

Would I change with my brother a league inland?
("Shoal! 'Ware shoal!") Not I.

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At the careless ead of night
I thrill to the nearing screw,
I turn to the nearing light,
And I call to the drowsy crew:
And the mud boils foul and blue
As the hind bow backs away.
Do they give me their thanks if she clears the banks?
("Shoal! 'Ware shoal!") Not they.

Through the blurr of the whirling snow,
Or the black of the inkv sleet,
The lanterns gather and grow,
And I look for the homeward fleet.
Rattle of block and sheet—
Ready about! Stand by!
Shall I ask them a fee that they fetch the quay?
("Shoal! 'Ware shoal!") Not I.

I swoop and I surge and I swing,
In the rip of the racing tide;
By the gates of Doom I sing;
On the horns of death I ride.
A ship-length overside
Between the course and the sand,
Fretted and bound, I hide;
Fertl whereof I cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
("Shoal! 'Ware shoal!") Not I.

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The Courtenay whistling buoy is a most successful, ingenious and original invention. It is fitted with a long cylinder reaching down into the sea below wave action. As the buoy rises and falls on the water this cylinder acts as an air compressor, the compressed air being forced out through a large whistle on the superstructure, and emitting a fitful and distinctive moan. We have now in the Dominion over thirty of these buoys, and are rapidly adding to the number.

Another very successful and original buoy is the Pintsch gas lighted buoy, in which a specially purified gas is compressed to 10 or 12 atmospheres, and supplied to a group of burn-