

"My dear Crinkle," said Bramley, slowly and sententiously, "we all have our faults. I am not altogether free from them myself, and I should be the last to blame others who, it may be, have not the same control over themselves as I have. When you say you regret what has occurred, all is said that is necessary. Coddleby, I am sure, feels this matter as keenly as you, but as for Yubbits—" and he looked in that gentleman's direction—"I don't know what to say about him."

"Well, then, my dear Bramley, don't say it," said Yubbits. "I think we've had enough of this matter now, and the sooner it's dropped the better."

"Yubbits, I do not wish to give you unnecessary pain, but I must say that I think both your conduct last night and your callous and indifferent demeanor this morning exceedingly—well—heartrending. Nevertheless, your hand, Yubbits!" he concluded, magnanimously, advancing and holding forth his own, which was taken by Yubbits. "You should not be so headstrong. Now let us go to breakfast," and the four trooped down-stairs, where they did full justice, as was their wont, to the meal in question.

"Now, Bramley," said Coddleby, as they sat at table, "I don't know how you feel about the matter, but Crinkle and Yubbits and I think we have had enough of Ottawa; but it seems to me that we have, so far, since we came to Canada, done but little towards investigating the geology or, in fact, any thing else of the country. We came out here, in a great measure, I believe, on a scientific expedition. Let us ask ourselves, then, what have we done, as yet, for the advancement of science, or for the furtherance of geological or botanical research?"

"Well," replied Bramley, "we have only been in the country a few days and have not had much chance to do any thing but get into scrapes, it seems to me. *That* we have done, you cannot deny, very successfully. However, I propose that we leave here to-day for Toronto, which I believe is quite a nice town, or city, and very English; thence we will go to Hamilton, a few miles beyond it, and from there again to some of the great American cities: New York, Chicago, Boston or some of the others."

"Oh! Boston, by all means," interposed Crinkle. "A work I have on America, declares that it abounds in culture and the fine arts. I am for Boston, decidedly."

"Well, that we will settle before we leave Canada; what do you say, Yubbits?"

"The sooner we get on the prairies or into the bush the better," replied that gentleman, who had been making sad havoc amongst the edibles. "My guns are idle, my rifle is rusting, all for want of a slap at the buffalo, panthers and smaller game; however, I will be guided by you."

"Good," returned Bramley, "then I propose, as this is Saturday, that we leave for Toronto to-day, and spend at least a week in that town. You, Yubbits, might put Hanlan up to a few wrinkles in rowing—he lives in Toronto, I believe—and I'm sure we shall enjoy ourselves there: What do you say?"

All were agreed that the programme was an excellent one, and as soon as breakfast was over they proceeded to their respective rooms to get their effects together.

This being done, it was found there was still an hour and a half to spare, before the Toronto train went out, so a final stroll through the Capital was decided upon.

They had been quietly strolling along, and had just taken a final look at the exterior of the Parliament Buildings, when Crinkle, who with Coddleby was some hundred yards in rear of their two friends, said,

"Algernon, I don't know whether you have noticed it, but it seems to me that those two men over there have been following us since we came out this morning," and he directed the other's attention towards where a couple of big, fairly well dressed men were standing, evidently watching them.

"Well, I hadn't noticed it, but they *do* seem to be observing us rather minutely: but, perhaps its only fancy. Our being strangers in a little place like this would make people stare you know, besides one doesn't see a man like Bramley every day."



That gentleman was pointing out to Yubbits something that had attracted his attention in one of the towers of the buildings, and both he and Yubbits walked towards the edifice and inspected the stone work at the base with close attention. They were, in fact, divided in opinion as to whether the stone was of the same kind throughout the structure, and had gone nearer to it in order to better judge of the matter. As they stood, first feeling the stone at the base of the tower and then looking up, the two suspicious individuals, observed by Crinkle, walked towards them, and regarded them narrowly.

"It's a good substantial edifice," Bramley was saying, "and yet it seems to me that it wouldn't take a great deal to blow it up, I fancy, though I may be mistaken, that it would topple over pretty easily."

Yubbits assented to this, and, saying he felt exceedingly dry, produced his silver-mounted hunting flask from his pocket (he rarely went out without it), and unscrewing the top, looked round in quest of a pump or a fountain at which he might obtain the element necessary for the dilution of his spirits.

At this moment the two strangers walked boldly up to him and Bramley, exclaiming,

"Ah! I think we've got you at last: We shall want you to come with us. Give me that thing," pointing to the flask, "and be careful how you handle it. Muddy, you go and take the other two; they're all in the same gang."

Mr. Muddy accordingly approached Messrs. Crinkle and Coddleby, and with a brief "good morning," informed them that they were prisoners, as were their two friends, and that they must accompany him to the police station, at the same time producing a pair of hand-cuffs, with which he proceeded to join Crinkle's right wrist to

