

McDonald and the customs officer then got into the boat, and although neither of them was an experienced oarsman, they started along the coast towards the next village in search of some goods which they supposed had been landed in that neighborhood.

The farmer rested and fed his horse before continuing his journey, and two of the women made use of the opportunity thus afforded to bring Donald, who had been placed in the wagon, some hot milk and bread, and of wrapping around him a fisherman's overcoat.

After they had driven a few miles and at a point where the road, descending into a hollow, ran between the grey hills and rocks rising high up on the one hand and the head of Quigley's Cove on the other, the men in the wagon saw a sight which caused them to stop suddenly. At the mouth of this little inlet are many rocks, exposed at low tide but covered when the tide is in. To one of those rocks, which was rapidly being submerged by the incoming tide, two men were clinging; and away beyond them a row-boat, bottom-up, was drifting to sea. The larger waves dashed in their faces and their shouts for help could be distinctly heard from the road. The constable and the revenue officer—for it was they—had upset their boat against the rock to which they were now clinging, and from which the angry waves, aided by the rising tide, must in a very few minutes wash them into the hungry sea. Already they were thoroughly chilled by the cold water; and although with their numbed hands they clung tenaciously to the rock, they fully realized that unless help speedily arrived, they must perish.

The instant that Donald saw the peril of the men he was out of the wagon with a bound. Lynch instinctively clutched at his prisoner, and the fisherman's great-coat remained in his hands. But the boy, tugging at his manacles, was rushing down the edge of the cove and shouting to Lynch to take those "cursed things" off his hands. As Donald stopped opposite the drowning men, who were no great distance from the shore, Lynch and the farmer came up. "Off with these things," roared the lad, thrusting the irons into Lynch's face. As the constable hastily produced the key he said, "You won't run away now, will you?" "Man! Is this a time—," but at that instant his hands were free, and throwing off his boots and outer garments with lightning speed he sprang into the sea. The wind blew from the shore, and with a few strokes he was among the rocks. As he told McDonald to seize him behind the shoulder and to keep as far from him as possible, that worthy, through his chattering teeth, answered, "No me; take the oldest man first," and Donald struck out for the shore towing the heavy officer. But before they were more than half-way, the officer, frantic with fear, grasped his rescuer wildly; and it was with the very greatest difficulty that the lad brought his almost unconscious burden to the land. Calling to the farmer to bring the driving reins from the wagon, he started out again and felt somewhat rested when he reached the rock. But he was none to soon; for while he was still a couple of yards off, a wave, larger than the others, had carried the constable away from his refuge. After a few vigorous strokes Donald dived and came up with the man. By almost superhuman efforts he managed to keep McDonald's head above water and to make a little headway shoreward. When the constable recovered a little, Donald directed him to hold on to his shoulder, and began to swim with both arms. But in a few seconds the man lost his hold and the lad had to dive again. When they came up, the constable was unconscious and Donald's strength was fast giving way. He still buffeted

bravely with the waves, but his strokes became feebler and his progress was very slow. The thought came to him that he must drown, but the thought of leaving the constable and saving himself did not enter his mind. His exhausted muscles at last absolutely refused to move and he felt himself sinking, when a shout from the shore reached him, and the end of the leather rein flung by the farmer, who was standing far out in the water, struck his hand. He grasped it, and the boy and man were soon on dry land.

No sooner did the constable show signs of reviving than Donald, pulling on his boots and coat, ran to where the horse and wagon stood, and was soon galloping at a breakneck pace along the road. As Lynch saw him go, he said to himself, "That's the last we'll see of him for a while."

But the lad did not go far. He was simply hastening to a house which he knew to be around the turn of the road about a quarter of a mile away, and in a short time the team was back again driven by a small boy, accompanied by his mother, who brought with her some blankets and a jug of hot water. The men, after drinking a couple of mugs apiece of the hot water, were wrapped up and placed in the wagon, and the woman drove them to her home where they were made comfortable until next day. In the meantime Donald had procured dry under-clothing, and when he saw the men approaching the house he started off at a quick pace along the road. He had gone at least a half mile before Lynch and the farmer overtook him; and as the constable stepped out in order to let the lad have his place in the middle, Donald held out his wrists, and Lynch, lacking that fineness of feeling which we would expect even in a constable, snapped the handcuffs on them, and they were removed only behind the bars of the Halifax County Jail.

(Continued on page 22).

#### ONE OF OUR FORMER STUDENTS.

Lieut. Henry Edward Clarence Keating, one of the officers of 1st Battalion Lister Regiment, now stationed at Halifax, met his death in the heart of Africa a few months ago. Lieut. Keating was a former student of the Halifax Academy, graduating from it in 1889; and going thence to Kingston Military College. Graduating from that institution in 1892, he received a commission in the above regiment on the 17th of December of that year. On September 13th, 1893, he went to India with his regiment and was stationed at Deesa and Poona, in the Bombay Presidency. Thence he returned home on January 14th, 1895, and went to the Regimental Depot at Birr, Kings Co., Ireland. Since that time he has been engaged in special service in the Niger region in Africa. He met his untimely end when, in company with Corporal Gale, he was carrying on operations on the river near Lafagon. Both he and his companion were suddenly attacked by the natives, and murdered.

Lieut. Keating, or "Tony" Keating—the name by which he was more familiarly known in the Academy—gave promise of a brilliant career in the army. He was well liked by both officers and men, and had already shown exceptional ability in his work. He was but 26 years of age at his death, being born on December 13th, 1871, at Truro, Colchester Co. He died in the midst of active life, and his career—so soon cut short—shows what it is possible for sturdy Nova Scotians to do and become, no matter in what walk of life they may choose to go. A. S. B.