

Cornwall, failed; the rector was thereby reduced to penury, and the son was compelled to leave college. In 1880, H— obtained employment on the Stock Exchange in London. In 1882, his employer, through reverses, became bankrupt. He was, as he says, "cast upon the rocks!" For a while he lived precariously until he fell in with a young broker and began work once more. Soon, however, the broker was laid aside with brain fever and the office closed. From the trustees of the estate he received £15, and returned to his father's home. By the favor of a former Truro boy, who had amassed a fortune in the nitrate trade in Chili, he was offered a position on the Pacific coast. Borrowing £100 on the security of a life insurance policy, he sailed for Iquique, Chili, March 28th, 1883. Here fortune smiled upon him. He learned the Spanish language, and repaid the loan in a little over a year. Business then began to slacken. The Chilean dollar decreased in value, until it fell to 1s. 9d. sterling, and he became discouraged, obtained a passage to England for £30, sailed in the *Prince Oscar* in August, 1886, and after a journey of 115 days, landed at Falmouth just before Christmas.

Again he proceeded to London, and again he entered the Stock Exchange at a salary of £4 4s. per week. This position he held till April, 1887, when, from the effects of the Chilean climate, he was seized with dropsy and paralysis, and was helpless for six months. It was not until 1890 that he had so far recovered as to accompany his brother to Canada. The two landed in Halifax in April, 1890, and reached the village of F— on the 7th of the same month, where the brother held a position as lighthouse-keeper on Lake Huron. Here H— abides to this day, main'aining himself by doing odd jobs of painting, lettering the hotel register in all manner of styles, and occasionally giving private lessons in French. He is an ardent Episcopalian, and has a profound contempt for "schism shops," as he calls the non-conformist churches.

Here is a strange story of a living man, and it contains material for a novel. It also suggests the question as to why one who has the manners and speech of a cultured gentleman should be content with

the life and surroundings of a tramp. As I stood and talked with him that bright June day, I thought I could detect a weakness in the eye that betokened a lack of steady purpose. The story of his life is one of vicissitude and of difficulties, yet not greater than have fallen to the lot of many brave men, and have been surmounted; and it would seem that here is an example of abnormal development, often met with in the study of men and of nature. Truly, as the Scotch women say: "There's nought so queer as folk."

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HOW LIEUT. TOM B. "GOT SQUARE" — A SOLDIER'S REMINISCENCE.

A GOOD story is told of how Lieut. Tom B— paid off two old scores at a military reunion held in K—, some years after the late civil war in the United States.

Tom, who was a practical joker and lived in K—, never had a chance since the war ended of settling up with Major B— and Col. S—. These two gentlemen, unfortunately for themselves, were not acquainted with one another, but they were with Tom, who had often made them his victims. At last, however, an opportunity had been given each for retaliation, and it was this which Tom determined to even off, when one morning, some days before the date set for the reunion, he received word from each of the worthy officers requesting that he look up rooms for them. This he did by engaging a single room for both.

Early on the first day of the reunion, Tom was at the station to meet the colonel, who arrived before the major. After greeting each other warmly, the colonel asked him what arrangements he had made.

"The best I could," said Tom, "but in spite of it all, old fellow, you've got to have a room-mate, a Major B—. He's a regular gentleman, though, and one of my best friends."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the colonel, "I shall be pleased to make his acquaintance."

"Well, you see, it's this way," continued Tom; "he—well, perhaps, I shouldn't tell you—but, *entre nous*, you know he met with a misfortune before