

October afternoon in the Allan Line S.S. "Sardinian," bound for Quebec.

I can say little or nothing of our fellow passengers for the all-sufficient reason that from the first day to the last we scarcely met them. My friend and I achieved the distinction of being the very worst sailors on board, and of spending more "birthdays" on the voyage (as a punning Oxford don suggested to me the other day) than any other human being.

Our stewardess tried every possible means of cajoling us on deck, but in vain, and having once grasped the fact that there we were and there we intended to remain; like a wise woman, she faced the situation and made the best of it, having the eye of faith firmly fixed on a steadily rising valedictory fee, in which I need scarcely say she did not trust in vain. But before this philosophical moment arrived, she had adopted one ingenious device, which really deceived us for about half-an-hour, without shaking our resolution one jot.

My friend had taken her maid with her; a very worthy woman, but if possible a worse sailor than either of us, and who had succumbed in the Mersey before we got out to sea at all. Her mistress had looked after her comfort as long as she could, but was