

loose, had hoisted him over the side still stretched in the seal frame. That night, having no one to watch him specially, we put a feather mattress on the iron casement of the engine-room, in the little house allotted to our oil tanks, and locked him in securely. In the morning a huge commotion on deck called me hurriedly aft. Simon was a half-bred Eskimo, tawny and hairier and uglier than any man I had ever seen. He had got loose out of his house when the engineer had come up for some oil in the morning watch. During the night he had torn off and torn up every rag of his clothing and stuffed it down the ventilation pipe, so that he could not recover it. He had torn up the feather mattress, and, having apparently liberally oiled himself, had rolled in the feathers, and was now sitting on a cask by the rail, singing a hymn from a large red hymn book—the only piece of personal property still remaining to him. The capture and re-committal of Simon was a very queer sight. Likewise were the crew after the event.

After a year in the south, our friend came back, clad in all the sanity of which he had ever been capable. Having raised a collection and fitted him out, we gave him a passage back to his old home.

Next winter my colleague taking care of the northern Labrador Coast was on his lonely round when he turned his dogs up a long, narrow Bay, to make, at our request, an examination of a schooner that had gone ashore there in the fall of the year, and about the fate of which suspicion had been roused. It was thought that she had been purposely cast away so as to get the insurance for her.

That section of the coast was absolutely uninhabited. We had heard that Simon had been getting on well, and through his first season had fished and hunted just as before. But this fall he had made a failure, and caught next to nothing, so that he could not buy a winter "diet". What

he had caught he had taken aboard a trading-vessel and exchanged for a second-hand gramophone and some records. Later he had disappeared, going north with the gramophone, an ancient, single-barrelled, muzzle-loading gun, one old sea-gull which he had shot before the bay froze up—and nothing more.

As my colleague approached the end of the Inlet, he saw the wreck lying on her side, high up on an ice barrier, having been heaved up by the heavy ice which rafted and froze in miniature mountains, growing with every rise and fall of the tide. Suddenly, he admitted afterwards, a creepy feeling went down his spine, for he seemed to see in this forsaken end of nowhere a tiny column of smoke ascending from the vessel's side. There was no sign of a human being anywhere, and had he been alone without a driver, he says, he thinks he would have left that examination for someone else to pursue. On getting quite close to the hull, he was still further surprised to hear the sounds of martial music reverberating from the old ship. Stopping his dogs, he approached cautiously, and before climbing the side he shouted loudly to call the attention of any possible earthly inmate. Meeting no response, he threw a large ice chunk up over the rail. It rolled down the slanting deck with an uncanny noise, redoubled by the hollow hull and the absolute silence of the bay.

Then suddenly, from a hole in the boat's side, popped up the ugliest, unshaven, tawny head that the doctor had ever seen. It was, of course, Simon, who had converted the wreck into his home, had installed himself and his gramophone in it, and, like a second Alexander Selkirk, was imitating Robinson Crusoe, only under somewhat different circumstances.

Next summer, when I came along in my hospital boat, Simon was still there, but he was not alone, for he was now the proud possessor of a wife.