

Their waggon loads were covered with buffalo robes and tarpaulins, which, however, did not effectually conceal the grindstones beneath. The drivers eyed the pedestrians with suspicion, and consigned them to the lower regions and eternal perdition.

"Wilks, my dear," said the lawyer, in a sort of cool fever heat, "there's a revolver and a box of cartridges in my pack that I'd like to have in my right hand pocket for that kind of cattle."

"I have one, too," said the dominie, quietly, "but we had better pass on and not heed them. See, they are armed as well."

Just as he spoke there was a report; a pistol in the hand of the first teamster smoked, and a poor little squirrel, that had been whirring on the limb of a basswood, dropped to the ground dead.

"I'd as lief as not put a hole into the back of them d—d packs," said the second teamster, whereupon the others swore at him to shut up and save his cartridges.

"Wilks, I could once hit a silver dollar at twenty yards. Dad, I'll get the thing out anyway." The lawyer sat down, undid his knapsack and primed his revolver, which he then placed with the box of cartridges in the pocket out of which he had thrown the fossils. The dominie did the same, all the time saying: "No violence! my dear friend; in this world we must pretend not to see a great many things that we cannot help seeing." The teamsters went by, and no further use for the revolver appeared. Wilkinson would not allow his companion to shoot at birds or chipmunks, and, on being expostulated with, the kindly lawyer confessed that it would have been a shame to take their innocent young lives. At last they saw a gray paper-like structure of large size on the limb of an oak pretty high up. "I'll bet you can't hit that, Wilks," said the lawyer. "I shall try," replied the dominie. They fired simultaneously and both struck the grey mass, and then the warriors ran, ran as they had hardly done since they were boys, for a hundred wasps were after them, eager to take vengeance on the piercers of their communal home. After two hundred yards had been done in quick time, they stopped and faced each other.

"I've killed three that got down my back, but the beggar that stung me on the lip escaped," said Coristine.

"I have one sting on the left hand and another on the right temple," replied Wilkinson.

"Is it safe to stop yet, Wilks?"

"Yes; they have given up the pursuit."

"Then, my poor boy, let us go into hospital." So he produced his flask and bathed the dominie's temple and hand with the cooling spirit, after which Wilkinson loosened his friend's flannel shirt and applied the same remedy to his afflicted back, down which the three dead wasps slid to the ground. The lawyer healed his own lip by allowing a little of the cratur, as he termed it, to trickle over into his mouth.

"It seems to me, Wilks, that, when a man is looking for war, he's bound to get it."

"Yes; I suppose that that is what is meant by 'they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.'"

"Bad luck to these wasps; they revolved on us."

As the travellers continued their journey, Coristine turned to his friend and asked him for counsel.

"You've studied casuistry, Wilks, and I want you, as a judge of what a loyal citizen should do, to say what is our duty in regard to the Grinstun man."

"What are you, Corry, a lawyer in general practice or a revenue detective?"

"A lawyer, of course, but a citizen too."

"Have you, as lawyer or as citizen, a case against Mr. Rawdon?"

"As a contributor to the revenue of the country, I think I have."

"How?"

"Well, he is making money by cheating the Government."

"Where is your proof?"

"Look at what Rufus said, at the doings of that bogus farmer, at these three teams on the road."

"Mere inferences based on circumstantial evidence."

"They're things that should be looked into, though."

"Perhaps so, but is it your business to do so? Are you a whiskey informer?"

"Come now, Wilks, that's a pretty bad name to call a man."

"That may be, but it seems to denote the rôle you have set before yourself."

"I'd like to run that brute into the ground."

"Worse and worse; you are going to prosecute, not from principle, but from malice."

"I'm going to show up a scoundrel."

"If that is your work you will never lack employment. But, seriously, Corry, *cui bono*?"

"To keep him off Miss Du Plessis' land, to prevent him marrying her, to hinder him corrupting the farmers and causing their farms to go to waste with smuggled liquor."

"As you like, but Wordsworth says:—

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they who pry and pore  
Seem to meet with little gain, seem less happy than before."

"A fig for Wordsworth, and his tear in the old man's eye! I'll not be happy till I bring that murdering thief of the world to justice."

Further conversation was checked by the view of the river from the top of the hill, challenging the admiration of the two lovers of scenery, and they began their descent

towards the hamlet that lay on either side of the bridge which crossed the swiftly-flowing stream. Then the lawyer commenced the recitation of a poem in one of the old Irish readers:—

River, river, rapid river,

in which the dominie sharply interrupted him, recommending his tall, mustachioed friend to put a stick of candy in his mouth and go back to petticoats and pinafores.

"Wilks, you remind me of a picture I saw once, in *Punch* or somewhere else, of a nigger sandwich man advertising baths, and a sweep looking at him, and saying: 'It's enough to tempt one, he looks so jolly clean hisself.' That's the way with you, always firing out Wordsworth's silly twaddle, and objecting to a piece of genuine poetry because it's in a reader. The pig-headed impudence of you birchers beats all."

#### CHAPTER VI.

The Maple Inn—Mr. Bigglethorpe's Store—Dinner—Worms—Ben Toner—The Dugout—Fishing in the Beaver River—The Upset—Suckers—The Indignant Dominie Propitiated and Clothed—Anecdotes of Mr. Bulky—A Doctor Wanted.

A VERY clean and attractive hostelry received the travellers, and compelled the dominie to remark cheerfully, "Now shall I take mine ease in mine inn," which led to his lately indignant friend's response:—

Who'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn.

P. Lajeunesse was the name on the sign, which displayed a vegetable wonder of the painter's art meant for a maple tree, for Madame Lajeunesse kept the Maple Inn. That lady, a portly brunette, with a pleasant smile and a merry twinkle in her eye, received the distinguished guests in person. Wilkinson replied to her bow and curtsy with a dignified salutation, but the lawyer shook hands with her, saying: "I hope you're very well, Madame; it's a lovely place you have here." Madame replied that it was lovely when the moustique was not, and summoned Pierre to help the dominie off with his knapsack, saying "permattit me," as she unfastened the straps of Coristine's, and removed that burden, which she deposited upon a table in the sitting-room adjoining the hall. Pierre, a bald-headed French-Canadian, hiding his lack of hair under a red tuque, and sporting a white moustache of large dimensions, arrived too late to help the schoolmaster, but he elevated his eyebrows, grimaced, rubbed his hands, and slid his feet apart, in pleased welcome.

"Ze chentlemans ave come to feesh lika many in ze springa monses? Feeshing not so coot as zen, bot in ze cool place vare is oles onder ze trees feesh lorrik. Is zat spoken correct, zat vord lorrik? I ave learn it from Meestare Bulky. O, a ver great feesherman."

Wilkinson replied that lurk was an excellent word, and very expressive of the conduct of fish in warm weather, explaining that he was no fisherman himself, but that his friend was attached to that kind of sport.

"Dinnare, Messieu, in one hour," remarked Madame, as she returned to her duties.

"Where can I get fishing tackle, landlord?" asked the lawyer.

"At ze store, zare is onelly one. You vill not lose yourself long in zisa city," replied mine host with an attempt at wit.

Wilkinson remained in the cool parlour, inspecting the plates on the walls and a few books on a side table. The latter were chiefly poor novels in English, left by former guests as not worth taking home, but among them was a thoroughly French paper-bound copy of Alphonse Karr's *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*. Falling into an easy chair, the schoolmaster surrendered himself to the charming style and subtle humour of this new found treasure.

The lawyer went straight to Mr. Bigglethorpe's store, and found himself, at the time, its sole customer. The proprietor was an Englishman of some five and thirty years, tall and thin, wearing a long full beard and overhanging moustache. He sold fishing tackle and was himself a fisherman, the latter being the reason why he had come to the Beaver River and set up store. It occupied him when fishing was poor, and helped to check the consumption of his capital. Before he married, he locked the door, when the fishing was good, and put the key in his pocket, but now Mrs. Bigglethorpe minded the shop in his absence. Having supplied Coristine with hooks and lines, and recommended him what kind of a rod to cut out of the bush for ordinary still fishing, he offered to lend him one of his own fly rods, and opened his fly book for his inspection. Soon the pair were deep in all kinds of artificial flies and their manufacture, Black and Red and White Hackles, Peacock Fly, Mackerel, Green Grasshopper, Black Ant, Governor, Partridge, and a host more. The lawyer declined the rod, as the storekeeper informed him that, so late in the season and in the day, it was utterly useless to look for trout. He had better get old Batiste at the Inn to dig him up some earthworms, and go fishing with them like the boys. He would find a canoe moored near the bridge which he could use. Who it belonged to—Mr. Bigglethorpe didn't know, but it was of no consequence, for everybody took it that wanted it for a morning or afternoon. If Mr. Coristine heard of any new kind of fly, perhaps he'd be good enough to remember him and let him know, something killing for autumn use, or, as people say here, for fall fishing. Mr. Coristine promised to remember him, and departed with his purchases, just as a voice, feminine but decided, called to Mr.

Bigglethorpe by name to come and hold the baby, while its owner dished the dinner. "Talk about Hackles," said the lawyer to himself on the way Inn-wards, "I imagine he has somebody in there that can hackle him, long beard and all."

The dinner bell at the Maple was ringing vigorously. Monsieur Lajeunesse had taken off his coat to ring it, and stood in the doorway in a flaming red waistcoat, the companion of his tuque, over a spotlessly white shirt, to let all who dwelt on the Beaver River know that the hour of noon had arrived. The dinner, over which Madame presided, was excellent. With the soup and the fish there was white wine, and good sound beer with the entrées and solids. The schoolmaster spoke French to the hostess, chiefly about the book he had been reading, and the lawyer discussed fishing with Pierre, who constantly referred to his great authority, Meestare Bulky. Madame, charmed that her guest could converse with her in her mother tongue, generously filled his glasses, and provided his plates with the most seductive morsels. Monsieur Veelkeenson was the white-haired boy at that table, and he felt it, yielded to the full satisfaction of it. He had dined royally, and was fit for anything. When his friend asked him if he would go fishing, he replied jauntily, and in a way quite unlike himself: "Why, suttently, which would you rather do or go fishin'?"

"O Wilks," cried the lawyer, "you're a patent pressed brick! I feel like old Isaac Walton's Coridon, that said, d'ye mind, 'Come, hostess, give us more ale, and let's drink to him,' which is natural, seeing I'm called Corry."

The companions had a glass of ale after dinner, which was quite indefensible, for they had had a sufficiency at that bounteous repast. Evidently, the dominie was in for a good time. A wizened old fellow, named Batiste, with a permanent crick in his back, dug the worms, and presented them to the lawyer in an empty lobster tin, the outside of which was covered with texts of Scripture. "It seems almost profane," remarked the recipient, "to carry worms inside so much Bible language." But the merry schoolmaster remarked that it was turn about, for he had heard a Scotch preacher, who seemed to know the whole Bible by heart, say in prayer, on behalf of himself and his people, "we are all poor wurruns of the airth." "Probably, however," he continued, "he would have objected to be treated as a worm."

"They say even a worm will turn, which, if your parson was a large man, might be serious enough," replied the lawyer. "I remember, when I was a small boy, thinking that the Kings of Israel kept large men for crushing their enemies, because they used to say, 'Go and fall upon him, and he fell upon him and he died.' That might be the way with the human wurrun. It's not always safe to trust these humble men."

"Corry, you're a profane man; your treatment of sacred things is scandalously irreverent," said the dominie. "Who began it?" retorted the victim.

"You did, sir, with your textual lobster can," replied the reprover.

"The ancient Hebrews, in the height of their pride and glory, knew not the luxury of lobster salad," Coristine remarked, gravely, as if reciting a piece.

"How do you know that?"

"Because, if I offer a prize of a Trip to the Dark Continent to the first person buying a copy of our published travels, who finds the word lobster in the Bible, I shall never have occasion to purchase the ticket."

As they moved in the direction of the river, Pierre came after them and asked:—

"You make your feeshing off ze bord or in ze vatare!"

"I prefer the board," replied Coristine, "if it's as good of its kind as that you gave us at dinner."

"Keep quiet, you do not understand him," interposed the schoolmaster; "he means the shore, the bank of the river by the bord. N'est ce pas, Monsieur?"

"Oui, oui, M'syae, le bord, le rivaige de la riviere."

"Non, Monsieur Pierre, nous allons prendre le bateau," answered Wilkinson, with a dignity that his companion envied.

The red-nightcapped host called Baptiste.

"Van-t-en donc, Bawtiste, dépêche twa, trouve deux petits bouts de planche pour le canot."

Batiste soon returned with two boards.

"Canot 'ave no seat, you placea zem over two ends for seet down," said Pierre, relapsing into English.

(To be continued.)

#### THE CRITIC.

THERE are some who will ever relish Robert Louis Stevenson most when he most discourses of himself. The most interesting thing about some poets is their personality. Of Shelley one can never know enough; his "Prometheus Unbound" possesses an added interest merely because it embodies his ideals; so his "Revolt of Islam," so his "Epipsychidion." In these Shelley took no pains to conceal himself; rather we may say he took pains to reveal himself. Herein he differs from Byron. Byron unconsciously revealed himself in all he wrote. But perhaps just because it was unconscious it is the less fascinating. From David the Psalmist to Amiel the dreamer, when a mind worthy the regarding deliberately discovers itself to our eyes, an interest over and above

\* "Un rêveur," M. E. Caro calls him (*Rev. des deux mondes*, Oct. 1, 1884).