

"As I was about to leave harbour in the night an appeal came for protection from assault from a quiet family man. I had perforce to try the case in the night. The cottage of the assailant was away by itself, and to go and get the prisoner and hear the case on board was out of the question. So collecting a special constable, the plaintiff, and some witnesses from their beds as we went along, we roused the prisoner and the court sat on a bench in his house and heard the case by the light of a ten cent tin lamp. The absolute nakedness of the house, not to say the ditto of the defendant, made one feel lenient. We had to dispense with one of the chief witnesses because half-dressed and half asleep he howled so unceasingly he prevented any progress. No jail to send any one to, no money to fine any one, no one after we sailed to see to the keeping of the peace, no one willing to go surety for good conduct. All these we found hindrances to the dignified administration of the law; as we did also a week later when a man whom we sought to try for breach of contract and refusing to work, simply took to the hills when he saw our heavyweight fisherman special toiling up the cliff after him. The fleetness of my Marconi operator saved the situation. He was able to outrace the fugitive, and by reasonable argument to persuade him to give himself up. Persuasion is better than force."

Many tales might be told of events connected with the administration of justice in remote places, and in early days, throughout what is now called Eastern Canada, in which the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous was by a very easy step. Some day a chronicler may be found who will relate these tales in a form which will be an interesting chapter in our history, but in that related above there is a pathos which gives it a character and distinction peculiar to itself.