

"All right, sir. What time will we start?"

"To-morrow afternoon, about four or five o'clock."

In accordance with these arrangements, I started for Killrose with John at the appointed hour. Our two selves, with the three dogs, comestibles and wearables—the whole, except the living part, covered up with the large buffalo robe, well lashed and secured—formed a waggon load for an eighteen mile drive up and down steep hills, which made my horse sweat before he had reached the end of his journey.

"In with the dogs!" up we jump, crack goes the whip and off we start.

"John, I think our load is a little too far forward."

"She's a little by the head, sir; but I think we'll get along if the springs hold out."

After a delightful drive of about three hours (the latter part by the light of a full moon) with a fine westerly wind, and under a cloudless sky, through a wild country, with here and there a clearing and a shanty stuck in the middle, neither wind-tight nor water-tight, but holes all over to let in the air and let out the smoke. Sometimes, at an opening called the door, stood a woman, with three or four urchins outside making mud-pies, all in habiliments evincing a hearty contempt for shoes and fashions, but looking happy in nature's free costume.

We arrived in good spirits and with capital appetites at Killrose, where Mrs. Whiston's house was distinguished by having two flag-staffs in front, upon each of which a flag was hoisted on state occasions, such as the birth of a baby in Killrose, or when John Coddle and Bill Caplin returned from the Labrador with a good voyage of fish, and took Betsy or Kate to be his wedded wife; when, of course, the fiddle's lively sounds called out the young people of the settlement to show their agility upon the well-sanded floor.

"Well, Mrs. Whiston, is Robert at home, and the boys? Can you put up my horse, dog, and ourselves for the night?—and can you give us some supper, for I'm as hungry as a hunter?"

"Oh yes, sir; I'll try to make you comfortable. What will you please to have?"

"Anything at all. But first of all, where's Robert?"

"Uncle Robert went out to look at his traps this morning, and won't be back till to-morrow. He said he'd stay at his tilt to-night; and George is with him. Mark is gone off to the Island fishing; he'll not be home till Saturday. And vexed enough Uncle Robert will be: he expected you yesterday; but as you didn't come, he gave you up till next week."

"I'm sorry for that: but never mind—I daresay we'll manage some way. Send out that man-of-all-work you have in the corner, and let him bear a hand to get these dogs and things stowed away."

Off went Mrs. Whiston, and all was bustle and fizzing for a while. Horse and dogs were cared for, and a smoking dish of chops, fresh home-made bread, butter, and a first-rate cup of tea, were soon on the table. After I had done ample justice to these, Mrs. Whiston again made her appearance, with an intimation that her Uncle James and his