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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 2.

KINGSTON, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1896.

No. 12.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Bohemian Waxings, (*Ampelis Garrulus*), are with us once more, and appeared first in the Rockwood Grounds on Jan. 15th, where they feed on the mountain ash berries left by the Robins. These Waxings are rare birds, and are not observed by any but ornithologists, as with the general public they pass as Cedar birds which they very much resemble.

The *Boreus Nivoriundus*, that strange insect found in the snow, was again found on Jan. 12th, by Mr. Thos. Long.

It is rather late in the season for butterflies, nevertheless one of those beautiful specimens of this genus of winged insects made its exit from a chrysalis hid away among the density of a large centuria plant that is on No. 2 Ward. Its markings are perfect, being a velvet black, red, blue and butter color. It is the variety known as the swallow tail. No doubt there are those who will refuse to swallow this tale, and again others who think that the inauguration of creamery butter and baked potatoes, piping hot from the new oven, for the patients supper, must have made the butterfly.

Curling and Hockey have received due attention, and certainly Rockwood has not had any reason to complain of bad fortune. In the first series of the Trophy Matches our Curlers have piled up a big majority of shots. Rink No. 1—T. McCammon, Dr. Forster, J. Davidson, Dr. Clarke, skip, won from W. Dalton, A. Strachan, Major

Drury, J. Stewart, skip, after a keen contest, by 21 to 13. Rink 2—W. Potter, W. Carr, W. Cochran, J. Dennison, skip, won from Capt. Ogilvie, Col. Cotton, J. B. Walkem, Capt. Lesslie, skip, by the phenomenal score of 36 to 9. When the Trophy Matches are concluded a full account will be given. In a friendly match City vs. Rockwood, the Rockwoods won.

The Hockey Club covered itself with glory in its first match with the celebrated Limestones, and actually kept ahead of them until the last ten minutes of the match. Our boys under Jock Harty have done wonderfully well, and the "Whig" thinks would make a high mark in the Ontario Junior Series. "Jock," of course, played well, Coxworthy and Gilmore did very brilliant work, Clarke at cover was excellent, Reid at point as good as point could be, and Shea as goal, a stone wall.

The Rockwood Juniors defeated the Victorias and the Beechgroves, viz., W. Potter, T. McCoherty, E. McCoherty, Harold Clarke, Herbert Clarke and J. McWaters, have a string of victories and no defeats to their credit. They play the best Hockey of the lot.

At a meeting of the Junior Curlers to select Skips, nothing was done, as each junior received but one vote on each ballot. It was a secret ballot of course.

Dr. Wilson has been promoted from Brockville to Mimico Hospital for the Insane.

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THE FAIRY'S REVENGE.

On the evening of Tuesday, January 14th, a merry group of children gave a beautiful play, called "The Fairy's Revenge," at Rockwood. The little people were very busy during the Xmas holidays rehearsing and making dresses, the most dainty of which were, strange to say, made of paper delicately tinted. A good old fairy story was told in graphic style, and the series of tableaux will not soon be forgotten by the enthusiastic audience. When the curtain rolled up the King and Queen, Miss Cherry Steers and Charlie Clarke, were seated upon the throne, discussing the blessing of their child by the Fairies. The Queen was of the Mary Queen of Scots style of beauty, the King decidedly after the order of bluff King Ha'l, rather than Charles the 1st. The baby in the cradle certainly behaved exceedingly well, and grew up rapidly during the evening, just as babies do in real fairy stories. In came seven dainty fairies with the Queen at their head, and surely never were the fairies of old more graceful and pretty than these nineteenth century maids. Each was promised a silver plate by the generous King, and it was but fair that they should give a dozen good gifts to the baby princess. They had scarcely got through when in hobbled the wicked old Gera, who had been forgotten. She would not be appeased, and after uttering a dreadful prophecy regarding the babe, went off in high dudgeon. The good fairy could not break the spell without sending the whole Court off to sleep for a hundred years.

In the next scene the fairies danced several beautiful dances by the light of the moon in the deep green woods. The picture was beautiful beyond description. Next, one of the best fairies of the lot, "Little

Gracie" (Kathleen Harty), twinkled in like a beam of moonlight and carried away the audience by her graceful dancing. The Queen of the Fairies (Alice Callahan), came forward and recited several amusing selections in a very clever manner, in fact this little dame has ability of a high order.

The last scene discovered the whole Court fast asleep.

Bardi a Jester, entered in a hungry state, and was disgusted at the sleepy condition of the household. Bardi (Harold Clarke), kept his audience in roars by his constant witty sallies and humorous performances, and if his eyes did not twinkle with fun of the natural order, the audience were much astray. The Prince (Charlie Moore), now entered and like all orthodox Princes was on the look out for a lovely wife. He was as Bardi suggested a "lucky dog" in this case, for just then in came the Fairy Queen and her attendants, and there was a rapid awakening, even the stolid Beef Eater by the throne braced up, the Princess blushed and looked beautiful.

Gera (Adele Dupuy), was one of the best characters in the play. Mrs. Forster was the moving spirit in the getting up of the play, and spent no end of time and trouble to make it a success. Miss Steers trained the fairy dancers and Miss Trendell the singers. The following children took part:—

Fairies—Alice Callahan, Elsie Graham, Jennie Dickson, Edith Drury, Gladys Drury, Kathleen Harty, Goldie and Margery Clarke. Princess—Kathleen Daly. Gera, Wicked Fairy—Adele Dupuy.

Maid of Honor, Emily Lowe; Queen, Miss Cherry Steers; Pages, Oliver Cotter, Herbert Clarke; Prince, Charlie Moore; Jester, Harold Clarke.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.

reached the water. The soil torn here and there from that portion of the bank touched by the stream, when he had hopelessly struggled to escape, told plainly the tale of his fatality. A drag soon brought his lifeless body to the light of day, and Bill Mansford was carried by strong hands to his desolate home. His grave is still without a headstone, but he lives in the recollection of those who knew him as "His Own Worst Enemy."

GRANDFATHER.

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JANUARY.

January now is here, the sky is as blue as a sapphire,
Dazzling white is the snow, the sun is shining in splendor,
Gleaming down from above, from the great blue dome that is cloudless,
Fresh and cold is the air, and from

ledges and roofs and verandas,
Hang in glittering rows the icicles clear and transparent,

All the evergreen trees, the spruces and pines and the hemlocks,

All are laden with snow, and the cedar hedges are laden,

Covered thickly with white and mantled all in the snowflakes,

Burdened and laden down with the sky's great generous tribute,

Bare are the maple trees, but they are not shorn of their beauty,

No, for on every twig an icicle or an icebead

Sends out a silver spark, and so when the branches are tossing

To and fro in the wind, trees all sparkle and glitter,

Sparkle, glitter and gleam, as though they were covered with diamonds.

All the lower branches are ridged with the white of the snowflakes,

All the upper twigs are bright, nay brighter than diamonds,

All the roofs of the houses are partly mantled and folded

In purest, whitest cloaks and decked with icicle fringes,

Shining, twinkling brightly, gleaming, glittering, sparkling,

Glassy, clear, transparent, crystalline, pure and pellucid.

Are they not fair to see, these icicles are they not lovely?

Now observe the windows, and look at the delicate frostwork,

Thick on the larger panes, but thinner and lighter on small ones,

Sometimes 'tis traced like leaves, and sometimes as stars or as landscapes,

Now you see high mountains, and now a field or a footpath,

Drawn and outlined entire in the beautiful wonderful frostwork.

This is a Winter song, a picture of January's glory,

This describes the splendor of the beautiful January weather.

D. W.K.

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LEGENDS OF THE OLD NORSEMEN.

Every nation has its mythology; for the human mind from the earliest days has always been of a reasoning nature, and in the early history of a race the strongest thinkers would be called upon to explain the phenomena of nature. For instance an echo was the voice of a god in the mountains, peals of thunder were caused by a powerful deity riding about the heavens in his chariot, and so with all the wondrous workings of nature. Frost and Heat, Winter and Summer, all must be explained as best could be interpreted to the questioning human mind, just as to-day the thinkers of the world are seeking after truth.

And in the mythology of the sturdy Norseman, the thoughts are full of strength and poetic beauty. Those who have studied the mythology of the Greeks and Romans ascribe to them gracefulness and wealth of illustration, while the attributes of simplicity and sincerity distinguish the Northmen. But we must compare the geographical situations of the two countries, the Greeks and Romans had their homes in the sunny South where the winters are mild and where vines and flowers luxuriate, where man's wants are few and easily supplied without hard toil, where there is time for play and rest, hence there is time for the development of the artistic. What a contrast to the stern barren country of the North, with its rugged rocks, its snow-capped mountains, its deep rock-girt fiords, its fierce winter with chill northern blasts, and life a constant struggle with hardship of every kind!

There is to be sure the beautiful sunshine of the long summer days, when night is but a short twilight, still there is that long reign of gloomy darkness when the sun

scarcely shows himself, and the twinkling of the stars and the flickering of the Aurora Borealis give the most brilliant light they have.

The mythology of the Greeks has heretofore been more extensively studied than the Norse, and has supplied many a theme for the sculptor, painter, and poet; Jupiter and Mars are much more familiar names to the English speaking races than Odin and Thor, and yet the Anglo-Saxons have more claim to kinship with the Norse, for we have a common ancestry; a trace of it shows in the English days of the week, Sunday, Moonday, Tysday, (Tys being the god of war), ODIN'S day, THOR'S day, FREY'S day, (Freyja, goddess of love); Saturday we owe to the Roman god Saturnus. Norsemen call it LAUGAR-DAY, Lor's day — that is washing day, and there is an old saying that "there is always enough sunshine on Saturday to dry the priest's shirt." So the Norsemen probably prepared for Sunday by doing the washing on this day.

In Iceland that land of frost and fire, in that island where only the rim of the country is a settled district, where a living can be gleaned only from the sea, there in the lava-built houses of the poor fisher-folk were preserved the old eddas of the Norseland. Iceland was settled by refugees from Norway, men who for love of freedom left home and country to escape the despotic rule of Harald Fairhair, and in their adopted land they would repeat the old pagan songs or poems. These were sung or chanted just as was the Iliad of Homer in Greece. It is supposed they were not put into writing until 1240, but handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. It was Saemund, an early Christian priest, who first put these old stories into writing, and these from the elder Edda.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW BILLY WON THE MEDAL.

Did I never tell you how Billy won the medal, the junior's one of gold :
It's a mighty funny story though to most of us now old,
To begin at the beginning as the fairy stories do,
It's the custom of our Curlers when their Tankard match is through,
To compete in single contest, with six stones on a side—
And the one who can't get thirteen points, defeated must abide.
Now this year there were Seniors and Juniors too as well,
So two medals were arranged for, and then it so befel,
That excitement rose to fever heat around the Rockwood Rink,
And oft the canny curler had ample time to think—
How he could curl this port, or wick that stone, or raise that iron a yard,
And next shot find no hope, unless he smashed the guard.
The juniors were a hopeful lot and by strange luck it chanced,
That the rivalry of a'l was more than "much enhanced"
By the fact that Billy "Pater" as well as Jack the "Son"
Were entered both as Juniors and both were out for fun—
Billy's age as perhaps you know, is sixty, if a day
And he's the chirpiest, blithest fellow whose month is ever May.
In his earliest competitions he curled as if he felt
That he might take a beating, and the other win the belt—
But no! the good dame Fortune had claimed him for her own,
And by strangest combinations, his was the winning stone.
Billy wiped his sweating brow and smoothed his elfin locks,
Went home and changed his reeking duds including "Sark and socks,"
No prouder man e'er trod on ice, he still was in the ring,
While with Jack poor boy, whose chance was gone, it was another thing.
The Curlers shook their heads and laughed, and talked of slippery games,
While Billy's fighting stock went up like Roderick Dhus Fitz James.
He wore a Tam upon his broad and somewhat shining brow,
Though to keep it in position required "knowing how";
His next opponent was a "frisky colt" of strength, and eagle eye,
Enthusiastic too, and strong of hand, with aspirations high—
"He beat Old Billy? well if he didn't" he would smile?
"He could do it in an hour if not a shorter while,"
And he did for an end or two, and ran up quite a score,
First three, then one and finally a four—
Then Billy struck a lucky wick, and fluked it twice again,
And made a lucky draw or two, and "sooped with might and main,"
Excitement ran high as the Score was called eight all,
And Walter chuckled loudly as he pegged it on the wall.
The frisky Colt still smiled but the pace was getting hot,

And next end both our boys completely "went to pot."
Not one stone did they get within the magic ring,
So anxious were they both to play up "just the thing";
Again they tried, and sad though t'is to write,
Not one did either score in this bloodless stony fight—
The frisky Colt declared that a Hoodoo had come in
To work the game for Billy, who could not otherwise win.
The perspiration streamed in torrents from the colts,
As they slung the sixty pounders, like ponderous iron bolts,
The frisky Colt now steadied and laid them on the tee,
First one, then two, a miss, and now then three,
This followed by a fourth, all scoring safe and sure,
Poor Billy's cake looked dough, the frisky Colt's secure.
Billy sent his last, and though within the ring,
It did not score, and frisky's win, looked a dead and certain thing.
Eight and four make twelve, it's a snap to draw the last,
But Frisky is excited and sends it down too fast.
Zip—chip—flip—nip—skip—slide and smash,
And every stone that Frisky had, has gone with sudden crash.
But left within the rings, are five that count for Billy,
The medal's won and men cry out, while others act quite silly.
The crowd "catch on" a mighty yell, the joke strikes one and all,
And Billy's lifted high and carried to the hall,
He won his medal fairly and to those who jeers would fling,
Please remember "Nothing's so uncertain as a dead sure thing."

C. K. C.



"SOOP HER UP."

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LETTERS.

HATCHLEY.

December 1st, 1895.

The variability of seasons when one year is compared with another, or with a series, is a subject of interest to many, as questions of profit and loss are thereby involved. Questions of the amount of atmospheric heat, or of rainfall, determine whether the farm granary and hay mow shall be well replenished or otherwise.

And a peculiarity in the meteorological condition of the first ten days of May of the present year, swept away nearly all prospect of fruit yield in a vast district of western Ontario.

From the 1st to the 11th of May there was unprecedented heat and sunshine, and the reactionary temperature caused a week of chillness and frosts, blighted and minimized hopes of harvest.

The great dryness of the whole growing season of 1895 left its mark in the economical status of tillers of the soil in those districts which will require years of propitious harvests to compensate.

The effect of excessive drought is also disastrous to the growth and multiplication of the wild flowers of the forests and field margins. Many individual species disappeared for the time, but it is to be hoped are not extinct, and may be resuscitated by more favoring conditions of coming years.

Yet the dryness of the summer seasons seems to be not unfavorable to the breeding of birds and wild animals, to the immature young of which the chills and damps and drizzles of early summer are often very destructive; and such as nest on the ground and in burrows seem always to increase the most in droughty years. The creeks and

rivulets in this district have been almost destitute of water for many months, yet the local trappers have reported their captures of muskrats and minks as being as numerous as the average seasons, and the remark is frequently heard that foxes have so abounded around here of late as to threaten to become a very serious annoyance to poultry breeders.

One individual that we know lately asserted that incredible numbers of young turkeys had this year been carried off by foxes that prowled about the thickets, and even chased their prey through corn and stubble fields to the very vicinity of the barnyards. Though the underground retreats are easily found, they are so cunningly chosen among dense growths of small oak and maple trees, that the labor of unearthing and evicting Reynard is quite tedious and formidable.

I heard of the attempts of a number of our local sports who went in for a day's hunting when the first considerable snowfall happened at the beginning of the present month. The hunt alluded to was unsuccessful, very numerous fox tracks were observed, but the bushes and tree branches parted with their burdens of snow on the slightest vibration, and obliterated the footprints of men, dogs or foxes, though several of the latter were seen and chased for short distances. It was said too that the snow was not in sufficient depth, (about eight inches), and was also in too dry and powdery a condition to tire or impede roynard much in his agile movements; and a number coigns d'avantage were observed, where the fugitives had reclined, and leisurely estimated the dangers and possibilities of the battue. Another party of sports who spent the day "tally-hoing" in a semi-wooded region, six or seven miles distant from the region where

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the exploiting just narrated occurred, were more successful, and brought home at gloaming two full grown foxes, whose pelts we afterwards had the opportunity of examining, one of which was of unusually large dimensions, in fact seemingly big enough for the corporeal investiture of a big collie dog, the original owner of which had evidently not been tinted in the matter of provender supplies, and whose life efforts may perhaps not have been an unmixed evil to the community, as the fox pestilence is evidently keeping the wild rabbit one in check, and though the vulpine evil is palpable the leporine is proportionally minimized.

An acquaintance whom my son recently met with, on the former's homeward route from a day's hunt about the woods and streams, and who had in his possession at the time the bodies of two raccoons that he had just captured, as he averred in an enlarged "woodchuck burrow." This circumstance may serve to show to what strait many of the forest quadrupeds are put, by the disappearance of their original resorts in hollow trees; in fact the extinction of these plantigrade animals is seriously threatened by bush fires and the inroads of the woodman's axe, and cannot be far off in point of time, as far as this region is concerned.

Considerable flocks of snow buntings have been seen about here both before and since the snowfall of the 2nd December, and one flock was reported of yesterday, and even the shore larks have been seen in small parties, on the highroads, since the sleighing arrived, and a few were heard in some of our fields as recently as last Sunday, the 8th inst. So that it would seem probable that this species, unless in abnormal severe winters, remains with us the whole year.

W. Y.

Miss V. (fond of music and the drama), "You are fond of Rossini, Mr. F.?" Mr. F., "Passionately." Miss V., "Know his barber?" Mr. F., "No, I do not. I never patronize any but my own."

The Violinist Salomon, who gave lessons to King, George the Third, said one day to his august pupil, Violin-players may be divided into three distinct classes:—To the first class belong those that can not play at all; to the second, those who play badly; to the third those that play well. Your Majesty has already advanced to the second stage.

WITH A SMOKER'S SET.

This to keep your pipe alight,—
Here's the stuff handy:
Bacca jar and tray so bright,
Is'na it the dandy.
Gudeman, with your pipe and beuk,
By the fire-shine—
You in your ain ingle-neuk,
An' I in mine.

Gudeman and gudewife,
In rough or sunny weather,
All the lang road of life
We've daundered o'er thegither;
Now in the twilight,
Drowsily and dozey,
Aye keep your pipe alight,
Couthie and cozy.

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

HIS OWN WORST ENEMY.

Bill Mansford was one of those Viking Englishmen who can row a boat, wrestle with a neighbor, box with a man of his own weight, and a little more, hold a plough straight from headland to headland, ride a horse like a Centaur, shoot on the wing with unerring aim, skate on the pattens at racing speed, and swim, and drink, too, alas! like a fish. And yet he was only a farm laborer, born in the Fen country, with almost unblemished Danish blood in his veins, and notwithstanding the want of schooling, of even the common sort, possessing brains as active as his body, and a memory so keen that nobody ever cheated him in reckoning, or successfully disputed his assertion of a fact. England could once boast many such men, but now their number is gradually but surely diminishing. For of like material have been thousands of her emigrants, from the days of the first Puritan exodus, and the stream, sensibly narrowing at last, has been more or less continuous. Bill would not have been an emigrant of his own free will, for he loved the little village in which he was born, and would have remained there, the possible father of a long line of stalwart Englishmen, but for an unfortunate liking and a little incident. Bill dearly loved a gun, and it was the proudest moment of his life when, a man then grown, he became the possessor of that owned by Dick Goodfornought, the oldest poacher in the parish, who had been arrested after a wholesale pheasant slaughter, tried, convicted and transported, but not before he had time to sell to Bill the cause of his own ruin. The gun was short enough to slip into a huge inside coat pocket, true enough to kill at

sixty yards, light enough to prove a mere fly's weight to robust Bill, and handy enough to drag a poor fellow into mischief. Game was plentiful because well preserved. Bill who loved a pot of beer as well as his gun, was weak, temptation was strong, opportunity came, and after a surprise by the keepers, a scuffle and a few blows, he was a marked man in a double sense, and must either become a fugitive from justice, or be sent at England's expense to help as a convict, in the enforced colonization of a New England in the southern seas. A hurried consultation with his friends ended in a reluctant determination on his part to seek a new home beyond the Atlantic, and carrying a few pounds, the savings of several years of hard labor, he bade an enforced farewell to his parents, and tramped across England to Liverpool to seek passage in an outward bound ship for an American port. It is needless to dwell upon the voyage and its incidents, although it was long, and they were many, but it must be told that the ship narrowly escaped destruction in a storm of unusual severity, that it became waterlogged and almost unmanageable, and that its Captain, intending to make New York was glad to land his passengers at Halifax, and that they were equally well pleased to escape from Davy's Locker, and to tread terra firma. The bulk of them went on to New York in another vessel, after some delay, but Bill resolved to start his new life in Nova Scotia, for he liked "the watter," although his work had been on the farm, and found employment in deep sea fishing, and at low wages spent some months in this perilous occupation. Then crossing to New Brunswick he engaged as a cook in a lumber shanty, made some acquaintance with the axe and its many uses, and

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although "green" was so willing and quick at lending a helping hand when possible, that he rapidly became a general favorite. But the fever of unrest was upon him, and ere long he tramped through the forest roads of New Brunswick and reached Quebec. Work on the docks was readily obtained, and wages were easily earned. But the Viking blood was astir, and the dollars secured by skill and honest labor, were flung around with prodigal waste in the Shebeens of Lower Town. The instinct which cried "Go West" was obeyed, after a few months, without a hesitating doubt, and Bill reached Montreal. Here he found a pressing demand at liberal wages for hands to work on the new St. Lawrence canals, and in a few days was taken with many others up the broad stream to a point opposite "The Cascades," where large gangs of men were engaged in the huge excavations then progressing. Bill worked like a Trojan, earned full wages and freely spent them, for the Scandinavian love of mead and wassail, living through many generations and surviving in Bill, had degenerated into a craving for strong Canadian whiskey. The contractor was pressed for time, and men were driven like machines. Some felt the spirit of revolt, and found it easy to extend it amongst their comrades. "Store pay" was a crying evil in the minds of many, although it may have afforded convenience to some of those who received it. Meetings were held amongst the workmen—the bulk of whom were Irishmen—but Bill, an Englishman, was not entrusted with the secrets of the conspirators. A strike was agreed upon, and after a few days' incubation took active form. Bill and a companion, who had been a volunteer during the trouble of '37, and had proudly carried with him

the scarlet jacket which he then wore, and sported yet on rare occasions, were drinking together in their shanty, when shouts were heard, and a loud knocking at their door caused them to spring to their feet. Looking out they saw a tumultuous crowd of angry men, who invited them to join in a demand for an increase of wages. They were on their way to the residence of the contractor, and every man in the works must join their ranks, or take the consequences. Bill growled dissent, but was quickly overpowered by the vociferous arguments of the insurgents. He and his companion "fell in," being pleased because of superior strength in the front rank, and the ex-volunteer, by order of the rioters, assumed the red jacket which he had worn in '37. The crowd pressed on, gobbling up willing and unwilling alike, from the various shanties on the way, and arrived opposite a tavern, which had previously swallowed their dollars, and looted it. Fired by liquors thus openly stolen, the rioters rushed towards the residence of the contractor, resolved upon a further violent destruction of property. Then there suddenly appeared upon the scene a small party of cavalrymen, who had been engaged in patrolling the works and acting as a mounted police. The riot act was read, the mob refused to disperse, and an order was given to fire one vollep rang out, and the howling crowd of malcontents vanished without more ado. There, lying upon the ground, was the dead body of the red-coated volunteer of '37, and Bill found himself otherwise alone. A horseman rode at him, and Bill ran before him until he had reached the edge of a chump of trees. Here he seized a rough fallen branch of a tree, and stood his ground. The trooper slashed with his sword, and

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spurred his horse so as to ride down the stubborn navvy. Bill backed slowly amongst the timber, and the sword of the mounted man played about his head, and at last descended upon it, inflicting a severe wound upon the cheek and destroying an eye. Quick as thought, Bill responded with a blow which brought the cavalier senseless to the ground, freed in his fall from the horse, which wheeled and galloped back to his companion. Excited by drink, the encounter and his wound, and with his blood boiling at the ill usage which he had received, Bill was tempted to follow up his blow by another of fatal character, but a better spirit prompted him, and he fled further into the wood. Here he concealed himself until nothing was heard but the tramp and challenges of sentries, who had been placed around the premises occupied by the contractor, and then Bill crept cautiously from his hiding place, skulking along by ways familiar to him, and sought the house of the sub-contractor, who had expressed a liking for his steady work and bluff honesty, and laid his position before him. This boss told Bill that his safety was to be found only in flight, and that he must leave at once, and that without the collection of wages in arrear. He proffered him the use of a boat, called in a man on whom he could rely, and the twain accompanied Bill to the northern shore of the St. Lawrence. The trip was a hazardous one, but pluck and luck were on his side, and Bill landed, after a stiff and perilous pull, at the selected spot. With but a dollar in his pocket, given to him by the sub-contractor, with one eye hopelessly injured, weak from the loss of blood, in a land of strangers, and once more a fugitive, his condition was pitiable. But Canada has many good Samaritans in its midst, and

Bill fell into the hands of one of them. Popular sympathy, away from the "works," was with the workmen, and no sooner had Bill told his tale at the first farm house which he reached, than he was cared for. A medical man gratuitously bound up his wound, and Bill started once more on the tramp. He reached Kingston in due course, and looking for something to do, was directed to Garden Island. He was strong as a bullock, and willing as a horse, and at once obtained employment. Here he labored for some months, without recourse to drink, for it was banished as surely from the Island as frogs from Ireland, but the old craving at last returned, and could not be repressed. Joining with a brother laborer as weak as himself, a row-boat was "borrowed" from its dock, and the pair crossed the bay to the city. The waters were fairly smooth, and they had no difficulty in making the landing place. Spending some hours in an old time carousal, they went down to the wharf once more and found a big sea on, and were told by an old sailor that their boat could not live in it. Grog had made them valorous, and regardless of the friendly warning, they started on their mad adventure. How they buffeted and strove, and with almost superhuman effort kept the head of the boat in the required direction, it is unnecessary to tell, for ere they were half way across the Bay, a fiercer gust blew, and swept fiercely athward their path, Bill's companion lost an oar, and a huge wave caught them broadside on, and the small craft was upset, while the two rowers were plunged into the seething waters. Both struggled manfully, and Bill seized an oar, and then was able to reach and cling to the overturned boat, drifting before wind and wave, but his companion was gone—another

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victim to a primal curse. Half frozen, half dazed, holding on as best he could, and in sheer desperation to the drifting boat, how he knew not, and how long he could not conjecture, the poor wretch was forced, by the wind and rushing billows, nearer and nearer to the northern shore of Garden Island, and at last, without volition, almost without consciousness, he felt the ground and scrambled to land. How he reached a cabin, guided by a glimmering light, placed in the window as a guide to the breadwinner of the household who had started for Kingston before the storm and had not yet ventured to return, he could never tell. Knocking at the door of the little house, he fell as it was opened prone upon the floor, a strong man of yesterday now weak as any child, and when he recovered knowledge of his surroundings found himself once more in the hands of a good Samaritan. The wife of the fisherman, who sat far into the weary night awaiting her husband's return, was affrighted when Bill fell upon the floor, but with keen solicitude did her best to restore him to warmth and comfort. She gave him hot tea, supplied him with a suit of her husband's clothes while she dried his own, fed him, and cheered him with her talk. At daylight he departed, grateful and rich in his remembrance of one who, despite her humble homespun wincey dress, was to him as an angel, and ever afterwards she spoke of her reverently and with rough emotion. But his days on Garden Island were ended. He tramped to Hamilton, found work in a brickyard, made good wages, and married. The love of drink did not desert him, and his home was speedily such as those of wage-earning drunkards generally are. He was forced to move on once more, and pursued his occupation

in country brickyards. He could readily do the work of two ordinary men, and earned more money than any seven of his comrades. Children were born to him—some almost idiotic, others bright and intelligent,—but his life had become little better than that of a laboring animal. Education shed but little light in the humble dwelling which he built in an inland village. Brickmaking was abandoned, and ordinary day's work, wood cutting, the clearing of odd bits of land, potato planting, and similar employment took its place. His poorly clad children were fed upon bread and potatoes, and saw meat, now and then, as a luxury. But the daily consumption of whiskey or beer, by husband alone at first, and husband and wife together at last, never lessened. Yet, strange to tell, amidst the drunkenness and its accompanying penury, Bill Mansford remained honest, paid every debt, and never failed to meet an obligation. Thus, for years, he struggled through life. Numerous were his escapes from accident, from frost-bitten limbs, and a death bed canopy of winter sky. After every debauch came exposure and risk. How he was spared none could tell. The pitcher, nevertheless, went once too often to the well. An extraordinary orgie, a night of intense darkness, a muddy soil, and he started for his home, and failed to reach it. A turn to the left, instead of to the right, and his defective vision brought about the end. His home was near a river bank, high and enclosing a large sheet of dammed up water. He stood on its upper brink, fell, and slid feet foremost into the deep pool. Next morning, when he was missed, men set out to find him. The track made by his slipping feet from the top of the bank to the water's edge showed how he had

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