

clared it was that sorry old joke of his that was hurting him again, and that he was trying to stifle it. When he had recovered his composure he told us that he was extremely sorry, but he had promised to dine with his mother-in-law, a dear old lady, that day, but he'd come up in the evening.

We got our pork home after many rests by the way. The track we had to travel was merely a blazed one through the bush, and the chunk I had to carry might have had a dozen legs instead of only one by the persistent way it got tangled up in the supplejack and brought me up, sometimes standing, but more often wishing I was. Sunday came in due course, and the pork was cooked. We sat round the table in eager anticipation of the delectable dainty. When Mary brought it in, her head was so carefully averted that she all but upset the lordly dish over me. A terrible odour pervaded the room when she entered, and she clapt the pork down on the table with the air of one who was holily thankful that was all she had to do with it. One of us remarked that the smell was unpleasant. "Nothing to what it is in the kitchen," Mary replied, promptly but sorrowfully. The eager expectation faded out of our faces. Still we did not wholly despair. Many delicacies smelt much worse than they tasted, why not this one? Besides it would not do to appear surprised at anything. That was not "colonial." We summoned up courage and tried to look as if we had quite expected to be smothered with the stink. I struck the carving knife into the joint and the stench increased. Slices were handed round. We each manfully determined not to be outdone and tasted—only to discover that this was not a case in point—it tasted infinitely worse even than it smelt. A happy thought struck us simultaneously, we rose from our seats and went out to feed our dogs.

Reflections have since been cast on our style of butchering. We

have been informed, that if correctly killed and cut up, even these old boars are good eating, but, rightly or wrongly, we could never be persuaded to believe it. That one Sunday dinner prejudiced us for all time.

I do not wish it to be inferred from my opening paragraph that we entirely dissociated the idea of sport from pig-hunting. That would be a wrong impression altogether. We certainly preferred it, after we had had more experience, to the usual round of bush work. We who happened to be told off to fill the larder never took occasion to quarrel with the others because they would not let us stay at home and work.

We did not at all agree with those who cannot see how one can possibly attach the term sport to the chase of such an ignoble animal as the pig, and consider that his very name is antagonistic to the idea.

They forget there are varieties of pig, and probably cling to associations formed by the common or garden species, so named, we presume, from their fondness for horticultural pursuits, whenever insecure fences permit them to indulge this fancy. I grant freely that a night spent in chasing these persistent brutes up and down successive rows of rank vegetables, with one's pyjamas drenched with the dew that drips from them, till the whole thing resolves itself into an intricate maze, and the only way one can tell pork from cabbage is when a bolt from the green suddenly darts between one's legs, and down one goes with an exclamation which promptly settles the point, is calculated to give one a strong prejudice against what a French friend of ours used to call "de chase of de pig." But wild pig-hunting is as different from this sort of fun as the taste of a nice juicy young sow is to the joint of the grim old veteran, on which we made our earliest experiment and rankest failure.

It was some years afterwards that I had the quickest and luckiest