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Left on the Isle of Sands.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.-A LONG WAITING. OR a time there was occupation and amusement enough for all. Jules took delight in fishing in the lake, and in scampering over the island on the back of whatever pony he could capture. Others, when tired of lolling in the grass, hunted the wild cattle and pigs; and as a flint and steel and tinder had been left them, they feasted on liberal roasts of fresh pork and beef, and when they were tired of these meats they had another resource in the wild ducks and geese. This state of aflairs lasted until all the tinder was used up. A wild, hot-headed Gascon, undertaking to make a fire and cook a dinner, tried patiently for half an hour to get a light by using withered grass for tinder. Exasperated at his failure, he suddenly started up with an oath, cursed the flint, and hurled it into the sea.

A comrade, furious at the mad act, sprang upon him, struck him in the face, and bore him to the ground; it was then a fight to the death; and the (iascon succeeded in killing his adversary.

The next moment, ere he had fully recovered his feet, the (:ascon was struck down by a terrible blow from a billet in the hands of Christophe Saintine, who had run up to separate the combatants.

This was the first bloodshed among the islanders; but thereafter the real natures of the men began to appear. Several fatal quarrels followed. Jules, though a favorite with most of the men, would have fared badly on several occasions but for the general respect inspired by his father's determination and physical prowess.

The St. Malo blacksmith wielded a sort of half-acknowledged authority over his fellows, and but for his ascendency the convicts would have found themselves in a state of perpetval feud.

As for Jules, he soon learned a marvellous degree of prudence in dealing with the dangerous tempers of those about him.