

THE RECRUITERS

ONE evening I was discussing with the captain of a Holyhead-Dublin steamer the relative merits of the principal malt products of Scotland and Ireland, when a fat man, with "sailor" writ largely on his clean-shaven, rubicund face, came to the cabin door and asked in a rich brogue if he might come in. He was hot and flustered, and yet smiling.

"I see ye don't remimber me," he said, "I saw your bag wid your name on it in the companion, and I sez to the steward, 'Is the man that owns that bag aboard?' 'He is,' sez he. 'Thin tell him,' sez I, 'that a mahn that knew him in the islands nigh on tin years ago 'ud loike to spake wid him.' 'He's wid the captain,' sez he, 'have yez a card?' 'I have not,' sez I, 'but ye tell him that Terry Hanlon——'"

I jumped up and shook hands with him. "Why, Terry, old man, I didn't know you—you have grown so fat and have no beard now. Sit down. Captain P——, this is a very, very old friend of mine. He was mate of the barque *Meteor*, when I was recruiter. We made a good many voyages together when we were in the Kanaka labour trade in the South Seas."

"'Nigger catchin' an' slavery,' the parsons called ut, sir," said Mr. Hanlon, whose voice was somewhat husky,