

ing and the rain pouring down in bucketsful. Now and then a squall would strike the building that made everything rattle again—the very night of all others to tell creepy stories. Bloody, terrible and shocking were the yarns related of wreckers of days gone by, awful the retribution of the stalking ghosts and dreadful the nervousness felt by us as each appalling and hideous crime was recalled.

At length the time for bed arrived and, good night being said, the Doctor and I were left alone to have our last pipe before retiring. This over, he went into our sleeping room, but came back in a second with a blanched face saying he would sit up a while longer and I was not to wait for him. I took the lamp presently and went in, and was in the act of setting it down on the table, when glancing at the bed I saw something that sent my hair up on end. Thoughts of Mrs. Copeland flashed across my mind, paralyzing in their intensity, and I was about to bolt back into the sitting room when I found the Doctor at my elbow, and taking courage together we advanced and peered at this dread occupant of our couch. It was a figure head of some wrecked ship that lay upon the pillow, ghastly and immobile of feature, with staring wide open eyes, the hair represented by long blades of dried eel-grass which swept down over the bed clothes that were tucked under its chin. We looked at one another, but just then a ringing laugh came from the doorway and we knew to whom we were indebted for this delightful "scare."

Ah me! how sad we were to leave next morning. We had been made so happy and comfortable during our stay. It was my first and only trip to Sable Island, but one I have never regretted in spite of the heavy storm we encountered before reaching Halifax, our place of starting, in which we suffered terribly.

THE END.