

a log line and compass they started out, and returned in two days, giving a very discouraging account of their adventure of many hardships in crossing to a lighthouse, nineteen miles away.

In the meantime many were nearly famished for food, which was very hard to get, as all the provisions left on the wreck were now under water, except a little that was saved before the ship listed over. It was a few boxes of biscuits, and they were soaked. The first mate came up to the women and children first, and offered one handful to each one reaching out their left hand. After this the men were to do the same. One well-dressed man begged hard for a second handful, stating that he was hungry, and on being refused said for an apology, "I am a first-class passenger, you know, and I thought I was entitled to that privilege." The mate, in answer, told him that on these rocks there were no first-class passengers, and we were all equal, and if he had the Bank of Montreal, with all its