

Canada—Bart is an artist you know—and so with what little money he could raise, we all (Bryan Lynch included) clinging fondly to each other in our hour of trial, after bidding a tearful adieu to every animate and inanimate object on the estate—the sight stirred up fond memories, and another burst of inconsolable weeping from Larry and myself—migrated to the land of promise—Canada, and settled ourselves in Ontario's fair capital.

It amuses us now when we look back on our early experiences in this country, one of which is especially interesting, although it was not particularly pleasant at the time.

It was not long before poor Bart found that art was not so highly appreciated in Canada as he had fondly imagined. It was difficult, nay, almost impossible, for an unknown artist to make any headway for a time at least, perhaps for years.

Mr. Bryan Lynch was installed as coachman in the household of a wealthy young bachelor, he, Bryan, having procured the position through the incontestible references he carried, viz., that "I had the map o' Oirland on my mug and was fresh fram th' owld sod."

But poor old Bryan did not get much; Bart had as yet made little; Larry and myself were at school, and Nora's hands were quite full at home. "There was beginnin' to be the divil to pay ginerally," as Bryan said. Ours was not a very grand house, but Bart was getting behind in the rent; poor boy, he was laid up ill for over two months and the little he had saved had to go to keep us all supplied with the absolute necessities of life. The landlord had threatened, and things were assuming a very blue look. Bart sought manfully to earn enough with his brush to keep things moving; but he was slowly and secretly becoming discouraged and sick at heart, and almost hated his art.

Nora endeavored to cheer him at all times with kind words and sage advice, and succeeded in putting new life into him more than once.

Larry and myself, although not naturally thoughtless, I believe—at least Larry wasn't—in the buoyancy of our youth did not fully realize the seriousness of affairs. We were most delightfully oblivious of it all, and as lighthearted, gay and mischievous as of yore—providentially so, perhaps, for by our lightness of spirits, we prevented the entire demoralization of the Bailly family.

Bryan felt, perhaps, as bad as anyone; and when by himself, in his cosy little room over his master's stable, would sit with his head in his hands for twenty minutes at a time trying to think of some loophole out of which to pull us all, while occasionally he would give vent to such exclamations as "Moira! "Moira! phwhat's to be dune! Mother av Mawses, phwhat can I do at all, at all!"

At length things came to a head. The landlord would wait no longer, and the bailiff made his appearance in the orthodox and usual manner peculiar to bailiffs in realistic, everyday melodramas. A man was left in charge, with instructions that if the money was not forthcoming at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning he was to have the household lares of ours—the Baillys'—carted away to the slaughter.

Then, it was, there was wailing from Larry and me.

Wholly unconcerned, the deputy settled himself comfortably in the parlor in the midst of Bart's beloved books, and with lighted pipe in mouth was already deep in the vagaries of "Pendennis." This was very terrible to us all, and raised the wrath of Mr. Bryan Lynch to such a pitch that he pleaded with Bart to "Jest give th' worud, and oi'll haul the mane, snakin' divil out by the slack of his corduroys—the durty, thavin' spalpeen that he