
A nobler tap'stried path than thine,  
Where violets blue and eglantine  
For thee their beauties spread.

The wild vine, robed anew  
In glorious green, its tendrils flings  
Around each bough, and wanton springs  
To kiss the falling dew.

And mark the busy bee,  
From flower to flower, on tireless wing,  
Speed on his luscious stores to bring  
Safe home right merrily.

And loud the robin's song,  
On treetop to his list'ning mate  
Is heard, while tuneful warblers wait  
To join the choral throng.

Beside the wimpling stream  
Sweet bobolink lilt as he speeds  
To greet the sun o'er grassy meads,  
And bathe in morn's first beam.

La Flute's quaint veery notes  
The gloomy pinetree groves awake;  
And midst the maples green now break  
Strains from a thousand throats.

Ah! come then forth with me;  
The balmy air yields rich perfume,  
And birds with song, and flowers with bloom,  
Invite to share their glee.

Alas! June fades away;  
And sere leaves on the boughs shall hang;  
And bowers be mute where warblers sang,  
When comes stern winter's day.

But in fond hearts—in tune—  
No matter how the seasons seem—  
Mid low'ring cloud or rosy gleam,  
'Tis June! 'tis ever June!

DUNCAN ANDERSON.

OLD MAN SAVARIN.

OLD Ma'ame Paradis had caught seventeen small doré, four suckers, and eleven channel-catfish before she used up all the worms in her tomato-can. Therefore she was in a cheerful and loquacious humour when I came along and offered her some of my bait.

"Merci; non, M'sieu. Dat's nuff fishin' for me. I got too old now for fish too much. You like me make you present of six or seven doré? Yes? All right. Then you make me present one-quarter dollar."

When this transaction was completed, the old lady got out her short, black, clay pipe and filled it with *tabac blanc*.

"Ver' good smell for scare mosquitoes," said she. "Sit down, M'sieu. For sure I like to be here, me, for see the river when she's like this."

Indeed the scene was more than picturesque. Her fishing-platform extended twenty feet from the rocky shore of the great Rataplan Rapid of the Ottawa; which, beginning to tumble a mile to the westward, poured a roaring torrent half a mile wide into the broader, calm, brown reach below. Noble elms towered on both shores. Between their trunks we could see many whitewashed cabins, whose doors of blue or green or red scarcely disclosed their colours in that light.

The sinking sun, which already touched the river, seemed somehow the source of the vast stream that flowed radiantly from its blaze. Through the glamour of evening's mist and the maze of June flies, we could see a dozen men scooping for fish from platforms like that of Ma'ame Paradis.

Each scooper lifted a great hoop-net set on a handle some fifteen feet long, threw it easily up stream, and swept it on edge with the current to the full length of his reach. Then it was drawn out and at once thrown upward again, if no capture had been made. In case he had taken fish, he came to the inshore edge of his platform and upset the net's contents into a pool, separated from the main rapid by an improvised wall of stones.

"I am too old for scoop some now," said Ma'ame Paradis, with a sigh.

"You were never strong enough to scoop, surely," said I.

"No, eh? All right, M'sieu. Then you haint nev' hear 'bout the time old man Savarin was caught up with.

No, eh? Well, I'll tell you 'bout that." And was this her story as she told it to me:—

Der was fun dose time. Nobody aint nev' catch up with dat old rascal any other time since I'll know him first. Me, I'll be only fifteen den. Dat's long time 'go, eh? Well, for sure, I aint so old like what I'll look. But old man Savarin was old already. He's old, old, old, when he's only t'irty, an' *mean*—*bapteme!* If de old Nick ain' got de hottest place for dat old stingy, yes, for sure!

You'll see up dere where Frawce Seguin is scoop? Dat's the Laroque platform by right. Me, I was a Laroque. My fader was use for scoop dere, an' my gran-fader—the Laroques scoop dere all de time since ever dere was some Rapid Rataplan. Den old man Savarin he's buyed the land up dere from Felix Ladoucier, an' he's told my fader: "You can't scoop no more wisout you pay me rent."

"Rent!" my fader say. "*Sapree!* Dat's my fader's platform for scoop fish! You ask anybody."

"Oh, I'll know all 'bout dat," old man Savarin is say. "Ladoucier let you scoop front of his land, for Ladoucier is one big fool. De land's mine now, an' de fishin'-right is mine. You can't scoop dere wisout you pay me rent."

"*Bapteme!* I'll show you 'bout dat," my fader say. Next mawny he is go for scoop same like always. Den old man Savarin is fetch my fader up before de magistrate. De magistrate make my fader pay nine shillin'!

"Mebby dat's learn you one lesson," old man Savarin is say.

My fader swear pretty good, but my moder say:—"Well, Narcisse, dere hain' no use for take it out in *malediction*. De nine shillin' is paid. You scoop more fish—dat's the way."

So my fader he is go out early, early nex' mawny. He's scoop, he's scoop. He's catch plenty fish before old man Savarin come.

"You ain't got nuff yet for fishin' on my land, eh? Come out of dat," old man Savarin is say.

"*Sapree!* Ain' I pay nine shillin' for fish here?" my fader say.

"*Oui*—you pay nine shillin' for fish here *wisout* my leave. But you ain't pay nothin' for fish *wis* my leave. You is goin' up before de magistrate some more."

So he is fetch my fader up anoder time. An' de magistrate make my fader pay twelve shillin' more!

"Well, I s'pose I can go fish on my fader's platform *now*," my fader is say.

Old man Savarin laugh.

"Your honour, dis man tink he don't have for pay me no rent, because you'll make him pay two fines for trespass on my land."

So de magistrate told my fader he hain't got no more right for go on his own platform than he was at de start. My fader is ver' angry. He's cry, he's tear his shirt—but old man Savarin only say: "I guess I learn you one good lesson, Narcisse."

De whole village ain't told de old rascal how much dey was angry 'bout dat, for old man Savarin is got dem all in debt at his big store. He is grin, grin, and told everybody how he learn my fader two lesson. An' he is told my fader: "You see what I'll be goin' for do wis you if ever you go on my land again wisout you pay me rent."

"How much you want?" my fader say.

"Half de fish you catch."

"*Monjee!* Never!"

"Five dollar a year, den."

"*Sapree*, no. Dat's too much."

"All right! Keep off my land, if you haint want anoder lesson."

"You're a thief," my fader say.

"Hermidas, make up Narcisse Laroque bill," de old rascal say to his clerk. "If he haint pay dat bill to-morrow, I sue him."

So my fader is scare mos' to death. Only my moder she's say: "*I'll* pay dat bill, me."

So she's take de money she's saved up long time for make my weddin' when it come. An' she's pay dat bill.

So den my fader hain't scare no more, an' he is shake his fist *good* under old man Savarin's ugly nose. But dat old rascal only laugh an' say: "Narcisse, you liked to be fined some more, eh?"

"*Tort dieu!*—You rob me of my place for fish, but I'll take my platform anyhow," my fader is say.

"Yes, eh? All right—if you can get him wisout go on my land. But you go on my land, and see if I don't learn you anoder lesson," old Savarin is say.

So my fader is rob of his platform, too. Nex' ting we hear, Frawce Seguin has rent dat platform for five dollar a year.

Den de big fun begin. My fader an' Frawce is cousin. All de time before den dey was good friend. But my fader he is go to Frawce Seguin's place an' he is told him:

"Frawce, I'll goin' for lick you so hard you can't nev' scoop on my platform."

Frawce only laugh. Den old man Savarin come up de hill.

"Fetch him up to de magistrate, an' learn him anoder lesson," he is say to Frawce.

"What for?" Frawce say.

"For try to scare you."

"He haint hurt me none."

"But he's say he will lick you."

"Dat's only because he's vex," Frawce say.

"*Bapteme!* Non!" my fader say. "I'll be goin' for lick you good, Frawce."

"For sure?" Frawce say.

"*Sapree!* Yes; for sure."

"Well, dat's all right den, Narcisse. When you goin' for lick me?"

"First time I'll get drunk. I'll be goin' for get drunk dis same day."

"All right, Narcisse. If you goin' get drunk for lick me, I'll be goin' get drunk for lick you"—*Canadien* haint nev' fool nuff for fight, M'sieu, only if dey is got drunk.

Well, my fader hees go on old Marceau's hotel an' he's drink all day. Frawce Seguin he's go cross de road on Joe Manfraud's hotel an' he's drink all day. When de night come, deys bosc stand out in front of de two hotel for fight.

Deys bosc yell an' deys yell for make de oder feller scare bad before dey begin. Hermidas Laroude an' Jawunny Leroi deys hold my fader for fear he's go 'cross de road for keel Frawce Seguin dead. Pierre Seguin an' Magloire Sauvé is hold Frawce for fear he's come 'cross de road for keel my fader dead. And dose men fight dat way 'cross de road, till dey haint hardly able for stand up no more.

My fader he's tear his shirt and he's yell: "Let me at him!" Frawce he's tear his shirt and he's yell: "Let me at him!" But de men haint goin' for let dem loose, for fear one is strike de oder ver' hard. De whole village is shiver 'bout dat otte fight.

Well, deys fight like dat for more as four hours till dey haint able for yell no more, an' dey haint got no money left for buy wheeskey for de crowd. Den Marceau and Joe Manfraud told him bosc it was a shame for two cousins to fight so bad. An' my fader he's say he's ver' sorry dat he lick Frawce so hard, an' deys bosc sorry. So deys kiss one anoder good—only all their cloes is tore to pieces.

An' what you tink 'bout old man Savarin? Old man Savarin is just stand in front of his store all de time an' he's say: "I'll tink I'll fetch him *bosc* hup to de magistrate an' I'll learn him *bosc* a lesson."

Me, I'll be only fifteen, but I haint scare 'bout dat fight same like my poor moder is scare. No more is Alphonsine Seguin scare. She's seventeen, an' she wait for de fight to be all over. Den she take her fader home, same like I'll take my fader home for bed. Dat's after twelve o'clock of night.

Nex' mawny early my fader he's groaned and he's groaned:—

"Ah—ugh—I'm sick, sick, me. I'll be goin' for die dis time, for sure."

"You get up an' scoop some fish," my moder she's say, angry. "Den you haint be sick no more."

"Ach—ugh—I'll haint be able. Oh, I'll be so sick. An' I hain' got no place for scoop fish now no more. Frawce Seguin has rob my platform."

"Take de nex' one lower down," my moder she's say.

"Dat's Jawunny Leroi's."

"All right for dat. Jawunny he's hire for run timber to-day."

"Ugh—I'll not be able for get up. Send for M'sieu le curé—I'll be goin' for die for sure."

"*Misere*, but dat's no *man!* Dat's a drunk pig," my moder she's say, angry. "Sick, eh? Lazy, lazy—dat's so. An' dere haint no fish for de little chilluns an' it's Friday mawny." So my moder she's begin for cry.

Well, M'sieu, I'll make de rest short; for de sun is all gone now. What you tink I do dat mawny? I take de big scoop-net an' I'll come up here for see if I'll be able for scoop some fish on Jawunny Leroi's platform. Only dere haint nev' much fish dere.

Pretty quick I'll look up and I'll see Alphonsine Seguin scoop, scoop on my fader's old platform. Alphonsine's fader is sick, sick, same like my fader, an' all de Seguin boys is too little for scoop, same like my little brudders is too little. So dere Alphonsine she's scoop, scoop for breakfas'.

What you tink I'll see again? I'll see old man Savarin. He's watchin' from de corner of de cedar bush, an' I'll know ver' good what he's watch for. He's watch for catch my fader goin' on his own platform. He's want for learn my fader anoder lesson. *Sapree*—dat's make me ver' angry, M'sieu!

Alphonsine she's scoop, scoop plenty fish. I'll not be scoop none. Dat's make me more angry. I'll look up where Alphonsine is, an' I'll talk to mysef:—

"Dat's my fader's platform," I'll be say. "Dat's my fader's fish what you catch, Alphonsine. You haint nev' be my cousin no more. It is mean, *mean* for Frawce Seguin to rent my fader's platform for please dat old rascal Savarin." Mebby I'll not be so angry at Alphonsine, M'sieu, if I was able for catch some fish; but I haint able—

I don't catch none.

Well, M'sieu, dat's de way for long time—half-hour mebby. Den I'll hear Alphonsine yell good. I'll look up de river some more. She's try for lift her net. She's try hard, hard, but she haint able. De net is down in de rapid, an' she's only able for hang on to de handle. Den I'll pull she's got one big sturgeon an' he's so big she can't pull him up.

*Monjee*—what I care 'bout dat! I'll laugh, me. Den I'll laugh good some more, for I'll want Alphonsine for see how I'll laugh big. And I'll talk to mysef:—

"Dat's good for dose Seguins," I'll say. "De big sturgeon will pull away de net. Den Alphonsine she will