

upon it and looked on, now encouraging Clooney in his efforts to recover his property, and now swearing in French at some urchin who tried to take him up, body and baggage. As for me, I followed Charley's example, but with less sang froid.

Clooney emerged from the dust of battle victorious, but with his coat open, his hat on the back of his head, and his collar and tie all awry. Amid Charley's applause he joined us, and we prepared to choose our vehicle. Pushing the cabman aside, Charley sprang into the driver's seat, having flung our traps into the body of the calèche, and ordered us to jump in. We climbed in with some trepidation, and, shouting out "Warren House," Charley lashed up the sturdy Canadian pony and bolted up the hill before the cabman had recovered from his astonishment.

The driver tore after us, but we out-distanced him, and arrived at the Warren House in grand style a few minutes later. Here Charley drew the animal up on his hind legs by sheer strength, for the animal was naturally as quiet as a cow, and jumped down.

Once more Clooney and I gingerly crawled out of the cradle on straps, which is called a calèche in this country. No sooner was Charley alighted than a few shrieks of delight echoed from the verandah, where the boarders were standing watching the new arrivals.

"Oh! Mr. Smithson, &c., &c.," jealousy forbids me even now to repeat the endearing terms in which he was greeted, especially as he left us holding the satchels and looking like fools while he shook hands with his many friends. Then he began to introduce us all round to French and English, somewhat as follows:—

"Mrs. Smith, my friend Wolfe, a parrot glot—no, polly glot. Miss Lafranche, Monsoon Blake, a perfect French scholar, also a McGill man. Miss Jones (an old maid of forty-seven summers), allow me to introduce my friends, Blake and Wolfe, both heart-breakers; look out for them. One will charm you with his thoughts, the other with his deeds. Mr. Blake has a peculiarity of dressing like a genius, as you see."

This was an allusion to Blake's appearance.

Having introduced us to enough ladies to entertain a regiment, Charley vanished into the hotel to make arrangements for rooms and a late dinner, to both of which, when ready, we devoted ourselves. Charley seemed to know every one in the house, even the babies, and his coming quite extinguished some dandies, who, on the strength of wearing men's apparel, which style of dress seemed to be a little scarce at Murray Bay just then, had been making conquest after conquest. However, as he knew even them, they did not sulk into corners and anathematize him, but greeted him with effusion. Mrs. and Miss Mayflower had gone to Cap Laigle for a drive, and did not return until evening. Charley had tipped the head waiter to put us at their table, and we had the pleasure of meeting them at tea. Clooney and Edith, for so I will now call her, had much to say to one another, as I saw, and scarcely ate more than a consumptive butterfly. They did not dare to go out without the rest of us, and I really think they suffered more than they had ever done before in so short a space of time. Charley, in his good natured

way, seized Mrs. Mayflower after tea, and entered into a most spirited conversation with her, thus allowing the young people to get away together, to get over that most pleasing of experiences to lovers—an explanation and reconciliation.

As for me, I took a solitary ramble by the beach, and if I saw a couple in the distance that resembled two I knew, I have no authority for saying that I did so.

Charley was not the man to waste his holidays in idleness. He had, on the first evening, almost talked Mrs. Mayflower into a Saguenay trip, and was certain that his next conversation on the subject would be conclusive and satisfactory. He inaugurated a dance, and several picnics and drives, and introduced several new out-door games. He was always able to tide over an idle moment.

The day after our arrival, we were lounging about the verandah, all amusements exhausted, when Miss Mayflower turned languidly to him and asked if he could not possibly suggest something to pass away the time. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully, looked about for inspiration, but where he could get inspiration in the scene was doubtful. A few lazy carters lined the street, and the only policeman the village could boast of leaned against our fence half asleep. Presently Charley chuckled.

"I have it," he said, and bolted into the house with a crowd of youngsters after him to see what he would do, for it was sure to be something funny.

In about a quarter of an hour he reappeared, surrounded by a group of gigglers. In his arms he held a long object enfolded in a black cloth. Taking his position in full sight of the calèchemen, he set the apparatus, which resembled a photographer's camera, on the ground, with its three legs extended. He was immediately surrounded, for his intense gravity betrayed his humorous intentions, and cautiously removing the black cloth brought to view a match-box, through one end of which a small telescope had been thrust, the whole being supported upon three walking-sticks tied together. A roar of laughter greeted this revelation, but unaffected by the mirth he waved them aside and amid deep silence turned the apparatus towards the unsuspecting calèchemen. They knew the form of a camera, and in their self-esteem imagined at once that he was about to take their photographs. Laboring under this delusion, they assumed all sorts of unnatural attitudes; one set his hat on one side of his matted head, folded his arms and tried to disguise the fact that one of his boots was a shoe. Another presented a side view to hide a big patch, but to be taken in full face twisted his head over one shoulder by which action he was compelled to assume a hideous grin. Several solemn faces peeped over the fence, some of the younger fry mounted their calèche, and one old white-haired fellow actually attempted to don a chocolate collar. But the acme of absurdity was reached when the policeman hurried across the street, and took up his position among the calèchemen. His hat leaned forward over one eye and every time he raised his hand to straighten it, a stern wave of Charley's hand caused him to desist. Now, Charley withdrew the piece of cardboard which hid the teles-