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European Plan

THOS. O. PAIGE : Manager

THE HYDROPHOBIC

(Continued from page 14.)

around us—a little round rock, with just room for four men."

"Then why didn't you swim ashore, if it was nothing but a river?"

He looked at me in mild and puzzled wonder. "Swim ashore!" he reiterated, with his insane echo. Then he chuckled deep down in his hairy chest. "Young Hotailub did try to swim ashore—he was a better swimmer than the other three of us. But that river is very wide, nothing but water, three long miles on one side of us, over two miles on the other. It was more like the sea. And we watched Hotailub, for he was to come back with a raft, and half a mile off we saw his hands go up. We couldn't hear him scream, for he swam with the wind. But the three of us were left sitting on the rock there, so, for year and years—a bald little rock without a twig or a blade of grass, as smooth as an old man's head!"

"Then you were taken off—by natives?"

He shook his head slowly from side to side. "No; we were not taken off," he said vacuously.

"Then how, in the name of all that is holy, did you get off that rock?"

"I—I can't remember!" he whimpered pitifully. "I have a little trouble with my head, and it makes me forget things." And he lapsed into a dogged silence, from which I tried in vain to rouse him.

On the following day I spoke to the cure about Black Sauriol and his ways. That rotund and gentle little pastor of a rotund and gentle little flock had long since given up worrying about the man and his madness. To his mind it was all due to rheumatism; he had known a man once, on the lower St. Lawrence, taken the same way, who had suffered so much and grown so afraid of the wet and damp that it went to his head, and in his old age he was almost as bad as a man who had been bitten by a rabid dog, hating the sight and touch of water. But I felt at heart that if it was rheumatism with Black Sauriol, it was some strange rheumatism of the memory, of the spirit, and not of the flesh. I tried to forge some link of continuity between his terror at the sight of the dead animal and his insane paddling with the hands, between his hatred of water and this strange wreck about which he had forgotten so much. But I could make nothing out of his tangle of irrationalities.

When next I went to visit Black Sauriol I found him with his huge hairy arms bared, hard at work, making a painfully laborious copy of what seemed to be a ragged and blackened old chart. He looked up from his slow and clumsy drawing, when he saw me in his doorway, with an unusual expression of relief.

"I hoped you'd come," he said, in the solemn guttural of his more lucid moments. "Before I left," he added pointedly.

I asked him where he was off to.

"Out of this cursed country of rain—getting too wet for me! I'm going to travel, to try the Southwest. They call it, I find, the Country of Little Rain."

"But how about your claim, your miles of gold-fields?"

"That's all come out clear to me—last night, in a message!" He looked at me with his burning, deep-set eyes. "You are going to put in my claim for me!"

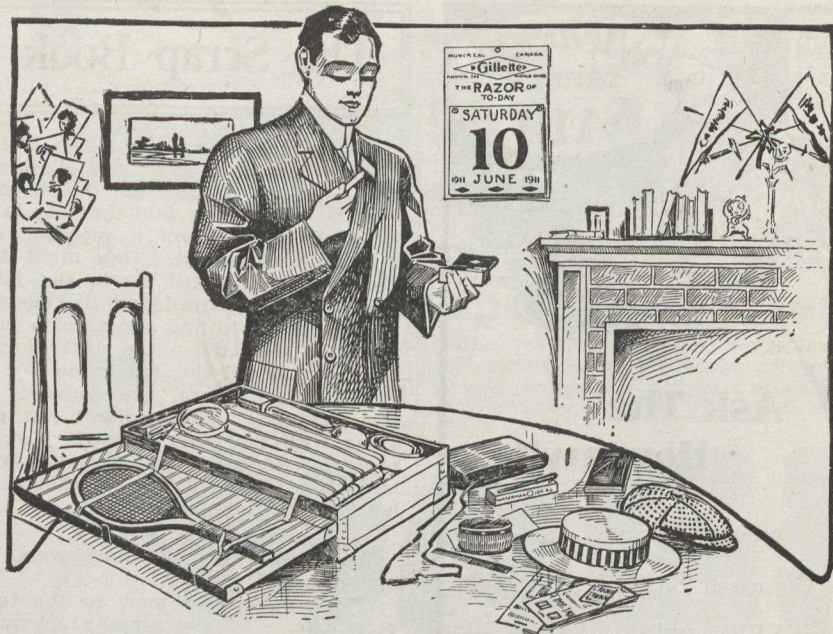
I tried to laugh at him, but the creeping tide of madness that seemed rising and inundating the very house in which we sat, as he went on gravely with his drawing, choked the laughter out of my throat.

"But where is this claim?" I asked, to break the silence.

"Wait ten minutes, then you'll see the map," the deep guttural replied. And during that time he bent in silence over his chart, breathing heavily, tracing in the lines with unsteady but infinitely cautious fingers.

Then he sat back and looked at his drawing, mumbling in his throat, still with furtive side glances at me.

"Mine! That's all mine!" he



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TENDERS



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 1st September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between WOODVILLE and WOODVILLE from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Woodville, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch,

G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

Ottawa, 15th July, 1911.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 18th August, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week each way, between JERSEYVILLE P. O. and T. H. & B. RY. STATION and ALBERTON and TRINITY (RURAL MAIL DELIVERY), from the Postmaster-General's Pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Jerseyville, Alberton, Trinity, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch,

G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

Ottawa, 5th July, 1911.

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