

HIS YOUNG CAMARADE.

A TALE OF A LUMBER DRIVE.

By Katherine Hughes.

IT was night on the "drive." Two young drivers had sauntered down to the brink of the river. One of them was tall and straight and lithe as the young poplar against which he leaned. He wore the picturesque attire of the drivers. A dark blue flannel shirt, gay with red lacings, rolled away from his throat displaying the muscular brown neck; gray tweed trousers were tucked under the long red Alaska socks, from which red and blue tassels dangled, and a red and blue woollen scarf, wound around his body, served as belt.

His companion sat on the bank in the shadow of a high boulder and softly dipped an oar into the velvety dark current of the river. Only his face was discernible in the gloom and the dusk of the shadow, and the clear moonlight elsewhere had a weird effect on it. It was ghost-like in its wanness, and his great dark eyes shone as the black water did with the yellow moonlight quivering across its surface.

Behind them were the white tents of the camp; and around the glowing, crackling, cedar-wood fire several other drivers were seated. Further back in the valley was a farm-stead belonging to Aylward, the lumberman, whose drive was passing down. The log-buildings, gray and weather-beaten, showed ghostly in the moonlight at the foot of the gloomy hills of the upland. Bathed in the pure moon-

light, the sandy bank on the opposite side of the river rose high and white and dazzling before the camp. From its summit a whip-poor-will poured out across the moonlit valley all the sweetness and passion of its mournful lament.

The two drivers by the river had been considering, without much interest, where the logs might come to their final destination, when the tall one interrupted the discussion, saying,

"It's not much odds to me if they'd go to build a shanty for the King of Africa; but come out of that dark hole, Phil. I can only see a white face in there, and it'd almost scare a fellow. B'Gosh, it looks queer."

"I have comfort in dis dark hole, t'ank you, Andy, and I'm tired. But look, Andy, I hope dat big log out dere might go to 'la belle France,' as Pere Varien say, and make a house for some Bedard over dere."

"They wouldn't know Philippe Bedard helped drive it down the river."

"Well, I doan' care verra much," Philippe said; "It may be dese logs will build a ship. Dey are ships for us every day."

"Sure. But sometimes they ain't very safe. They give many's a lad a ducking."

"Dat's jus' for some sport. O, Andy, I am glad I come on de drive."

"But I'm sorry you came," Andy