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The Wreckers of Sable Island.

BY

J. Macdonald Orley.

Author of "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood," "Up Among the Ice Flies," and "The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa."

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE SETTING FORTH.

VOYAGE across the Atlantic Ocean in the year 1799 was an enterprise not to be lightly undertaken. There were no ocean greyhounds then speeding from the old world to the new at so wonderful a rate that you might worship in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the Sunday morning, and in Trinity Church, New York, the following Sunday evening.

The passage was a long and arduous one, and people looked upon it with greater gravity than a tour around the globe is regarded in these days of Cook and Raymond, when the art of journeying to and fro seems to have well nigh reached perfection. In 1799 few people thought of travelling for pleasure. North, South, East and West, the men set out on missions of discovery, of conquest, of commerce. But the women and children abode at home, save when they went forth to make new homes in that new world, which held out such fair promise of being able to redress the balance of the old.

It was therefore not to be wondered at that Eric Copeland's passionate pleading to be permitted to accompany his father on his return to Nova Scotia should form the subject of more than one family council at Oakdene Manor, the beautiful country seat of the Copeland family, where Doctor Copeland, surgeon-in-chief of the Duke of Kent's favorite regiment, the Seventh Fusiliers, had been spending a well-earned furlough. Eric was the surgeon's only son, and with his lithe, athletic, symmetrical form, honest, handsome face, courteous address, and well-developed intellect, represented the best type of British boyhood, as, at the age of sixteen, he looked out upon the world with the feeling that he was no longer a mere school boy, but at least three parts a man, and entitled to be regarded.

When, after three years of foreign service, Dr. Copeland came home on leave, he found his son awaiting him at the Manor, for in view of the father's visit, the holidays had been anticipated, and all summer long the two had seemed inseparable. It was the happiest period of Eric's experience.

Together they rode to hounds, whipped the trout streams, shot over the coverts, and went on delightful excursions in search of the curious and pictu-

resque. Dr. Copeland appreciated his release from the routine of military duties quit as keenly as Eric did his freedom from the restraint of school, and it would not have been easy to decide which of them entered most heartily into the pleasure at hand, whatever it happened to be.

Eric felt more than the ordinary filial affection for his father, because, ever since he was a little fellow in short frocks, he had remained in England, while the surgeon had accompanied his regiment to India, to the continent, and finally to America, when, after passing safely through the war that ended with the birth of a new nation, he had joined the garrison at Halifax. During these long years all that Eric saw of his father was when, at wide intervals, he returned on leave. But he was constantly hearing about him, and from him, also, and every movement of the regiment was followed closely on the map, so that at any moment the boy could tell you exactly where his father was then stationed.

Then there were the home comings, when all studies were laid aside, and nothing allowed to

interfere with his enjoyment of his father's society, as one day of happiness followed another, and quiet old Oakdene fairly palpitated with joyous bustle and excitement.

This time Dr. Copeland had been at home from the days of the early daffodil and crocus until now that the beach nuts were fast ripening in the forest, and in another week he must needs set forth from Oakdene upon his return to distant Halifax, there to spend perchance another three years of exile. Mrs. Copeland was to accompany him. But the plan had been for Eric to remain in England in care of his grandparents until the three years were over, when the surgeon intended to retire from his military position, and settle down to the life of a country gentleman for the remainder of his days.

To this arrangement Eric stoutly objected. He was determined that he as well as his mother should go out to Halifax. To his natural desire not to be separated from his father was joined a vivid curiosity to see that marvellous new world from which the surgeon brought back so many thrilling tales; where Indians plumed and painted stalked in stolid grandeur through the streets, and pitched their wigwams close by the town; where the great shaggy bear, and huge broad-antlered moose were frequent victims to the officers' prowess with rifle and hunting knife; and where the whole method of life would be new and wild and strange to the boy brought up amid the refinements and luxuries of an English country seat.

More than once Eric had preferred his request, and each time had been met with a gentle refusal which his father hoped would be accepted as final. But he was too much in earnest to be easily re-



"NOW, FATHER," HE SAID, "PLEASE LISTEN TO ME."