

lighted his pipe and leaning over a fence devoted himself to watching the movements of a majestic turkey-gobbler strutting in lordly pride in the somewhat circumscribed limits of a yard; and as the soldier watched the bird paused, ruffled his feathers, and by some inexplicable means produced the very noises for which the Yankees had been held responsible. Ph-r-r-r bang. Ph-r-r-r bang. And lo' when the fog melted, as it soon did beneath the summer sun, and as far as the eye could reach the air was clear, not a sail except of an obviously peaceful craft was visible.

I must give you two other Charlotte County yarns from my father's stock, both old enough to carry us back to the days of the Loyalists, although I cannot vouch that either the economical or the bibulous gentleman concerned was in fact a Loyalist. The Sheriff served a common process upon a certain gentleman who was equally distinguished for his penuriousness and his dislike of lawyers. A careful reading of the writ failed to fully inform him of its purpose, except that it purported to be an invitation to him to appear before his sovereign at Fredericton on a day designated as he deemed with extraordinary and unnecessary particularity. On that day he was at Fredericton, having, I believe, trudged most or all of the intervening miles, only to learn that the monarch was not there and the journey was wholly useless and a lawyer essential.

The second of these yarns relates to the Rev. Samuel Thomson, a clergyman of the Church of England, who came from Ireland to New Brunswick in 1822, and settled at St. George. One day while driving on a country road in his parish, he overtook and gave a seat in his carriage to an erring member of his flock, celebrated for an inordinate thirst and for his bad behavior under the influence of potent liquors, in