

out with a bright suggestion now and again, and when he does he takes care that everyone hears about it. He said: "Say Jack, what do you say to wading ashore and anchoring the old hooker here for the night; I think she'll be all right." I hailed this idea with applause and finally we persuaded Jack to give up his idea of finding the channel and come with us. Then the proposition arose: what were we going to carry with us? Of course we could only take a little grab—enough for supper and for breakfast the following morning, and we also had to carry our tent. This was soon arranged and presently was seen the spectacle of three men stalking solemnly in single file across the muddy flats, loaded down with a various assortment of pots and pans and provisions of many kinds while the gulls circled around our heads and screamed defiance at us. I suppose they thought we were some half-mad creatures from another world. Tired enough we were when we reached the shore. Walking through sticky mud is no fun at any time but when you are loaded down with bundles, and the tent pole that the other fellow is carrying, occasionally explores the tender parts of your ribs, it is about the last occupation I would wish for.

E. W. I.

(To Be Continued.)

A Nicotine Ballad.

All hail to the prophet who first burnt this incense;
All hail to great Raleigh with instinct divine;
Who was first to discover this boon of all humans—
The Queen of all weeds, Sublime Nicotine.

The Chinese have Buddha; the Hindoos their monkeys;
To Moslems Mahomet gives infinite joy:
But a god that I worship with fervent devotion
Is my pipe of Tobacco which never will cloy.