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The Wreckers of Sable Island,

BY

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"The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa."

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE WRECK.

CAPTAIN Reefwell's words sent a shudder sharp and swift to Dr. Copeland's heart. He was not unfamiliar with the sombre reputation of that strange low island which scarcely itself above the level of the Atlantic billows, than a hundred miles from the Nova Scotia coast. Stories that appalled the mind and chilled the

blood had time and again floated up to Halifax, no one seemed ever to know whence or how—stories of shipwreck following fast upon shipwreck, and no soul surviving to tell the tale.

Ay—and even more dreadful than the reputed fury of the storms that scourged that lonely island were the deeds rumored to be done by demons in human guise who plied the wrecker's trade there, and acting upon the sardonic saying that dead men tell no tales, made it their care to summarily des-

patch all those ill-starred castaways whom even the pitiless surf had spared.

With a heavy heart Dr. Copeland made his way back to the cabin where he found his wife trying to re-assure Eric upon whose spirits the long and tempestuous voyage had told severely. The poor boy was utterly weary of the ceaseless knocking about to which the *Francis* had been subjected, and longed to once more set foot upon the solid shore.

"Well, husband, what does the Cap'tain say?" asked Mrs. Copeland, looking up earnestly. "Will this tiresome storm soon blow us into Halifax?"

Conscious of two pair of eyes scanning his countenance eagerly, the Doctor found it hard to preserve his composure, but exercising great self-control, managed to say calmly enough:

"Captain Reefwell says that if this fog would only clear away, and let him find out just where we are, we would be all right. There is nothing to do but to wait and hope for the best."

And sitting down between mother and son he threw an arm around each, and gave them a tender



HE YIELDED HIMSELF TO THE CREATURE'S GUIDANCE.