

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

spurred his horse so as to ride down the stubborn navvy. Bill backed slowly amongst the timber, and the sword of the mounted man played about his head, and at last descended upon it, inflicting a severe wound upon the cheek and destroying an eye. Quick as thought, Bill responded with a blow which brought the cavalier senseless to the ground, freed in his fall from the horse, which wheeled and galloped back to his companion. Excited by drink, the encounter and his wound, and with his blood boiling at the ill usage which he had received, Bill was tempted to follow up his blow by another of fatal character, but a better spirit prompted him, and he fled further into the wood. Here he concealed himself until nothing was heard but the tramp and challenges of sentries, who had been placed around the premises occupied by the contractor, and then Bill crept cautiously from his hiding place, skulking along by ways familiar to him, and sought the house of the sub-contractor, who had expressed a liking for his steady work and bluff honesty, and laid his position before him. This boss told Bill that his safety was to be found only in flight, and that he must leave at once, and that without the collection of wages in arrear. He proffered him the use of a boat, called in a man on whom he could rely, and the twain accompanied Bill to the northern shore of the St. Lawrence. The trip was a hazardous one, but pluck and luck were on his side, and Bill landed, after a stiff and perilous pull, at the selected spot. With but a dollar in his pocket, given to him by the sub-contractor, with one eye hopelessly injured, weak from the loss of blood, in a land of strangers, and once more a fugitive, his condition was pitiable. But Canada has many good Samaritans in its midst, and

Bill fell into the hands of one of them. Popular sympathy, away from the "works," was with the workmen, and no sooner had Bill told his tale at the first farm house which he reached, than he was cared for. A medical man gratuitously bound up his wound, and Bill started once more on the tramp. He reached Kingston in due course, and looking for something to do, was directed to Garden Island. He was strong as a bullock, and willing as a horse, and at once obtained employment. Here he labored for some months, without recourse to drink, for it was banished as surely from the Island as frogs from Ireland, but the old craving at last returned, and could not be repressed. Joining with a brother laborer as weak as himself, a row-boat was "borrowed" from its dock, and the pair crossed the bay to the city. The waters were fairly smooth, and they had no difficulty in making the landing place. Spending some hours in an old time carousal, they went down to the wharf once more and found a big sea on, and were told by an old sailor that their boat could not live in it. Grog had made them valorous, and regardless of the friendly warning, they started on their mad adventure. How they buffeted and strove, and with almost superhuman effort kept the head of the boat in the required direction, it is unnecessary to tell, for ere they were half way across the Bay, a fiercer gust blew, and swept fiercely athwart their path, Bill's companion lost an oar, and a huge wave caught them broadside on, and the small craft was upset, while the two rowers were plunged into the seething waters. Both struggled manfully, and Bill seized an oar, and then was able to reach and cling to the overturned boat, drifting before wind and wave, but his companion was gone—another