

Without a moments hesitation the Englishman raised the white liquid to his lips and drained it to the bottom.

He stepped back, waiting to be stricken by the poison draught. But he felt nothing but the sharp taste of white wine. The Commander was regarding him with an amused smile.

A puzzled expression appeared on his face. Both glasses, then, contained wine!

Turning from him the French officer called an aide.

"Give the Englishman," he said, "an escort beyond our outposts; and you, Monsieur, I will trust to tell nothing of what you have seen here.

"But, I don't understand," exclaimed the astonished prisoner. "Why did you kill my companion? Or is he really dead?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Mon Dieu, but you are stupid. You see, your friend drank the other glass."



My Thanksgiving Holidays

F. MacDonald, '41

I eagerly looked forward to my Thanksgiving holidays, for my brother and I had planned to go on a shooting trip. I arrived home Saturday night, and as we intended to go shooting Monday, we stayed up late Saturday night preparing decoys and oiling our guns.

Sunday night we prepared a basket of lunch, and went to bed with the alarm set for three o'clock. During the night I awoke about six times expecting the alarm to ring. When it did ring, although I felt sleepy, I lost no time in getting ready.

After a hasty breakfast, and some trouble starting the old truck, we were on our way to Tracadie Bay. We arrived there in good time and transferred our equipment to a dory which we had procured beforehand for this occasion.

As we rowed across the bay, we could hear in the calmness the quacking of ducks and the honking of wild-geese. The sky was overcast, and, as there were no stars to be seen, we kept our direction by the harbor light.

When we landed on the other side of the bay, we built a blind, and were setting out our decoys when suddenly we heard quacking as four black ducks scaled down about twenty-five yards from us. We both grabbed our guns and fired both barrels, but in our excitement we did not take careful aim and so killed only one duck.

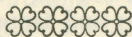
By this time it was clear day, and we could see large flocks of geese and ducks feeding out in the bay. In about half an hour the ducks began to fly to a lake a quarter of a mile behind us. They crossed the point on which we had our blind, and so we got several shots at them.

Most of them would fly low over our decoys, giving us great sport taking them on the wing. Only one small flock alighted with the decoys, out of these we shot four. After a time the flocks became fewer and fewer, and finally the ducks stopped flying altogether.

For the next couple of hours our attention was centred on five geese that were working toward the shore. Sometimes they would come in our direction, but at last they landed about two hundred yards up shore from us. My brother crawled around to a little bush from which he took a long shot and killed one of them. The other four came in my direction; but when I saw they were not going to come near enough for a shot, I began to imitate their call. They heard me and, seeing the decoys, came directly over me. It was an easy matter to kill one with each barrel for they were no more than twenty yards away.

In the afternoon our luck was not so good, the birds kept to the middle of the bay. I made an attempt to drive a flock of geese to my brother, but they seemed suspicious of the decoys, and flew away when they were almost within gunshot.

We got a couple of long shots in the evening just before we started for home. When we got home shortly after dark we were tired and hungry, but well satisfied with our day's shooting.



O, thou sculptor, painter, poet !
Take this lesson to thy heart,
That is best which lieth nearest,
Shape from that thy work of art.

—Longfellow.