

obtrusive rock that nestled at his shoulder; "but I got these sounds kinder sorted out. Guess I been dumped right in the middle of the Injuns' ghost factory."

He gazed contemplatively at a wedge of rock,

V-shaped, that broke the circled wall to his left. "It's the wind," he soliloquised. "This danged hole's built kinder like an organ—wuss'n Peloo's." Even as he spoke the wind, which blew in fitful gusts, split by the trident rock, cried out in pain,

its echoes booming from the other wall. "Yes, 'em's the ghosts," he said conclusively. "It's dang like that thing Tomato played, too!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.

THE WILY CHINEE

Concerning the Great Determination of one Ah Sing

By JEAN EDOUARD SEARS

"The master of any vessel carrying Chinese immigrants shall incur a penalty of five hundred dollars if he lands or permits to land in Canada from such vessel any person of Chinese origin without the permit therefor required by this act."—Sec. 23, Chap. 95, R. S. 1906.

LATE one day in the autumn of last year a Chinaman lay tossing in a dirty bunk in one of the numerous shacks which abound in the city of Vancouver thinking of his far-away home and whispering to himself unpleasant things against the steamship companies which charged such an outrageous amount of money for the piece of cardboard which would pass him along. He had lived in British Columbia almost twenty years and during that time had amassed a fortune that had been dutifully sent home to China and now he intended to follow where he could live with his wife and children in luxury to the end of his days. But with the money charged by the steamship companies for transportation he could live merrily for a year and being like all his countrymen of a thrifty nature he was casting about for a scheme that would land him in his country passage free.

When a Chinaman starts to puzzle out a way to save money it takes him but a little while to think out a solution. The next morning found Ah Sing at the gang-plank of the China boat making himself most obstreperous and clamouring for the captain. At last the captain was brought and Ah Sing commenced to put his scheme into operation.

"What is the matter?" asked the captain, frowning down upon the struggling group.

"Huh!" said one of the men, "this bloomin' chink wants to get aboard without a ticket; says he will cook his way over."

"Captain, me heap good cook," shouted Ah Sing in his shrill piping voice. "Me cookee potato, lice, meat, puddinee all kinds; me likee cook heap much, no wantee money."

"Go away you — heathen, you are about the tenth man who has come here and said that," roared the captain and poor Ah Sing was led away crestfallen. Not to go far, however. When a Chinaman intends to save money he does not give up upon the non-success of one scheme but meets failure with another.

Now the Vancouver freight-stowers are not naturally an observing body of men, not being paid for observing, so no one noticed a small Chinaman dart down the freight plank of the big China liner during the lull at noon hour. No one noticed him squirming his way among the cases until he reached the coal bunkers and no one heard the scuttle of the coal as this same Chinaman scrambled in.

Ah Sing, however, was not sufficiently versed in the ways of ocean liners or he never would have hidden there. Wherever ships dock there will be found people endeavouring to stow away and it naturally follows that the ship's officers expect these stowaways and institute a thorough search for them. The coal bunkers had been utilised too many times to be overlooked by the searching squad and so not more than six hours had passed before Ah Sing heard the searchers exploring the neighbouring bunkers. Nevertheless he felt safe for upon entering he had scraped a hole among the coals large enough to hide in and now pulled down the sides until even his head was covered.

At last the searchers entered the section in which he lay hidden and one of the deck-hands stepped in and commenced to tramp over the coals. He found nothing suspicious and stepped out. Happening to glance back, however, he saw a stream of bright gleaming red running down from the top of the pile and stopped, gazing open-mouthed.

"Holy sufferin' cats, look at the blood runnin' down them coals," he whispered.

His companion who carried the lantern turned and also looked with awe at the spectacle of a stream of blood which sprang from the top of a

heap of coal, ran down the surface for about four feet and then disappeared. They were just about to flee disconcertedly and inform one of the officers when the first gave vent to a stifled laugh and quickly closed the door.

"Hush," he said, laughing, "it's not blood at all; it's a Chinaman's pig-tail. Call the rest of the boys and we'll have some fun."

In a minute almost all the deck-hands had gathered around the bunker entrance and one of the men took hold of the thin red line. It was sure enough a Chinaman's que neatly plaited with red silk. He first gave a gentle tug but nothing happened.

"It's anchored, boys, but I guess we can get it out alright," he said.

Two or three of the men then took hold and commenced to pull in earnest. It was not long before the air was rent with a series of piercing yells mingled with Chinese and English curse words whilst the coal began to heave in a most remarkable manner.

"I guess we've got him," said one of the pullers. "You certainly have," answered a man outside. "Gee, but I wish I could swear like him—have to take some lessons."

"Bring the yellow peril out here."

"Yellow peril nothin', he looks like the Black Plague."

These and other rude jests were thrown about by the men while little Ah Sing begrimed and scared, was dragged unceremoniously forth from his hiding place.

"Why it's the bloomin' chink who wanted to see the captain this morning," exclaimed one of the men. "Going to cook rice with yourself, chink?"

"Yep, me heap good cookee lice, potato, meat. You wantee cook? Me heap clean cook, washee pan heap clean, washee dish heap clean."

"You're a clean mongolian alright, alright," said a sailor. "Come, boys, let's give him a wash."

With that they grabbed the hapless Chinaman, tightly tied a rope around his waist and carrying him to the side of the steamer dropped him overboard, sousing him up and down until he hung limp like a wet towel. He was then hauled up, allowed to lie on the deck until revived and with sundry kicks and cuffs driven along the freight plank onto the wharf from whence he fled beaten but not defeated.

LATE one rainy afternoon following the events above recorded, a Chinaman was seen to board the C.P.R. ferry at Vancouver enroute for the fair city of Victoria. He was a poor, sorry-looking Chinaman with ill-fitting clothes and seemed to be without a friend in the world. Nevertheless he had many friends right in the city of Vancouver yet knew no one in Victoria whence he was bound. He was going over to meet the China steamer, the Tango Maru, which called at Victoria on her way from the Orient to Vancouver. But why should one go to meet a boat which could come to him and why should a man leave a city full of friends to go to a city of strangers? It was a proceeding which would have made one wonder, if he knew the circumstances.

Arriving at Victoria the Chinaman was one of the first to leave the steamer and walked with his shuffling gait through the city and down into Chinatown. That night he slept in one of the dark alleyways which abound in the district and was up with the sun waiting for the stores to open in order to make some purchases. He first ascertained that the Tango Maru would touch at the Quarantine Station about eight o'clock that evening and dock at the Outer Wharf a few hours later where she would lie until morning, landing her passengers and freight for Victoria. No passengers would be taken aboard, however, until on her way back to China from Vancouver.

The mysterious Chinaman then visited a Chinese

haberdashery where after considerable bargaining he bought a cheap suit of clothes bearing the label "Kow She, Shanghai." A cap with the same label attached was then bought and he donned the new clothes. Resplendent in his new array he next visited a stationery store where he purchased a Chinese envelope and a Hong Kong stamp, addressed the envelope in Chinese hieroglyphics to himself at Pekin, affixed the stamp and made some curious marks upon it which resembled the Hong Kong postmark. This apparently constituted the day's work for he now lounged around gazing in store windows until dusk. About eight o'clock the Chinaman visited one of the coal yards on the waterfront and commenced to perform strange antics. Going to the top of a pile of coal he would lie down and roll to the bottom. This was done several times until his clothes, face and hands gave him the appearance of a coal-heaver.

The Tango Maru docked at the Outer Wharf in Victoria at midnight and the immigration officials went aboard to give the necessary permits and examine the Chinese. The Chinamen were all lined up along the deck to facilitate matters. As they were tumbling out from below they were joined by a strange Chinaman grim-looking and dirty who had clambered aboard from a small boat now adrift and stealthily joined the procession.

All the Chinamen passed the officials until it came to the turn of the stranger. The Canadian officials failed to make him understand English so the Chinese interpreter was called. He found that the Chinaman was eligible neither as a student nor an immigrant and as he seemed to lack both understanding and money the captain was brought and one of the officials said:

"See here, Captain, you'll have to take this passenger back to China, he is not a student and he has not the five hundred dollars to pay the immigration fee."

"The h— I will," shouted the captain. "I saw that all the Chinese passengers were able to pay their way before we started."

"Well, he hasn't got a red cent now, so I'm afraid we'll have to send him back," answered the official.

The captain glanced keenly at the Chinaman and then said, "I never saw that chink before; I bet he just sneaked aboard."

"Perhaps you have not seen him before," remarked an official. "He looks as if he stowed away in the coal bunkers. He is just from China alright. His hat is marked 'Shanghai' and we found a letter from Hong Kong addressed to him at Pekin. All his clothes appear to have been bought in China and he is clearly trying to come in here without paying so back he'll have to go. I guess you can make him work his way across."

"I have got all the men I need now," roared the captain. "Besides, what is the use of a chink who cannot understand English? This company is not going to keep anybody in idleness for a trip so I'm going to throw him off, officials or no officials."

"Oh, well," answered one of the immigration, "I guess you can throw him off if you want to, but you know the penalty. Read section twenty-three, chapter ninety-five of the Revised Statutes of Canada and then think whether it would be cheaper to throw him off or give him a free passage back to China."

The captain took two or three turns up and down the deck talking to his first officer and then going to the Chinaman yelled at him to get below, emphasizing his words with a few hearty kicks. He then turned to the immigration officials and said:

"I suppose we can proceed to Vancouver, eh?"

The Chinaman scrambled down into the bowels of the steamer and running to a corner squatted there, each hand thrust up the opposite sleeve, muttering to himself:

"Go to China now. No have to pay. Ah Sing heap smart man."