

O G Y G I A

*A Tale of Old Newfoundland*

By ARTHUR ENGLISH



## **\* A Distributed Proofreaders Canada eBook \***

This eBook is made available at no cost and with very few restrictions. These restrictions apply only if (1) you make a change in the eBook (other than alteration for different display devices), or (2) you are making commercial use of the eBook. If either of these conditions applies, please contact a <https://www.fadedpage.com> administrator before proceeding. Thousands more FREE eBooks are available at <https://www.fadedpage.com>.

This work is in the Canadian public domain, but may be under copyright in some countries. If you live outside Canada, check your country's copyright laws. IF THE BOOK IS UNDER COPYRIGHT IN YOUR COUNTRY, DO NOT DOWNLOAD OR REDISTRIBUTE THIS FILE.

*Title:* Ogygia, A Tale of Old Newfoundland

*Date of first publication:* 1930

*Author:* Arthur English (1878-1940)

*Date first posted:* September 25, 2024

*Date last updated:* September 25, 2024

Faded Page eBook #20240907

This eBook was produced by: Mardi Desjardins, John Routh & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <https://www.pgdpCanada.net>

This eBook was produced by images generously made available by the Memorial University of Newfoundland Digital Archives

# OGYGIA

---

*A Tale of Old Newfoundland*

---

---

BY  
**ARTHUR ENGLISH**

Author  
"THE VANISHED RACE"  
ETC.



**RU-MI-LOU BOOKS**  
OTTAWA, CANADA

COPYRIGHT, CANADA, 1930  
RU-MI-LOU BOOKS, OTTAWA

PRODUCED ENTIRELY IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

## CHAPTER ONE

The late September sun had just gone down and already a chill mist was ascending from the river, when two young men landed their canoe on a gravelly bend of the south branch of the Codroy River, preparatory to camping for the night. The spot selected for their camp was that known as Hunter's Point—a name given it by those who were accustomed to make this piece of ground the base of their caribou-hunting trips before the days of the railroad. Just across the river, and separated from it by a fringe of forest trees, lay the extensive fen known as Forks' Marsh from its proximity to the junction of the two main branches of the Grand Codroy. A little farther down the river and occupying the triangular strip of ground between the two streams lay an open space in the woods formerly used as an Indian camping ground. This spot was carefully avoided by white hunters because of its weird tradition, which tradition will have something to do with our story. A narrow trail, trampled deep into the soil by the feet of hunters as well as the hunted, led from the open space just alluded to, into a corner of Forks' Marsh, where it lost itself in many branching and devious ways, past low mossy bosses and twisted trunks of ancient trees.

The shadows of night were falling as a tall lank man, dressed in white buckram and with soft deerskin moccasins on his feet, made his silent way, stealthy as the fox, down this trail towards the river where, in the shadows, amid the alders, lay his birch-bark canoe. Reaching this frail craft, he threw down a pack which he carried upon his shoulders. His gun and light axe he then placed against a tree; and lifting the canoe, set it afloat in the almost still waters of the river. In the bow of the canoe he placed his pack and carefully laying the axe and gun in the bottom of the boat he lifted his paddle, stepped in beside the gun, pushed the canoe from the shore, and crossed the river toward where he could see the light of the newly-built camp-fire of the two young men. As in the blackness of night, he came near the fire and stood within its ring of light, not a sound had heralded his approach; till, like a voice from the sepulchre, and deep as befitted his shadowy and ghost-like appearance, he announced his presence in a language not understood by his auditors.

"Ogshinai!" he called. The strange word, rolling quaintly from the thin, sensitive lips of the unexpected visitor, sounded to the startled ears of the two boys like an echo from some dim and forgotten past. Vainly they sought to interpret its significance, though they guessed it to be some form of

courtesy or greeting. Acting on this hint they invited the stranger to a place beside their camp-fire, an invitation he at once accepted, and moving towards them—more like a thing that floated on air than one who walked with such grace and dignity—he sat upon a prostrate poplar trunk beside his youthful hosts.

He sat there awhile in solemn silence, not volunteering a word, until his newly-found friends, finished with their preparations for supper, asked him if he would join them in disposing of some venison and stick-bread which they had just removed from the fire. This, with some freshly gathered blueberries constituted the only items on their bill of fare. The stranger seemed to enjoy the meal, and ate quite heartily. Afterwards, going to a little spring near by, he took a drink from a piece of birch-bark neatly folded into a sort of rectangular cup. This done he returned to the fire which, with accustomed hands, he deftly rearranged and replenished with some dry pieces of wood from the pile already prepared by his friends and hosts.

Noting the ease and dexterity with which the stranger had accomplished this task, they concluded he was no novice to life in the woods, and finding in this some common ground, they essayed a closer acquaintance and to glean some information regarding the man's life and what chance had brought him to their camp.

“I see,” said the elder of the two youths, “that you are well up to making a good fire, and judging by your appearance, if you will pardon the liberty, you are accustomed to travelling in these parts. Have you travelled far, and are you a hunter?”

“You have guessed correctly, friend, as to my acquaintance with life in the wilds. I have spent most of my life in moving up and down in wild and unfrequented places. I have learned a lot since I took up the life, and one thing my experience has taught me beside those accomplishments amongst which you noticed my facility in the matter of building a fire (an indispensable bit of handicraft in the woods) I have learned to love the creatures of the wild. I am *not* a hunter, though I kill at times to supply my wants.

“Though I do not hunt animals, I am a hunter of another kind. I am seeking a treasure hidden in these mountains: a treasure of gold and precious stones which, according to legend, reposes in the depths of the hills. An Indian, on his death-bed, gave me the story when I was a boy, and so circumstantial was his revelation, and such faith did I have in the old man's veracity, that I have never forgotten it nor abandoned hope of finding the

place where lies all this vast wealth. The aged Indian was grateful to me for saving his life once when his own people left him to drown where he had fallen through the ice; and for this he told me often that he would some day confide to me a great secret—he would tell me where to find a heap of gold!

“It was not through cowardice or want of sympathy for one in distress that this Indian’s friends refused to rescue him from drowning, but it was through conformity with Indian traditions. The proud spirit of the Indian resents being under an obligation, and he will scarcely thank you for saving his life, which, henceforth, according to his creed belongs to you and not to him. The man whom I rescued, being a Christian, held Christian views and was really grateful to me. One superstition, however, clung to him in spite of his otherwise enlightened views, and it could not be got rid of. This was that it was unlucky to tell a white man where gold is hidden. For that reason the old man kept his secret till his last hour had come—a tragedy from which even my friendship could not save him marked the end of his days, though to avenge him I sent one of his assailants to join him in the happy hunting grounds. We were camped on that piece of open ground just across the river when the end of this poor Beothuck came at the hands of men who called themselves Christian and civilized white men. In the fight, which developed, my friend received a fatal wound, and I a scar from a bullet which you may see across my forehead. My Indian friend killed one of his assailants, and I the other.

“Next day the Beothuck died, and I buried him where he lay. The bodies of the other two I placed on a raft and this I set afloat on the river so that they might be as far away from the resting place of their victim as possible. The bodies were never found and were no doubt consumed by wolves.

“That ground over there is haunted to this day, and all who have ever stayed there over night have witnessed strange sounds and commotions. The spirits of the dead haunt the spot, and some say they have seen them. Nobody cares to remain on the spot once night has fallen. As for me I like to visit that ground, especially at evening when the sun has gone down. There I like to sit by the mound where I buried my Indian friend so many years ago, and there it was my intention to spend this night until I saw your fire. I tell you, friends, that man whom I buried over there had a strange story to tell me at the last hour, but which was only partly revealed—his end came so suddenly. Had he died under less tragic circumstances, the history of his race might not now be the sealed book that it is, and we might know much that perhaps may never now be revealed. My wanderings all these years have been in pursuit of a phantom which ever beckons me on, ever lures, yet ever

eludes—like the fabled rainbow’s end. The phantom I follow is not, though, the chimera which at last, in derision, abandons her deluded followers just where the rainbow’s end comes down on the barren hill top. I follow no such empty allurements. What I seek exists just as surely as exists the lonely grave of my friend yonder, unknown to all but myself, just as his half-told secret lies with me alone. Some day perhaps we may know all the Beothuck meant to have told me.”

Having brought his story to this point, the old man paused as if satisfied he had told enough and nothing further need be said. His listeners, however, were keenly interested and felt sure that behind all they had heard lay a subtle something—gripping, romantic beyond anything they had ever dreamed of in their wildest flights of fancy. They were therefore determined to seek further information, but out of deference to the old man they forebore any questioning at the time, preferring to allow their strange guest to take the initiative in the matter. No doubt being so full of the subject he would in time revert to the tale and perhaps give the story of the treasure in such detail as had been given to him by the dying Beothuck.

After a time, during which the old man took another turn at fixing up the fire, the younger of the boys ventured to ask their guest the meaning of the strange word with which he had at first saluted them, the memory of which seemed to cling to the senses and reverberate within the mind, stirring up emotions in an unexplainable way by an occult appeal to feelings that were quite independent of either memory or any attribute of the mind or heart of which they had any knowledge. That some mystery hung about the word there was no doubt; of this, perhaps, the old man was conscious or was he just employing it without appreciation of its magic content?

As if surprised by the question addressed to him by the youth, the old man seemed at first at a loss how to reply. Then in a calm and deliberate manner, evincing every desire to be explicit, the old man said, “The word I used was one given me by my Beothuck friend who told me it was the magic word which would at all times be a passport to the friendship of his people in the first place, and that if I sought its origin I should, on discovering it, be able to open a page of history that has been sealed for countless years. That the word had some connection with the mystery of the treasure concealed in the mountains I feel convinced, though what that connection may be I cannot even guess. The untimely and painful death of my Indian friend whose name was Gobidin—the Eagle—prevented me learning anything further of this mystery. I have not seen another of his tribe since that day, and it may be they have left the Island as some people say



and gone to Labrador. Some day I intend going into Labrador to look for them. I have traversed the interior of this country in a vain effort to discover trace of those people but have seen only desolation where once stood their quiet villages.

“On one of my last trips I spoke to a traveller who gave his name as Cormack, and who had just traversed the country in the hope of finding the Beothucks. Cormack said he saw no trace of a red man and inferred from this that none were now in the Island.

“I am not sure that the word with which I saluted you is the word my friend gave me to say, as it is now many years since I first heard it and my memory is becoming vague. Besides the Newfoundland fishermen who visit the North-East Labrador at times have brought home a word which is so much like that given me by the Beothuck that it may be I have confused the two and produced one which is not spoken by any people.”

Here conversation was interrupted by a sound as of a human voice calling from the distance. The sound was distinctly not made by either bird or beast but had a human note though the words could not be clearly made out. As no person could be in the locality just then the young men were rather startled and surprised to hear a man calling. Showing no trace of either alarm or surprise the old man bent his head to listen for a repetition of the call which in a moment broke upon the stillness of the night.

“There it is,” exclaimed the old man. “It is the magic word. Listen and you shall hear it again.” Once more the sound faintly disturbed the silence and this time both young men thought they heard the word with which the old man first greeted them. Once more all was still and not a sound but the music of the rippling water could be heard, nor was the strange cry repeated that night. The spirit of the murdered Beothuck was most certainly about and trying to communicate with his friend in the time-remembered way.

It was late that night when the three men rolled themselves in their blankets to sleep beside the fire. On occasion one or the other would get up to renew the fire which they kept burning all night.

When daylight broke all were astir. The charred ends of wood were brought together and soon a hot and smokeless fire sent up a grateful warmth into the misty atmosphere around. Breakfast, which was a repetition of the meal of the night before, was in a short time prepared; after which the party set out on their journey down the river, the old man keeping company in his birch-bark canoe with his new acquaintances who occupied their canoe of cedar brought from Nova Scotia. With a paddle the old man

pointed to a low mound among the trees which he said was the grave of Gobidin, the Eagle of the Beothuck, perhaps the last of his race, who are gone—

*“Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
Like the withered leaves of Autumn.”*

## CHAPTER TWO

The trip down the river was quite uneventful and was accomplished in a leisurely way in two days. About halfway down the stream a halt was made at the mouth of a fine brook flowing in from the south and to which the Indians gave the name Maligugejeg. While the young men were preparing a camp for the night, the old traveller said he would get some trout for supper. Armed with a light spear he pushed off in his canoe to where stood a large boulder near the north bank of the river. Pushing his frail craft into the eddy below this boulder the old man stood erect in the boat holding his spear poised ready at an instant to strike.

He had scarcely brought the bow of his canoe up against the boulder when, with lightning-like lunge, he struck with the poised weapon and in an instant a struggling silvery trout of five or six pounds in weight lay in the bottom of the canoe. Satisfied with his catch, and with no desire to kill more than was necessary, the aged hunter turned his canoe towards the shore. In almost as short a time as it took him to catch the fish he had it cleaned and cooking on the fire. The young men, remarking the deftness with which this accomplished woodsman could turn to any of the acts which come to the lot of the traveller in the wilds to perform, thought they would like to have him with them when next they ventured on an expedition into the interior. That they were destined to have many adventures together with their new-found acquaintance they little dreamed at the time, though they resolved that night that they should see more of this strange wanderer. Down the river and near its mouth this man had his home, and thither they were bound. Of his home and family the old man said little, though he spoke of a wife and children in a manner which left little doubt as to the affection with which he regarded them. That night as they sat by the cheerful fire the old man for the first time gave the youths his name and something of his history. The name he gave them was Lalonde—Gustave Lalonde. He said his great-grandfather came to the country with D'Iberville and was at the capture of St. John's; afterwards settling at Cinq Cerf where he engaged as a trapper and did some trading with the Indians.

He was also with the expedition which, under Subercase, captured Fourillon, Petite Havre and Rebou. Wounded badly at Rebou he retired from fighting and settled down, as has been said, to the more prosaic but not uneventful life of hunter, trapper and trader—and did well.

Those were stirring times and Newfoundland was more of a field for strife than written history records; but tradition keeps alive some of the epic

story.

Lalonde, or Alone as he was usually called from his habit of travelling alone into the interior, moved to the mouth of the Codroy River when quite a young man and it was there he became first acquainted with the young woman who later became his wife. After his marriage, which proved a very happy one, Alone as we shall henceforth call him built himself a snug cabin of cobble stone from the seashore, roofing it with flags from a cove near Cape Anguille. Here four children were born to the pair of lovers, two boys and two girls, who were a solace and comfort to the couple as the years rolled on. The boys, as they grew into sturdy manhood, developed a taste for the cultivation of the land and the rearing of flocks and herds. This tendency to a pastoral life they inherited from their Breton mother. The girls were early trained in those domestic habits which make the children of the French peasants models for the rural housekeeper. They soon learned to card and spin and to fashion in the loom cloths of flax and wool from which afterwards they cut and made the sturdy articles of clothing so much worn by people of their class.

For use in the woods, Alone preferred the smooth and tough buckram or moleskin. Wool was so apt to fray from constant contact with the trees that it was discarded for the more robust material which could not easily tear nor catch. This is the cloth with which it will be remembered the old man was clothed at the time the boys met him.

The young men now told Alone that they were from Nova Scotia and their names were Richmond and Jefferson Wayne, brothers; their father a doctor of medicine. They were themselves given to the natural sciences and were now in the country for the purpose of studying something of its geology. They told him they had been as far as Bay St. George in their effort to trace a line of faulting which followed the base of the range of hills marking the north-east extension of the Appalachian uplift. Along this fault they said they found some small seams of coal in strata tilted up against the older rocks of gneiss and granite. They displayed some interesting fossils to Alone who, to the surprise of both, evinced considerable knowledge of the history of geology and on some points successfully disputed opinions held by the younger men. He surprised them when he named Nicholas Stenson the Father of Modern Geology. Had he named Gesner, Bailey or Mathew from their own province they could have accepted his views without as much astonishment. Alone, however, seemed to have his history well in hand and soon convinced them that Stenson in the Seventeenth Century erected the foundation on which modern geology is built. Richmond and

Jefferson were beginning to see in Alone one of the most interesting characters it had ever been their good fortune to meet, and they agreed that, come what might, they would find opportunities to keep in touch with him.

Opportunities are said to come to those who wait and this likely is true enough. It is also true that the will or desire can create opportunities or excuses for any line of action, and we can so train our nervous system as to make it blaze a path for us so large and inviting that any other way seems but a morass, a meaningless and objectless cul-de-sac. Such an impelling desire to be near Alone and family was soon to present itself to Richmond. Alone had a beautiful daughter who was to exercise a tremendous influence on the life of the young man and be to him a stimulus so potent as to remain with him as a vivifying force and incentive to the end of his days. No goddess in her Thuringian Caves ever exercised a more powerful spell over youth, compelling him to forget all else to be with her, than did the lovely Gabrielle Lalonde unconsciously weave, as in a golden mesh, about the heart of the young man, even as she wove enduring fabrics from flax and wool in her loom of French design.

Our voyageurs were now approaching the mouth of the river, which here expanded to about a mile in width before it again narrowed to launch itself upon the bosom of the sea through a channel about one hundred yards across. The sound of surf upon a sandy shore and the strangely pungent odour of a salt-water strand gave a hint of approach to the sea. Soon after rounding a low woody point the canoes were turned towards the land on the south side of the estuary and in a little while grounded on the sandy beach. A cluster of some half dozen houses stood, surrounded by trees, a short distance back from the water. Towards one of these Alone led his two youthful companions. Passing up a narrow, level walk between fences which bordered well cultivated gardens in which certain late flowers were still blooming, and passing through a gate into an open space, the old man directed his steps towards the house already described.

Just then a young girl, apparently not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age, came out of the house and moved towards a small building, evidently a dairy, for signs of its use hung about the outer walls or lay on a stone-topped table beside the door. Low wooden pails—gleaming in spotless cleanliness—lay tilted on their edges against the wall as if to receive the fullest share of sun and wind. In such pails or basins the milk was set to collect the cream, and it was the duty of the women-folk to keep the vessels well scoured and pure.

Hearing voices and the sound of footsteps, the girl turned and at once a smile broke upon the serenity of her lovely face, and words of greeting burst spontaneously from her lips as she recognized her father. Beholding the two strangers at this instant, a blush of embarrassment suffused her cheeks and mounted to her forehead. The appearance of the young men prevented her rushing impetuously into the arms of her parent. Overcoming her shyness, with nevertheless a trace of restraint, she approached her father and putting one disengaged hand on his shoulder offered her pretty lips for a kiss which was affectionately given. She then stood waiting, in queenly poise, the introduction of the strangers. This ceremony over—and bidding the young men a welcome—she proceeded on her errand towards the small building which we have assumed to be the dairy. This it turned out to be; for it was not long before the girl was bending her steps towards the house carrying in her hands a pitcher of cream for the tea which had already, as if by design, been prepared for the refreshment of her father and the unexpected guests.

Meanwhile Alone had ushered his young acquaintances into the spacious apartment which, as in nearly all country houses, served the general purpose of kitchen, dining and sitting room. Here they were at once relieved of their burdens and introduced to Mrs. Lalonde and the other members of the household who happened to be at home at the time.

Mrs. Lalonde, with innate hospitality, set herself at once to see to the comfort of the guests. They were shown to a neat bedroom where fresh water and towels, sweet with the odour of the pines on which they were dried in the sun and perfumed air, were already laid out. Here they were left with instructions to make themselves at home. As soon as they had attended to washing and such change of clothes as they could command, they were invited to the living room where a dainty supper was spread for the family by the fair hands of Gabrielle.

As the girl busied herself about the necessary preparation of the supper table, Richmond had a chance to observe the comeliness of this petite daughter of the wild. He thought her a veritable Hebe of ancient mythology; so graceful, so radiant with youth and beauty was she, moving about the room, setting things in order and pouring tea.

Her small shapely head, surmounted by a mantle of lustrous brown hair, was held erect on a white and shapely neck. Her eyes were indescribably beautiful, large and round, beaming with modesty, tenderness and intelligence which suggested a careful breeding hardly to be looked for in this borderland between the wild sea and the primitive forest wilderness.

The younger sister, Laetitia, seemed of hardier mould and possessed of a spirit that might be considered more in conformity with her untamed surroundings. She joined more in the occupations and enjoyments of her brothers; could row a boat, paddle a canoe, fish, shoot, or wield an axe like a boy; and for all these reasons her father generally called her his *petit vaurien*, often shortened to *ma petite*. With all her boyishness, however, Laetitia was a loving child and the idol of her mother and father. Her sister, Gabrielle, loved her as did her brothers who would be grieved to know that anything unpleasant had come between their little romping, laughing merry sister and her happiness. In appearance she was about the height of Gabrielle, but somewhat more willowy in form. She was sprightly as a fawn, and her face when she smiled seemed to the captivated fancy like the focal point from which the joy of the earth radiated. Oh, what a tremendous thing is the beauty given to some creatures! How it can lure to destruction when wantonly employed, and how it can exalt to noblest passion and inspire the souls of men to emulate the angels when it is the outward expression of a noble mind. Beauty was certainly given both the daughters of Alone; but in order that this quality of beauty should not be an agent for their spiritual destruction or that of others, Lalonde and his gentle wife had taken every care to inculcate in the minds of their children a deep reverence for all things likely to create sentiments of modest virtue. They were early instructed to regard sin as a hideous deformity and modesty the sweetest expression of a wholesome mind. When beauty and the sweet charms of youthful femininity can awake to refined sentiments the heart of him who hovers on the brink of moral waywardness, as the sweet Charlotte Von Lengefeld awakened in the breast of young Schiller, then beauty is not perverted, nor turned from the destiny it is meant to fill. When Schiller became acquainted with Charlotte he was travelling a road often trod by intellect when it has thrown off moral guidance. Having met this young lady, who later became his wife, a transformation came over Schiller, and in one of his letters he said: "I feel that a soul capable of all that is good and beautiful lives within me. I have rediscovered myself."

That Gabrielle could exercise a noble influence over him, Richmond felt from the moment he first saw her: the subtle presence of a something which her beauty alone could not account for seemed to inform him, and this, like a breath from scented groves which at night steals over the sea to greet the mariner off some tropic shore, like an incense from heaven, sublimated itself in the heart of the boy and awoke a passion within him never before experienced.

To be near her was a joy, ravishing in its newly awakened ecstasy. That he was in love with this sweet girl he knew, though he did not quite understand the passion. He was uneasy and at times must have been almost awkward in his manner, he often appeared so abstracted during the progress of the supper. Nevertheless he created a very favourable impression; particularly did he appeal to the boys, who came just in time to join the family and guests at supper. Gabrielle, too, seemed to be under the spell of an awakening sentiment, and would at times cast shy glances from one to the other of the two youths which would hover a little longer about Richmond. When drawn by a mutual attraction and their eyes would meet, Gabrielle would permit them to gaze just a moment into each other's; then swiftly, blushing, withdraw hers, and drooping her lovely head over her plate allow composure to regain the mastery.

In this way the pleasant meal passed on, and by the time it was ended all were feeling at home with their new-found friends. Alone introduced his two sons to Richmond and Jefferson as Emile, the elder, whom he styled Cincinnatus because of his fondness for the plow, and Gil, the younger of the two stalwart young men, who also had a liking for the pastoral life and assisted his brother at all the various tasks which fill the days of the farmer. Gil also liked sailing and often took Laetitia with him when he went out to fish or cruise for pleasure along the shore. Laetitia soon learned how to manage a boat and nearly always insisted on taking the tiller and handling the sheets. The two on several occasions sailed as far as Cape Ray, where a small colony had established itself to engage in the fishery which in that vicinity was quite prolific. They liked to explore the waters of Little Codroy, and to wander through the dense woods or up the ravines in the mountains. On one occasion they even ascended to the tops of the hills, but came very near paying dearly with their lives for the rash attempt, when a talus, over which they tried to climb, had its equilibrium disturbed by their feet and slid down the declivity alarmingly. By chance, coupled with rapid and light movements, they regained a part of the slope which still held firmly and thus they got over the heap of loose boulders to solid land.

It was while on one of those trips up the mountain that Laetitia first heard the story of the vast wealth which her father said existed somewhere in those mountain ranges. Gil told her that long ages ago a strange people came to this country and brought with them a great treasure in gold and precious stones, as the aged Indian friend of their father had related, although the exact circumstances connected with the arrival and disappearance of both the people and the treasure have, in spite of all efforts, remained a mystery. The story made a deep impression upon Laetitia's mind,



and, child though she was in years, her thoughts, which were those of a woman, became imbued with a strong desire to discover the secret of this treasure. Why had her father kept the story to himself so long, she thought; why did he not tell her? Perhaps she could help him find the treasure. She was fond of the mountains and wished to go with her father when he made his lonely trips. That night she surprised him by asking him about his search for the treasure; she begged to be permitted to go with him. To this plea Alone was at first quite determined to turn a deaf ear, for he could not think of his little girl enduring the privations and the toil that had toughened his muscles and trained his soul to endure. At last, however, he agreed that, with her mother's consent, he would take her with him as his companion on his next trip. The season was now growing late and he knew he would not be venturing into the hills again until spring. About eight months intervened, and in this time Laetitia would have a chance to develop a more robust frame, healthy though she was at the present time, and able to endure long journeys on foot. Youth had a marvellous power as a physical builder, and the more closely we live to Mother Nature's bosom the more remarkable is the power displayed. It is also wonderfully resilient and can recover from the effect of accident in a surprising way.

Laetitia would have almost three-quarters of a year to gain in strength and to train herself for the trials which a trip into the wilds entails. Full of the project she never let the thought leave her mind and took more to outdoor exercises than ever before, although she diligently assisted Gabrielle about her dairy and household occupations.

When the snow came she had her brothers make a harness with which to attach Fleche, her pet stag, to a light toboggan on which she would glide over the ice with the celerity of an arrow shot from its bow. It was thus she gave the name of Fleche, or the arrow, to her beautiful deer, which was then in its fourth year and fully grown, having all the grace and agility for which this animal is remarkable, yet as gentle as a gazelle with his beloved mistress, although at times somewhat intractable when others tried to manage him.

When the supper had been disposed of, and while the girls were occupied with those duties inseparable from ordinary work and the management of a country house, the men withdrew to the comfortable seats which ranged near the spacious fireplace in which logs of odorous birch were burning and giving out a generous warmth, their blaze also serving to light the room—no other light being found necessary at such a time, although for reading or other work engaging the sight most exactly, a

lamp (in which cod liver oil was the luminant) was often brought into service. This lamp could be seen as it swung suspended by a chain from a beam above the fireplace, its polished brass surface reflecting the light from the fire. Alone was much given to reading, as was well attested by the rows of books along the walls and lying on a table within easy reach. The young men accustomed as they were to books in school and in their father's well-stocked library were not slow to notice the taste for classic reading in their host, the collection before them including history, biography and the natural sciences. There were learned treatises by Plutarch, Aristotle, Cicero, Ptolemy and Copernicus, Kepler, and a whole range of polemics, ancient and modern, to astonish youths who were rather accustomed to thinking that culture was more or less an exotic when found outside the city limits.

That this strange wanderer among the haunts of wild beasts, the forest solitudes and uncivilized men had, as it were, made himself also an associate of the greatest minds of the ages and yet could be contented with so circumscribed an existence seemed a contradiction in terms not understandable to minds trained to regard the opinions of others as one of the things most desirable and the attainment of wealth with its attendant powers as the end and aim of existence.

What could be this strange man's philosophy of life? They were soon to learn; for astonishment caused by the thought that, one evidently fond of the good things of the mind, seemed to disregard the good things of the material world as to immure himself in this place so remote from the intercourse with men and worldly opportunities which they believed to be Ultima Thule, the aim and object of education, moved Richmond to ask his host why he had selected this life of seclusion when the whole world beckoned and had its sweets to offer those qualified to garner them.

"I suppose," ventured Jefferson, "Mr. Lalonde, when he finds this treasure he is seeking, intends to move away from this place. Maybe it is that alone which keeps him here."

"Not so," protested Alone, "for had I now all the wealth I think of as existing somewhere in these mountains, I could not be richer than I am. Thoreau, whom I met once in Canada, expressed as his philosophy: 'A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can do without'. And that philosophy satisfies me. Believe me, my young friends, there are greater blessings than those which you think wealth must bring. Let me quote, as best I can, from memory, the posthumous words of the Caliph of Cordova, Abderamus III, 912-962 A.D. After a long reign, marked by ease, comfort and splendour, this ancient ruler wrote—'Fifty years have passed away since

I became Caliph. Riches, honours, pleasures—I have enjoyed them all. Rival kings respect me, fear me and envy me. All that the heart of man can desire Heaven has lavishly bestowed on me. In this long period of seeming felicity I have estimated the number of days during which I have enjoyed perfect happiness: they amount to fourteen. Mortals, learn to appreciate greatness, the world, and human life.’ Poor, rich Abderamus; all his wealth, luxury and power brought him no happiness; nor have they brought bliss to anybody, but often have conspired to ruin men. Wise old Seneca tells us that ‘The ambitious man receiveth not so much contentment by seeing many behind him as discontent by seeing any before him’. The unquietness of ambitious minds is revealed in that story Plutarch tells us of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. This King had been at war a great deal and had tremendously enlarged his kingdom thereby, especially by the conquest of Macedonia; but he had begun to have designs on Italy. This desire he communicated to his great Counsellor, Cineas, asking his advice. Cineas answered that he wished to know what Pyrrhus meant to do when he had conquered Italy. ‘Sir’, replied Pyrrhus, ‘the kingdom of Sicily is then near at hand which on account of the fertility of its soil is a very desirable acquisition’. ‘Well’, quoth Cineas, ‘And having secured Sicily, what then?’ ‘Africa is not far off’, said the ambitious Pyrrhus, ‘where there are numerous goodly kingdoms which partly by the fame of my former conquests and partly by the valour of my soldiers may easily be subdued’. ‘I grant it’, said Cineas, ‘But when all Africa is yours, what do you mean to do then?’ Seeing that he was being pursued by this questioning, the King answered, ‘You and I will be merry and make good cheer.’ ‘If this is the end of your adventures and labours, what hinders you from doing the same now? Will not your kingdoms of Epirus and Macedonia suffice you to be merry and make good cheer? And if you had Italy, Sicily, Africa, and all the world, could you and I be merrier than we are or make better cheer than we do? Will you, therefore, venture your kingdoms, person, life, honour, and all that you have, to purchase that which you have already?’ Thus argued the wise Cineas to Pyrrhus, reprehending his immoderate ambition who knew not when he was well off, nor yet what he would have, seeing he desired no more than that which he had already. In the end it cost him dearly, for following his own ambitious and unbridled appetite to amplify his dominions, he gained much but lost much, being unable to conserve anything at any time. And at length, having entered the town of Ayros by force, he was killed by a brick-bat thrown down by a woman from the top of a house.

“Here you see to what a wretched end ambition led the foolish Pyrrhus. We need a counsellor like Cineas at times when the madness and the lust for

power and gold blinds us to the happiness which like a wistful spirit looks in our door, only asking to be invited to minister to our enjoyment.

“My own fireside, the companionship of those I love, and the impulse to intellectual pursuits, afford me all the joys which kings may hope for but vainly seek. Then one must have a special object in the seeking of which he may keep his highest faculties alive if he would know the real zest of living. To live contentedly one must live serenely, in utter harmony with his surroundings as well as with his conscience. I do not mean that one must live in the abandonment of passivity as the ox or the goat, for the good of our being as rational creatures lies in activity, the cultivation of our highest intellectual and moral attributes. If we are given talents we ought to use them not for personal gratification but for the good of all, believing all the time that ‘That which advantageth not the hive advantageth not the bee.’ This canon all civic obligations of men as well as bees and ants enjoin and it is wrong to evade the law. My contentment in this place is due to the fact that I have simplified the problems of life,” said Alone, “reduced all those disturbing factors which often distort the visions of men and render them incapable of extracting even from their commonest experience, its plainest answer, to their simplest terms. I have learned to distinguish the necessary and the real from the superficial and the visionary.

“Food, shelter and clothes are the three primal needs of our bodies; and these, through the beneficence of a kindly Providence, and the exertions of my hands I find abundantly; and just as these supply my corporeal wants, so do love, a capacity to enjoy the beauties of Nature and finally faith in the consoling teaching of the Christian religion supply that serenity which is spiritual health. I have filled my days with dreams and my nights with repose. My dreams stimulate my days and sound sleep refreshes me for another day of dreams. My dream is not of wealth, of conquest or power, but a desire to discover a secret hidden for centuries from the eyes of men. This may seem an idle dream but it is no more idle than the haughty ambition to lead an army across a desolated country in order that I may chain some hapless beings to my chariot wheels or impose my sway upon a subjugated race. My army treads to music unbroken by sighs or rent by the reverberation of thunder-belching cannon. No blood is spilled, and no tears are caused to flow when I march my mental hosts to the conquest of a strange and alluring problem. When I return to my capital it is to rest in the bosom of contentment and family joy. My conscience does not disturb me nor point with accusing finger to ruined fields and blackened homes left desolate by my marching hosts; nor do the ghosts of the slain come to haunt

me. I have no fear for my crown; neither Mede nor Persian is at my gate; my sceptre is secure, for in the kingdom I rule there is no intrigue, no inequality.

“Do I wish to live in crowded places where it is so lonely? Not I. I have visited cities and found no companionship save in those very restricted places they call parks where are kept the only real companions of contemplative men, like prisoners in durance, or as they keep animals in cages. I have often pitied park trees and shrubs, for I fancy they must be lonely in such noisy, dusty places. Maybe their long domestication has made them to like the crowded pavements and those trimmed and stately walks, but I always fancied they looked sad. Men keep birds in cages and trees and flowers in choking places as if in evidence of their souls’ longing for the wild untamed music of avian throats at dawn or bosky eve amid the heaven-aspiring tops of forest trees and air laden with perfume no Parisian chemist can recreate. In this effort to have flowers and trees near them men are unconsciously reaching back towards a past from which a commercialized existence has divorced and segregated them in artificial clusters about their warehouses and factories. In their efforts to find relief from the imposition and tyranny which this artificial condition has wrought men rush hither and thither till they fall exhausted ere yet they have found the happiness they seek. Some have become so entirely the slaves of an unnatural state that they have ceased to be rational and are managed as gardeners trim and prune and manage their shrubbery to make them conform to a monstrously monotonous plan subversive of the natural order. They take their mental food already prepared for them. They buy their thinking for the day in packages, all conforming to a standard size and quality. Institutions which they call colleges and schools blot the earth and in these the gardeners trim the mentalities of the young till individuality is lost in the craze for order; for all must be trained alike, and like automatons respond to the will of one who has himself undergone the same stultifying process. Men need by their side to-day such a philosopher as Pyrrhus had in Cineas to warn them against the folly which bids them on and on to new conquests—always the next one which is to bring happiness. Education is to-day creating a disease in the minds of men. It is not teaching them how to live, but is indoctrinating a false standard of what to live for and what to strive for. The object they are being taught to seek is the satisfaction which sees other men behind them. Men are sick with the disease and know not that they are sick, but experience more and more the discontent engendered by a false system and are urged to take bigger and bigger doses of the stuff which is making them ill. The eyes of such sick people are on transitory things and they follow the *ignus fatuus* which lights its faint lamp above the morass. They are purblind

fools who prate of things with a familiarity which catches the fancy of the unwary but who fail to store their hearts with wisdom. To such an one was it said, 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.'

"The worldly wise are not they who are gifted with the wisdom of Solomon, as they often give proof when they speak. The jargon of the schools is the talk of pedants, and their pedantry is exercising a tyranny over the native intellect which, if left alone, might develop into wholesome mental freedom. I once heard in a strange city one of those would-be rivals for eloquence with the great Socrates himself discoursing on education and science. This man was accounted a very eloquent speaker. He used to adorn the commonplace with such grotesque hyperbole, such winged words, stolen from dead and gone orators and now purged of all reasonable application to the theme and the time that that which was once glorious language was but the wings of an angel on the form of a gargoyle, or the white bellying sails of some noble ship fitted to a flagpole in one's front garden."

Smiling, as if pleasantly surprised by the peculiar turn of his very earnest declamation, and wishing perhaps to resume his original attitude of perfect freedom from all appearance of mental aloofness and to stand more on a level with his youthful guests, Alone rose from his seat and pacing towards a window overlooking the sea he pushed back the curtains and looked out on the moonlit night. Far into the west stretched the waters of the Golfe de St. Laurent, as he called it in the musical French language, and over this the moon was spreading the full effulgence of her silvery disk to meet the glowing splendour of the fading day.

As if to join in the reverential mood into which Alone seemed to have softly drifted from the heights of his vehement defence of the simple life, there arose the sweet voice of Gabrielle singing softly to the accompaniment of a mandolin the words of one of Moore's most beautiful melodies:

*How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,  
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea;  
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.*

The song ended, the sweet-voiced singer looked up in bashful surprise to find her simple performance had attracted great attention; and laying aside her instrument she offered apologies as if she had interrupted the conversation.

"Not at all!" exclaimed both the youths at once. "We were delighted to listen and hope to hear from you another of those sweet Irish melodies, if

you so please to favour us.”

“If you really wish to hear me sing, it will give me great pleasure to have so attentive an audience. If you like I will sing for you my dear father’s favourite, ‘The Meeting of the Waters’.” This she rendered with moving effect, to the evident great delight of all, and volunteering another she sang for them in her mother tongue, “Souvenir de Jeune Age”.

This song finished, Gabrielle arose to put away the mandolin at which her father requested that she accompany him while he sang a song to contentment; and then as if to display how versatile his mind, he broke forth into the drollery of Thomas Dermody, most apropos of the theme of their serious discussion with which the evening had commenced:

*In a cold empty garret contented I sit,  
With no spark to warm me but sparks of old wit;  
On a crazy black stool doleful ditties I sing,  
And poor as a beggar, and blest as a king.*

“You see now, my young friends, we have closed the circle; made the complete round from contentment round to contentment again.”

It was now time to retire for the night; for Alone and his family went early to bed and were early to rise.

Bidding their host and hostess good-night, the two youths went to their room where two comfortable beds awaited them, and here they slept soundly until morning.

Accustomed as they were to early rising, sunrise found them out of doors and down by the sea. A gentle surf was rippling upon a sandy and inviting beach, and it was not long before both were swimming in the limpid waters, and though the season was late the water was not cold, for here the Arctic current was not wont to impinge on the land, as it does to the east of Cape Ray.

Early as they were Alone and the boys were out before them, and off in their boat to the banks where cod are found.

After their plunge, and having dressed, the two boys walked along the beach under the high bank which here offers its front to the sea. They walked about a mile and ascending by the bed of a small stream to the heath, they could command a fine view along the shore and out to sea. As they gazed they saw a boat with three men in it rounding a projecting point, coming in under full sail before a south-west breeze which had just sprung up. It was not long before the three occupants of the boat were making

friendly signals of recognition. They were soon made out by the youths, who could see that Alone and his sons were returning from a successful fishing trip. In the bottom of the boat they could discern from their vantage point the silvery gleam of many fine fish.

They saw it was time to be moving back towards the house, and accordingly set out in that direction. On the walk back they talked of Alone and his story, so far only partly revealed to them, and they wondered if their wonderful host would tell them more regarding his strange belief in a vast concealed treasure in the mountains. They arrived at the house in time to see the fish being brought up from the boat, and see Alone dexterously prepare one for Mrs. Lalonde who was ready to cook it for breakfast. There was orderly bustling about on the part of each member of the household. Gabrielle was assisting her mother in the kitchen, while Laetitia busied herself about the dairy. The boys had fed the animals and put them out for the day in a field near at hand. Among the animals, and domestic as they, Fleche roamed—every now and then raising his head to gaze in the direction of the dairy where he knew his young mistress was and whence she would presently come to talk to him. She came out soon and the moment the beautiful creature saw her he ambled in graceful mien to meet her at the gate. It was wonderful to note the affection with which the deer greeted his young mistress, and she in turn placing her arm around the animal's muzzle brought his head down to her shoulder where it lay in evident felicity, while with soft fingers she caressed his smooth nose, talking to him in those endearing diminutives which even dumb animals seem to understand.

Richmond and his brother now noted for the first time the presence of honey bees, and looking about they were not long in discovering several hives outside a small building, evidently the apiary. As the youths stood interestedly watching the bees swarming in and out of their hives, Alone who attended often to this particular department of a greatly diversified business, came up beside them on his way to the hives.

“I am a bit surprised,” observed Richmond, “to know you can keep bees in this country. Are you meeting with much success? Do not the long winters bother you?”

“Yes, I meet with great success, and from the winters I experience no trouble. I leave the hives out of doors all the time, not removing them to cellars at the approach of winter as the practice seems to be and many apiarists recommend. The ventilation problem of cellars is a very serious one, and one not quite understood even by the most experienced beekeepers. I overcome this difficulty by keeping my hives in a sheltered spot out of



doors and placing over them a large wooden box, packing the space between box and hive with chopped straw which affords ventilation and insulation at the same time.

“I keep my bees dormant until the spring has well advanced by packing ice about the hives, a plentiful supply of which I gather every winter from the river. We have a store of honey for our table, and are never without this wholesome and palatable food. Our hives give us plenty, and we often share with our neighbours.”

“Why do not your neighbours profit by your example and keep bees of their own?” asked Jefferson.

“I cannot say,” replied Alone. “But I think it is because so few are attracted by a business demanding such close attention to little details, for keeping bees is a business which demands such attention.”

Just then Gabrielle came to announce breakfast and to summon her father’s guests.

The breakfast, which was a very simple affair consisted of oatmeal and cream, followed by steaks of delicious cod, fresh from the cold water, with potatoes and hot rolls. Neither tea nor coffee was served; instead there was milk. Some honey from the hives was also served and never did the boys taste anything finer; indeed there was an aroma and flavour about this honey never excelled by any clover honey from Canada, where the most excellent grade is produced. This honey they were now eating was produced mainly from buckwheat and the wild willow herb, which here grows in abundance.

## CHAPTER THREE

After breakfast, Alone took the boys out to show them his farm. They found interest in all they saw, but especially in Fleche who was particularly docile this morning as if he understood what was expected of him now that strangers were honoured guests in his mistress' abode. At a word from Alone the graceful animal trotted up to where the three awaited him and there received in the greatest contentment the attentions of even the strangers.

“I found this animal,” said Alone, “a helpless fawn, of about a week old, straying after somebody had wantonly destroyed the mother. I had no trouble in catching it, and bringing it out to the farm. We often see the herds out here at the seashore in spring, and never at any time do we miss them from the heath which runs back from North West Cove to Little River; and if you care to see them you may walk out in that direction to-day, or you may take the boat and row along the shore to the mouth of Little River which you may safely enter as the tide will just suit about noon. It will then be nearly high and if you do not delay too long the falling tide will permit you to row out safely past the reef, which at low water is unsafe for those not accustomed to the passage, particularly if the wind be blowing or a sea running.”

The boys agreed to take the boat around to Little River and set out immediately, Gabrielle in the meantime having prepared a nice luncheon for them. They spent the day examining the country round about, or strolling along the sea shore after having travelled inland a bit and seen the deer. At evening, just as Alone was becoming anxious about them, they returned after having spent a pleasant day in examination of the geological features of the country, and collecting some mineral and fossil specimens. These they showed to Alone, who was prompt to recognize in them samples of lead glance, some copper pyrites, a few pretty garnets and a beautiful piece of agate. Among the fossils—all belonging to the Carboniferous group—he noted sigillaria, and attached to a portion of fossil plant was a spirobis, a piece of crystalline limestone, a bit harder than common marble, spangled throughout with crystals of a silvery mineral which after examination Alone pronounced to be graphite.

The exhibition of those specimens and the interest they created reintroduced the subject of geology, and going to a shelf Alone took down a large volume containing a French translation of Richard Kirwin, an eminent

Irish geologist of the eighteenth century, whose fame as a man of science was spread all over Europe.

This book was published by Kirwin just about one hundred years after Stenson, more familiarly known by his Latin name Steno, had made known the true meaning of fossils. Neil Stenson, Catholic Bishop of Copenhagen, who is justly styled the Father of Modern Geology, was the first to make known the real character and significance of fossils and thus to put the science of geology on the right track.

Neither Richmond nor his brother had ever heard of either Steno or Kirwin, a confession which brought a peculiar smile to the face of the imperturbable philosopher Alone.

“That is not surprising,” he said, “For memory is one of the most evanescent of impressions in any case, and as it must also arise from perception the more generally that perception is felt the more likely the memory is to live to at least reach puberty; it seldom reaches the age when baldness marks the advance of time. If at the time of Steno or Kirwin there were many men interested in science the perfect perception of the discoveries those men had made might have spread over continents and so become a fixed thing in the minds of men, at that time, and so a memory virile enough to have survived even the rudeness of time.

“Fortunately the memory of those men lies embalmed in books whence some day it may, under more genial conditions, walk resurgent. Men do not always value what is being spoken by living geniuses, and often words of wisdom only sink into contemporary ooze, there to lie even as your fossils have lain to be exposed at some later date, or till a Steno arises to tell us what they mean.

“This thought is forever floating in my mind, whispering always of the mutability of all things and the inexorable law which deletes in one age what a former epoch had painfully built up. Men disappear and leave not a memory behind to light the spot where they laboured, or perhaps illuminated by their wit or wisdom. They go, they pass on; whole races of them; and leave no more trace of their existence than leaves the snuffed-out candle of its illumination. From the charred relic of the candle we conjure up some perception of the light which shone on their path, to guide their march to oblivion. We must call fancy into play if we would know what work they did by their candle’s light. What words were spoken we cannot hear, and to what music they marched we are oblivious.

“In this very land we tread at least two races have come and gone, and left scarcely a record. One of these races of men—the Beothucks—left some history, shadowy though it be, and we have contemporary remembrance. I myself knew one of those men, my old friend Gobidin, whom I buried at ‘The Meeting of the Waters’. Of the other race there is no distinct recollection, and what Gobidin told me may be but an adumbration in the mind of a poetic child; but, as I have discovered many things to lend a strong presumption to a foundation in fact surpassing strange though it may seem, I am inclined to believe there is truth in the story of Gobidin. Many stories we hear and sometimes believe, so firmly do they appear welded to fact, are founded on myth; but on the other hand many myths had their birth in the dawn of a strange truth which the groping childlike minds of untutored men, in their efforts to understand, have distorted so that to-day they pass entirely for figments to which fact has no relation. Those men reaped and threshed in virgin fields of golden grain. The solid grain which fell to the earth before their flails they discarded because the fairy-flying chaff appeared to them more lovely. The breezes caught up those airy particles and the sunlight gleaming on them made visions of sprights to dance upon the air, and all the merry children laughed in delight. They threshed out truths and did not recognize them; but the grain springing up again at a later time brought value at last, when someone more in advance than the others found that the kernel contained the light and the truth.”

Here Alone paused; then he said, “I wonder if I am threshing out any golden grain, or am I merely indulging in idle dreams?”

“What you say, sir,” remarked Richmond, “Does indeed sound very strange. Yet it may be as you say that a race of men lived on this Island before the coming of the Beothucks, who are now themselves, in all probability, extinct. Men are discovering in the United States what are supposed to be relics of cultured men, who antedate the arrival of Columbus; indeed whose civilization waxed and waned centuries before the coming of the great navigator. And if there be any truth or foundation in fact for what they allege their researches may shed some light on your problem.”

“I have heard it said,” replied Alone, “that there is a round tower near Newport in Rhode Island which some men attribute to the labour of an early civilization, reaching back even to the days of Lief Ericson; but as I have heard this only from popular accounts I am little disposed to accept it as an established fact. The story however is interesting and enquiry may discover some truth in it.

“It is not improbable that the Redmen themselves are the result of a decadent civilization and not as generally believed a primitive race just emerging from the depths of savagery above which they had never reached. Nay, it is more in conformity with Christian exegesis to hold this view. Man being a creature of special creation must have been made not as a being degraded to the level of the animal, but rather as a creature already possessing the qualities we find in the noblest types to-day. No; man was not made in the slime but in a beautiful garden, and as gardens are the result of labour intelligently applied and soon go to destruction when once this attention is denied, it follows that Adam must have been created already intellectually provided for his duties as a gardener.”

“You believe then,” said Richmond, “that the Beothucks, who were on the Island at its first discovery, or would it be more correct to say its re-discovery, represented a degraded civilization; that they were in fact a remnant of a race that once claimed civilization?”

“Yes” said Alone, “that is my opinion, and my opinion is supported by a Christian idea of interpretation and buttressed by opinions derived from a study of history and a faith which I am almost ashamed to admit in certain occult manifestations. There is something in man’s nature which inclines him to nourish belief in the mysterious, and sights and sounds he is apt to bend to the support of his beliefs. You, my young friend, heard the strikingly human cry at South Branch when the talismanic word with which I first greeted you was later borne to us from the empty air. That was without question the voice of my friend Gobidin, exchanging greetings with me in the language he had himself learned from the last of that other race which has been wiped off the face of this Island. History tells us of other instances of strange voices heard in the air, and a case in point lies in the tradition from a place on the east side of this Island. On the north side of the Bay of Conception there is a place called Job’s Cave, whence comes a tradition regarding such spirit voices. Some years ago it happened there was a great storm at a time when many vessels, ready to proceed to the fishery, lay at anchor in this Cove. During the storm sixty vessels, with all their crews, were lost. Ever after, so I am told on good authority, whenever a storm from the same quarter was impending spirit voices as well as rattling of chains could be heard. The shout was a kind of hail and took the sound of ‘Hello, hello!’ From this the manifestation received the name of the ‘Old Hellos’ which in the vernacular became ‘The Old Hollies’ and so it has remained. A similar story is that of ‘The Flying Dutchman’ with which you are no doubt familiar. The ‘hello’ of this doomed sailor is often heard on the sea. Stranger still is the story of the ‘Clown’s Shout’ which after the Battle of Almtain

was heard for three days on the air. During this battle the Clown, Na Maighleine, was taken prisoner and after he had given the 'Clown's Shout', as commanded, his head was struck off. That shout remained on the air three days. If ever you visit Ireland ask to be shown where the Battle of Almtain, near Kildare, was fought in the year 722; and perhaps you may yet hear from the peasants the story of Na Maighleine, and his melodious cry which clung so long on the air as I have just told you. But now let us drop the abstruseness and get back to more solid earth. We shall have enough of such phenomena to wrestle with before we are through with this hunt for hidden treasure. The hour is getting late and it is too near bedtime for such talk. But for this I might tell you of the evil genius who haunted Ippolito Montorio, but Jefferson might not sleep fearing a visit from such a stranger were I to tell it now. Instead we might have Gabrielle sing us one of her songs which will be a better preparation for wholesome sleep than weird stories of spirit visitors."

Gabrielle had gone to visit a sick neighbour; so the topic of a pre-Beothuck race in Newfoundland was resumed.

"It may surprise you," said Alone, "to hear it said that as long ago as the Tenth Century America was well known to the Irish, and that they had colonized America probably at this early date. Most certain it is according to reliable history that at that time Europeans had known of this Western World.

"My friends, the history of Newfoundland has been done in the most superficial manner, mostly by men little qualified for the task; and some day we may have to raze the whole historical structure reared by men whose researches never took them to archives where the true beginning of our country's history is enshrined. The work of the historian is partly that of a painstaking hunter among written records. But in certain respects, and largely true in respect to Newfoundland, the work must be that of the archæologist and the anthropologist, for fossil remains must be made to yield their information where little in the form of writing can be found. As well commit the strategraphical history of the land to the ploughman because he had turned up a few inches of soil with his ploughshare, as to commit its vulgar history to the care of one who must depend on a transcription of a record for his field of research. I cannot conceive that an age so remarkable for its mental and intellectual activity, not to speak of its daring in the field of exploration, as the Thirteenth Century surely was, neglected to send its caravels far into the region of the sunset. To me the idea of any such neglect on the part of the men of that glorious day is

repugnant and entirely illogical. I speak not romantically but with all gravity as benefits this subject, that archæological investigation may some day prove the truth of ancient written records which clearly tell of Irish colonization in America before the close of the Tenth Century. Most certainly Christianity was wide-spread in Newfoundland in the Thirteenth Century. This astonishes you, and you may not think I am serious. I am. It is recorded—and I have seen the records, which appear to be genuine—that flying from a persecution under their civil governor in Iceland two priests—Fathers Adelbrand and Thorvald—came to Newfoundland to seek protection among a Christian people. Now who were those Christian people and what became of them? Some investigators think the Beothucks were a remnant of the Greenland settlement. When the later explorers (or re-discoverers) came to Newfoundland they found a noble canine race existing here, and the type was so distinctive, so apparently indigenous, that it is known to-day as the ‘Newfoundland Dog’. Whence came this noble animal and who brought it here? Does not the presence of this dog in Newfoundland and nowhere else suggests to you the idea of a race of men before the Beothucks? To me it seems conclusive. The sagas of Lief Ericson recount many voyages to the south-west of Ireland and Iceland. But these became of so common occurrence that a great many were left unrecorded. Indeed it appears that voyages from Iceland to America were almost of daily occurrence. As a further interesting bit of long-forgotten history let me mention just one other incident. It appears that Bjorn Asbrandson had to fly from Iceland in the Tenth Century. He came to America where he found himself among Irish-speaking men who promptly made him a chief. With all this before me do you wonder why I am devoting my life to the solving of this mystery?”

“Can you give any possible explanation as to why the close commercial and perhaps political connection between Newfoundland and Europe, which must have existed according to your theory and the records you so copiously refer to, died out so utterly?” asked Jefferson, who had been a silent listener to the amazing story of Alone.

“I am unable to say,” replied the old man. “But our future investigations may shed some light on the matter. If we can find the great golden treasure we may likely find at the same time something to help us to a solution. So closely have I studied the question that I could from induction tell the whole secret as a guess, but I have never yet assumed the role of clairvoyant or prophet and do not care to indulge in any such idle fancy now. It were better to leave such things to declare themselves from material evidence.

“One bit of history occurs to my mind in response to your question which seems to supply at least a tentative answer, Jefferson. In the year 1347 a virulent fever called Black Death broke out in Europe, and it is significant that after that date we find no record of any Vinland voyage. It is probable that here the intercourse suddenly came to an end through this scourge. The epidemic extended from Norway to Iceland and Greenland where it raged till 1351. It reduced the population of Norway from two millions to three hundred thousand.”

“Have you ever come on objects of archæological or anthropological interest in the country where you are led to think you may discover this great treasure of which you speak?” Richmond enquired: “Or have you heard any stories of such finds among the people who pursue their trade of hunting and trapping among those hills?”

“I have heard the story of a wonderful discovery of gold made many years ago, attended by such untoward events that I have kept it in my memory ever since, though at the time I heard it from the lips of the old man it had no other significance in my mind than that it appeared fateful, although I apprehended no particular cause for the fatality. I was then but a young man beginning my studies and had not yet become acquainted with Gobidin. The aged man from whom I heard the story was a Micmac Indian, a native Nova Scotia, who, with others of his tribe, had come to Newfoundland to enjoy the plenty which a teeming country had to offer such inveterate hunters. The man, whose name I have forgotten, was returning across the hills from Baie d’Espoir. The season was approaching winter and liable in these mountains to sudden and violent snow storms. About halfway across and in one of the most exposed regions among the range one of those storms overtook him. It was impossible to find shelter anywhere and to remain where he was meant a miserable death from exposure. There was nothing to do but to keep on, to try if possible to reach a shelter before night. On account of the many deep ravines in his path a straight course could not be kept. Many detours had to be made, and adept as he was to regain his direction once the obstruction had been passed, he lost his way. On he travelled, and soon lost all sense of location and direction. With bodily fatigue heightened by anxiety, the perceptive faculties gradually deserted him and he became like a helpless derelict, drifting hither and thither, stumbling, staggering; hoping and despairing by turn. In this way he wandered on until he fell into a hollow or ravine partly filled with snow. Here he lay for a time halfway between a desire to live and a wish to die. Finally his body seemed to recover a bit, and he staggered to his feet bravely to fight it out. Surely he could reach a ravine or valley in which a



sheltering grove could be found. He had his axe with him, and could he get to some woods he could soon provide himself with shelter and warmth. If he could only tell where he was he might guide himself surely to a shelter. The wind was raging in maniacal fury, and blinding drifts which seemed bent on his destruction assailed him as they arose from every direction.

“A stream of fresh water flowed down the ravine and gurgled at his feet. He would take a drink; so putting his knapsack from his shoulders he lay prone on the snow and put his lips to the water. He drank, and as he did so he beheld a shining object in the pool from which he was drinking. He put his hand into the water and his fingers gripped the glittering thing. Drawing it out, he discovered that the object was gold, round, smooth, and large as a gun-ball. He forgot his fatigue for the moment in his delight at the find, and again stooping down saw another golden ball, and another and another, till he held a handful of the precious metal.

“Overjoyed at his discovery and believing himself rich beyond his dreams, he thought now only of getting out to his people to tell them of his good fortune. In the excitement and exhilaration of the moment he forgot the storm and his fatigue, and hastily shouldering his discarded knapsack and gun he ran from the spot, nor thought of marking it or noting the surroundings. But why should he want to mark the place; what need for him ever to return. Had he not gold, gold! Yes; big balls of it, like the gun-balls he was accustomed to ram down the long barrel of his large gun when hunting bears.

“He hastened away from the place and soon the thought of a night’s shelter from the storm again took possession of him. The fury of the elements was not abating, and evening with its shadows was creeping on as if in league with the flying drift to shut the day out before its time. So violent was the wind that at times the lonely man was forced to lie down to avoid being hurled to death among the rocks. Only those who have experienced it know what a south-easterly storm means to one caught out in those mountains: when the very earth itself is often torn from its bed-rock, and scattered like chaff, and the very lakes blow dry unless their surfaces be protected by a mantle of ice. The lakes being generally shallow glacial hollows freeze solid to the bottom; but I have known ice three feet thick on Little River Lake to break under the impact of the south-east wind during one of these storms.

“The storm-beaten man was just on the point of lying down and abandoning himself to his fate when he found himself entering the shelter of a thick grove of spruce. With a sigh of thankfulness to God for the surcease

and the promise of a tolerably comfortable night, he threw down his burden and taking his axe began at once the preparation of a fire. With some dry limbs from a large spruce near at hand, and some birch bark from his knapsack, in which he always carried a supply of this readily ignitable material, he soon had a fire blazing among the roots of the biggest tree standing near. Going to a pool not far away he returned with a kettle of water which he suspended by a small rod above the fire. Whilst the water was boiling and the tea brewing he busied himself collecting material for the construction of a shelter.

“Soon as tea was ready he drank some of it and felt revived. With the return of bodily vigour, under the stimulating effect of the warm liquid, he set to work with renewed courage and soon had a shelter of spruce boughs erected, a bed of the same fragrant material ready, and a supply of dry wood sufficient to keep his fire burning all night. Removing his moccasins and putting on a pair of dry socks he sat on his mat of boughs to rest and prepare his supper. A ptarmigan, which he had shot in the hills, he got ready and soon had roasting on a spit, and this with some bread furnished him with a fine meal. Then taking a pipe from his pocket he took a few draughts of smoke from the tobacco with which it was filled, and saying some prayers lay down to sleep.

“During the night he dreamt of terrible beings haunting him, and thought he heard voices threatening him with revenge if he kept the gold he had taken out of the bed of the stream. ‘You have wandered into a forbidden region, the land of the “Fathers of Men”, and we warn you go hence nor take the precious gold with you! Begone!’

“He did not sleep much that night, and daylight breaking found him ill and scarcely able to rise. Just at the moment when he was struggling with a will to rise, but a frame too enervated to obey, he heard a voice which warned him not to take the golden drops, which he was told were the tears of a god whose temple had been thrown down and whose throne has disappeared from the haunts of living men. When the Indian told me this part of his story, I took his vision to be the hallucination of a mind enfeebled by the experiences of physical suffering, and let it pass at the time. But subsequent events have altered my mind as to that, and I believe what the Indian heard was not so much a dream as a reality.

“After a painful effort the Indian got to his feet and soon was busy in his preparation of his morning meal. By the time this was over, he felt his courage and strength returning and with a determination to get out with his precious treasure he began the journey. For some reason he could not tell

where he was or in what direction he was going and though the morning was fine and clear he could see none of the old familiar landmarks. He knew he could not be so far from well-known country; but why the sense of utter strangeness? Not an object could he identify. He began to realize some spell was over him, as he felt his coherence of thought slipping from him till at last he lost all sense of being. Only a terrible loneliness, fatigue and a great thirst remained to tell him of his mortal existence as he was about to think himself dead and wandering in another world. He forgot about the treasure, his gun and his knapsack which he left somewhere; he did not know where.

“So the day passed in this state of glamour and bewilderment. At last, like one spewed out from some region of lost souls, he at length found himself near his home. Up to his door he staggered like a man intoxicated, and muttering unintelligible words he fell into the arms of his wife and swooned. He was put to bed and restoratives of various kinds, which were often the recourse of this primitive people, were from time to time applied. Rest and the kindly ministrations of his family quickly restored the man to his wonted good health, but he never quite recovered from the mental effects of his trying experience. In his wandering about in a dazed condition he had lost the gold, and never again did he venture into the country alone. This is the story as it was given to me by the Indian,” said Alone, as he finished the strange tale.

“What is the meaning of the ‘Fathers of Men’, as used by the Indian; and where do you suppose he could have learned so strange an expression? Does it suggest to your mind that he was repeating a familiar ritualistic form or that he really learned it from spirits guarding the secret of the mountains?” asked Richmond.

“It might have been either; for this poetic people are given to a redundancy of such apocryphal expressions, whose real significance seems lost in the mists of time. This untutored man was repeating a phrase which I heard long ago as being parts of the songs of the Linapi, beginning with those very words:—‘Long ago the fathers of men were then at Shinaki’, or Firland, which is Newfoundland. This would indicate a remote migration from Newfoundland westward to the Continent, and there is a hint of this a little farther on in the song from which I have just repeated a line. This hint is conveyed in the following words which tell of a migration from east to west:—‘Having all agreed, the Northerlings and the Easterlings went over the waters of the frozen sea to possess the land.’ Taken in conjunction with all those other evidences I have spoken of as indicating the existence of a civilized people in Newfoundland, this reference in the songs of the North

American Indians to the coming of the 'Fathers of Men' from the north and the east seems convincing enough to set all doubts aside.

"The frozen sea crossed over can be no other than the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the Straits of Belle Isle, most probably the latter. Across this narrow water too some maintain the last remnant of the Beothucks fled. Philologists might discover some connection between the words 'Shiniki' of the Indian and the 'Ogshini' attributed to the Esquimo. An interesting bit of history may be locked up in those two words, and it is my intention when I visit Labrador next summer to present this problem to the Moravian Missionaries who are said to be very able scholars.

"To-morrow I will show you some archæological objects which I possess and which I intend to submit to a thoroughly qualified man whom I will ask to pronounce upon their antiquity and origin. The objects I speak of are all taken from Beothuck burial grounds."

Next morning, after the regular business of the day had been attended to, Alone took the two young men into a room of the house set aside as a sort of repository for all manner of interesting stuff which he had collected from many parts of the Island. The room seemed to the boys like a miniature museum, so varied was the display. There were mineral and fossil specimens to delight any lover of geological science; there were flowers, grasses, sedges and shrubs, all carefully preserved and arranged in an orderly manner about the walls. But most of all to engage the attention just now the archæological specimens, which were many and seemed to stand out invitingly. Here were arrow and spear heads of jasper, flint and serpentine, some of them, particularly those of serpentine, of most perfect and symmetrical in design. All these, with the exception of the latter type Alone pronounced to be Beothuck. Some uncertainty was in his mind regarding those, which he inclined to believe were of an earlier and more artistic type and probably represented the workmanship of the earlier races in Newfoundland, though found together with relics that were without question Beothuck. In like manner ornaments and instruments of undoubted Esquimaux origin were here too, and all from Beothuck remains, showing that a contact had existed at one time between the two races.

Alone told the boys that a celebrated anthropologist to whom he had shown the collection was of opinion that the Beothuck came from Labrador somewhere between five hundred and a thousand years ago; for there is evidence of a somewhat violent movement among the peoples of Northern America, about this time, towards the east.

Here were curious coins, some of them Flemish but many of them of an unknown origin, all taken from Beothuck burial places. Here was a silver spoon of beautiful design, "Which," said Alone, "is certainly not the work of any people of whom we have any knowledge, and must be of very great antiquity. This collection of shells, some of them cemented in a matrix of an indurated earth which appears to be an earthly form of gypsum, are from shell mounds raised by human hands, but the hands of a pre-historic race. Such shell mounds are being found along the Atlantic Coast from Labrador to Florida.

"Of the Beothuck graves it may be remarked that the race seemed to have no special burial place, for their graves are found scattered all over the country. Here are some skulls taken from such individual burial places. Here on the other hand is a group of skulls, all from one narrow plot. There is no record, no tradition which tells who those people were. I intend to send these to Dr. Rudolph Virchow of Germany, who is recognized as the greatest living anthropologist, that he may examine and compare them with the skulls of other races. He may be able to tell us what race they represent. If Dr. Virchow from his examination of these skulls can pronounce them to be those of an Eastern or Scythic race, his verdict will have confirmed my opinion of a more ancient and pre-Beothuck race in this country."

Here Alone turning to Richmond said with great earnestness. "If Dr. Virchow tells me these skulls are not Beothuck, as I believe he will, I am on the eve of making the greatest and most astonishing historical discovery of modern times."

"What we have heard from you, sir, since we had the pleasure of meeting you a few days ago, has most profoundly appealed to Jefferson and me, and we have come to attach the greatest significance to all you have told us. If you need assistance and will accept our services we shall be delighted to join with you in your work of finding out whatever is to be discovered in connection with this astonishing bit of forgotten history. We would like to accompany you to Labrador next summer, if it be your intention to take up the investigation from that quarter before going any further on this end."

"It seems to me most wise to go to Northern Labrador, where it is more than likely some tradition regarding this very ancient race exists among the wise men of the northern people. Their shamans, or witch doctors, are said to possess some very remarkable occult powers, and those they might have learned from the strange people who first dwelt in Newfoundland, people who must have arrived here by way of Greenland and Labrador and so had contact with the Esquimo; and there must be some tradition regarding the

coming of those strange people from across the sea. It is most likely, I should think, that the traditional accounts have been blurred by time and now all apt to be heard as fable invented by the shamans for the entertainment of the people rather than the story of an actual happening.

“In this manner I expect to hear it; but I expect to be able to sift the grain from the chaff, the substantial from the unreal and imaginary with which time and the frailties of the human mind are almost sure to have surrounded the story. I will be satisfied if I but hear anything even as a story regarding the first coming of civilized men to the Western Hemisphere. In regard to your idea that you would like to accompany me, I can only express my great pleasure. I do intend to go to Labrador next spring and would appreciate your company on the trip.

“It is my intention to proceed at once to Nain where the headquarters of the Moravian Mission is located. At that place I am most likely to meet with those who are able to give me information that can assist me in my labours.

“My friend Parsons of Codroy, who knows the Coast well, has agreed to take me in his ship to Nain and back. His ship is a fine one and can be fitted to accommodate us all. She is now on her way from St. John’s to Codroy with supplies for the winter, and having discharged this she proceeds to Halifax with a cargo of fish and other products of the place. You may secure passage to Nova Scotia by this ship and if you would care to take this chance home I will speak to Mr. Parsons about the necessary arrangements.”

The boys were well pleased with the idea and thanked Alone accordingly. The time for returning to their home was well at hand, and the chance of securing passage on this ship from Codroy would relieve them of the necessity of going to Channel to seek a ship.

The time passed pleasantly; all too quickly for Richmond, who found himself thinking more and more of the happiness of being near Gabrielle. Jefferson and Laetitia were often in each other’s company, especially when the latter would attend her pet, the graceful Fleche, who, by this time, seemed to have accepted Jefferson as his master. A friendship had sprung up between the three which was often commented upon; and this would be the infallible means of calling a blush to the fair face, adding an indescribable charm to a countenance already radiant and beautiful.

At last the time for parting had arrived and the adieux were hastily spoken; which was perhaps better, for neither of the boys was quite sure how he could get away without displaying feelings they would rather hide.

There was the ship—all sails set—hove to in the Bight, waiting for them.

Alone, who insisted upon boarding the ship with his young friends, sat in the stern of the boat with them while Emile and Gil took the oars. These young fellows could row well and in a few minutes were alongside. Richmond and Jefferson, followed by Alone, clambered aboard. Emile and Gil did not leave the boat till they had fastened it securely by means of a rope flung to them by one of the sailors. This done they clambered on deck to say good-bye and wish their young friends *bon voyage*.

As soon as all were on board, the sails which had been idly flapping in the wind were allowed to catch the breeze and in an instant the good ship *Alice* was bounding on her way. Alone and his two sons remained on board till they were off Low Point. Then, after shaking hands with Captain Parsons and the boys, they descended to their boat, released the painter and after waving a last farewell to the ship, hoisted their sail and began the journey home.

“Two fine young fellows,” said Alone heartily to his sons. The boys nodded assent. “I expect to hear from them when Parsons comes back and will be glad indeed to have news, for I have taken a great liking to them. Have I told you they are coming in the spring to make the journey with me to Labrador?”

“Then you will have faithful aides I am sure,” said Emile, “and very valuable ones I am thinking; for they seem to have caught some of your zeal in the matter of probing the secret of the early inhabitants of our dear country. But how I wish you could take me also. I would be glad to see the Esquimo, of whom I have heard so much from Captain Parsons. He tells me they are bland and childlike and never inclined to steal. They have many strange customs and beliefs and a great respect for their dead; never permitting the violation of their burial places. Indeed they say the rape of a grave is sure to bring disaster to him who commits such an act of plunder.

“Have you ever heard from Captain Parsons the story of the collector of such material as an Esquimo grave offers, who nearly lost his ship and crew because he had robbed a burial mound of its skeleton?”

“No,” said Alone, “can you relate the story for me?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Emile, “and it runs in this manner: Away up in the north-east coast of Labrador and about forty miles north of Nain is an island which they call Okak (which is, I believe, Esquimo for ‘tongue’). On this island, which is a very small one Captain Parsons says, there is one of the

cairns, roughly built of stones, built by an Esquimo above the dead when the body is just laid on the surface and not buried in the soil. Once, being detained by adverse winds at this particular place, Captain Parsons observed the cairn and was curious enough to remove one of the stones to see into the grave. Looking in he saw that the bones were all collected into a confused heap in one end of the crypt. He asked the Esquimo who was with him at the time how the skeleton came to be heaped up in this way and heard a strange story.

“‘Some years ago,’ said the Esquimo, ‘a man came here from the south. He had a fine ship which he said belonged to the King. He was collecting skeletons of Esquimo for certain scientists, and upon discovering this grave took away the bones. The Esquimo protested in vain; the man was obdurate; and in spite of warnings of evil to follow such violation of their relics, he had the bones removed to his ship, and amid the cries and expostulations of the outraged people set sail. A storm overtook him and he became lost in a fog. The ship was in great danger of sinking or being dashed to pieces on the rocks. He was a brave man and a skilful navigator, but all his great courage seemed to forsake him at once. He remembered the admonitions of the natives and regretted his heedlessness. He prayed in desperation for deliverance from peril and vowed to restore the bones to their resting place if he could ever get back. He was unable to even judge where he was. A labyrinth of dangerous passages among countless islands lay about him; a strong gale was blowing and fog obscured his vision. Fearing that at any moment the ship might strike the rocks, he ordered the anchor dropped. Just as the anchor caught the bottom and the ship was stopped in her career, the fog disappeared and the sun came out in a clear sky. Taking a quick look to see if he could tell his position he was startled to find himself at anchor in the very place he had left but a few hours before. Ordering the boat to be launched he took the box containing the bones back to the grave and put the fateful contents back into the place where friends had buried the body long years before.’

“This is the story related to me by Captain Parsons, and you may be able to verify it next summer if you visit Okak. He also told me that at a place named Black Island, which is not far from Nain, he met a native, by name Iglolioti, who greeted him with the word Ogygia, instead of the customary Okshini or Ogshini as it is differently pronounced. This Iglolioti is an elderly man, with a degree of intelligence superior to that of the average native. So intelligent, keen and observant is he that he is retained by the Moravian Brethren as a kind of special envoy, who travels on missions up and down the coast. He is full of traditional stories, and apparently occupies a position



among his people similar to that held by the bards of old amongst the more cultured races.”

Alone attentively listened to his son, nor did he speak for some time after the conclusion of the tale, but sat in meditation for a few minutes; then, as if in answer to his thoughts, exclaiming “yes, that is it. Ogygia is the word as given to me by Gobidin. But how came the Esquimo to possess it? I must learn. I must see and talk with this strange Northern Bard—this teller of tales regarding his own people’s history.

“Ogygia, ogshini, shiniki! Can there be a common origin for all three in the mysterious word of Gobidin? What secret is locked up here: it must be my lot to explore. Can it be possible that the Shiniki of the American Indian song, which means ‘Firland’ or ‘Newfoundland’, is only a form of Ogygia. ‘Ages ago the fathers of men were then at Shiniki’, runs the Indian song. Now this very strangely bears out my belief, if the two words be but different interpretations of the same expression. In that event Ogygia is the ancient name of Newfoundland. I can do nothing more in this matter, however, till I talk with Iglolioti.

“This story of yours and its fatalistic sequel seems to support in a remarkable way that other story of the gold found by the Micmac in the mountains which nearly proved his undoing. Is there a bridge between the spirit and the material worlds instead of the chasm we are inclined to regard as separating the two; or is it possible that more intensive beings inhabited the earth in the ages before Christianity, beings who are still able to project their wills into our affairs with very often a malign effect? It is a great question which I fear must remain unanswered until the veil is lifted which hides the eternal world of the spirit from us. Each man can only answer the question for himself; and by his own experience alone furnish his mind with a key to the mystery; he cannot solve the problem for others.”

The boat was now at the shore, and the three men were soon engaged in pulling it up the slipway and securing it from damage. This done they walked to the house and in the busy routine of work about the place forgot their regret at their separation from the two lads who had so lately come and gone.

The busiest time of the year was upon them. The winter, a long, stormy season in this part of the world, was approaching and must be prepared for. Much had to be done to provide for their own and their cattle’s comfort during the inclement time. Implements had to be safely stowed away under

cover, where they could be easily got at during the stormy days which gave them time for overhauling, painting and repairing.

The house had to be banked all round with Eel grass from the shore, and storm sashes were to be put up. The wood that had been dried by the summer's sun and wind, had to be cut into suitable lengths and piled in the wood shed. A new supply was cut in the forest to be hauled home on the snow. By the time all this work was done the first of December had arrived and with it the first snowfall.

The women had set up their looms, and the mysteries of spinning and weaving occupied their time to advantage.

In this busy way the winter was comfortably and profitably passed; but not without its hours of recreation.

Alone explained his plans for the coming attempt to unravel the mystery which had so long baffled all his efforts. With regret he had to deny Emile the longed-for trip to Labrador, having other business for the boy to attend to in connection with this hunt for the secret of the mountains. In the month of March when the lakes were covered by ice, and the snow as solid as the ice itself; all the woods being buried under immense drifts affording an open road in all directions; they were to take provisions and equipment for a protracted stay at a later time, and building a cache in a suitable spot leave the outfit and return again while the hard surface lasted. It was considered advisable to do this; for in the summer it is impossible to carry supplies of food for more than a few days into those mountain regions, and this meant great toil and loss of valuable time.

In March the stag, Fleche, could take a large amount of provisions and the necessary equipment on a toboggan, and make the trip quickly. The route would take them up the river to the first cascade at Holy Rood Island; then across the Barrens to Little River Lake. Traversing this they would ascend the mountains by the slope which inclines to the south end of the lake. Once on the summit the going would be easy down towards Sandy Lake and the Rocky Plain. To the eastward of this a valley with fine trees would give them an ideal camping ground contiguous to the country they meant to explore. Laetitia would accompany them on this trip, as she was most competent to manage the stag. After the spring farm work had been attended to, it was proposed to hire a man to look after the place; then Emile and Gil would visit the cache and put things in order for a long stay that fall, after Alone and the Wayne boys had returned from Labrador.

Thus were the plans matured, and with this understanding the labours of all were directed in such a way as to ensure the utmost harmony in the fulfilment of the design.

Laetitia, as soon as she heard she was to accompany her father and her brothers on their trip to the mountains in March, was in high glee and ran at once to whisper the secret in the ear of Fleche. Every day she talked over the trip with her pet, and he in apparent effort to understand what all the excitement meant (but instinctively guessing it would mean serious work for him and for his mistress) would stretch out his beautiful neck and throwing back his magnificent antlers till they arched above his withers, with great lustrous eyes distended, look away towards the snow-clad mountains. If he could speak it might have been to tell her it was a perilous trip she was to undertake in March. Then, lowering his head, he would look wistfully and lovingly at the girl, and in his big brown eyes blazed a light that showed the fibre and proud courage of one of nature's most beautiful animals. The light which burned in those melting eyes spoke of a noble determination that come what might his little mistress would know what animal love and devotion meant.

Should storms come, or wolves assail them, would not his fleet feet fly faster than the storm and would not his branching antlers prove formidable weapons against the ravishing prowlers of the forest and open country when the deer are rearing their tender fawns. Yes, little mistress, Fleche will carry you safely despite the perils of storm and wolf.

The winter wore away, and March, with its longer days and keen frosty nights and sudden storms, was approaching. Alone and the boys, Laetitia and Fleche were all prepared for their departure into the mountains and then one fine morning when all seemed propitious a start was made. The ice on the river was smooth as glass and Fleche experienced no difficulty in drawing the laden toboggan. Perched on the load, well wrapped in a robe made from a black bear's hide, was Laetitia, who kept talking to her pet with many endearments and encouraging words. No stop was made until about noon when the north end of the lake was reached, and here under the branches of a pine a fire was made and lunch prepared which they all greatly enjoyed. Some hay and reindeer moss were given Fleche who seemed to relish the mixture very much.

After lunch the journey was resumed to the south end of the lake. Here it was wisely considered best to remain for the night. No shelter was available

in the hills, and to attempt to reach the woods on the other side of Rocky Plain that day would be too great a risk. The weather was fine and there were no signs of a storm so they made their halt for the night. Moreover there was a hunter's wigwam near the head of the lake in which they could take shelter and here also was a splendid supply of wood for the fire it would be necessary to keep burning all night in the centre of the coneshaped Indian dwelling. On a mat of pine boughs around this fire, blankets were spread; and when night came they all slept very comfortably; the men rousing themselves now and then to keep dry wood piled on the fire.

Next morning, an early start was made again. This time no noon day halt was made, but the journey continued without a stop until in mid-afternoon Rocky Plain was passed and the shelter of the wood was reached where it was intended to make the cache. The trip across the hills was quite pleasant and a new experience to Laetitia. No deer or wolves were seen, but ptarmigan were plentiful wherever a patch of bare ground or clump of trees appeared above the snow.

Arrived at the selected spot a small clearing was made and a tent erected. A sort of stable made with poles and boughs of spruce and pine was quickly put up to shelter Fleche, who was accustomed to being so stabled. Till night the animal was permitted to roam about, but he never wandered far from the sight of his young mistress.

The cache was built in a very short time and soon the return trip was begun; some delay being caused by the appearance of a small herd of deer from which Alone thought he would try to get a fat doe. Bidding Emile return to the cache with Laetitia and Fleche, Alone took Gil with him to assist in the event of a deer being secured. In this he was successful, but the day was far spent when he and Gil returned, so it was decided they should spend another night in the shelter of the woods rather than hurry and be caught out on the hills unable to make Little River Lake before dark. The weather was still fine but clouds which had been piling up since noon now obscured the sky and those portents of coming bad weather—those long streaming rays which pour down from the clouds and which the French call *le barbe de la chat*—segmented the south-west. Alone took note of these and although he knew they meant bad weather he believed there might be time to reach the lake before it came on if an early start were made in the morning. Laetitia, too inexperienced to anticipate anything wicked in such phenomena, saw nothing but the beauty of the rays. She thought they resembled cascades of silver and gold tumbling down from mountains of verde antique. The clouds had the look, she said, of the beautiful stone slab

her father had brought home from one of his trips, now used as a table top in her mother's room. When the rays were narrow they reminded her of the streamers in the Maypole Dance, only in this case the ribbons were all of one or two colours.

"You had better write a poem about the rays," laughed Gil, giving his sister an affectionate hug.

"Don't the sailors, in their own rough way, attach to these rays a resemblance to some parts of a ship's rigging?" asked Emile.

"Yes," said Alone "and sailors are very apt in applying terms from their own calling to natural objects and various phenomena. When they see those rays which we call the Cat's Whiskers, they compare them to part of the ship's rigging and therefore they become to them 'Stays' which as a fact they greatly resemble. At such a time the sailor says 'Jack is setting his backstage'. 'Jack' in the ready speech of the seaman is the common name applied to the genus Matelot."

Another night passed, and just as dawn was breaking over the eastern sky the sled was made ready and Fleche, impatient to go, stood by in his harness. A little snow was falling; the wind from the south-east was light; but a storm was plainly imminent. The question was: could they reach Little River Gulch before it had developed its fury? Thanks to Fleche, who seemed to sense danger, the party slid down the declivity into the valley just as the first wild rush of wind sent its clouds of blinding drift across the heights. In a short time the lake lay before them, but its course was now hidden in the drift which obliterated all objects and whirled around the forms huddled in the lea of the wood, discussing whether to go on or stay. The alternative was not a cheerful one and both projects meant extreme danger. To wait might mean in a few hours a stretch of open water where now lay the frozen lake, and a south-easter often brought heavy rains which would make the mountains impossible of travel. Should they go on, the ice might break even as they travelled upon it and the consequent destruction of the whole party. Under the impact of the Niagara of concentrated windy violence pouring down from the mountains through the narrow gorge, that ice, now about two feet thick, would rip into fragments as readily as does the soap bubble under a child's breath. Alone knew; he had seen it happen.

Could Fleche keep his feet and find his way in the smothering drift it was decided it would be best for them to go on; and Fleche seeming to know what was required of him headed down the lake before the blast. Soon all trace of land was smothered up in the welter of drift. On, the faithful animal

went; his sharp hoofs biting into the ice at every gallant stride. The roar of the tempest was deafening, and even a shout from one to the other could not be heard. Presently there came one awful rending tumult of sound. The ice—the ice had given way behind them, and already the water was flying over them in drenching showers from the exposed surface! Then pieces of ice began to rumble past them over the slippery surface. Another crashing, tearing sound, and they could feel the tremor under them! The break was extending; for under the assault of wind and wave and the bombardment of its own broken pieces the remaining ice had to give way.

“Go on, good Fleche!” cried Laetitia, although she knew no sound could reach the tortured ears of the noble beast. The animal needed no urging from his little mistress: his own impulse was driving him to make the greatest effort. He would bring his little mistress to the safety of the wood or break his heart in the attempt. He fairly flew over the ice; but behind them—its awful menace drawing nearer and nearer—the watery gap was extending; the broken edge was now like the advance of a lava flow on a devoted village, and the noise of rending ice as it tore onward was startling. It was now but a scant hundred yards behind them, and rents were making under their sled as the deer flew onward. Into one of these cracks the deer plunged up to his knees, and fell; but in an instant was on his feet again and away! They were now but half a mile from the end of the lake, and here a bend to the west must have been instinctively felt by the flying animal, for he turned sharply in that direction. No land could be seen, but presently a lull in the wind gave the occupants of the sled a chance to see the shadowy form of high land above them and this promontory it was which broke the fury of the storm. They were safe at last! And just as they left the ice its surface was thrown up as if by the force of a violent explosion. The broken sheets of ice, driven before the gale, were forced under the surface and these masses were in time able to exert an irruptive force upwards sufficient to first heave the mass into ridges and finally to rend the standing surface. The whole lake was now like a sea in a storm, and the ice was running up the beach, overwhelming trees and rocks in its destructive path.

There was distress among the band of human beings who had just escaped the threatened destruction. Fleche, to whose fleetness and devotion they owed their lives, having seen his dear mistress safe in the sheltering arm of the forest collapsed at her feet. Down beside him she dropped on her knees and cried pitifully as she held his head languid in her lap, for she believed he was dying. He was not dead, however, and in a little while opened his eyes and looked up at her. Then he stirred and tried to get to his feet. Alone, who was accustomed to dealing with disabled animals and was

very skilful as a veterinarian, began at once to try his skill at resuscitation. He found it was a case of extreme exhaustion and felt sure that in a little while Fleche would be quite active again. He discovered, however, one badly injured front leg, the injury caused by the fall after having put his foot into the crack in the ice, and this was necessarily more serious. As the animal lay, a shelter was quickly made above him, and after a fire had been made in the tent, which they lost no time erecting in the quiet of the woods, hot fomentations and bandages were applied to the injured limb. After a little time Laetitia had the joy of seeing her pet rise to his feet, a bit shakily at first but recovering strength rapidly.

There was happiness amongst them all when Laetitia brought this good news to her father and brothers, for they all felt that the devotion of the fine animal alone saved the lives of the party. They had loved him before, but what could be said of their regard for him now?

In the shelter of the woods, with a high ridge to break the force of the gale, the party spent a comfortable night. Just as daylight was breaking Laetitia and her brothers were out to see how Fleche was. They were delighted to find he had quite recovered from the effects of his exhaustion, although his leg was still sore and swollen. They could not travel that day, as the storm was still raging. By the next day Fleche would probably be in a condition to walk, if the road permitted.

When the storm finally ceased, as it did in the afternoon, a scene of indescribable confusion met the astonished gaze. There were five square miles of heavy ice piled in every fantastic form in about five acres, total area. Fortunately the bay, through which the waters of the lake discharged themselves into the river, remained unbroken; otherwise the party of adventurers would have been forced to make their way some distance through a badly encumbered wood.

The following day broke fine and clear, so the journey homeward was resumed. Fleche, limping a bit, was able to travel slowly. The road over the barren and down the river offering no obstacle, Alone and his little band arrived safely at home late in the evening. A joyous little band, and a joyous welcome awaiting them, for Mrs. Lalonde and Gabrielle were filled with much anxiety because of the storm.

When the story of how Fleche had nearly died in his brave flight over the storm-swept lake was told, no hero of ancient or modern times ever received such praise or endearments as were bestowed upon him. In the genuine feeling of admiration and affection for the noble animal no praise

was considered too extravagant. Laetitia said if she were a poet she would write his story in deathless verse.

“But she is a poet, mother dear. You should have heard her romantic thoughts about the ‘Cat’s Whiskers’,” broke in Gil.

“For shame, Gil!” exclaimed Mrs. Lalonde. “I am sure when your little sister does see fit to write verses her inspiration will not come from so common a source as the cat’s whiskers. Useful as they are I can’t see how they would move a poet to sing their praises.”

“Useful! Why, Mother, they have but one use and that is a very sure safeguard to those travelling the wild who know how to interpret their meaning. They are really beautiful too. Laetitia likened them to cataracts of gold and silver flowing from mountains of verde antique!”

“What is the boy talking about! Has the storm so upset him as to rob him of his senses?”

“I am talking, mother dear, of the phenomenon of the sky which we call the ‘Cat’s Whiskers’ because these rays of light from the sun, passing through rents in the clouds, so much resemble those feline adornments.”

At this juncture there was a hearty laugh in which Mrs. Lalonde joined. When this had subsided she said to Laetitia.

“I think, dear, your description of the stream of light is very poetical indeed; but really, ma petite, I would be more surprised at your writing poetry than a book on wild adventure.”

“Mother dear, does not wild adventure nourish and indeed waken the slumbering poet within one? That storm on the mountains and Fleche’s gallant flight down the lake as the storm demons worked so desperately for our destruction could inspire the greatest dullard to rapture! An epic poem lies concealed in my mute heart which I am not gifted enough—alas!—to express. One may, by chance, be capable of giving a pretty name to a thing, yet be quite incapable of writing a line of poetry.”

“True, my dear. There are many ‘mute, inglorious Miltons’. If this were not true there would be few to read the works of Milton or appreciate his words.”

“I think, Mother, Milton would not scorn to describe that storm—perhaps in an added stanza to ‘Paradise Lost’. I wonder, mother dear, if the strange spirits who haunted the poor Micmac may not be some of those fallen angels?”



“What an absurd fancy, child, you entertain. But has not your father told you of the strange race who inhabited this country nearly two thousand years ago? It is the belief in the existence of this race, now extinct, which leads your father to spend so much of his time exploring the mountains. Gustave, have you explained to Laetitia what you seek in those wild mountains?” asked Mrs. Lalonde.

“Oh yes, I believe I have told her, and I intend to take her with me some day, for her sharp young eyes may see that which my dulling sight may miss. By the way, I wonder if Parsons has returned and brought any news from Halifax? I expect a letter from Richmond and Jefferson.”

“A ship, which the neighbours say is the *Alice*, came in the Bight this afternoon, dipped her pennant, and then sailing out disappeared behind Pointe Rosier, evidently bound to Codroy,” said Gabrielle.

“If that be the *Alice*, Parsons has made another of those famous trips of his. He must have been caught in the south-east storm, and the *Alice*, being a staunch ship, he sought no harbour but drove right on with such a favouring slant. We may expect Parsons here to-morrow with the mail if the *Alice* really got to Codroy to-day. I should like to get a letter from the Wayne boys to know how they are getting on as it is now some months since they left us, and save for the messages they were able to send when Parsons returned from that trip we have not had a word from them—not that it is any fault of theirs, for we have no packets and only an occasional ship to bring us any news from the world outside, and none in winter.”

In the morning Alone was about his business of seeing to things about the place with that imperturbable mien which characterized all his doings, and not even the experiences of the past few days had the power to deflect him from his remarkable poise. He was a stoical philosopher of the finest type, but one whose philosophy, pure and sublime, was rooted in Christianity. He took things as they came; was constant as the lode-star of the mariner, faithful to his friends and not moved by whim now to this side, now to that. The first thought in his mind this morning, after his prayers, was of Fleche. He was anxious to see how the injured leg was after the night's rest. He found, to his infinite pleasure, the limb was to all appearances well again. He spoke a few kind words to the animal as he fondly stroked its muzzle, and departed just as Laetitia entered the stall to see to the comfort of her pet.

His next care was to see how matters were about the beehives. He was pleased to see everything in good order, as having weathered the storm quite

well. So, from place to place he went, now attending to this and now attending to that until the morning was spent.

About noon someone spied a sail rounding Pointe Rosier and presently a boat was made out to be coming towards the entrance to Grand River. This was indeed Parsons coming to visit his friends and to bear news to Alone who was eagerly looking out for word from the Waynes.

Soon Captain Parsons was sitting with Alone and his family telling them of the passage to Halifax and the return trip in the storm. Doctor Wayne, who was down to meet his sons, remained in Halifax a few days and both he and the boys were on the pier to wish him good luck when he was leaving. The Doctor, who was pleased to hear of the hospitality extended his boys by Alone and family, placed in Parsons' care a large package to be delivered to them. He also entrusted to his care a packet of letters which was now presented to Alone. The large package was in the boat at the landing and would be brought up presently, or as soon as a man could be sent to assist him.

"Emile and Gil will go down and fetch the package from the boat," said Alone. The boys lost no time, nor waited to be commanded, for their father's wish was their will.

It seemed that the two Wayne boys enjoyed their trip to Halifax and had insisted upon taking a share of the work whenever it was necessary to hoist or lower the sails, or take a reef. Richmond was a capital seaman and could steer with the best on board. Off Scatterie on the way up they met a bit of a breeze, and as the sailors were engaged in reefing and hoisting a storm trisail, Jefferson took the wheel and managed it skilfully, while Richmond bent on the racks.

Parsons was quite proud of his amateur sailors and hoped he would have the pleasure of their company on the contemplated trip to Labrador in the coming summer. Alone said he had agreed with the boys to have them join him in that expedition.

"We wish to meet Iglolioti," said Alone, "of whom you spoke to Emile. The man, I understand, is on Black Island and is quite well informed and versed in the lore of his people."

"Yes," said Captain Parsons, "he is. I met him once or twice and was struck by what I would consider the unusual genius of the man. If anyone in Labrador can give you the desired information regarding that which you seek it will be this man, Iglolioti. He is an educated man and a linguist of

some talent. He speaks English and German fluently, having acquired these languages from the Moravian Brethren. You may find him speaking your own tongue.”

“He must be a most remarkable man,” said Alone, “and I am extremely anxious to meet him. You heard him speak a word resembling a word the Newfoundland fishermen have, as I suspect, grafted upon the native dialect. Do you remember that word, and can you pronounce it for me?”

“Yes the word is ‘Ogygia’, as plainly as I can reproduce it at this time. I phonetically spelled out the word in a note book and can show it you next time we meet.”

“Thanks very much, friend Parsons. The seaman’s life has taught you to be systematic and careful in the matter of keeping records. No doubt your keeping of a ‘log’ has assisted you in this matter. It is a good idea to make daily observations in writing by the keeping of a diary, or, as the sailors express it, a ‘log.’ ”

“In your cruising about Newfoundland and Labrador have you ever seen anything which may suggest an earlier race having lived in those countries previous to the date when popular history says they were first discovered?”

“It may be I have,” said Captain Parsons, as he meditatively stroked his chin. “Yes; I have seen groups of stones, arranged with a rough symmetry, as if they were ruins of dwellings; such groups may be seen in several places, particularly on the north-east coast or say from Cape Kiglepeit northwards as far as Nachvach. At one place, which is called Perry’s Gulch, such ruins exist. Here also is what closely resembles a worked-out mine. At any rate there is a very unusual opening in the side of the mountain and a heap of broken material, just as one may see it at the opening of a quarry or mine to-day. The bottom of this mine, as I shall call it, is level as the floor of your kitchen and covered with smooth sand. Diamonds, it is said, have been found here. As for inscriptions, I know of none on Labrador; but in Conception Bay, at Coley’s Point, and in Baie de Verde, are strange carvings which are said to be Runic inscriptions. Not being a scholar, but just a plain sailorman, I, of course, could make nothing out of these strange characters.”

“All this is very interesting, friend Parsons, and we may find it useful to visit those points in Conception Bay on our way home from Labrador.”

“Yes, if you find it desirable,” said the seaman, as he rose to depart.

“You must stay to dinner with us, Captain Parsons, if you care to take pot luck and a glass of your favourite Chartreuse to flavor it, or a glass of

grog if you prefer it. Only say you will give us that pleasure.”

“I regret I may not remain,” said the seaman. “The tide is well up and a falling tide makes slow sailing towards Codroy. Thank you very much for your invitation which I would be proud to accept; but if you and Madame Lalonde will do Mrs. Parsons and myself the honor, may we expect you to dine with us to-morrow?”

“Certainly; it will give us both great pleasure.”

“Then I shall be on the look-out for you about noon.”

“Yes, if the time be suitable and the wind fair we shall come in the sail boat. If not, we shall come on horseback. Now before you go, you must take a little refreshment.” As Alone spoke, he went to a large cupboard from which he produced a carafe and glasses, whilst Mrs. Lalonde, who had just entered, brought out some Gruyere and biscuits. Captain Parsons took a glass and pledging the health of his kindly host and hostess raised the wine to his lips and drank. He then bade them good-bye, and repeating his assurance of the pleasure he felt at the prospect of seeing them on the morrow, went down to his boat and was soon sailing off in the direction of Codroy.

Not till after the Captain’s departure did Alone give a thought to the letters from the Waynes. He unwound the packet and found in it letters from each of the boys and Doctor Wayne for the individual members of his family. The letters were all couched in language expressive of the warmest appreciation of the many courtesies they had received while they were guests of the Lalonde family, and repeating their intention of returning in the spring or early summer. The Doctor warmly thanked Mr. and Mrs. Lalonde for the great kindness they had shown his boys, and as a token of his esteem and gratitude asked them to receive the box of trifles forwarded by the *Alice* in the care of Captain Parsons.

These trifles consisted mainly of things dear to the feminine heart, being made up of books, articles of the toilette, little objects of bric-a-brac and a host of things, besides confectionery of the choicest kind obtainable.

“How very thoughtful of Doctor Wayne and the boys. Surely they appreciate too highly the little we have done for them,” exclaimed Mrs. Lalonde, as one by one the various gifts were taken from the box and divested of their wrappings.

“They are truly most generous in their remembrances,” said Alone, “and it is good to know them capable of parting from us without breaking off

those ties of grateful friendship.”

The gifts so thoughtfully prepared were then distributed, and each member of the family went away to enjoy the comfort of thoughts which such an occasion brings to the mind. By this time dinner was ready, and the family sat down to eat and talk over their absent friends. The meal over, they settled to the routine of attending to things which, in such a household, call for daily attention.

Spring would soon be upon them, and with it new duties. This year the boys were thinking of the adventures in store for them in the mountains.

## CHAPTER FOUR

About this time, a young man, of apparently not more than thirty years of age, sat in a luxuriously furnished apartment in the city of New York, languidly smoking a pipe. He was well dressed, according to the fashion of the day, and evidently was the son of wealthy parents. But a careful observer of men might have seen something in the appearance of this man which told of a life not too well spent in the matter of upright living.

Beneath the surface refinement and culture lurked a viciousness which could not wholly conceal itself.

He was impatient now of something, and after a while this mental irritation broke out in a torrent of vehement language that did not disdain blasphemy and the foulest expressions. Was he not alone, and therefore without the artificial restraint and bonds of convention which are sufficient at times to pass one as a gentleman, when one is able to command the jargon and inanities of society?

He was expecting someone, who was not keeping the appointed hour.

“Where is this fellow Neque,” he grumbled. “He said he would be here at eleven and it is now nearer twelve. If ever a villain deserved hanging that fellow does. He’d kill me for a dollar if any one would engage him for the purpose. Some day I shall have to get him out of the way or else he will cast me off in the same direction. We can play a double game up to a certain limit, but not beyond it. We are too far in the power of each other and some day one must pay for the crimes of both. Ah, here he comes.”

“Good morning, Sparkling,” said the newcomer.

“Good morning, Neque. You are late and I am impatient, my good friend. Tell me, have you been successful in that little duty I asked you to take upon yourself? If you have, there is your cheque already made out. With that chap out of the way nothing can stand between me and the fortune of Miss Estelle. Have you been able to remove him?”

“I left him in the woods. His removal someone else must attend to. I am not in the habit of handling cadavers.”

“Just like you, you villain, to pun upon my words, when you know I have no relish for pleasantries of the kind. You fool! Do you think I meant you to jeopardize our whole scheme by being found with or near the corpse. He was killed by accident; he was mistaken for a deer.”

“I understand. It was quite easy and being so common will not attract the attention of the sleuths.”

“To return your jest, it strikes me as strange your name should be what it is. Some day I guess your neck will stretch.”

“Don’t try such brutal jokes on me. Your wit may be sparkling, but be careful where there is powder. I’ll brook none of your attempts to put this crime on my shoulders. If I hang, you’ll hang too. I only carried out your instructions. You were brutal enough to plot an act which you were too cowardly to carry out. Do you think to carry your hauteur, your nonchalance, so far as to make a court of justice believe you innocent when you point to your accuser and compare your culture, wealth and social connection, with the lack of all such things in the sot who charges you with your crimes. Believe me, Sparkling, such an appeal may appear weighty to you in your conceit and contempt for me, your wretched tool, but not in a court. The court knows that education does not make a gentleman; that wealth does not guarantee the possessor immune to the attacks of avarice which often leads to crime; that familiarity with the rules of society and the language of culture is no criterion by which to appraise the worth of man’s soul. Saintry sots and gilded hypocrites dot the earth, and there are many whited sepulchres. You may choke a man with a silk necktie: that is your refinement. I am obliged to do it with my naked and strong hands; that is my crime. You might drive the widow to death by usury; I, by stealing her painfully acquired little horde. This marks the difference between us.

“I heard you once, Sparkling, addressing your constituents as a politician, in the most polished language. There was subtlety in every mellifluous turn of your scholarly but flamboyant talk, and there was treachery and deception in every word you uttered. I thought, as I listened to you that night, ‘This is what the schools can do for a villain; they can make him a polished and perfect one. But they have failed to discover how to make a purse of silk out of a sow’s ear’. You shed tears over the miseries of the poor and the rhapsodies were such as only the educated can use, but which the gentleman never does. You had as much interest in the welfare of those people as the mountebank’s fortune-telling parrot has for the dupes who joyfully read a happy future in the printed cards he draws from the pile with his beak. Sot as I am and lacking in education I felt pity for your innocent hearers that night, and a strong desire to choke you. Don’t flaunt your education or your culture and wealth in my face, for they are all tainted and have been from the moment they entered into partnership with you!”

Exhausted by his vehemence, Neque sat down before the startled Sparkling, who had never heard such strong talk from his associate before. Hoping to restore him to good humour, and in order to calm the self-lacerated soul, he offered him the universal emollient, a glass of whiskey. This had the desired effect and soon a more amiable spirit took possession of the man.

“I heard a most remarkable story to-day,” said Sparkling, “about a fabulous treasure lying concealed in the mountains on the west coast of Newfoundland. I had the story from a young man who, in company with his brother, recently arrived in the city. They have been in Newfoundland recently and intend returning there the coming summer in order to join in a hunt for this treasure and incidentally to unlock a long-lost page of human history. They are here to select the necessary equipment for a long sojourn in the wilds of that country. We must cultivate their acquaintance, my good Neque, for if there is anything in what they say I intend to have my part of this treasure. I intend to go half and half with them in the matter: they to have the page of history, even though it must die with them; I will be satisfied with the gold. Now I want you to take this note down to the Hotel Rye where the two young men are staying and wait for their answer. You are to pose as my personal servant and confidential clerk. I am a gentleman who is fond of fishing and want to talk over the prospects of a fishing trip in Newfoundland. My idea is to get as much information as we can out of the two regarding this treasure. I shall not appear interested directly. I am an enthusiastic salmon fisher, already overburdened with wealth and not anxious for any more. Have another drink before you go. I shall await you here in about two hours. It is time to go out to lunch.”

The note Sparkling handed to his accomplice was addressed “Messrs. Wayne Brothers, Hotel Rye,” and read as follows:—

*Dear Sirs—If you can spare an hour or two from the business which brought you to New York, and do me the great pleasure, I should like to have you come up to my apartment to-night or any time most agreeable to you. I can assure you of a most pleasant time if you come. I was greatly interested in what you had to say yesterday about the strange country you described so picturesquely. I am an enthusiastic rod fisherman and if you can tell me something about the salmon rivers in Newfoundland and how one may reach them I may visit the place next summer. I trust you will honour me by calling.*



*The bearer of this note is my confidential servant, and will take your answer and instruct you how to reach my apartment.*

*Anticipating your call with the greatest pleasure,*

*Yours very sincerely,*

*B. SPARKLING,*

*147 McIvers Street,*

*New York City.*

With the note in his pocket Neque set off at once for the Hotel Rye, while Sparkling went out to his favourite dining place for lunch, satisfied that he had done a good morning's work. After partaking of lunch, which was with him a light meal, he returned to his rooms to read the news of the day and to await the return of Neque who was to bring an answer to his note. In a little while the latter came, and with a favourable reply. The Wayne boys would call that evening at eight: a bit of news which was received by Sparkling with a peculiar smile, a sardonic expression crossing the pale face and adding a sinister look to a countenance not prepossessing at any time. To his confidant he said: "Remember, Neque, you are my personal servant when these young men are here. You will try to act the part and follow my cue." Neque assented.

Promptly at eight the two young men arrived at the apartment and having knocked at the door were admitted by an obsequious servant in whom they recognized the messenger who had brought them the note from Sparkling.

Closing the door behind the visitors, Neque, with the most punctilious exactness walked towards the massive velvet portieres which divided the rooms, announced the presence of Mr. Richmond Wayne and Mr. Jefferson Wayne. Sparkling at once turned from a table at which he had been standing and cordially bade them welcome. He then invited them to take seats and soon had them at their ease and engaged in conversation. With consummate tact and politeness this Machiavelli first led his guests to talking of their visit to New York by enquiring if their business was progressing favourably and if they found the city attractive and interesting. He then became a veritable Cicerone, telling them all the places he thought they should visit and offering to take them round a bit the following day if they had made no other arrangements. By almost imperceptible degrees he led them to talking of their experiences in Newfoundland and the motive of their intended trip. This in turn led to the story of their meeting with Lalonde, and the strange tale he had revealed to them of the hidden or lost treasure brought to the

country from Europe by men of a pre-Columbian era. That this treasure was hidden somewhere on the west coast among the mountains running down to Cape Ray from the interior they were reasonably certain if all that Lalonde said about the matter were true. They told of Lalonde's belief that this race of civilized people had at one time inhabited Newfoundland and died out about the time the Beothucks or Red Indians as they are called first crossed over from Labrador. That this belief was not without foundation history conspires to show, although it was a chapter of the country's history not generally known. Lalonde believed that the race of men came from some part of Europe, probably Ireland, by way of Greenland and Labrador, and to determine this point if possible he intended visiting Northern Labrador where some tradition of this early migration was said to exist amongst the Shamans or Esquimo wise men. They were to be privileged to accompany Lalonde on the trip, while his sons would engage in certain exploration in Newfoundland following out plans made for them by their father. If the return from Labrador could be made in time it was arranged that Lalonde would himself, in company with the Waynes, spend some time in the mountains, providing that the information obtained in Labrador were of a nature to encourage the plan.

"This Lalonde of whom you speak seems to be a most interesting character and one whom I should like to meet. Does he know anything of the salmon rivers?" queried this master of inveiglement, weaving a subtle snare for the unsuspecting Richmond.

"He lives close to one of the best salmon rivers in the country, and it was on that very river we first met him returning from one of his exploration trips. Indeed this river flows down from the country in which it is suspected the treasure lies awaiting its discovery."

"Do you think," asked Sparkling, "we could arrange with your friend to guide us to a suitable camping ground?"

"It is quite possible you may be able to secure his assistance; but his two sons, who are well acquainted with the river, will be proceeding along that stream to its southern affluent and could I am sure arrange their departure to synchronize with your time of arrival at Grand River if you write them in time."

Upon hearing this Sparkling was visibly affected. He fairly rocked in his chair, like one who having laid a mine and lit the fuse is startled when at last the explosion he has prepared does actually detonate. He had hoped for this

very suggestion from Richmond, had actually prepared the ground for it; yet the result was so perfectly achieved as to surprise him.

With ready wit, Neque came to the rescue by asking if his master could spare him, as he wished to step outside the door for a short time. He had to call at the tailor's for his master's things, and closing hour was at hand.

"You may go, Neque," said Sparkling in his smoothest manner, his poise fully restored by the timely interference of the cunning Neque. "I shall not need you for a while, but before you go lay out some refreshments. My friends will have something to drink I am sure."

With the civility and noiselessness of the practised butler, Neque bestowed decanters and glasses on the table, together with biscuits, nuts, and those little savouries which are generally the accompaniment of wine and spirits. He then unobtrusively withdrew for the nonce from the presence of his "master" and the latter's guests.

Beholding Neque thus engaged in the capacity of servant we might reasonably infer long experience in this form of employment. He seemed to the manner born, whereas he had never served as a menial. His natural aptitude was such, that he might even have taken the place of a polished host for the occasion and not by word or deportment betrayed his poverty of training. Neque was one of those perambulating rebukes to the cult which snobbishly maintains (without grounds) the superiority of those to whom advantages derived from wealth, very often ill-gotten wealth, have fortuitously given a dominant position in the social world. On this issue the assent and judgment have been so long submissive and quiescent that the idea is accepted as a verity, in conformity with some other things we accept because some Aristotle has said they are so. In this way do we passively abide by the leadership of the bellwether from jungle to jungle, nor ever think there is a better pasture. Though rational beings, our reason is atrophied from long disuse. There is at least safety in this non-resistance and the path of the sycophant is made easy and pleasant. Yea, lord, Aristotle said so.

Suavely, Sparkling offered his guests a little refreshment. The boys took a little wine but politely declined stronger spirits. Cigars were then proffered, but were also refused with apologies, for neither of the Waynes had as yet taken up the use of tobacco.

Sparkling did not again touch upon the subject of the treasure but cunningly avoided it, lest by evincing too great a desire to talk of it now he might expose his future conduct to suspicion. He therefore talked instead of

salmon streams and the delights of fishing, “the gentle art” as Isaac Walton calls it in his writings dealing with the charms of outdoor life.

In a desultory fashion the conversation went on and on until the boys announced their desire to return to their hotel. Sparkling at once arose and shaking them heartily by the hand assured them their visit had given him great pleasure. He could not altogether veil the peculiarly triumphant light which shone in his furtive eyes for a moment. The young men thanked their host for a very pleasant hour, and invited him to lunch at their hotel the following day, after which they would be glad if he could accompany them around the city for a while.

To this invitation Sparkling readily assented as he walked towards the door and opened it for his guests.

At the door he wished them good-night, and then returned to his rooms, his face expressive of the gratification he felt at the success of his scheme to betray the boys into a full statement concerning what they knew of the great treasure. To be sure there was an air of uncertainty about the existence of the treasure itself, and only to a man of Alone’s temperament could it appear tangible, but it offered a gambler’s chance and a field for intrigue and the practice of a diabolism which consumed the very soul of Sparkling if too long pent up. Of late he had had too little to whet his devilish genius upon. He complimented himself upon the adroitness with which he had so far managed this thing. He held in his possession a complete knowledge of the plans of his intended victims, and as much as was then known of the probable location of the treasure. This was exceedingly useful as it gave him a chance to keep an eye on further developments without attracting too much attention. His disguise of sportsman would give him a pretext for being in the country. He was eager for the time when he would be leaving with his trusty Neque for the scene. Cogitating thus, in a happy mood he sat down to write Gustave Lalonde respecting his proposed visit to Newfoundland for the purpose of salmon fishing which he understood the rivers of that country afforded with fecund prodigality, as his friends the Wayne brothers had informed him. The Codroy River, being particularly well stocked with salmon and trout, also being the most convenient river for those coming from America, was the one he would like to try before giving thought to any others. He enquired of Lalonde if he or his sons could devote a day or two to him, acting as guides to the best fishing places. The Waynes had told him of some fine pools near the junction of the two main streams and here he would like to locate himself for a time, that is if he could secure the services of Lalonde or his sons, of whom he had heard so much. He

folded the paper, but did not seal it, as he intended to commit it to the care of Richmond who would ensure its delivery.

This completed, he walked to the table on which stood the decanters, and pouring himself a glass of whiskey drained it at a single effort and then prepared himself for bed. He decided against going out. Night clubs had no attraction for him just then.

After having bade good-night to Sparkling, Richmond and his brother made all haste to their hotel. On the way they spoke very little, each one being busy with his thoughts. Arrived at their destination, however, they began to talk of their recent visit.

It will be a bit interesting to note the divergence of opinion expressed by the two young men as to the character of their host of the evening. Richmond, who was the elder and possessed the gravity of disposition which often in the owner is taken as an indication of great perspicacity when the mercurial and gay are suspected of obtuseness and inability to understand anything but the superficial and self-evident, began the conversation by remarking upon the fine gentlemanly qualities possessed by the amiable Sparkling who appeared to him to be a man of parts—suave, gentle and cultured.

“Yes, indeed,” said Jefferson “he seems gentle, I’ll admit; but do you know I suspect him of being like Byron’s pirate chief ‘As mild a mannered man as ever cut a throat.’ I confess to a dislike for him. I got quite a start when he rose to put his clammy, nerveless hand in mine, wishing us good-night. While he was smoking I thought I saw in the fumes he was sending up a monster in armour, in its hand a shining dagger. Forewarned is forearmed and I intend to keep an eye on that fellow. I am sorry you gave him any information respecting the things we seek. I am particularly distressed by the thought that we are the channel through which that fellow is to invade the peace we found pervading the every-day life of our friend Alone and his family. It would not do to alarm them, or I should write Alone to give this man a wide berth. I don’t wish to point to the first little threatening cloud on the horizon and insist it is a portent of some violent meteorological disturbance. My cyclone may but provoke a catspaw on the placidity of our life and not a devastating comber. However, I intend not to trust Sparkling.”

“I fear, Jefferson, your suspicion is unjust and entertained without proper foundation. A cold hand often means a warm heart, and in the case of Sparkling the coldness you observed may be due to some physical and not psychological cause.”

“You may be right, Richmond, about the cause of those cold, reptile hands. But what do you think of the nervous eagerness with which our acquaintance gulped down his whiskey, as if he would have swallowed glass and contents at the same time. His everlasting posing deserted him in the presence of a potion to which I suspect he is rather too firmly addicted. I think he was rather glad when we got up to depart, and all signs fail me if he did not immediately have recourse to another large draught and then the hypodermic injection of some narcotic drug. He was just beginning to fidget after the manner of the drug addict. The large dose of whiskey and the exercise of a powerful will or some remnant of the fine self-control he must have at one time possessed perhaps kept him quiet. I know these cases fairly well from having heard father discuss them at times with brother practitioners. You never took any interest in such matters, preferring your beloved geology and permitting it to engross your mind to the exclusion of everything else. I am inclined to the opinion that did not this search we are about to engage in offer some prospect of profound geological study your interest in it would be but small. To you gold, I know, is just so much of the earth’s surface, so much rock as it were, and very little of anything else. A cave lined with gold would have for you the same interest as a grotto filled with travertine or hung with stalactites. A fossil in its stoney bed would interest you more than a diamond in its banked vein. It is said ‘Poets are born; not made’, and I think it must be the same with geologists.”

“Your impeachment is very severe, brother mine, but perhaps it is as well to admit it and throw myself on the mercy of the court where I expect to find great clemency if the really upright judge can forget in the presence of an accused brother his impartiality to the extent of just a small concession to fraternal sentiment.”

“I think by the style of your plea you might make a good advocate, dear Richmond; but would you begin by trying to corrupt the court? No man is to be adjudged guilty on his own evidence. You must submit to trial. But as I have a prejudice, I cannot myself be your judge. Let me, however, warn you anything you say may be used in evidence against you! Your case is suspended.”

“Even if what I say may be used in evidence against me, a love for my science which I greatly fear is being somewhat degraded by the spirit of commercialism which is invading it to the extent that men are entering this field to-day not from any love for the science and its elevating, broadening and refining influence on the mind but from purely mercenary motives. Education is the door through which they all enter. They have come to

discover that valuable minerals such as industry is seeking occur according to a well recognized law and not haphazardly, as was the early view, tacitly and ignorantly received. To get as far as where they think induction, like the lamp of Aladdin, is in their grasp satisfies this type of geologist and here all their interest begins and ends. This class of man can never add lustre to the science. They commit to memory as much as they can of the professor's jargon in order to pass their examinations. The interest of the professor is so commercialized that he is a specialist in the art of getting enough science into each dull head that comes his way as to maintain the credit of his school and position. Many college graduates are like the animals trained for the circus. The tricks performed by the animal are the reflex of another intelligence, certainly not its own. Memory and habit causes the animal to do what it has been trained to do. He knows no original tricks; only what his master has taught him. A reflex of intelligence is not intelligence, and often the reflection is bent where it meets the surface of the reflecting medium. The learning is spurious when it is so intensively commercialized, and it effects no improvement beyond putting the college stamp on the brow of its product. I tell you, brother, learning bears no relationship to genius; nor is the reflection the object reflected. As you say of poets I say of geologists 'they are born; not made'. Geology is poetry sublimated, and few there are who truly understand its wondrous rhythm and meaning. When I began the study I found myself in possession of a key to a treasure house whose walls are hung with poetry, singing at a touch a song that was heard eons ago; and I was entranced by the music of a world in the making. I did not know the name of the smith whose genius forged that key until Alone informed me it was Steno. Out of ten thousand attending college a fair culling might give you ten units really fitted for the higher courses. This estimate is not too severe as you can see by the rare examples of men who attain eminence or add anything to the world's store of knowledge."

"You are wonderful to-night, Richmond. I never knew what mysteries were lying behind your disinclination to get up intellectual steam. You seem to-night a volcano lighting up the world—my world I mean. Some day I expect you will surprise us all by the originality and poetry of your language. You are really eloquent and I am thinking what wonderful things words are, so weak and so powerful at once. How they can arouse the tenderest emotions or the fieriest passions. Words have very little meaning intrinsically of their own until someone breathes into them a little of his own spirit. From the lips of some they are still-born, while from others they issue forth like giants. Alone, for instance, is one of those whose speech never fails to flash with native meaning. He is never inane, nor his language cold.

When do we return, Richmond? The mention of Alone reminds me we are here for a purpose which has been fulfilled and I am impatient to get away as soon as you are ready. I would not even think it mean to depart now without waiting to keep the engagement with that fellow, Sparkling.”

“I am sorry you feel this way; not that I find fault with you, but conceding your better knowledge of human nature, I am sorry you find occasion for dislike and distrust. We must, however, meet him to-morrow. We need not delay too long with him. It is easy to cut our sight-seeing short enough without giving Sparkling offence. So to-morrow evening we shall depart. I will go down to the office now and see the clerk, so that all will be in readiness to leave when the hour comes.”

As soon as Richmond had gone from the room, Jefferson began packing; so filled with the thought of going was he, he could scarcely reconcile himself to wait till morning. The more he thought about Sparkling the stronger grew his revulsion of feeling, and he fairly shrank from the meeting next day. “I shall see,” he told himself, “that this snake does not enter the Eden wherein dwell the two fair daughters of our friend, Alone. I would not trust his kind in heaven, if such a type were indeed to be found there. In romance we follow the doings of the evil knight who ravishes as he goes, exacting everywhere and from all who come in contact with him tribute to his manly strength and redoubtable courage. The tenderness of youth and the beauty and innocence of feminine loveliness had no power to halt the devastating course of this fiend in armour, and when at last he goes down before another warrior we attend his death with satisfaction. Yet, despite his evil, the deeds of that man, courageously performed, must excite in us something of admiration. We unconsciously pay tribute to courage, and however we may deplore the crimes he committed we could not detest the man, nor spurn his dead body with a boot. But how different is our feeling towards the educated, the pampered, son of wealth and offspring of a more civilized world, whose misdeeds wear the cloak of darkness and intrigue. When that fellow is brought to the scaffold there is not a rag of noble vesture about his mean soul to arouse the tribute of a single pitying thought. We cut the rope which suspends him above the pit already dug to receive the cadaver, and before he is cold bury him out of sight. I cannot bear to think of the polluting presence of this Sparkling in the home of Alone, in the sight of Laetitia or Gabrielle. Shall the brightness and beauty of their fragrant morning be obliterated and their innocence contaminated by the miasmatic breath of this man! I am no friend to Alone if I permit this, and it shall not transpire that this Sparkling gains admittance to a home where now but love and virtue hold sway. Laetitia, my morning star, your lustre shall not be



dimmed if I have power to protect you. Thank heaven, we are yet in a position to prevent an intimacy between Sparkling and the family of Alone. He may go to Newfoundland and may even meet Alone and the boys, but he must not darken their doorway.”

Next morning, after breakfasting at an early hour as was their custom so that the useful day might be spun out to its fullest capacity for labour or recreation, the two boys took a walk down to the river where it met the incoming waters of the sea.

“How splendid it would be,” said Jefferson, “if we could come upon some vessel from Nova Scotia about to sail and could secure passage home.”

“And so indeed we may, Jefferson, for I fancy I see a vessel just out there which closely resembles the Lunenburg type. I think Captain Otto Sheir is in port with his new ship the *Dawn*, and perhaps that is the very ship I see out there.”

Here a seaman in the conventional dress of the salt strolled up and hailed them with a cheerful “Good morning, mates”; asked them if they were of the sea and looking for a ship, “Although,” he said, “judging by your appearance you may be ship owners or merchants!”

“We are not seamen,” answered Richmond, “although we might serve in that way for a run down to Nova Scotia if we could but secure a berth. We are anxious to get to our homes as soon as possible, and would prefer the sea passage.”

“If that be your sailing directions, mate; you may be able to get a passage on the *Dawn* if you see Captain Sheir. He is looking for a couple of seamen, as he is short-handed. You can come with me, I am just about to go on board myself.”

“Is Captain Sheir on board now?” asked Jefferson.

“I cannot say he is,” replied the old salt. “But I expect to see him as soon as I get on board.” And at this a merry twinkle came into the blue eyes that shot an arch glance at the youth from beneath the brim of the sou’-wester.

After rowing a short distance the side of a fine, trim and neat-looking ship was reached; the oars were deftly laid by and in an instant with the painter in his hand the old seaman was over the rail and making the boat fast by a rapid hitch of the painter about a stay. Soon as the boys were on deck they were invited aft to the cabin where Captain Sheir might be seen. Down the companion the sailor slid with the agility which long practice had given

him, and with the air of one who owned the place, invited the boys to descend. With alacrity they responded, and in a second were standing cap in hand in a spacious and luxuriously fitted cabin.

“Hope you haven’t hurt yourselves,” said the bluff old man as a smile puckered his cheery, weather-beaten face.

“Hurt ourselves! Why do you express such solicitude?” asked Richmond.

“Thought perhaps you’d fallen downstairs, you came down so quickly! I never knew a land-lubber but had to creep down that narrow companion, like an infant taking a first daring climb on a ladder while his nurse’s eye is turned.”

“We are what you old seamen call land-lubbers right enough, but we are both used to the ways of the sea,” exclaimed Richmond, a little nettled at the remarks of the old man.

“Well, well; you wish to see Captain Sheir about engaging passage to Nova Scotia?”

“Yes,” said Richmond, “and I hope he will come on board very soon, as we have an appointment to keep and must not delay too long.”

“You can see Captain Sheir at once. He stands before you. Please take a seat, Mr. Wayne. I knew you, soon as I put my weather eye on you, Richmond, but you don’t remember me so well. I joked at you about your descent of the companion just to try your mettle, for I know well enough you are a good sailor, though not a follower of the sea as I am. It is quite a while since I saw your father and mother. Tell me, are they both well? We were great friends in the old school days, when we first made acquaintance with the Golden Rule and in my case another kind of rule, probably a hickory one; for I remember well I was a reluctant scholar, while your father paired off with me by being one of the most willing. We had a zealous teacher; one who was determined to get the knowledge into you. If not by the head; then he had another method of pounding it through the skin! He was a hard master, but a good one. He had a hard lot to deal with, and the grove of hickory surrounding the school receded and eventually disappeared from the landscape—so great was the demand for good birches! But in time I learned to love the old disciplinarian, for the lessons he taught I am obliged by the nature of my calling to invoke constantly. His name was Doyle, and I remember with what astonishment I first heard him state that the sun constantly lights up more than one half the earth.

“But here I am forgetting my duty as host and taking the whole stage; neglecting to even offer you a glass of grog.”

Going to a large panel in the bulk-head he disclosed to view the contents of a locker neatly stowed away behind a division in the partition. From an assortment of bottles he took out one containing the choicest rum from Jamaica, and another of Port from the celebrated ripening vaults of Newfoundland—the best the world produces.

The boys selected the wine; their host, disdainingly such soft drinks, took a horn of the rum which he stated was good for man or beast, so that in taking it one need not worry as to whether he is a chimpanzee or just plain homo.

“I never did believe in taking bitters with my drinks,” said Captain Sheir, “and carefully avoid the wormwood of worry when I have my rum. Some people think rum kills worry. So it does, if you continue the prescription, just as the farmer killed the ticks by setting fire to his sheep, after having put oil on the animals’ wool to bring the ticks to the outside! Never take rum to kill your worry, lads; you cannot drink enough of it to kill the blues until their host be incinerated beyond all hope of recovery. But take a tot now and then to prevent the incursion of the worm which consumes. Here’s health to you and your sweethearts—for I know you are not without ’em. Who would be! And, by the same token, where is the lass who would not be flattered

*‘Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass  
I’ll warrant she’ll prove  
An excuse for the glass!’ ”*

So sang the old seaman in his happiest mood.

“How’s that for a high?” he said, laughing. “Have you ever heard a sweeter voice bellow from the quarter deck? If I were not a sailor I think I’d be a prima donna and sing on Broadway where I’d make the purchase price of a ship like this every night.”

“I think your voice must be an inheritance from some trumpet in the days of the Cæsars. When you sing, Boreas himself must turn green with envy,” said Jefferson merrily.

“True, true. For that compliment, lads, I’ll take you to Nova Scotia for nothing.”

“What do you mean, Captain Sheir! That my compliment is of so little worth that you receive ‘nothing’ as a fare!”

“I mean no such thing, my young coxcombe from Nova Scotia! I’ve a mind to keel-haul you for your contempt of your elders, or string you up to a yard-arm. I’ll have you understand I am master here and will suffer none of your impertinence.” Then, dropping the bantering tone as quickly as he had adopted it, the old man, turning to Richmond, began to discuss with him his plans. Richmond explained to him what their intentions were, and then told of his appointment with Sparkling. Glancing at the time-piece or chronometer fastened to the bulk-head, Richmond remarked that it was time to go; but, before leaving, he wished to know when they might come on board.

“Come when you are ready,” replied Sheir. “My ship is all prepared for sailing and I have only to clear at the Customs this morning. That done, I need only wait a favourable time. But, as the old sailors who drink salt water as a beverage are wont to say, ‘Shiver me timbers’, if I cannot wait the convenience of the sons of my old schoolmate and friend! Keep your appointment and then come on board. I’ll send a man for your things, and he will wait for you at the pier.”

“Thank you very much, Captain Sheir. Our things are ready packed and it may suit your arrangements to let the man come along with us now.”

“Yes, that’s a good idea.” Going on deck, Captain Sheir called the mate who was standing in the waist directing the work of lashing some casks which lay on the deck. “Mr. Turner,” he called, “send a hand ashore with these gentlemen. He is to bring their things on board and wait for them at the pier. They will give him any further instructions necessary.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” responded the mate, who then called one of the sailors and gave him his orders according to the Captain’s command.

The boys then descended into a boat, in which the sailor, was already waiting for them, and were quickly rowed ashore. Hailing a cab they engaged the driver to take them to the Hotel Rye and wait for a return fare. At the hotel they descended, and were soon in the room where their things were. Calling a porter they had him remove these to the cab. The fare was then paid and a nice reward given the young sailor, after which the cab moved off.

Richmond and his brother returning to the hotel, sat down to await the coming of Sparkling, who arrived in due time.

The three sat in to lunch at a special table prepared by Richmond’s order. The meal passed very pleasingly, for Sparkling was at his best and

Richmond was able to keep him engaged so that the conversation did not flag a bit. Jefferson said very little. He was ill at ease in the company of one whom he did not like. However, he controlled this humour very well and did not give Sparkling any hint that he entertained suspicions regarding him. In the course of the meal, Richmond told of the arrangement they had made to sail with Captain Sheir, and made it his plea for the abandonment of their sight-seeing excursion. For this alteration in the plans for the day, he offered apologies to Sparkling who received them with regal graciousness, observing that "Time and Tide wait for no man." He expressed regret at losing their company so early, and wished them a very pleasant journey home.

"As you are going by this direct means, Wayne, may I ask you to take this letter to your friend, Mr. Lalonde?" Sparkling asked, producing a letter from his coat pocket. "You will doubtless lose no time in seeing him, and if I am not trespassing too boldly on such short acquaintance I would indeed feel obliged if you will take this note to him. Acting on your own wise suggestion, I have lost no time in writing him regarding my desire to be accommodated with a trustworthy guide when I visit Newfoundland, and I have also asked his advice about the time best suited for a successful salmon-fishing excursion. I have added that I am being accompanied by a friend who will see to all arrangements regarding tents and necessary equipment, as also food supplies for an extended stay. The envelope is not sealed. You may seal it or not, just as it pleases you.

"I am indeed sorry that I am denied the anticipated pleasure of spending an afternoon with you, but we may meet again before long where the inexorable laws governing winds and tides cannot so control as to put me completely out of your world. Believe me I shall be greatly interested in your hunt for the lost page of history, and delighted to hear of what I am sure will be the successful result. To restore a link to the broken chain of historical events is an ambition worthy of the best effort of any man, and I shall be the first I hope to felicitate you and your associates if you can by any means get word to me. And now good-bye, Richmond; good-bye, Jefferson."

With this last salutation, Sparkling disappeared through the door and was swallowed up in the throngs outside.

"I am so glad he has gone. To me the ordeal of being agreeable in the presence of that fellow was a severe one. I hope we shall never see him again, Richmond."

Then the two walked up to the office and paid their bill, after which they proceeded in the direction of the pier where they found a boat to take them on board the *Dawn*.

They were heartily welcomed by Captain Sheir who introduced them to the mate, Mr. Turner. He then took them to the cabin where a room with two berths was given them to be their own for the voyage. Having arranged their possessions and put on sea-togs, the boys went on deck. The clanking pawls told them the anchor was being raised and they hastened to give what assistance they could in this heart-breaking work. With the anchor under foot and just ready to break out, sails were raised to give the ship steerage way when at last the anchor was no longer restraining. Soon as sufficient sail was raised a few turns of the windlass drums brought the anchor above the slime of the river and the passage had begun.

Nothing eventful happened during the voyage. The weather was fine and the ship behaved splendidly. Although now, she seemed to possess a subtle quality rarely found in new ships and never to perfection. Really the *Dawn* was like a live thing: native of the sea; buoyant, resilient in frame; pliant and supple. There was nothing stiff about her. She rode the waves like a duck, and accepted their pounding as easily as their caresses. She was the pride of Captain Sheir's heart, as he had designed and built her himself. All Lunenburg praised her, and that is praise indeed, for Lunenburg knows what constitutes a good ship.

Arriving at his native town, Captain Sheir was given a glad welcome, and to those friends who were on the pier to meet him and to catch a line, he introduced the Wayne boys as the finest seamen he had had with him for many a day. No derogation of his crew was meant by this, and none was felt, for they knew their Captain too well not to understand how highly he regarded and valued each member. As in his exuberant good humour he used to say, "They were all tried and found wanting—wanting to be with Sheir again!"

The boys did not delay in Lunenburg, but set off immediately for their home in Wolfville, as soon as courtesy towards their good friend allowed them.

At their home, they found their father and mother eagerly waiting for them; anxious to hear all about their trip to the great city. They related all their experiences, and included their meeting with Sparkling and his flair for fishing, although they wisely said nothing of Jefferson's dislike for the man.

Neither of the parents would countenance what they would call an ungenerous mistrust of a fellow creature.

They then told of their fortunate meeting with Captain Sheir, who extended the greetings of an old schoolmate to their father. Dr. Wayne received with great pleasure this message from his chum of boyhood days, and asked if the old sailor were as volatile and given to humorous sallies as when he was at school.

“I believe so, father; for his drollery is voluble and spontaneous, and his mind as mobile as the face of the sea he sails upon.”

“A big-hearted and generous boy, he must retain the same characteristics to this day. It is a surprise to me that one on whom responsibility never seemed to rest, who took life as a joke and the acquirement of wealth as something to be avoided like the smallpox or the measles, could have attained so commanding a position in the commerce of his native town. At school he was known as Sinbad because he was forever at sea when lessons came up. He could tie more knots than any sailor of the day, and could splice a rope or cable with ease. I saw him splice two pieces of ordinary thread so neatly that the joining could scarcely be discerned. He was forever talking ships or painting pictures of them in his copy book, and would give away all his books in exchange for a jack-knife. He appears to have been destined for the sea, and I am sure when he made his first voyage he had nothing to learn that an ordinary seaman should know. I would like to meet him again, for he was one of the most lovable boys, and I am indeed proud to know he is getting on so well.

“I suppose you will soon commence your voyage to Labrador now that you have all the necessary equipment secured?”

“We expect word from Mr. Lalonde at any time now, father, and it may be he wishes us to return to Newfoundland very soon. We shall proceed as far as Sydney, and trust to getting a passage across to Newfoundland. This is the course Jefferson and I took last year and found it very expeditious. At this season there are many vessels calling at Sydney on their way to the cod-fishery on Labrador, and one of these without much loss of time may land us at the village of Codroy where there is a French fishing station on an Island of that name.”

“It will be one of the most astonishing discoveries of modern times if you succeed in establishing proof of the existence of a civilized race in Newfoundland prior to the coming of what is known as the Red Indian, and centuries before Columbus. If it were not for my extensive and lucrative

practice, which years of toil built up for me and which it would be folly now to sacrifice, I would be strongly tempted to join you, so strongly does the romance of it appeal to me. I hope you may be successful. I should like to see Iglolioti, of whom you make mention. He is I am sure an interesting character. I would like to have an opportunity of taking some cranial measurements among these people, and to make a study of their other physical characteristics; for I think it would be most interesting by this means to discover what affinities there may be between those people and other races of brown men.”

“Yes, father; I see that such a study as you could make would be of great value to anthropologists, and through the labour of the latter, to historians; and it is a pity you cannot go with us,” observed Richmond. “But some day you may afford the trip.”

“Some day—perhaps when you shall have brought home this ship load of gold you think lies hidden away in the Newfoundland hills,” said the father, smiling.



## CHAPTER FIVE

A few days elapsed, following the arrival of the boys at their home, when a letter was brought to Richmond. It was from Alone and told of all the happenings in Newfoundland since the last writing, conveying compliments to Doctor Wayne, his wife and family, and ended by saying the time for sailing to Labrador was approaching. The ice had gone out of the Gulf and Straits and Parsons had his ship in readiness for the voyage. It then said: "If you can be in Sydney within a week of the receipt of this letter you can secure passage to Codroy on the ship which is bearing this to you. Enquire at Sydney for the *Proteus*, Captain Dion of Codroy."

Having read the letter Richmond passed it over to his father with the remark that he feared his stay at home would be very brief, "for it appears Alone is in readiness for the trip to Labrador."

"So I see," said his father. "And it would be as well for you to make as early a start as possible, not knowing what delays may occur between here and Sydney. At Halifax you may get passage on one of the numerous traders between that port and Sydney."

So it was decided that the journey be undertaken on the morrow.

Arrived at Halifax, the boys at once proceeded to the waterfront in search of a ship bound for Sydney, and were lucky enough to find one just about to sail. They had no difficulty in securing accommodation, and in a short time had all their effects safely stowed on board. The voyage to Sydney did not occupy more than two days, for they met with fine weather and favourable winds all the way.

At Sydney they followed out instructions by enquiring for Captain Dion of the ship *Proteus* from Codroy, Newfoundland, and after a little time located the vessel. Going on board they asked if Captain Dion were the master. They were told he was; and that if they wished to see him they would find him in the cabin getting ready for the Customs. Going at once to the cabin they politely made known their presence and were invited to come down. They at once descended the companion way and found themselves face to face with a pleasant-looking young man who said he was Captain Dion and then asked if he could be of service to them. "Please take a seat," he said cordially, and then waited for them to announce the object of their visit. Being told they sought passage to Newfoundland and that they wished to get to Codroy as soon as possible, he said: "To be sure. I am most happy to have you come along, if you don't mind the poor accommodations we

have to offer. You see we are not provided for the carrying of passengers. Our business is freighting, and consequently we reserved as much space as possible for goods when we were building the vessel. You can have a berth here in the cabin. We have two spare sleeping places—one over the other—there on the starboard side. If that will suit you, you are kindly welcome. But, by the way, how come you to discover I was here and from Newfoundland?”

“Our good friend, Mr. Lalonde, of Grand River, sent a letter by you and from that letter we learned of your presence and the name of your ship.”

“Sure enough, I brought some letters; and one was addressed to Richmond Wayne of Wolfville. Are you Mr. Wayne?”

“Yes, sir, I am Richmond Wayne, and this is my brother, Jefferson.”

“You are then the young men who were in Newfoundland last summer? I heard Captain Parsons speak of you on several occasions. You crossed the Gulf in the *Dawn*, and behaved like veteran seamen. Captain Parsons speaks very highly of you.”

“It is indeed kind of Captain Parsons to speak so well of us. We really did nothing to merit such high praise, unless he values us for not giving him, or his crew, any trouble during the passage across,” said Jefferson.

“You not only did not give any trouble, but you also helped avert trouble by your good seamanship and your willingness to lend a hand,” said Captain Dion. “And a sailor never forgets conduct of that sort. There is no man prouder of his calling than a seaman, nor more disdainful of lack of sailor qualities in another. It is no matter how eminent you may be on land, or how marked your ability, if you are not a seaman scorn is your portion, and any failure to display a knowledge of the sea makes you the butt of a sailor’s most biting sarcasm. Just you try ascending through the lubber hole, and no matter how you lay out on the yard, cast off the gaskets or reef a topsail or royal, you are a man marked for opprobrium from that moment, unless you do something to offset the bad start. The best thing to do in that case is to lay out the biggest bully of the lot. This is the surest way to winning the esteem of your messmates, and if you seal this good opinion by inviting all hands to a drink of rum you may do anything you like afterwards. Your name as a fine seaman is established. And let this be said for the sailor, he can preserve the name of a good seaman amongst his class ‘till the stars fall out of the sky.’ It is the one calling in which there is no professional dislike to giving praise where praise is due, or to burnishing it up by generously repeating it up and down the line. He takes delight in keeping the name of a good

seaman bright, just as he delights in keeping his decks clean and his brass shining.

“I understand you are going to Labrador with Alone, as we call Lalonde, and that there is a mysterious something in relation to an extinct race of civilized people which you are to assist Alone in trying to solve.”

“Yes, Captain Dion; that is the object of our present trip to Newfoundland.”

“I hope you will be successful in your researches in Labrador. Of one thing be quite certain: Captain Parsons will bring you safely up and down the coast; for he has a most intimate knowledge of it, having been there a good many times. No man of my acquaintance is better qualified to make the trip along that dangerous and rock-strewn coast from Battle Harbour to Cape Mugford, at any rate. I don't know if he has ever been north of Mugford Tickle, which is of course miles to the north of where you wish to go. As for Alone, he is at home in wild places, and will take you into no place he does not know how to get out of by virtue of an amazing self-command and surprising courage and intelligence. Alone has developed from the wild a great resourcefulness, and also something of the sailor's contempt for those who are not up to the ways of the wilderness. He has a great admiration also for the one who knows the bob-stay from a down-haul. Don't you ever get astray. If you do you will be to Alone as the lubber to the sailor. And don't ever brag in his presence. He is tolerant of many things, but philosopher as he is known to be he is apt to talk very plainly at times, especially where someone begins to swagger. Alone is without doubt a very versatile man; a pleasant man to meet; a scholar and a gentleman. His life, as far as I have known him, has been engrossed with this one great desire to remove the veil which conceals an astonishing bit of history. He has been engaged on it as long as I have known him, and in spite of the disappointments, he is unwavering in his determination and his convictions are as unshaken as when he first took up the long search. He often says, quoting Thoreau, 'In a perfect work, time does not enter as an ingredient,' and on this basis proceeds. I feel sure that with Captain Parsons to navigate and Alone to direct the business of the voyage you are going to have a pleasant summer. Labrador, though a cold and forbidding territory on first acquaintance; especially in early summer when drift ice often invests the shore or pushes its way up the bays; is a splendid country in which to spend a holiday, if one wishes at all for the unusual and likes to be away from the pretence which is too prominent an aspect of the popular summering places.

I suppose it is the wild taint in my blood, which makes me love the untamed and unexplored, the lonely places of the earth.

“You will find much to occupy your attention in addition to the direct object which is bringing you there, particularly when you get well down the coast. There you will have almost perpetual daylight. The days are long and unusually bright; and in the sky from evening after the sun has just gone down until his reappearance you will have the wonderful Aurora Borealis, sometimes of a remarkable brilliancy and beauty, of ever-changing array. Of course even in these latitudes one sees a display of the Northern Lights quite frequently, but Labrador seems to be the centre of their origin. Those who have sailed the Arctic seas or sojourned in that region over the year tell me that in the extreme north a display of the Northern Lights is of rare occurrence.

“Then you will find in the natives a most interesting little people, whose quaint customs will amaze and amuse you as well as afford splendid opportunity for a study of racial culture. ‘Cave canem’ is by habit in the vocabulary of all who visit the Labrador. The native dog, which is said to be part wolf, has an evil reputation. I think however the stigma is a bit unfair, and is a case of ‘Give a dog a bad name and ’twill stick to him.’ This you have often heard. The same thing applies to men. Many a noble-minded man has died broken-hearted, his name detested, because some evil tongue in an hour of malice had been set clamouring, and as it is said ‘A lie can travel round the earth while truth is getting on its boots,’ the poor man has little chance of overtaking the falsehood. He may obliterate the trail from a point near which it started, but the meteor pursues its destructive course and in time may return in its orbit. Man has a civil right granted him in the law of libel, and sometimes he may get redress, but it is after all merely an outward remedy for an inward malady. However, it is a right that in the case of the poor maligned dog does not hold. He has no court of appeal. Happily he has recompense if he has a good kind master, and, like a philosopher that he is, it is little he cares what the world may say of him, if his master loves him. You may think the evil spoken of the Esquimo dog does no injury to the animal as he is oblivious to the meaning or appreciation of what men are saying of him; but if you do you are in error, for the evil character attributed to him finds its reflex in the manner in which he is treated and the habitual ill-treatment. He is kicked, starved and abused. Cause and effect are here exhibited in closest relationship. The same applies to men. I am not a misanthropist by any means. No, God forbid. I love my kind too much for that. For am I not a brother to mankind, and do we not recognize the fatherhood of God? But I say I love the wild and unpolluted places most of

all the places on God's earth, and hence I love the sea, the largest and purest area we know."

"It seems to me," said Richmond, "that the sea breeds philosophers from out its pure bosom as freely as it breeds fishes in its depths. Captain Sheir is one kind; you are another."

"Perhaps it may be the other way about," said Captain Dion, "and it is most probably to my way of thinking that philosophers are drawn to the sea, where they find inspiration in every changing aspect of her ever-changing, ever-constant face. If I keep on talking hurriedly like this, I fear my reputation for philosophy may be dissipated with the bubble which rises on the crest of the wave. 'A closed mouth flies will not enter,' as Cervantes says, and a still tongue may gain one great credit for wisdom. I am sailing too fast, and if I continue to press so much canvas on her I may submerge myself in an oral sea. Let me see, what is my position? Oh yes, I just said perhaps philosophers may be attracted to instead of being the product of the sea. I wish to correct that, and save my reputation; for no philosopher would care to appear so narrow. There are philosophers in the woods, and on the farm, and in every calling. Hans Sachs was a shoemaker. Now I am proving how false and how ill-fitting is my newly-discovered reputation. I am too wasteful of words and I have every bell in my repertorial steeple clanging at once and making a philosophical discord and not harmony.

"Alone is a true philosopher and his words can never betray him."

"However it may be," Jefferson interposed, "whether the sea produces philosophers, or philosophers all go to the sea, it is certain one ought to come down to the ocean to learn many things. Without a doubt one must learn patience under tribulation, courage under threatening danger, as he treads his reeking deck under the newly-risen sun after a night of storm. He there learns under vicissitudes of storm and calm the lessons of faith and hope—which are the parents of charity; and these are, I believe, the foundations on which all true philosophy is built."

"So a philosopher has come down to the sea from the tall timber," said Captain Dion, "as if to prove they are not all sons of Aphrodite. We had better open a school of philosophy and I would recommend we begin at once, only I do not know whether we would hold our lectures in the woods or afloat. What strange talk for a sailor to set a-going, whose lead line should inform him at once over what deep waters he is sailing. Avast then, and let us be more reasonable and go and eat, or the inner man grown to a giant may devour the sailor which would be a poor thing for commerce. As I

must go to the Customs, I propose we all go ashore together and have some good shore food, cooked and served in style.”

To this the boys agreed without demur, for the hour of noon had passed and they had had an early breakfast. Stepping ashore from the boat, Captain Dion was hailed in a familiar though not unfriendly way, with a “Hello, Captain Gale!” Not taken aback, the jolly Captain replied “Hello, Bluenose” and shook hands in a most cordial way after which he introduced the two young fellows to Mr. Craig, a prominent business man of the place, who was also the proprietor of the hotel to which they were going for dinner. Mr. Craig after a few formal enquiries addressed to “Gale,” turned to the boys and began to talk with them about their father with whom he was on very friendly terms. He heard from them the story of their former trip to Newfoundland, and of their intended expedition to north-east Labrador; and was greatly interested. By this time they had arrived at the Hotel, and soon a pleasing dinner was set before them, following which they had a few minutes’ conversation with Mr. Craig and then departed for the Custom House where Captain Dion had business. On the way back to the ship Jefferson asked Captain Dion why he went by the name of Gale in some places. At this the seaman laughed, a sort of chuckling laugh which fairly bubbled enjoyment, “Oh,” he said, “‘Gale’ is the Cape Breton appellative for all Newfoundlanders just as we in Newfoundland call them ‘Bluenoses’.”

“But why are you called ‘Gale’?” again he asked.

“I really do not know, but I presume it is because we are so breezy.”

“Then why not ‘Breezy’?”

“I think Newfoundlanders might object to the word. There are many French people here to whom the term could have another meaning and one to which I for one would object.”

“Quite right. I never thought of that; and it might mean broken noses.”

“To be sure, it might,” said the Captain, as he glanced at the sky, remarking at the same time, “I think we are in for a breeze now, and it may be something more than a breeze before long. Have you attended to all the shore business you might have been thinking of and overlooked?”

“Yes,” answered Jefferson, “we have bought some fresh fruit for our friends in Newfoundland, and that is all the business we have, except getting our things on board.”

“You had better let me attend to that, as I know the place and know just where to get the porter we need who will use the greatest expedition in the matter and make a reasonable charge. Now if you will just come along with me to where your things are we can get the work of transferring everything on board over at once. I think it advisable to get ready for sea as quickly as possible, if we are to take advantage of a fair wind which I think may carry us across. The wind is from the sou’-west, and we are to have it clear for a few hours I believe. The wind is from the nor’d-east in Codroy just now, or I am no weather prophet; but it will be sou’d-east before we reach across, which is like regular trades for us.”

Pretty soon, under the capable management of Captain Dion, all the boys’ effects were safely on the deck of the *Proteus* and were put below. No time was lost in getting ready for sea; the steady clank, clank of the windlass told of an ever shortening chain binding them to the silt of Sydney. Presently the anchor was underfoot. A few more heaves and it would break out. A foresail and staysail were now raised to the tune of creaking blocks and the chantey of the sailors as they sang “Outward bound, yo ho, my bully boys, outward bound.”

The anchor was then hoisted, cat-headed and securely lashed to prevent its breaking away should it come to blow. The mainsail was then raised till the jig could not be made to move an inch, the foresail was then housed taut and the jumbo spread, and away sped the *Proteus*, a white-winged bird of the sea. On and on she flew, the smooth water bubbling past her bows and running in lines of foam on her wake until these were lost in the gathering shades of night.

Presently the breeze began to freshen and the *Proteus* began to respond in a way delightful to the sailor. Her sails were bellying to catch every bit of wind; her cordage all vibrant with music, and the lea scuppers a-wash; her deck at a slope which gave her smooth hull that lie where the least possible resistance to her passage through the water was met. She was now at her best, and making fifteen knots according to the calculations of Captain Dion, who was standing on the weather side watching with pride the buoyancy with which his fine ship was breasting the waves.

“If this breeze holds, we shall be in Codroy for breakfast,” said he, to Richmond who was standing near at hand, while Jefferson was at the wheel, taking the mate’s place for a time.

“She is doing splendidly,” said Richmond, “and is indeed a fine ship. I hope we shall not be disappointed in the matter of a fair wind all across.”

“I expect, as I said, as blow from the sou’-d-east by and bye, and a sou’-wester in the morning which is all in our favour, unless the sou’-easter kicks up too badly. They are terrible, and quite frequent in this region during the spring and fall. Alone has probably told you of a storm which overtook him on a trip he made into the mountains in March, in company with the boys and Laetitia. But for the wonderful instinct and courage of the stag all would have been drowned in Little River Lake and now lying one hundred feet below the surface. That lake is terribly deep and they had passed over the deepest parts before the ice gave way beneath the impact of the wind. The deer nearly broke his heart in his brave race with death, and though he injured one of his legs by falling, he did not slacken his pace till a place of safety was reached when he fell as if struck by a mortal blow. It is wonderful to note with what love and faithful devotion a dumb animal will regard those who are kind to them. I am sure that deer was willing to die to save Laetitia. I have a dog at home who saved my life once on a night like this. I was standing by the rail when a jibe of the main boom sent me overboard. In an instant and with an alarming cry my dog was overboard after me. I was floating aft, but unconscious. My dog swam up to me and by his repeated cries guided the boat to where I was; otherwise, they told me they could never have found me, the night was so dark. That dog is called by the mean name of Towser. After the heroic event, to do him an honour which I thought well-merited, I tried to change the name to Hero but would you believe it, that fool dog refused to answer for the new title! When I called him by the new name I had determined should be his I could get no response beyond an injured look and an expression in his eyes that said plainly enough ‘Avast heaving!’ Now what can you do with a stubborn brute like that? Had I only known the kind of dog he would turn out to be when I christened him Towser, I’d have called him by the name I wanted to give him after the event but which he ungraciously refused. When he was a pup, not quite so learned as he is now and not so conceited either, he could not know the meaning of his name and so it might have grown up with him, fitting like a glove fits the hand. That dog is perhaps a better philosopher than I, but I get vexed with him sometimes and then I call him Marcus Aurelius because I think he must be of that disdainful school of philosophy. His philosophy is only skin deep, however, for he plainly shows his vexation by at once getting up and moving off. We get vexed with each other like that at times. It is my fault, I expect; so I do not permit the estrangement to last long. We soon make up and it would do you good to note the joy which



comes into that dog's big brown eyes when I go up to him and say 'I'm sorry, Towser.' 'Avast heaving!' again, but this time a twinkle in the eye and a wag of the tail put quite another meaning into it.

"How many men do you think would refuse a title, or get vexed with you for proposing such a thing? We see the way men hunt titles; a bit of tinsel, a glittering bauble, an empty affix to an honourable name; and we feel ashamed of our kind. Towser is a good name, and my dog is no less a hero for refusing an adulatory title.

"That's right, Jefferson; give her another point or two to leeward," said Captain Dion, interrupting the flow of his discourse to approve of Jefferson's management of the ship. "This wind is dying out, and soon we shall have the sou'd-easter. The farther we are to windward then, the better 'twill be."

Then the Mate came up. "I'll take the wheel now, sir," he said. "You had better go below and turn in as it is becoming quite chilly."

The Captain and the two boys went below at once where they had some coffee, and then went to their berths. The night passed without any happening out of the course of an ordinary night at sea. There came a stiff breeze from the south-east which lasted till just after daybreak, but it did not blow very hard. The ship kept plowing along, and daylight saw them making into the land with Cape Ray about six miles distant on the port bow. The course was altered and in an hour the Cape was passed and the hills above the village of Codroy loomed grandly in the first rays of the sun. The boys were on deck by that time, with Captain Dion, keenly watching the land as they sped by.

"In there," said the Captain, "is Grand River, where likely enough Alone is looking out for the approach of the *Proteus*. At Codroy, I'll bet old Towser is looking out too. That dog has the keenest sense of vision of any dog I know or ever heard of. It is a fact, I am told, he gives evidence of my return while yet the *Proteus* is hull down in the water. He can recognize the sails and rigging, or he has another sense added which we human beings know nothing about.

"We will make a turn in Grand River Bight and salute Alone. He will then know you are on board. That is he on the look-out, I am pretty sure. See! There goes his flag to the top of the staff. When we get in near enough we'll dip ours and see if he takes note."

Presently Captain Dion ran his flag up to the mast head, and immediately lowered it a few feet; then running it up quickly, dipped it again and raised it. At once the flag of Alone ran down the staff, then rapidly up again. The *Proteus* again dipped her flag, when Alone immediately answered it by lowering and raising his once more. By this time the *Proteus* was sweeping out towards Pointe Rosier, and soon was lost to the sight of those watching from Alone's home.

True to his prediction, Captain Dion and the boys had breakfast ashore at the former's home. Towser was on hand to meet his master and to show by every way known to a dog his joy at having him home once more.

Presently some of the neighbours came in to meet Captain Dion and hear the news from the continent, which was soon told. Several of those dropping in remembered the Wayne boys, and were pleased to welcome them back to Codroy. They said Captain Parsons had gone to Bay St. George to load salmon and furs for Halifax some days ago, and would likely be back in Codroy in a day or two, where the cargo would be transferred to the *Proteus*. Parsons would then load supplies for Greenly and other fishing stations in the Straits of Belle Isle, taking on board at the same time the Alone expedition and equipment. Alone was all in readiness and only awaited the arrival of Captain Parsons. The *Dawn* was to enter Grand River for the purpose of taking on the Alone party and their outfit.

"I expect to see Alone in Codroy before very long," said Captain Dion. "For, knowing we are here, he will be anxious to meet the Waynes and take them to his home as soon as possible."

One by one the neighbours came to greet the Captain of the *Proteus*, for he was popular with the folk far and near, till they almost filled the spacious kitchen, which as in Alone's home served the purpose of sitting and dining room as well as kitchen and for this reason was made very large with the culinary department occupying one side of the room.

Like all other ship owners and masters of the day, Captain Dion was a jovial host and never neglected to carry home from a voyage whatever vintages the port provided. A good supply of the best rum was always to be had, and this being the favourite drink amongst the hardy fisher folk of pioneer days, the Captain did not fail to offer the cheer to his visiting friends. They were mighty alchemists in those far-off times, and every man had his own laboratory where he compounded not only strange drinks, but, paradoxically enough (or so it seems to us who have lost the art) knew of a way to compound leisure and plenty from the ingredients of time not

possible with us of this more intensive day. So they continued to sit around and talk while the glass went round.

Presently someone announced the approach of Alone's boat just coming around Woody Head. In a short time he and his two sons were admitted by Mrs. Dion. Captain Dion and the two Waynes rose at once to greet the new arrivals who were smiling a greeting and a good-morning to the assembly.

Captain Dion grasped the hand of Alone in friendly fashion, and taking each of the boys by the hand in turn bade them take a seat. Complying with this kind invitation they sat down and joined in the general conversation, not bothering their host to repeat the news which they were aware had already been retailed.

"I have here a letter addressed to you from a gentleman in New York, Mr. Lalonde, which he requested me to deliver to you as soon as possible," said Richmond, producing Sparkling's letter and politely handing it to Alone. The latter thanked him for the missive which he placed at once in his pocket, remarking: "I shall read this as soon as I get home."

Then the conversation between Alone and Captain Dion was resumed, in which from time to time, as courtesy demanded, the company was prompted to enter by some leading words addressed to the room by the Captain or Alone.

Emile and Gil and the Wayne boys had withdrawn from the circle of older folks and sat aside, forming a group of their own where they could talk enthusiastically, as boys will, of the summer's adventures.

Emile, who took the leading part in this conversation, made the Waynes acquainted with the plans his father had made for Gil and him to carry out during the absence of the party on Labrador. If the object sought could be obtained by the arrangements made for them to follow, much time and labour would be saved and the work of discovering the treasure greatly facilitated.

"By diligent enquiry among those who might know something of the course followed by the old Micmac who fell ill on his trip from Baie d'Espoir many years ago, it has been found that a trapper and hunter living in the Highlands knew where the Indian had left his kettle.

"Some years ago the hunter, whose name is Alan Dale, found an iron kettle of peculiar make buried in the soil where he made his fire one night whilst on a hunting trip. It appears that Dale in raking together the charred remains of his fire in the morning found the looped handle of the kettle

protruding from the ashes. The moss which had grown over it having been burnt off during the night exposed the long-buried utensil. As soon as father heard of this he knew at once it must be the one abandoned by the Micmac; for he had often seen the kettle with the old Indian and recognized the description. Now we, Gil and I, are to go to the Highlands; see this man, Dale, and learn from him where the kettle may be found. He is a very old man now, and it is improbable he will himself accompany us, but if he can give us some explicit directions we may be able to locate where it lies. If we fail to find it, we shall at any rate have a pretty clear idea of the course taken by the old Indian. With that much accomplished we shall proceed to thoroughly explore the country and may come upon some discovery which will aid our father later on. It is quite possible that the Esquimo, Iglolioti, may have preserved some of his people's tradition which hints of the character of the country in which the supposed early races settled. We shall be on the look-out all the time for possible relics, such as rock-carved inscriptions in Runic or other characters."

"We seem to be getting to a definite datum point at last," observed Richmond, whose methodical mind thus found expression in regular engineering terms. "The discovery of that kettle is most important, and I hope you will succeed, as its location gives us a regular point to which to tie our explorations. That and the studies your father will make in Labrador, and the gathering together of those Esquimo traditions, must put us in a fair way to finding the spot we seek. It will be great to be even the most humble aide in the unfolding of this page of long-forgotten history to the astonished gaze of the world. It will be almost like re-peopling the earth with an extinct race, a race of men whose history perhaps ran unbroken back to the Garden of Eden, to Noah and the Ark, to Moses, Abraham, and all those whose time takes us back to the dawn of human history. What a pity they are extinct! What a pity their history has been so long lost. In the study of geology, one cannot read in the rocks an unbroken record, for there are lapses, gaps, chasms which we cannot span, in the non-conformity of series with series, epoch with epoch. Here one suite ends almost abruptly; there a totally different order begins like a new creation, a new world, superimposed upon the other. It is like this in the history of men, only with the difference that though whole races disappear the species, the order and the class perseveres; there is no evolution, non-conformity or merging of one species in the other. What a pity it is too that the Beothucks have been so brutally exterminated, for we might have obtained much early history from those people. As it is we do not even know who they were. Some authorities hold the belief, tentatively at least, that they were a remnant of the abandoned Greenland

colonies. Others, from a study of their remains, say they were more likely related to the Indians of Eastern Canada.

“Iglolioti, the Esquimo shaman, may perhaps have some traditions relating to the Beothucks, and we intend to question him on this point. So, while you are seeking the track of the Micmac in the country between this and Baie d’Espoir, we shall be engaged on Labrador in exploration for knowledge regarding the race who, prior to the Beothucks’ coming, lived in Newfoundland. The archæological work now going on about the ruins of the upper Nile and about the sites of Pompeii and Herculaneum is most interesting, but the history of both places and the people who lived in them never was completely obliterated from the pages of history as has the knowledge of those people whose history is being sought so assiduously by your father; and therefore it is not so absorbing in interest as the work in which we are engaged.”

Alone now rose to go, and though pressed courteously by Captain Dion to remain to dinner insisted upon taking his departure. Seeing that he was determined to go, he was permitted to do so with many regrets on the part of the Captain and his wife. They insisted, however, on his partaking of something. He accepted a little rum; for in those days all men took a glass of rum to keep out the cold, so they said, and others went so far as to say to keep out the devil also. Whether it achieved either purpose or not history remains mute and we are unable to say.

Having toasted a health and prosperity to all, and drained his glass, Alone and the four young fellows, accompanied all the way by Captain Dion, got into the boat and pushed off. Raising the sail they sped away and soon Woody Head shut them off from the sight of their friends. On the way Alone opened the letter from Sparkling and read its contents. He thereupon informed Emile and Gil of the message the letter carried and suggested that Gil might, if he cared, write this man and tell him how matters stood with them. He said: “I may not go with him, as my time until our departure for Labrador in a few days, must be all taken up with business in connection with the voyage. I would suggest that as you are going to the Highlands you might go up Grand River to its main bifurcation and there taking the north branch to past the Big Brooks you can ascend the top of the hills, cross the Yellow Marsh, and keeping around the head of False Gulch descend to the sea shore near the Highlands. Emile probably remembers the way we went a couple of years ago. The way is not hard to find, for once on the hills you may see the Bay of St. George ahead of you as you look across the plateau over which the trail leads. If you go this way you could assist Sparkling to

ascend the river to the 'Meeting of the Waters', and there you might leave him after having erected his tents and otherwise made him comfortable. You could arrange to call for him later on; perhaps after having found the old kettle of the Micmac or discovered approximately where it lies.

"Should you have to go into the country without Alan Dale, you may find it best to cross the hills to the Big Level and so strike the headwaters of the Codroy which will take you down to where you may leave Sparkling. If he is really a knowing fisherman he will need no guide to where the salmon lie. Do not tell him that Gobidin lies near, or that his spirit guards the Kingfisher Pool. I do not, till I know more of this stranger, wish him to know where the grave of the last Beothuck lies. Perhaps he would disturb the rest of my old friend. Should he hear the spirit voice calling, he may think it is the cry of some lonely bird. Do not tell him anything. What manner of man is this Sparkling, Richmond?"

"Until one knows a man better than I know this Mr. Sparkling, perhaps it is better not to say how his thoughts regarding that man run," answered Richmond. "And I am sure you agree with me that where one cannot praise it were better to keep silent. One cannot prevent opinions forming, but we can prevent opinions spreading to others by keeping our tongues still. Sparkling is almost as great a stranger to me as to you, Mr. Lalonde, and we must not permit any possible prejudice we may possess to operate to the injury of the stranger. We must give him a fair show. You are too wise a man to be trapped by a villain. You do not open wide your doors unless you know the voice calling you from the darkness outside. You do not give your confidence merely because a silken-voiced stranger demands it. I leave you to guard the sanctity of your home with that wisdom which up to now has kept it inviolate. Nor need I advise you, sir, I cannot from very insufficient acquaintance praise Sparkling. I may not condemn him; I commend him to that scrutiny you are so well qualified to bestow and ask the privilege of your generous understanding, and keep silence."

"Your answer, Richmond, does you great credit and raises you immensely in my opinion. I thank you too for the gentle rebuke. Your answer is adequate and just the one I should have anticipated. Sparkling shall meet no ogre of preconceived suspicion on landing here. We keep no dens for the entertainment of monsters to be let loose on the unsuspecting and unbucklered, lanceless stranger. We shall deal with him ourselves, not in secret malice or pretense, but to his face. In that face we shall look, and in that eye discover our attitude. If Sparkling be a gentleman, from hall or hut makes no difference, we will try to meet him on that plane. If he be not a

gentleman he will soon discover himself. So let us await his arrival in this mood.

“Here we are at the shore. Let us leave everything as it is for the time being, but your personal effects we can take with us to the house where, I am sure, you will find a warm reception, and I know dinner is ready for us.”

Making the boat fast to a small jetty, Alone stepped ashore, a bag in each hand, and the boys followed his example, each one taking a part of the Wayne boys' outfit.

Very soon they were at the house where Mrs. Lalonde, Gabrielle and Laetitia received them with every evidence of friendly pleasure. Mrs. Lalonde thought the Waynes had grown a lot since she last saw them, and referred the question to a jury of the whole household for decision. The unanimous verdict was in the affirmative. The boys thereupon smiled their acknowledgements, and Richmond said he hoped that in appreciation of so much kindness they had not grown any less. “And,” he continued, “in token of our esteem will you please accept this little offering from us both.” He then placed the basket of assorted and ripe fruit on the table beside Mrs. Lalonde. “We have also some gifts to the family with the respects of our father and mother who have heard all about you from us, with the ardent wish that they could jump in the waggon and make a call on you.”

“How nice it would be if they could,” said Mrs. Lalonde. “I am sure I would like them. Some day, perhaps, they will come to visit us and to see the wild country we live in and what a wild lot we are!”

At this Jefferson could not help looking at Laetitia and wondering if ever wild rose were more beautiful. The bloom on her damask cheeks seemed to heighten as the lovely girl caught the shy and timid glance bestowed on her by the young fellow, and in her heart she thought “He has grown, and his lithe frame seems to have developed to the stature of a man still retaining all the grace of youth; so like a deer, formed for speed, grace of movement, and endurance.”

As if influenced by Laetitia's unspoken thought, Jefferson turning frankly to the girl enquired if Fleche had quite recovered from his injury.

“Oh, yes,” she replied. “He is now as sound of limb as ever and often takes a run on the shore as if to keep himself in practice for another long run he expects to have some day. And who knows but he may, before father gets through with this quest.”

“He proved his speed and courage when he brought you to safety the time you were caught in the storm on Little River Lake,” said Jefferson. “And he is a hero, just as Captain Dion’s dog, Towser, is a real hero.”

“There are many cases of such loyalty and devotion among the lower animals,” said Laetitia. “And very often they shame men by their nobility.”

“Towser refused a title which Captain Dion would confer on him; maybe because, cowardice being a disgrace, an absence of it or a display of the only other sentiment possible to sustain a decent reputation is but a negative virtue and so needs no reward. There is no intermediate stage where one may be of high repute and yet neither a hero nor a coward. If cowardice be the normal state then why is it disreputable? If heroism is the normal condition, then why decorate its possessor?”

“I have never heard the question argued, but I fancy Towser must have some pretty strong views on the matter which, being a dog, he cannot explain in language intelligible to us,” laughed Laetitia, and her laugh so thrilled the boy he found it difficult to restrain putting into words his conviction that she was lovelier even than Diana.

“After dinner,” she said to Jefferson, “perhaps you would like to see Fleche. Maybe you’ll be able to get him to show you how he can leap. Not a fence around the place can halt him for a second. He is free as the wind; and yet he never strays.”

“I fancy he is too sensible an animal to wish to wander from one so kind,” said Jefferson softly; and would have liked boldly to say he himself could be contented to remain with her forever, but that the words failed on his lips.

During the course of the dinner, which was soon announced, Alone told of all that had happened since the departure of the Waynes last fall, and gradually led the boys to tell of their visit to New York which they did, not omitting mention of Captain Sheir and his peculiarly happy philosophy which seemed to them to be the outstanding memory of their journey. All illusion to Sparkling, except in a casual and desultory manner which the conversation made necessary, was, as if by mutual agreement, left out. Alone was wise enough to know that the boys for some reason did not like Sparkling, and this was a hint to him to keep a wary eye on the movements of this sportsman who professed such a strong desire to fish in Newfoundland waters.



The meal over, Alone and the boys sat awhile to talk, and naturally the conversation now led around to talk of their plans for the coming expedition to Labrador, and the other trip into the Highlands and likely into the mountains. All was now in readiness for the work they had in view and nothing more could be done until Captain Parson's arrival from St. George's, which would be in the course of another day or two. Emile and Gil would await the coming of Sparkling, whom they would take up the river as already planned by their father. They now had time for a look around, and some short excursions along the shore or up the river. Some two or three miles upstream was an encampment of Micmacs at a place called Indian Head from a strange rounded protuberance rising from the general surroundings to a height of two hundred feet. The mention of this boss or laccolite arrested at once the attention of Richmond, who wished to know how they might get to see the place. Alone informed him that a small canoe lay at the shore which would afford them the best means of getting there at any stage of the tide, and he would advise the use of that craft.

Accordingly the boys planned a canoe trip to Indian Head for the afternoon.

Having seen Fleche; and enquired if the bees had wintered well, to which a very cheerful affirmative answer was given, the canoe was put into the water and the visit to Indian Head was made.

At this place they met an old woman, who said she had often crossed the mountains between Grand River and Baie d'Espoir, and could remember the story of a discovery of gold by one of her people. "You know," said she, "Indian no tell where he find gold. It is unlucky to tell white men; unlucky for poor Indian man. White man come, Indian go. White man kill deer, and beaver, and fox. Indian man no get any more deer, no more fur. Indian die. Unlucky tell where gold is. Indian know all the time plenty gold in mountains; no tell. Indian people nearly all gone now, so no harm say big gold in the mountains. Spirit country—Indian no go there. Plenty white men lost in that place when he go look for gold. Go some time; no come back; no find him. Bad country."

Richard heard the garrulous old woman talk as if she knew where the gold was, although she only vaguely hinted at its being in the mountains. Perhaps the old superstition, perhaps the fear she said her people felt that the white man would destroy their country still restrained her, though she spoke sorrowfully of the depletion of her race and their eventual extermination. This woman was said to be about one hundred years of age, and it was told of her that she helped her husband kill a band of the original inhabitants of

the land. Whether this was true or not, she seemed now in her declining years a pathetic sight, and she displayed a kindly and mellow disposition. She seemed, moreover, inclined to give Richmond as much information as possible, and invited him to the top of the hill from which a commanding view of the valley and the enclosing range of mountains could be had. At their feet lay the shimmering waters of Grand River, stretching away to the east till lost among low wooded islets and a bend in the course about five miles from where they stood. Beyond the river and a stretch of pine woods rose a series of mountain masses whose long axis lay roughly north-east and south-west. Across those mountains to the east and south lay Baie d'Espoir, where many Micmacs live. Across the hills lay the route travelled by the Indian who first found the gold and nearly lost his life in attempting to carry away the treasure from the spirit-haunted country.

Pointing with a stick which she carried in her hand as a support to her tottering frame, the old woman said: "In the back Rocky Hill is spirit country. Indian no go there. From big round hill, white man name Partridge Hill but Indian call him Mendo Kemden, you see green eyes shining some time, then him go away, no more see. Indian man hear much ghost shouting in that country—make him afraid."

To all of which talk Richmond listened with wonder; then, recalling the voice he heard at the place where he first met Alone, he asked the old woman if she knew anything about it. She said she did and that the place was avoided at night by both Indian and white man.

"Do you know," asked Jefferson, "where the Micmac left his gun, kettle and pack, when he became ill and was astray after finding the gold?"

"No," she replied. "But place somewhere in haunted country, back of Mendo Kemden. Alan Dale, him say him found kettle and place him call Kettle Hill."

"Where is Kettle Hill?" asked the young man.

"I not know. Long time no go in mountains. Alan, him tell you."

"We are going to see Alan soon, and maybe we can get him to come with us, or at any rate tell us how to find the place," said Emile.

"You brave man go in spirit country!" Here the old woman, to rest her weary limbs, sat down upon a fallen tree trunk and for a long time she gazed silently in the direction in which she said lay the haunted land. Her eyes became fixed and staring, like those of a frozen image. She spoke not a word; not a muscle of her face moved; but there she sat a long time, gazing

towards the east. Then she said, "I see spirits moving about in the mountains. I see some not spirits. I see a strange man there, and he has a gun. He is hunting. No, not deer, another man—and a girl. There he crawls as if stalking a wild animal. He fires; the man drops. The girl runs to him, falls by his side! Oh, what horror!" Then, giving voice to her terror in this piercing cry, she fell in a swoon by the side of the log on which she had been sitting. When she came to herself under the ministrations of the boys who brought some water from a spring which gushed from the side of the hill not far off, and bathed her face; her broken speech, which under the glamour of intense mental aberration fell from her as a discarded cloak, returned, and she looked intently at Jefferson, saying, "Strange white man hate you! He try kill you; white girl, she love you, she save you. No trust strange, false friend."

The young men were astonished at the words of the strange old Indian woman, and Jefferson at once thought of Sparkling. He was not by nature superstitious, but the words he had just heard gave him some perturbation. He tried however to make light of the warning, for warning it undoubtedly was. He smiled and taking the hand of the old woman lifted her from the log, at the same time pressing some money into the trembling palm. The old soothsayer expressed her thanks for the gift and told them she would pray for their success. The boys now thought it high time to be returning to their canoe, so after seeing the old woman safely to her home, they went down, pushed their craft into the stream and slowly paddled back to where Alone and family were awaiting them.

Arriving at the house they were greeted with the good news that Parsons was in Codroy and would enter Grand River next day, weather permitting, to take the party and their equipment on board. The boys heard this with joy, for it meant an early departure for Labrador where they were most anxious to meet Iglolioti from whom they hoped to obtain the information that would assist them greatly in their labours. They then told of their encounter with the old Indian woman, and what had happened on the hill. Alone heard the story with some surprise. He was astonished that Lorette, which was the name she went by, should have been so free of speech with the boys as she had a reputation for silence. "That she should be so talkative now, and that in the presence of total strangers, seems surprising to me," said Alone. "Once or twice before this Lorette has spoken in terms of grave warning, and it is a matter of tradition that her warnings are to be heeded. She is wise, this old Lorette; she knows human nature well; she knows what diabolism lies in the wickedness of men; and gold she knows to be a prolific source of crime. For gold, accursed gold, half of God's scheme for the salvation of

man is lost, and humanity itself laid aside that the very fiends of hell may usurp the seat. Yet, how much good one may do with it? What pain and misery cannot its possessor soothe. What consolation he can bring to distress. With it the poor and homeless can be sheltered, warmed and fed; with it one can spread the effulgence of truth and put learning in the minds of many who are forced by circumstances never to realize what power is lying dormant within them. Gold is a fine thing, sometimes put to bad aims. Man himself is nobler still, yet we find men willing to put their best and noblest talents to the basest ends. I am not fond of gold, yet I wish I had a lot of it so that I might without parsimony distribute largesse among the worthy indigent. That old woman, Lorette, with whom you have been talking, I have known for many years. In her younger days she was known for her violent self will, which is rare among females of that race. Her husband feared her then, and we called her Jael. Time has mellowed her disposition a lot, and she seems now to live half way between earth and heaven, possessing the frailties of the former sublimated till they blend with the ethereal splendour of the latter, until one may hardly know where the one begins or the other ends. Just as at even when we look at the glowing western sky we can scarcely tell where clouds and light mingle. No wonder then she should possess something of the vision which sees beyond the ken of those weighted too heavily with clogs of corporeal opacity. Poor Jael, poor old Lorette, many the weary load you have borne on your back, as through the darkening woods your mother instinct led you to where your hungry children lay, awaiting the venison they knew you went to seek ere yet the frosty stars had left their night watch and given place to day. You know, her husband died in some encounter with the Beothucks, it is said, while the children were yet too young to care for themselves, and Lorette had to be man and woman, father and mother, all at once. Her children are all dead now, and she is alone, although she is with members of her own tribe who do not neglect her. I wish I had some gold for her. As for her warning, you must not allow it to disturb you in any way. It is probably just a guess on her part, and uttered in dramatic form so as to enhance its value. She sees gold as one of the objects of your enquiry, Jefferson, and sees you as a young man apt to have an affair of the heart. She knows what greed for gold can do, and she knows that a lover is apt to have a rival, so she cunningly enough made the villain of the piece act the part of gold hunter or robber and destroyer of felicity at the one stroke; but she insinuates the idea that the girl in the story is faithful and comes to the rescue, and all is well in the end.”

Jefferson thought of his love for Laetitia, and disliking Sparkling as he did at once in his supersensitiveness associated Sparkling with the vision of

old Lorette. Hereupon he flamed up in his impetuous boyish way, and exclaimed, "If any one come my way to rob me of aught or to do me violence, let him beware! I will plant nettles in his bed of roses to torment him!"

"Well said, young man! I like that spirit, and I have little fear that you will acquit yourself as becomes a man when the hour arrives, if it ever does. I have written Sparkling myself, Gil, so you need not take the trouble."

"Thank you, father," said Gil, "I am pleased to be relieved of the duty, for to tell you the truth it is nothing to my liking to write this stranger. Should he come, however, I will do my best to see that he gets no grounds for complaint even though I may not like him. One's duty towards a stranger, you know."

"Yes; one's duty to a stranger is hospitality, my son, and I am pleased to note that you are not wanting in this respect. You may admit a man to your home, to the ministrations of an hospitable fireside, and this is an obligation. But one need not take the roof off so that he may see into every angle of one's sacred domestic affairs. A gentleman recognizes the intangible wall and never obtrudes or offends. The boor and the evil of intent are not restrained except by bolted doors, and often even these are not sufficient guarantee of immunity. When Sparkling comes, treat him with every kindly consideration. Experience will tell you how far to trust him. Do not give him any confidence and volunteer no information. Should he question you respecting that which should not concern him, he betrays the cur within him, no matter how silken his coat or clear his pedigree. You will then avoid him; for the prying man is not ingenuous, and a gentleman is never anything else.

"Well, Richmond, you have seen the remarkable protuberance Indian Hill, and marked its wonderfully smooth symmetrical contours," said Alone, turning the conversation into another and more pleasing channel. "Have you formed an opinion regarding its origin?"

"I think," said Richmond, "it is most likely the apex of an intrusive mass of granite which never reached the surface, though standing as it does in the midst of unaltered clastics it suggests the presence of a mass of limestone converted into gypsum by the action of sulphuric acid that has increased its bulk, causing the swelling which you call Indian Head."

"These explanations occur to me also, but I am wondering if it may not be a work performed by a race of Mound Builders. The superficial loose covering is surprisingly deep at the very top."

“But, sir, would not the spring which issues from its side, near the top, proclaim an impervious stratum which one might hardly expect were it a mound of material thrown up by the hand of man?”

“Certainly it should, and I quite overlooked that point,” agreed Alone. “You are right, Richmond; though even loose material may have a band of impervious nature developed in it in the form of a ferric concretion, but for this the loose material must lie in a drainage area, and such a band could not develop in a mound unless that mound is a relic of some more extensive and horizontal deposit now denuded. In such event of course the band must have been laid down prior to the denudation, and it is quite possible the mound may be a remnant of an ancient terrace or sea beach, a something we were about to overlook. Farther up the valley are loose deposits which no doubt are attributable to this cause.”

“Yes,” said Richmond, “during my trip last year I observed certain terraces or raised beaches from which I obtained some interesting fossils which I have not yet examined, and though these resemble present day fauna they are of an early date.”

“Most interesting,” said Alone. “And you will probably find your fossils are late Pleistocene. There are raised beaches in the Bay of Islands up to two hundred feet or more above present day sea levels, and along Labrador, so Captain Parsons tells me, there are everywhere such evidences of an elevation of the land within quite recent times.”

Here the conversation was interrupted by Gil, who came in to announce the arrival of a messenger from Codroy who said that the *Dawn* had returned from St. George’s and that the work of transferring cargo to the *Proteus* had already begun.

“He made a quick trip,” remarked Alone. “Tell the messenger to come in, Gil, as I wish to give him a note to take back to Captain Parsons.”

The messenger was at once ushered into the spacious room and invited to sit down while the note was being written. Gabrielle at once busied herself in the preparation of a luncheon which she knew would be acceptable to the youth who had come about six miles to deliver the message to her father. Soon the note was completed, and before the boy had finished eating Alone laid the folded paper and a coin beside him on the table, requesting him to deliver it without delay. The youth assured Alone he would lose no time on the way. Turning to Richmond, Alone said: “Tomorrow afternoon I shall be looking out for the *Dawn*, and the following day I expect we shall be off to Labrador.”

This was good news for the boys, who were burning with the desire to begin the voyage which promised them so much of unknown and strange experiences and which they hoped would result in the discovery of history long buried; and perhaps wealth.

“I wish that this stranger, Sparkling, from New York were here before our departure,” said Alone, “as I would like to meet him; to know something of him and his intentions. I have a presentiment of evil. However, I know my boys are well able to cope with him should he prove to be in any way inimical. He is bringing with him, he says, a man, a servant named Neque, which is a peculiar name indeed. But let them come; there is plenty of room for us all. So long as he behaves himself, his presence is welcome enough; and if he does not comport himself properly—well, we know how to deal with him. You now have some time on your hands, Richmond, to do with it as you see fitting; and if you will excuse us we must be attending to things about the place so that we may leave everything ship-shape—as we say down here. I have engaged a couple of good men to take the place of the boys who, like myself must be absent from home this summer.” And so saying, Alone put on his hat, stepped out into the yard, and was soon busy attending to the multitude of things demanding his care.

Everything being in good order, he felt satisfied. Laetitia would care for the poultry and the bees. Gabrielle would continue to assist her mother about the house, and look after the dairy. The two men could be trusted to care for the cattle and the growing crops. Laetitia would, of course, insist upon looking out for the welfare of her pride, the stag Fleche. No one else could, as a matter of fact, be trusted to do so, for Fleche had a will of his own in this particular.

The time passed pleasantly enough as the voyageurs awaited the arrival of Captain Parsons, who, as Alone predicted, came on the afternoon of the second day after his arrival in Codroy. Scarcely was the ship anchored in Grand River than the work of putting the things on board was under way. This work did not take long, and after prayerful adieux, Alone and his young associates in the strange adventure went on board to await the falling tide which would deliver them safely outside the bar.

As evening was just setting in, and the moon was beginning to transmute the gold of day into the silver of the early summer night, the *Dawn* slid out the mouth of the river into the broad bosom of the sea before a light breeze stirring up from the north-east as it always does in prevailing fine weather. During the day and from about ten in the morning till just after sunset a westerly breeze coming in from the sea sweeps up the valley; at night there

is a return breeze, but more gentle, from the land back to the sea, bearing tribute of sweet odours from pine and birch and scented flowers to the spirits of the sea in exchange for the ozone and fragrance of the brine. This is the commerce of Nature, whereby she reciprocates and balances her trade, keeping all her elements in friendly intercourse for the benefit of her children. The boundaries between her watery and terrestrial empires are clearly defined, but no customs dues are collected on either side, and all her commerce is free.

Out upon the moonlit sea rode the *Dawn*, her propitious name an augury of the success which her adventurous passengers hoped and prayed would crown their efforts at last.

If it be said that both Richmond and Jefferson spun out the golden chains which bound their sentiments to the land to the last tenuous link, their fond thoughts are only partially expressed; though to the onlooker no sign of pain was evident, no sigh audible. Neither betrayed by look or word the sorrow they felt at losing sight of those they had learned to love. They stood on the deck in silence until the spot which held the two beautiful girls had faded away in the deep shades of night. Not until the lights of Codroy had opened before them was a word spoken by any one on board except the very laconic utterances which sailor brevity conjures from out the linguistic panoply.

When the lights of the little village gleamed from their cottage windows, like stars on a black firmament, they so kindly twinkled that not one on board but felt grateful to those whose gentle fingers lit each little ray to break the gloom which otherwise might hang over the world, that is the world they could compass from the tiny plank which floated them on the immeasurable sea. The lights appealed to them all with soft and tender meaning, like words of farewell fondly spoken; and their scintillating beams like expressions of hope and cheer. Soon the bright little jets of light were lost to sight behind the mountains of Cape Anguille that flung their deep shadows far across the waters; the moon scarcely high enough in the heavens to fall upon their westward flank.

On the vessel went, close hauled to keep her as near to the land as possible in order to avail of the strongly flowing northerly current which keeps to the Newfoundland coast until past the mouth of Bay St. George. On the breast of the ocean stream the ship, in spite of a light breeze, made very good progress. Now the Highlands rose before them and the wide portals of St. George's lovely bay lay to starboard. Not till then did Alone and his two associates go below to seek repose. The moon was then high up in the sky, and not a cloud came across her smooth face.



Captain Parsons remained on deck till Cape St. George was made, and then giving directions to his mate, Taylor, he followed Alone's example and turned in.

The night continued fine, and morning broke clear and beautiful. As if to enhance the charm of the scene, streams of silvery vapour trailed along the faces of the distant hills and poured down the valley of every river, their upper edges showing purple and gold intimately mixed and interchanging so frequently that the languid masses appeared like shot silk or the chameleon-like skin of the cuttle-fish which darted hither and thither in immense shoals about the ship. Thus Alone saw the daybreak. But Richmond and his brother slept on until long after the rising sun had dispelled the mists which mysterious night had woven to decorate her breast when she rose to meet the day god in his splendour. Transient, evanescent were her robes, fitful as her short hour of glory. She came forth to meet the dawn and expired in its full attainment.

The day wore on, and that evening when the first stars were appearing Greenly Island was reached. Here the night was spent and part of the next day. Then St. John's Island, with its resounding caverns, was made a stopping place for a few hours. Richmond would have been glad of the opportunity to go into one of the shafts and explore the mysteries of its dark recesses, but time did not permit this; for the descent meant the construction of some form of device whereby he could be let down into the shaft and raised again. Some stones, however, they rolled into one of the shafts which after a few seconds brought back a resounding echoing boom from the Plutonian depths.

Soon after leaving St. John's Island, the narrowest part of Belle Isle Straits was entered, and Labrador and Newfoundland stood contiguous, as neighbours across some granite piled city street. Then Belle Isle was a-beam, and the Atlantic swell made lines of foam to seethe about the base of this lonely sentinel which through countless ages has kept vigil at the guarded entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Icebergs of many beautiful forms could now be seen, bearing down in resistless, regal pride, to conquer the broad Atlantic. Kings in their own frozen domain, they little knew how impotent their majesty would be where warmer latitudes and languid waters await them. Their savage arrogance is fit to cope with and overcome the tempestuous frozen North, but all their pride avails them not when they march to the conquest of the South. Their beauty and majestic bearing inspire profound admiration, and it is indeed pitiful to see them pine away; but their presence is a menace and they are not

in harmony with the scheme of Nature when they invade our warmer waters, just as savage hordes are out of place in the midst of culture and its vandals of old on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. And so with all their grandeur they must be vanquished or the chill of savagery must overrun the world.

Neither Alone nor the boys had previously seen an iceberg of the proportions of those which year after year sail down the Labrador and the east coast of Newfoundland; so the sight of the monsters naturally became a source of great interest and delight. Their translucent sides of opal and sapphire, fretted by wave action and sun into fairy grottoes and carvings of every conceivable beauty of form, shone and flashed resplendently in the dazzling glory of the day. Many a sailor went down with his ship after encountering those treacherous isles of beauty on some dark night or fog-dimmed noon-tide. Captain Parsons did not love those icy floating mountains. He had too much experience of them. He dreaded them intensely. The rocky shore he knew and could avoid, but who could know where one of those adamantine rovers might not be met; rovers recognizing nobody's territorial claims. Was not the ocean theirs?

Days passed. The wild coast of Labrador slid by. Now and then storm or fog detained the ship in some sheltering harbour, but eventually Nain on the north-east coast was reached. This being the first objective of the trip, the *Dawn* was securely anchored just off the Moravian Mission Station. Captain Parsons, who was well known among the Mission Brethren, as well as the natives, went ashore, taking with him Alone and the boys in order to get them acquainted and properly started on the business that had brought them so far.

They were met by the Missionaries with every courteous consideration, and were invited to take rooms ashore. This they politely refused, preferring to remain on board their vessel. They, however, gladly accepted an invitation to dine that day with the Brethren as this would afford them the pleasure of closer acquaintance with men of such outstanding culture as those men invariably are. It would also give them a chance of talking over the subject of their voyage and perhaps the shedding of much light on the question they would solve, namely, that of a very early migration of civilized men from Europe to America, via Greenland and Labrador to Newfoundland.

While waiting for the dinner hour, one of the Brethren took the visitors to see the works of the Mission. They saw long rows of firewood neatly cut in lengths for the stove and piled in an orderly way at the rear of the building. They saw stores wherein were kept supplies of all kinds necessary

to such an outpost. Passing all this they were led into a small park in the midst of which was a neatly kept garden wherein a surprising number of the hardier vegetables were cultivated for the use of the station. The visitors were surprised to see even potatoes being grown here in a place where night frosts occur even in the hey-day of summer. The growth is accomplished by systematically covering the beds every evening by drawing a mat of coarse cloth or wrapping over a series of wooden loops driven into the ground across the beds. This is a light screen but quite sufficient to prevent the rapid radiation of heat into the air. A light veil of smoke is more ethereal still but quite adequate to achieve the same results. In this way does man oppose the primal curse by applying God's compensatory gift of intelligence to his labours.

In the course of the conversation which followed from the visit to this garden in the midst of sterility, the question which brought them to Northern Labrador was introduced by Alone who asked if the native, Iglolioti, were still living and if he could be found. He was told Iglolioti was living at present on Black Island a few miles north of the Mission which could easily be reached in a few hours. Alone thanked the Missionary for the information, and said if he had a pilot who knew the place he would start for Black Island without delay. Hereupon the good Missionary called to a native who was passing and, in the native tongue, enquired where Samat was. Hearing he was in Nain and likely in his tupek, the Missionary asked the native to bring him at once. Shortly after there came up to where the group were standing in conversation a chubby, smiling little native who the Missionary said was Samat, a good trustworthy pilot who would take him to Black Island. The Missionary then addressed the little native in the language of the country and told him what was required of him. The Southerners wanted to see Iglolioti who was on Black Island, and he, Samat, was asked to pilot the ship to the place and bring Iglolioti to see the strangers. Samat at once gave a smiling consent. Upon being asked when he would start he took a hasty glance first at the sky to note the direction of the wind and then at the water to see how the tide was. Apparently satisfied with these observations he said he would be ready to leave within the hour.

“This man, Iglolioti, whom you are going to see, is a remarkable man,” said the Missionary “and retains all the accumulated knowledge which has come down through the ages in the traditions of his people. We make it a duty to collect whatever folk-lore may be current among the people wherever we establish centres of Missionary activity, and we have collected a great deal of material from this man. If you care to see it, it will afford me great pleasure to place the tome at your disposal.”

“It is indeed exceedingly good of you to give me this opportunity, and upon our return from Black Island I shall be glad to avail myself of the privilege,” said Alone, moved by the spontaneous kindness of this stranger. “And I thank you very much.”

“You are very welcome to any information or assistance we can give you,” returned the Missionary. “And now, here comes your pilot. I am sure you wish to be off without delay. Delays are dangerous; especially do we who travel in those wild parts appreciate that fact. When one has to move here it is wise to do so as soon as opportunity offers, for procrastination, even of an hour, may mean loss of life, or long delays, privations and danger. So now, my good friend, adieu; and until we meet again, God be with you.”

With their pilot on board, Captain Parsons lost no time in getting the *Dawn* under way, and soon she was speeding in the direction of Black Island. Arriving there they found that Iglolioti had gone from the Island with the intention of visiting Okak. This was a disappointment to the travellers, but they lost no time in setting out after him. Samat, who knew the coast well, seemed inclined to stay on board; his position as a pilot giving him some pleasure which he felt no desire to abandon so soon. It was therefore agreed to have him remain and enjoy the privileges of a master pilot.

At Okak another disappointment awaited them, for the errant Shaman had departed for Cape Mugford, where a party of native fishermen had located for the summer. Before leaving Okak, Captain Parsons suggested to Alone that they visit the rifled Esquimo burial place to which the strange story, told in the first pages of our narrative, attaches. To this Alone agreed, especially as it could not delay them more than half an hour.

Under the guidance of Samat, Alone, Captain Parsons and the boys went ashore to see the grave which they discovered on a rocky prominence overlooking the sea. The huddled position of the bones of the skeleton was just as Captain Parsons had described it, and this proved that the skeleton had been taken up, and did not detract from the story as to what had caused the return of the relics to their resting place.

Having seen the grave, the party returned to the ship, and soon were sailing towards the north, in pursuit of Iglolioti. As soon as the vessel was under way Samat, without invitation and from a desire to be friendly, told the story attached to the grave they had just visited, and in doing so substantiated in every detail the narrative of Captain Parsons.

The *Dawn* continued north till Port Manvers was reached. Here they learned from a family of Esquimo that Iglolioti would be back from Cape Mugford very shortly. This, and the advice of Captain Parsons, decided Alone to await there the return of the Shaman.

To the north of them, about seven miles, the mighty promontory known as Cape Kiglepeit pushed its way into the stormy sea. Under this cape, just around it to the north, lay Perry's Gulch, where are supposed to be ancient abandoned mines from whose depths diamonds were, at an unknown time, extracted.

The *Dawn* was securely anchored in the snug bosom of Port Manvers, and soon hooks and lines were produced and a fishing party organized. Cod was very plentiful, and in half an hour enough fish were secured to last the ship's company several days.

Richmond was very anxious to visit Perry's Gulf, so it was agreed they would go next day, take a tent and full equipment for a couple of day's stay. A small boat would take them round the cape. On fine days this is a feat not to deter anyone, but Cape Kiglepeit has a bad reputation for sudden squalls and one must be very wary when rounding it and quick to let the sails run should a gust be approaching; or an upset boat and loss of life may ensue. Early morning is the best time to round this promontory, ere yet the static condition of the air surrounding the mountain has been disturbed from its slumber by the rising sun. So about three o'clock in the morning this early start was made. Daylight, which hardly leaves the sky in midsummer in these latitudes was abroad long before this hour, so they had clear vision of all around as about five o'clock they shot into the safety of Perry's Gulch. The day was spent in a careful investigation of the vicinity of the harbour. The supposed mine was explored, and the mountains scaled. Heaps of stones, like the ruins of ancient buildings, lay here and there, suggesting the presence of civilized man at some remote time. A large basin in the solid rock held back the waters of a tiny stream which gushed forth from the side of a mural height. The lip of this basin discharged the overflow from the basin in a tiny cataract into a cavern where it disappeared from view. Spanning the hollow into which the water from the basin dropped was a stone arch; a monolith of twenty or more feet in length by five feet thick, and wide, which strongly hinted the handiwork of man. Unfortunately neither Alone nor Richmond possessed sufficient archæological knowledge to determine so interesting a point.

They erected their tent on a bit of smooth shingle near the sea. Large stones were used in place of the ordinary wooden pegs to which tent ropes

are made fast. A boat sail spread or gaff was used as a tent pole. When the day of intense exploration was spent, they all repaired to the tent to rest after their exertions.

As they sat at night on their blankets their thoughts went back to Newfoundland and home. They wondered if the boys had been fortunate in getting to the Highlands, and if they were now in the mountains. Then they thought of Sparkling and Neque, and wondered if they had come to Grand River. At this time, when all was silent, who could wonder if the boys' thoughts turned to their sweethearts, or that their prayers went up to heaven for their protection?

It was late that night when they lay down to sleep, intending to be away early in the morning and back to Port Manvers. They agreed to leave Perry's Gulch at five o'clock, which would allow them plenty of time to round the cape before the sun had roused the winds of this stormy point. Accordingly they were up betimes and at the hour agreed were on their way out of the cove with the cape about half a mile distant. Not a breath of air stirred to make a catspaw on the water and the morning looked propitious. Richmond and Jefferson held an oar apiece, while Alone stood in the stern with a skulling oar, to steer and also urge the boat onwards. They were just in under the cape when they felt the first little puff of wind, and a sail was raised only to be quickly lowered again. They had only time to get the sail in when a sudden furious gust of wind almost tore the oars from the hands of the rowers. This first squall was followed by another and another till the gale they portended set in earnest upon the sea, sending clouds of spray flying over the boat, drenching the occupants in a minute. The wind was off the land, but the bight formed by the projecting cape made it a head wind to buck against. Seven miles to windward lay Port Manvers, the *Dawn* and breakfast! Could they make it? To starboard lay the sheltering harbour, and to port lay the now turbulent open sea. Right valiantly the boys tugged at the huge oars; still they could make but little progress, and the boat was making lee-way rapidly in spite of their best efforts. The sail was again raised in the hope that a long reach or two might get them under the sheltering land. This was in vain, for on the wind their type of shallow boat with little or no keel could do nothing but drive, though with a fair wind on the quarter she could sail splendidly. There was nothing for it now but to keep pulling on the exhausting oars if they were to keep the boat from driving away to sea. Wet from head to foot, the boys kept rowing manfully and Alone with mighty sweeps of his oar from side to side fairly caused the stout little boat to tremble and move forward inch by inch. The boys had not breakfasted, as they had reserved this as something to be attended to on board the *Dawn*,

which, when leaving Perry's Gulch, they had expected to board within an hour. Now noon was approaching and they were still far from the haven. They were feeling the exhaustion of hunger and toil and chilling cold of clothes soaked in brine the temperature of which was not above forty degrees Fahrenheit. Yet they kept steadily rowing with determined effort to reach port. At last the channel leading to the harbour was reached and here the hardest work of the day was met. The wind piped out of this narrow defile with terrific force, and with it a strong current swept against the boat. Finally the narrow passage was made, and there to leeward now lay the *Dawn*—safety, warmth, food and rest. At four in the afternoon they reached the side of their ship, almost too spent by their trying experience to climb on board. Willing hands caught their painter and assisted them on board, where they soon recovered under the stimulus of hot coffee and a little later on substantial food.

Next day the weather was clear, with little or no wind, and it was expected with such favourable conditions Iglolioti might be in Port Manvers by evening. Evening, as they expected, brought news from the natives who had been on the look-out that the Shaman was coming and would shortly be in Port Manvers. Alone and the boys received this intelligence with a deal of satisfaction, not unmingled with anxiety as to what they would hear from the wise man. Samat offered to meet Iglolioti and bring him to the ship. Accordingly, he took a boat and pushed ashore to where stood the tent of the native family. He was not long gone when he returned bringing with him another native whom he introduced as Iglolioti the Shaman.

This man who stood before them looked every bit as intelligent as his reputation claimed. When Alone spoke he replied in English, and immediately apologized for his inability to converse fluently in that language. He asked if he might speak in German, or in the language of his own people. Alone said he would like him to continue speaking in English, as he feared none of the listeners, with the exception of himself, understood conversational German well enough to follow him.

“You have been to the north, and are just returning,” observed Alone. “Perhaps you have not eaten since morning, as I know is often the custom of your people when on a journey.”

“It is true,” replied Iglolioti. “We often go several days without sleeping or eating, when we are hunting or travelling. I often do not sleep for five days. Too much sleep, not much good.”

“Well, as you have not eaten since morning, perhaps you will take something now that your journey is ended and you are here where there is plenty. Samat, would you tell the cook we have a guest on board who has not eaten since morning and who would appreciate a little refreshment.”

Away went Samat at once to the cook with Alone’s message which he probably garbled in some way but which was made clear enough to the cook, for presently that worthy arrived with a good substantial meal for the traveller, who ate with evident relish the unusual repast set before him. When it was over, Alone offered the Shaman some cigars which he accepted readily and lit one from which he blew clouds of smoke, filling the cabin. After he had taken a few puffs in undisturbed bliss, Alone ventured to ask him if he knew Labrador very well.

“Yes,” he answered, “I have been up and down the coast from Belle Isle to Cape Chidley many times and know everyone.”

“Have you been beyond Cape Chidley, or in Ungava Bay and Hudson Straits?”

“Yes; several times; and I have also been across the Straits to Cumberland Sound in Baffin Land.”

“You have travelled a great deal, Iglolioti,” said Alone. “And no doubt have heard a great deal from the people about other days and other peoples, and it is to learn from you something of the traditions of your own people that I have come from Newfoundland. I heard of you from Captain Parsons, with whom you seem to have been long acquainted.”

“Yes; I have known Captain Parsons a long time. We are good friends,” said Iglolioti, smiling through his cloud of tobacco smoke. “Do you know that—ages ago—your country you call Newfoundland was called by another name; and that it is not a new found land but a very, very old land. Before Esquimo came to Labrador, that is a thousand years ago, white men lived in Ogygia, now called Newfoundland. My people have this tradition which the Shamans have kept from being forgotten, that about fifteen hundred years ago civilized people came from the north-east in big vessels, and came to settle in Newfoundland. They called themselves the Sons of Ogygia and the Fathers of Men. They said they came to this side of the world to escape the wrath of the new god which had descended upon men. Before this new form of belief, their oracle, an immense golden statue, was vocal and spoke many wise things to the people. From the beginning of the new belief among men, it became dumb and spoke no more. This golden image, with eyes of immense gems that shone like the sun, they carried with them in an ark or



chest set with many precious gems. An immense chain of golden beads lay around the casket in which the image was borne. The image was called the god of the Ogygia, and this word was said to be sacred, oracular and talismanic; and only the priests could utter it, unless the god chose to favour some others by permitting them to use it—this word which when properly uttered brought good fortune. On a high hill somewhere in your country this golden image and casket lie hidden from the eyes of men; for it was the duty of those who brought the treasure across the ocean to restore the gold and gems surrounding it once more to the bowels of the earth from whence they had originally come. Not alone the statue but the people themselves have vanished till not a trace of them or of their history is now known to man. When I tell this to my people they believe in it only as a clever story invented to please the children, and in this way it is now accepted, though once it was looked upon as the most profound historical truth.”

“Thank you, Iglolioti, for the story. It must interest you to know that the narrative fits exactly, filling many gaps of a half-related story I once heard from one whom I believe to have been the last of the race of Red Men who for centuries occupied Newfoundland until extirpated by the rapacious white settlers and their descendants. This old Indian, whose name was Gobidin, and I, were friends. He often hinted at a secret he meant some day to confide in me, and gave me to understand from time to time that it concerned an immense golden treasure hidden in the mountains by a race of men long extinct. There was something occult and mysterious about this gold and the tongue of Gobidin seemed for some cause bound to secrecy and the whole secret could only be told as death approached. He often said that only one living person should be possessed of the secret. Unfortunately Gobidin met a tragic and sudden end at the hands of an enemy, and the secret died with him, although he made a brave effort with his dying breath to reveal it to me. I was present when he met his death, and had immediate revenge upon his assailant, whom I killed in the moment of his triumph.

“Now tell me, Iglolioti, is the word with which we commonly greet the Esquimo a pure native word, or some word imposed by strangers upon the language?”

“Do you mean ‘Ogshini’?” asked the Shaman.

“Yes,” replied Alone.

“The word is not a native word but is a corruption of Ogygia,” said Iglolioti, “which our ancestors acquired from the white race of whom I told

you. They used it as a kind of greeting, and I believe it carried with it a sort of benediction, like 'Peace be with you', as we say among ourselves to-day."

"That it had some such meaning I can well believe," said Alone, "from the manner in which Gobidin would use it. He first gave me the word with the impression that something deeply solemn attached to its meaning or portent which some day he would fully explain. Your words, friend, give me a clue to follow in my attempt to solve a mystery which since I first knew Gobidin has fascinated me. Now I see the connection between the word Ogygia, the buried treasure, and the long-lost race. We have only to follow up the trail in Newfoundland, to solve the most interesting of historical puzzles. Not even the mystery of the so-called Cave Dwellers is so deep, for that race has at least left its dwellings, much of the products of its arts and a clue to its culture. Here we find that a race must once have existed; a race, however, which has left but a single word of its tongue as a mark of its existence unless we can discover the hiding place of its treasures.

"Your description, Iglolioti, of the chest with 'its chain of golden beads' hints at the probability that the balls of gold 'Big as gun balls' found by the Micmac so many years ago, once formed part of that chain. We seem to be on the eve of a wonderful discovery. Richmond, does it not appear so to you?" asked Alone, addressing the elder of his young associates.

"It does indeed," said Richmond. "And if your sons can discover the kettle which we presume was lost by the old Micmac, we may by diligent search discover the spot where the golden balls were found and no doubt the casket referred to by Iglolioti will be located, not far away."

"Our mission to Labrador is a surprising success so far, and the intimate association of events with the remarkable tradition so profoundly established is in all probability more than a coincidence. We are obliged to you, Iglolioti, for the invaluable information you have given us. Now let me ask what we can do for you in return. If we are really fortunate enough to find the treasure we shall ask you to share it on equal terms."

"I do not ask any reward," said Iglolioti. "My wants are few and are provided by my good friends, the Missionaries. I will leave it to them to say what it ought to be, and I hope it may be something to assist them materially in their labours for my people."

"That is magnificent of you, Iglolioti," said Alone, "and your wish shall be gratified. I will talk to the Missionaries as soon as we get back to Nain. Meantime I should like you to accept this trifling gift as an earnest of our appreciation and good intentions," said Alone as he presented Iglolioti with

a purse of gold coins. "For your people on the shore, I give you these articles which I know will be of value to them. Here is a box of fish hooks, a bale of lines, some knives and also some dishes which they may find useful."

For all these things Iglolioti expressed his own and his people's best thanks and appreciation.

"To-morrow," said Alone, "we leave for Nain, and if you are going there we will be pleased to have you take passage with us." This offer however was declined by Iglolioti as he had to make many calls on the way and thought it better to proceed in his own boat.

A nice supper, which all this time the cook had been busily preparing, was placed on the table and at the invitation of Captain Parsons the party, including Iglolioti, sat in to enjoy a hearty meal. Afterwards, with a good-night to all, the Shaman went ashore to his people.

Next morning early, after saying good-bye to Iglolioti and the other natives, the *Dawn* was got under way. The inside run was taken and for forty miles (or the distance which separates Port Manvers from Nain) not a sight of the open sea was to be had, the vessel sailing along a narrow passage between a series of small islands and the mainland, as if she floated on a river far from the ocean.

At Nain a halt of a couple of days was made to avoid bad weather and to take on a supply of wood for fuel; also water for culinary and potable purposes. The interval was agreeably employed in sight seeing and visits to the Missionaries. Alone examined the book in which the annals of the station were kept, and in which the story of Ogygia, as told by Iglolioti, is recorded. One of the Brethren, a native of Greenland, said that the same tradition existed in some parts of that country respecting a far-off migration of priests and servants, carrying a great golden image to the south-west. This piece of knowledge gave Alone great encouragement to continue in his search, and his strongest desire was to return to Newfoundland as quickly as possible so as to undertake the work before the winter set in on the mountains, which season generally begins about the first of October. The *Dawn* had to stop at St. John's and Greenly Islands on the return trip to pick up whatever fish was ready for shore curing; and this might mean considerable delay on account of the weather; so it was decided that when the fuel and fresh water were on board no further time should be spent at Nain, however enticing.

The run up the shore to St. John's Island was soon made, despite some delays occasioned by fog and wind. Greenly Island was next called at, and here a few days had to be spent in getting the fish on board and stowed away, to make room for which considerable ballast had to be taken out of the hold and thrown overboard.

The run from Greenly to Codroy was made in good time without interruption. When under the Highlands the *Dawn* was hove to, and a boat was sent ashore to ascertain if Emile and Gil had been there. The *Dawn* made a short tack and reached the spot where the boat had been lowered in time to overhaul it and throw the two occupants a line which was deftly caught and held fast to the painter. The seamen were quickly on board with news that the boys had seen Alan Dale who had given them all the directions he could about the location of the kettle, a description of the surrounding country, and how to get there. Alan had advised them to go across the hills by the way they had come; then from about where they had left Sparkling and Neque to ascend to the hills to the south as the nearest way to the spot where the kettle lay. Another way lay directly through the country, but this way was not to be recommended to those not familiar with the mountains. A large plain with patches of wood and open grassy country lay between the mountains of Codroy and those which fall into the sea on the north coast, and to reach this plain a person unused to the route might easily become lost in the labyrinth of hills and tangled vales, though one who knew where the trails lay would naturally take this course from the Highlands to Little River Lake.

The boat was made fast to the stern, and towed in this manner to Codroy. From Codroy, Alone and the Wayne boys quickly made their way to Grand River where they were joyfully received by Madame Lalonde and her daughters.

The news of the voyage and its attendant good fortune was told around the supper table, and brought delight to the listeners who were anxious during the absence of the adventurers in a region so little known. Then Alone enquired how things were at home, and was glad to find that no untoward event had occurred to interrupt or mar the calm course of their life. Sparkling and Neque had arrived soon after the *Dawn* sailed, and were taken without delay up river to where it had been arranged to leave them and where they had remained ever since. No news had been brought from the boys, although it was gathered from a fisherman of Codroy, who made a trip to the Highlands a few days before, that they had seen Alan and having obtained directions from him had departed on their search. Alone said he

himself had heard this much from a sailor sent ashore at the Highlands on purpose to find out if the boys had been there.

“We ought to have them back very soon,” he continued, “for it has been arranged that whether they find the kettle or not, they are to visit our cache in Rocky Plain woods and return about the end of August to meet us here. We shall then go back with them to take up the hunt from the point they have reached.”

## CHAPTER SIX

About a week after the home-coming of the party from Labrador, one evening, just as the sun was going down beyond Pointe Rosier, a canoe was seen approaching across the wide lagoon. Alone knew at once this was the canoe used by his boys and recognized Emile returning. The suspense was not long-drawn out, for very soon the boat, under the powerful strokes of the two expert canoe-men, shot into the landing place, her side just touching the sandy shore.

No sooner had the boat grazed the beach when the two leaped out to ease the laden, frail craft to her landing. Alone and the Wayne boys by this time were down to meet the returning voyageurs.

Before a word was spoken, Gil, with a shout of triumph, held up a rusty and moss-covered object which proved to be the kettle. The boys brought it out in exactly the same condition in which they had discovered it. When found, it was buried with mouth up in the mould of the forest, only a small loop of its hangers showing. It was filled with mould and the accumulated rust of years. They got it from its resting place with some difficulty, so much a part had it become of the very soil itself. Roots of plants were sunk into its interior and fungi and moss had firmly attached their rootless growth to its rust-encrusted sides.

This interesting object was at once brought up to the house that it might be more minutely examined. Alone thought he recognized it as the kettle he used to see with the old Micmac by its unusual shape which was polygonal and squat with square hangers. The contents of the interior were carefully removed, which consisted as has been said of rootless and decayed moss and other plants.

Going over this mass as it fell out, Alone's fingers touched something hard. He grasped the object and scraping away the attached moss found a bead of bright yellow metal, tarnished to a brownish colour on the surface. Gold! Yes, a piece of gold, "As big as a gun-ball!" Further examination of the mass of mould revealed seven other beads of the same precious metal. The old Indian's story was true after all, and not the hallucination of a pain-disordered mind. Taking a magnifying glass and going over one of the beads very carefully, scraping the hiding film of moss and rust with the edge of a pocket knife, Alone made the further discovery, that the beads must have formed part of a chain or rosary for here, plainly to be seen, were the points of attachment. He thought of what Iglolioti had said about the string or chain

of golden beads wound about the casket containing the golden image. With this discovery then all doubts vanished and what was once an adumbration became a solid fact. Turning to his beloved and trusting wife, Alone said, while emotion nearly choked him, "My dear Germaine, we are on the eve of a stupendous discovery. The toil of years is about to be requited at last. Unremittingly I have followed a shadowy trail that often seemed to lose itself in the void where chimeras ever lead the deluded votary. At times I have felt despair gripping my heart; and often, but for your love, your dear patience, that never wavered, and the superlative intelligence with which you found again the blaze I had in my bewilderment lost, I would have given up the task. In the morning of one's life what are difficulties? In the strength and vigor of noon-tide what shadows can daunt us? But in the evening the poor spirit droops and needs a love like yours to lean on—a breast like yours to hide in when the threatening shadows fall. You have been my staff when the path, grown rugged, bruised my weary feet. You have been my torch in the forest glades where ogres of doubt and trouble stared from out their gloomy caves. With that staff and by that light I have kept going. Without them, dear wife, I should have failed. You have been pure gold, more precious by far than this which I now bestow upon you as the first fruits of our search. Take it. It cannot add charm or lustre to your dear self, but as it once hung about a casket held sacred by a strange people long vanished from the earth, it may renew its life to hang it about an ark containing so precious a soul as yours which transcends the god of its former attachment as it transcends the base metal which has held it so long in its keeping."

Blushingly and with many thanks, the gentle little woman accepted this gift from her husband, and finding something needing her attention in the kitchen she hastened away while tears of happiness stole down her cheeks.

Alone, the unperturbed, the calm Alone, was so overcome by the joy of this vast discovery that for a time he could but stand idly turning over the beads in his palm. Nay, not idly. Such vacuity could not be associated with a mind like Alone's. He was thinking, and in his thoughts was perhaps peopling the earth once more with beings who trod its face while it was yet young and almost fresh from the hands of its Maker. What were the walls of Thebes when these golden things first came, warm and brilliant, from the artificer who fashioned them? Was Alone giving them undue antiquity when he asked in the recesses of his thoughts if the stones of those walls were still lying in the breast of the mountain all unquarried? Did Homer ever doff his hat as the sacred casket was borne along? Were Marcus Antonius and Cleopatra intriguing when they were made? What tales might they tell could

they but speak! Of love, beauty, hatred, valour, cowardice; of war and peace; famine and plenty; of moonlit-scented groves and stoney mountain passes, and finally of hope giving place to despair and death.

After a few minutes Alone looked up and with his old self fully restored began to discuss their plans with the boys. A few days of rest and recuperation and they would return to the place where the kettle was discovered, and from its location try to make out by induction the course followed by the old Indian after he had found the gold. The topography of the country in the vicinity, together with an expert knowledge of how a man so beset as was this poor lonely creature by the buffeting of the south-east storm would direct himself in order to divine the spot from whence the gold had come.

The course from Baie d'Espoir was at first travelled in the normal way with fine weather prevailing. Alone was familiar with the routes followed by the Indians in their journeyings to and fro. The position of the kettle would at once determine which route was chosen by the Micmac for it was plain he travelled before the storm—no other way was possible. Therefore the route lay in a direction somewhat south and would decide this to a nicety. A ravine with a small brook lay in the course and this brook was distinguished from the usual order in that country by having a smooth and sandy bed with shallow water and but a superficial layer of sand over the rock. The gold, when found by the Indian, was bright and shining. If the stream had been turgid and rough, as was usually the case, the gold would be in the first place tarnished or film-coated and secondly a rugged bed in the stream would hide the beads deep in some recess amid the boulders where they would be further hidden by a growth of algæ, moss or weeds. Divining this way, Alone said they should have little trouble in finding the probable site of the Indian's discovery, and the casket or the golden image.

That evening, whilst enjoying the sweets of home comfort, the theme naturally was the one which filled their waking thoughts to the exclusion of all else. Hearing again from Emile and Gil the story of the great discovery, and again going over the ground as if, even while they rested they would pursue the haunting treasure, the speculative, inquisitive mind of Alone was trying to decide whence the image had come. That it was brought from across the ocean was settled beyond doubt; but from what country? Who were its people? Induction led Alone to think that Ireland was the country of their origin.

"Ireland," he said in answer to a question of Jefferson's, "has a history dating back to three hundred years before Christ. This history tells us that



away back in that remote age Ireland was the most famous gold-producing country in the west. Fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ gold was smelted near the Liffey, and in the mountains of Wicklow were artificers who wrought in gold and silver, making cups and ornaments of personal adornment, shields and golden chains for kings. There was even a foreign trade in gold and silver articles. That they had vocal statues of gold, decked in the rarest gems, tradition also tells us; also that these latter were cursed by St. Patrick and made dumb. Now it is highly probable, from all this, that the statue which is called Ogygia came from Ireland, first if we remember that Ireland had immense riches in gold—more indeed than any country in the western world of that time, and secondly Ireland had vocal statues doomed to silence and oblivion at the dawn of Christianity. Lastly Ireland's sailors carried the commerce of their country to America a thousand years ago, and maybe before that time. So they had a knowledge of this hemisphere at the time when it is said Ogygia was brought over. All that we know conspires to force the opinion that Ogygia came from Ireland."

The conversation of the group drifted along various channels till at length it turned on the subject of Sparkling and his man, Neque.

"A few days after your departure for Labrador," said Emile, "a trim-looking vessel came into the Bight from the side of which a boat was lowered. Manned by two seamen this boat came to the landing, and Sparkling and Neque came ashore, enquiring for you, sir. We told them you had gone away on some business which would likely take you some months to accomplish but that we were your sons and had instructions to await a Mr. Sparkling and escort him up the river to its main bifurcation. I then said 'If you are Mr. Sparkling, we are at your service, sir.' 'Thank you, Mr. Lalonde,' replied he. 'Emile, sir, if you please; and this is my brother Gil.' 'Well then, Emile, I am glad to place myself in your hands. Will you please take charge of my effects as they come ashore and when you are ready we shall proceed upstream to the camping place selected.'"

"We are ready to start as soon as the things are landed," said Emile, "but meanwhile let me extend to you and your man the hospitality of our poor home. You will have a couple of hours' wait. Please follow me, and I will introduce you to my Mother who will make you comfortable."

So saying, Emile led the strangers to the house where they were presented to his mother. He then went out to where Gil was waiting for the landing of Sparkling's equipment from the vessel now at anchor just outside the bar. Here they sat together, discussing their plans, until the boat laden with tents, boxes, bags and all the heterogeneous and often unnecessary stuff

a city man brings to the woods with him, came to the landing. They then assisted in the discharging of this assortment of goods, which brought an amused smile to their faces. There was some expostulation too, for they could see a lot of silly delay in getting such a heap of material up the river, especially as several portages would likely be necessary, for the river, on account of a long period of dry weather, was running low.

“I think,” said Gil, “if we can hire assistance, it might be well to engage two extra boats.”

“Yes,” answered Emile, “but I am afraid there are no men available. However I’ll have a look around, and maybe we can get a man or two. I can’t see what this fellow Sparkling wants with all this heap of stuff unless he is looking forward to remaining with us forever! Look here, Gil, have you ever seen the like! A bath tub no less—and the river at his feet! Here is a collection of guns: he must be dreaming of Indian warfare! Certainly not of salmon fishing. Here are some folding chairs to take the place of a log or a seat on the ground. Here’s a table. He seems to have forgotten nothing but a mahogany wardrobe to hang his clothes in; but I’ll bet he hasn’t forgotten to bring some nice brass hooks to keep his things from being ruffled unnecessarily.”

“Where’s his umbrella?” asked Gil, laughing heartily at his brother’s expression of mingled amusement and disgust. “He will be obliged to remain indoors rainy spells!”

Then they came upon such a collection of pots and pans that Emile guessed that Sparkling meant to open an hotel. “I suppose,” he added sarcastically, “the chef and the rest of the staff will be along by special convoy.”

And so they jested and lightened the fatigue of handling the huge outfit Sparkling had brought with him. “A novice, a tyro,” thought Emile, “making his first trip away from the city. This man no doubt placed himself in the hands of an outfitter who knew how to use his opportunities. Now I wonder,” turning to Gil, after the departure of the boat, “if salmon fishing isn’t a sudden inspiration with this Sparkling. I believe this to be his first venture as a sportsman. We shall see. Meantime something else may be his real reason for coming here. Jefferson seemed to be suspicious of the man’s real intentions, and I must confess I don’t entirely believe in him myself. We must try and keep our business from him. I think we had better establish him at Hunter’s Point above the Forks, instead of below on the Point of Balms. If we take him above the junction of the north branch we must descend the

river towards home after landing him. We can then, unobserved, turn up the north stream and in this way he cannot know where we have gone but will think we have returned home. I do not wish him to know anything of our movements.”

“I agree with you, Emile,” said Gil, thoughtfully. “Let us keep our plans to ourselves and do as you suggest by landing Sparkling on Hunter’s Point.”

Emile then went off to see if he could engage a man or two to help in the matter of transporting Sparkling and his belongings to their destination up the river. In a short time he returned saying he had found a couple of men who agreed to go with them as far as the Cascade. They would here assist in getting the equipment over the falls and then return.

In a very little time the boats were loaded, and as there was time to get above the Falls that same day if an immediate start was made the boys with the two extra helpers went to the house for a luncheon before commencing the journey.

Sparkling and Neque had already been refreshed and were enjoying a very agreeable conversation with their mother when the boys entered and announced their intention of proceeding at once. Gabrielle and Laetitia were busy about the preparations, and as they moved about the leering glances of Neque followed them. Sparkling, more restrained by his good breeding, would only now and then permit an admiring look to rest for a second upon the impressive and unspoiled beauty of the girls. Madame Lalonde had not introduced her daughters to the men, for she deemed it unwise and unnecessary to cultivate such casual acquaintances. That she had contracted a dislike for the strangers she was too natural and ingenuous to admit; and yet she was conscious of a restraint unusual to her. She was glad when they rose to depart. Not a word was said of them in the house after they had gone; all the solicitude of the family was for the two boys, and they only formed the basis of the conversation between the mother and her daughters during the remainder of the day.

The first part of the journey up the river was easy and pleasant; the wind was in from the sea, and the rising tide carried the boats to its head about eight miles upstream. From this on to the Falls poles were used to impel the boats against the current while now and then tow lines were found necessary. At the Falls the boats were unloaded and the effects carried to a point above, where they made camp for the night. A small tent carried by the boys was erected for the accommodation of Sparkling and Neque: the boys preferring to sleep in the open with a fire in front of them, and a shelter of

boughs thrown up against the wind. The extra men went back to their homes after having seen Emile and his party above the Falls.

Supper was prepared from a box of things laid aside on purpose for the event, so that the breaking of packages was avoided. Such forethought aroused the interest of Sparkling who commended their wisdom.

“It is a wisdom, sir,” said Emile, “taught by experience, and we who spend so much of our time in this self-reliant avocation of outdoor life, have to learn many things.”

“Doubtless,” said Sparkling. “And experience is said to be a dear school.”

“Do you finish the couplet, sir, that ‘Fools will learn in no other’,” said Emile, a little nettled at the tone in which Sparkling uttered the first part of that familiar quotation. “Fools do not clutter themselves with unnecessary wisdom, or unnecessary loads of weightier kind for that matter,” he added, as he glanced at the amount of stuff which lay piled upon the beach. “Much wisdom often goes awry, and many a gallant expedition has been lost—wrecked under the burden of its own preparations. When men can hire broad shoulders and trained hands they can perform great deeds by proxy!”

“You are a bit sarcastic, Emile, and have a ready tongue for one reared in the midst of such primitive surroundings. Perhaps your wisdom tells you I am a tyro and unused to travelling beyond the limits of the city sidewalk?”

“Wisdom I may not possess,” said Emile, “but something informs me that you are not accustomed to the ways of wild places.”

“True,” returned Sparkling, “and I have grown tired of the city and come here to enjoy the luxury of living out of the sight of men for a time.”

“You will have new experiences here, sir, and perhaps you may find that cities breed noxious distempers in the soul, as well as wealth and learning, and that sophistication without morality is not an ornament but a sort of leprosy.”

Sparkling was rather disconcerted by this show of good sense and a display of learning he did not at all anticipate. Perhaps he had better revise his first crude plans regarding the snatching of the treasure. He had expected to find men so bland and simple that he would only have to walk right in and command to be told everything regarding the aims of those engaged in the search. He knew now he was mistaken, for up to the moment he had not made the least headway. At Lalonde’s home he was treated cordially and civilly enough, but he felt an intangible barrier which he was powerless to

overcome. This young man, Emile, was as deep as the sea; and Sparkling had expected to discover surface only. He must, however, find a way into the secrets of these people. He had come all the way from New York to interfere and was not going back admitting failure. So this master of villainy set his evil will to work at once on the adoption of a plan. Nothing further was said by him that day to arouse the sarcastic replies or suspicions of Emile, and everything went smoothly and pleasantly enough till they arrived at Hunter's Point next afternoon.

The boys erected the tents and made everything snug about the encampment. This done they said good-bye with a promise to return again in a short time. Then they got into their boats and floated quietly down the river to the junction of the north and south branches where they would be out of sight of the two men they had left ashore at Hunter's Point. They then turned their boats into the north branch, and behind a small island just above the confluence they drew one of the boats out of the water, carefully concealing it from the sight of all casual passers-by, if there should happen to be any. They then got in the remaining boat, and with their two poles, and an occasional pull over difficult places, they were not long in reaching Big Brook where the road over the mountain begins to wind its way through the forest. Here they spent the night, and next morning were afoot early and ascending the hill.

By sunrise they reached the summit and once on the plateau fairly easy travelling was enjoyed. To the north-east lay St. George's Bay, the waters shining gloriously in the light of the newly-risen sun, and towards this the boys directed their way. While the sun was yet high in the heavens they descended the gentle declivity which leads down to the level heath where stands the village of the Highlands. Here, as had been already narrated, they met the aged hunter, Alan Dale, from whom they learned where the kettle lay. They made no unnecessary delay at the Highlands, but accepting his kind hospitality spent one night at the home of Alan Dale. This stay gave them further opportunity of conversing with the old man, thereby developing more fully points in relation to the location of the kettle which later proved of value to them. In return for his cheerfulness in telling them how to find the relic the boys took Alan into their confidence, telling him of their interest in the thing and what its discovery might mean to them. He was surprised to learn that there could be any connection between the abandoned and valueless bit of iron and a possible treasure of great intrinsic and historic value. He had heard the story of the old Indian finding the golden beads as big as gun-balls, but never thought there could be anything in it more than idle talk emanating from a disturbed mind. He was, however,

pleased to be able to direct the boys to the spot where the pot was left, and regretted that the infirmities of age prevented him from going with them.

Next morning the old man walked with them to where the trail entered the woods, and bade them good-bye with the hope that they might be successful in their search.

Evening found the boys back to the place where they had left their boat, and here the night was spent. While Gil was preparing the fire and arranging for the night, Emile went to a pool near at hand from which he soon drew a fine salmon. Some of this they ate for supper, and the remainder for their breakfast next morning.

When they arrived at the spot where they had left the other boat they found everything undisturbed. They did not however put this boat in the water as they intended calling on Sparkling to know if he desired to go down the river.

When they reached his encampment, they let him think they had come directly from their home. He did not wish to leave the place yet, as he had only just settled down (or so he said) to enjoy the sweets of solitude. He had not caught any fish; but this was no surprise to the boys as they had suspected his ability as a fisherman. Gil offered to catch him one, but he wouldn't hear of it until he first went out of sight to do it. He could not entertain the idea of a poor harmless fish impaled on a merciless hook, and certainly would not eat it if he had witnessed its death struggles! Such a sentiment appeared rather mawkish to the boys, and they could not understand it coming from one who gave such cynical turns to conversation when it tended to express regard for the sanctity of human life. Cold-blooded as a fish himself, this man of the world fainted at the sight of a salmon's struggles for liberty, and he roundly abused Neque for attempting to serve him with meat newly-killed or showing signs of blood. In disdain for rare meat, he would exclaim "Do you take me for an ogre, a reincarnated Polyphemous who eats half living flesh! Take it away at once."

When the boys were about to depart from the camp, Sparkling gave Emile a letter requesting him to have it forwarded first chance.

This letter was addressed to a friend in New York, and was sent as soon as the boys found opportunity which was the very next day when they met a party of hunters returning down river from a trip to the mountains. The boys did not intend to go down the river at this time, for their plan was to proceed at once in search of the kettle.

They camped at night by the side of a small brook about halfway up the mountain and next day ascended the top and directed their course at once to Sandy Lake. On a small stream flowing into this lake lay a grove of pine, in which they were to look for a trail leading up to the top of a high hill whose flanks were matted with a tangled growth of alders, birch and mingled conifers. At the foot of this hill was a spring at the base of a dwarfed larch whose main stem was blighted and dead. About fifty feet from the spring and to the south-west, they were to look for an old camping place under some tall trees. In a blackened space where formerly a fire had burned they would find the protruding handle of the kettle.

They had little trouble in following Alan's directions and were not long in locating the object they sought. They then spent some days in exploring the vicinity but found no trace of anything that had a bearing on their main quest. After carefully marking the spot from the top of a commanding hill, they proceeded to their cache in the woods across Rocky Plain. There they found the bears had paid their store a visit. Little damage had been done to the erection beyond clawing some of the bark covering off the roof. The things inside were undisturbed. They slept there that night, and next day after repairing some of the damage to the roof with pieces of bark found in the house, they did some exploration and then made their way homewards.

On the journey out, a long period of wet and foggy weather delayed them considerably, and when finally they got to the river it was to discover that someone had taken their boat to the other side of the river which was now in flood. The two boats were now on the opposite side of the stream, which, in its present state, could not be forded. To build a raft was the only project which presented itself, so a few large, dry sticks were cut and placing these in the water they fastened them together with withes wound about some transverse pieces above and below the body of the raft. A landing was safely made, but it was about a mile down the river, obliquely, from the point of departure on account of the turbulence of the stream now swollen by recent rains. They finally reached their boats, one of which they left to accommodate whoever it was that had used it in their absence. In due time they arrived home with their mission performed. They had found the kettle and carefully marked its position. The rest of the story we know as it has been already told.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

When the boys brought the letter from Sparkling's camp, addressed to one Jacob Doane, New York City, they did not know the contents of that missive, nor did they think it might concern them in the least.

It was concocted between the two villains that they should try the old and well-proven scene of getting a confiding woman to talk—and in this case reveal the secret of Alone! Jacob Doane was a good-looking, very clever, and none too scrupulous, friend of Sparkling's. The letter instructed him to come to Grand River in the role of a deep-sea fisherman. He was to hire a vessel to take him to the vicinity, and at night the ship was to run into the Bight, heave to and lower a boat, then sail away. In this boat would be a "fisherman" who had gone astray in the fog. This fisherman was to be Doane, who would land in an exhausted state in Grand River, near Alone's home, to which he was to make his way, and tell his story to the sympathetic inmates with all the tragic and romantic embellishments he could invent. He was to make love to one of the girls and pretend he never wished to return to the life of a fisherman to which he had been "treacherously consigned" by those who wished to be rid of him. The letter added that he was to adopt some other name in order not to be identified as the man to whom the missive was addressed.

This letter reached Doane in a very short time, and it was not long before he had a vessel engaged to take him to Newfoundland, where he arrived in the order arranged. Doane who was not accustomed to the sea, looked indeed the part he was to play. A week of sea-sickness on a small vessel had left him at the end more dead than alive; so there was small need for simulation in this respect when he dragged himself up to the door of Alone's home and knocked faintly for admission.

When Alone and family heard his story they were filled with genuine pity for this poor castaway. He was made comfortable; and after a day or two was able to be about and his good looks and charm of manner won the regard of all. He made particular efforts to be agreeable, assisting about the place in every way he could.

He became very much attached to Gabrielle and would offer her assistance in the matter of carrying pails of milk to the dairy, and tried to be on hand always to give aid with the work in hand. He could not make any advances with Laetitia; but this Othello, by inventing yarns of his wonderful experiences at sea, surrounded himself with an air of romance which



strangely swayed the more gentle Gabrielle, who saw in this young man of the sea something of her ideal hero. Bit by bit he won her regard, until at last she acknowledged to herself that she loved him. She closely guarded this secret happiness for a long time, but Doane, more educated in the ways of the world, was not long in discovering that the girl loved him. Her manner; her shy, swift glances; the downcast eye and averted head when others were present, all told him the truth. He would not, however, incur the risk of spoiling his whole scheme by a too precipitate declaration of affection. He was cunning enough to guess that a half-revealed, half-concealed love was more appealing and would induce advances from the other side by way of encouragement to his bashful aloofness. He acted his part perfectly, and deceived the unsuspecting girl fully. She tried by every innocent little beguilement to get him to come nearer to her, to win his regard, but without avail; for the more she tried, the more bashful he seemed to become. Weeks went by in this way; and mutual love was only declared by shy glances, and pretty little acts of attention on the part of Gabrielle.

Alone and the boys were away on the big quest in the mountains when one day in the dairy Doane said he wished Alone were back as he desired to speak with him about something very near his heart. This he said with a look of affected sheepishness at Gabrielle.

“Do you really wish to speak to him so very much?” she faltered.

“Yes,” he returned, “About something concerning you and me—I—I— Oh I can’t say it!”

Blushing and conscious of a desire to run away, the girl stood there. Then all the love of her soul welling up she began to talk about her father; where he now was; his business there; and that he would soon be home—perhaps with immense treasure. At this the cunning rascal murmured “I hope he will soon return”; and then, as if too embarrassed for further conversation along this line, he turned the subject deftly by suggesting that the milk should be aerated and cooled without delay if it was to be kept pure and wholesome (remembering that this was the custom at Alone’s farm). Gabrielle, with a ready smile, admitted it was.

Just then Gabrielle, hearing footsteps in the yard, looked out and saw Captain Parsons entering the house. He was the first visitor from Codroy since the distressed seaman came to their home. Mrs. Lalonde at once told him of the young man and how he came there. Upon hearing the tale Captain Parsons looked very thoughtful for a moment, and then asked: “Was that on Wednesday night, three weeks ago?” Being told that it was, he said

“There is something here which needs a little explanation. That Wednesday night some fishermen from Codroy who were on the grounds saw a ship, whose rig did not proclaim her a fisherman, come into the Bight, heave to and lower a boat, which they say left the side of the ship going in the direction of Grand River. I must see this fisherman and perhaps we can make him tell whether or not he was the occupant of the boat which left the side of that strange ship.”

“He will be here shortly,” said Mrs. Lalonde. “He has just gone to assist Gabrielle with the milking.”

They had scarcely finished speaking when the young man stepped into the room. Mrs. Lalonde introduced him to Captain Parsons. A few words of conversation with this pretended fisherman were sufficient to tell Captain Parsons that here was some masquerade, some treachery which should be exposed at once. Fresh from his encounter with Gabrielle, Doane could not be altogether the hardened villain; he was not unmoved by the display of innocent affection; and Captain Parsons caught him whilst under the influence of a softer emotion.

“When are you going up the river to see your friends? They are asking about you now.” This shot was so unexpected that Doane fairly recoiled under the charge. Following up the effect of this chance shot, Captain Parsons, not waiting for a reply, sent another broadside in the nature of a demand that he “Get to his friends at once!” At this the fellow broke down, and confessed his mean duplicity; also that he was in the service of Sparkling.

“The day is young, and I would advise you, unless you have other plans, to take your boat and make your way up the river. You can’t miss your friends; they are encamped on the bank of the river. If you leave your boat at the point where you can no longer row, you can easily make your way on foot for the balance of the journey. Mrs. Lalonde will supply you with sufficient food to take you there. I take it upon myself to reassure you on that point. Now get yourself ready. I’ll send a man with you to the head of the tide, who will bring back the boat.”

The miserable tool who had repaid kindness with treachery of the vilest kind was glad to sneak away from the sight of those whom he had intended to betray. As soon as Mrs. Lalonde had given him food for his journey he left the house.

For the sake of a tender-hearted girl it was a pity Captain Parsons had not come a few days earlier. His manly intervention, even at this late hour,

however, was a blessing and saved a young girl from greater heart burnings.

Doane was gone, but the secret Alone wished to preserve from such as Sparkling was gone with him, revealed through the innocence of a trusting child to those who planned mischief, pillage and perhaps even murder. But if Alone's secret was no longer a secret, at least the duplicity and plotting of Sparkling was at last revealed. It would be well for Alone to know that he had an enemy in the vicinity; such knowledge would put him fairly on guard against a possibly unfriendly move.

When Sparkling's agent arrived at the encampment and told his story of how he had been discovered in his treachery, there was great consternation. The first impulse was to fly from the country at once before Alone could discover the truth. Then they realized they had no means of getting out. There were no roads but waterways in this wild country. As the rat turns at bay, so did those asps in human form make up their minds that violence should now take the place of insinuating craftiness. They knew Alone was in the mountains where it was possible he could not as yet know what had developed at home. If they could but reach him before warning had been sent him they might yet, by a pretended friendship and an "accidental" encounter, get a chance to rob him in the hour of his success. A sort of insanity had gripped Sparkling, and was forcing him on. He had no firm belief in the existence of all this wealth, but some mad desire to ruin and mar the aims of others was irresistably impelling him onwards. Acting on this impulse then, Sparkling resolved that he and his associates should go into the mountains in search of Alone and, if possible, prevent news of the plot from reaching him. They were however strange to the mountains and a guide would be necessary to take them into the hills. So Doane was sent off down the river next day in search of a man who knew the country and who would be willing to act as their guide, while Sparkling and Neque began preparations for the journey. They packed all the necessary food and equipment so as to be ready for a hasty start as soon as the guide could be obtained.

"It is quite likely," said Sparkling to Neque, "that the fellow Doane will engage knows of the whereabouts of Alone and can guide us to him directly; for it is generally known amongst the people that this strange man has a cache very likely contiguous to the locality he wishes to most closely explore. If this guide knows the location of the cache we must at once proceed there and watch what is being done. We must, at all hazards,

prevent any messenger getting to the party; for I am certain a warning will be sent.”

Shortly after, Doane returned with a man who said he would guide the party into the hills, but stipulated that he would be free, after having seen them safely with Alone, to return at once. To this proposal Sparkling agreed as it entirely suited his plans to be rid of the man as soon as he found Alone. Leaving Doane in care of the camp, Sparkling, Neque and the guide were soon on their way. A trail leading from the mouth of a small brook below the forks of the main river was followed and this winding through the forest soon led up to the top of the first hill where more open country was entered. The trees, of forest size an hour ago, were now dwarfed and gnarled, and their branches tumultuously intertwined made passage impossible, except in those directions where migrating deer or hunters had made narrow passages which only the initiated could follow. The guide knew the trails well and unerringly led his party from open space to open space until at last the mountain top was reached, where grass and ferns dominated the scene.

Ascending the highest point within reach the guide called Sparkling and Neque to his side and pointing with a stick which he held in the manner one holds a gun, he said, “See that blue hill in the south-west? Across where you see that lake the cache of Alone is hidden. We cannot reach the place to-day, so we had better go down into Maligewas Gulch, where we can camp comfortably for the night.”

The party went down the western shoulder of the mountain a mile or so, and in a fine grove of tall trees of pine and birch they made camp. Next morning at dawn they were again descending the hills, making in a westerly direction. Many deer were seen, but as they had plenty of food and not wishing to lose any time no attention was paid them. When fresh meat was required a hare or a brace of ptarmigan supplied the need. All kinds of game indigenous and migratory were in abundance and the traveller had no need to load himself with supplies of food when going into those hills.

Ascending to the rounded top of the high hill the party stood awhile as if their guide were not quite certain which way to proceed in order to avoid the entanglements of interlaced and sprawling trees. As he looked his eyes were attracted by a distant moving object, which after a minute’s observation he made out to be a man—or so he thought. He called Sparkling’s attention to the object but the city man failed to discern anything. “Perhaps we had better make our way in his direction; it may be Alone or one of his party,” said Neque who also failed to catch sight of the man the guide claimed to have seen. To this proposal Sparkling at once agreed, and the party without

loss of time set out to intercept the lone traveller who failed to again reveal himself. The guide thought that whoever the wayfarer might be he was probably resting; or engaged in stalking a deer, in which case he might be crouching in the grass or some depression. He never for a moment thought the person might be hiding from themselves, nor had a suspicion that he and the party he guided were being closely observed by the solitary traveller of the hills.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Who was there to warn Alone of what had transpired?

It was considered necessary by the Lalondes that a message be sent him at once, and as all the men were away, Mrs. Lalonde was at a loss how to proceed. To wait until a man could be found might mean disaster; and now it was realised what a terrible mistake had perhaps been made in sending Doane up the river. It was, however, too late to follow him in hope of overtaking him before he reached Sparkling's camp. The only alternative lay in getting news to Alone.

At this point Laetitia said she would go if her mother would give consent. She knew the way well, and would take Fleche with her for company. Blankets and food could be strapped to his back, and in this way, with no heavy load to carry, the girl said she was sure she could reach her father in a day or two. To this proposal the mother strongly objected at first, but finally her consent was won and Laetitia went to fetch Fleche while her mother and sister put food and blankets in a sack to be strapped to the animal's back. A strange adventure for such a girl to make! But we must remember that in those pioneer days the very children were young Spartans, accustomed to doing things which would seem heroic in men of our softer time.

It was just afternoon when the decision was made, and Laetitia thought by starting at once she could reach the hunter's wigwam at the foot of Partridge Hill that night. As soon therefore as her preparations had been completed she and her pet set out on the lonely trail. The first part of their journey lay through the woods for about seven or eight miles; then they came out upon the river which was followed till at Holyrood Island, just above the first heavy rapids, a course was made directly towards the foot of mountain up which she was to ascend. The sun was going down and its last rays tinged the distant mountains when the girl and her faithful deer crossed the barren and entered the deep shadow of the forest. A trail soon led them to the wigwam of birch bark which stood, silent and alone, inviting the shelter, yet not warm with the presence of human beings. Its dark interior, cold, like a thing dead, from which the spirit had flown. The blackened ring of stones in the centre held no friendly fire but ashes and charred remains to tell of extinct cheerful blaze. A sort of chill pervaded the place this autumn evening, but it did not arise from the actual state of the hut as much as from the emotions which such a scene always stirs in the minds of all but the most stolid and phlegmatic.

Laetitia felt the loneliness and desolation of the place, but bravely mastering the impulse of dread she set about making her preparations for the night. A fire was first kindled from a pile of dry wood with which the lodge was provided. The blaze shooting up and shedding its ruddy glow about the interior sent warmth, like a vivifying flame, into her heart and all thought of loneliness disappeared. As soon as the fire was well started she went to a spring nearby from which she brought a supply of purest water. Some fresh pine boughs were then brought in to be laid upon the ground as a bed. The fragrance of the newly-broken boughs spread over the interior like an incense, and soon the wigwam which half an hour before looked dead and uninviting assumed a new life in the presence of a human soul. Fleche, as if to keep his young mistress company, lay down just outside the door where he remained till morning.

The grey dawn had scarcely shed its uncertain light over the forest when Laetitia was astir. A hasty breakfast was taken, and then led by Fleche she began her ascent of the mountain. When she reached the top the sun was well up in the sky, and she could not but halt a few minutes to gaze upon the scene of sheer magnificence which lay before her. She stood upon a pinnacle with Fleche, just to fill her eyes with the magic of the glorious sight spread before her; and then as she gazed towards where the sun was rising, over the hills, she beheld three men in the distance coming towards her! Her heart gave a great leap as she thought of her father and brothers. But why should they be coming without the Wayne boys? Then she suddenly remembered Sparkling, Neque and Doane; and wondered if, after all her efforts, they were in the country ahead of her. Filled with dread she descended the eminence on which she had been standing, in the hope that the strangers had not seen her. Calling softly to Fleche, who followed her silently, the young girl kept as much as possible to the lower ground, although she realized that unless she could find a clump of trees in some ravine in which to lie, her presence could not long be concealed from the men who had perhaps already seen her!

She soon found a depression with some trees in which to hide, and here bidding Fleche lie down beside her she waited to see what the men were up to and who they were. After a time she ventured out of her hiding place and crawling through the bushes reached a high point where stood some boulders. Concealing herself, she looked out in the direction she had seen the men moving. Her startled eyes beheld them, the very men she dreaded most, not a hundred yards from where she lay! She recognized Sparkling and Neque, but could not identify the third man. They came so close that she could hear their conversation. Sparkling was asking his guide if he were sure

he had seen a man on the hill; and the guide replied yes, he was sure his eyes had not deceived him.

“Then,” said Sparkling, “the fellow must have gone out; and as he is probably one of Alone’s party we had better go after him. He may tell us where to find Alone, and then you can go out with him.”

Just as they were about to leave the spot, the guide observed a trail in the grass which he knew had been recently made. He pointed this out to Sparkling and Neque, and then began to investigate. He was not long in finding that the trail led in the direction of the heap of boulders near which they had been standing. This in turn led him to discover Laetitia, who upon seeing that she could no longer remain concealed, rose up to face those whom she knew to be the enemies of her father.

Sparkling was at once all graciousness and suavity. Coming up to the now trembling girl, he gently asked her if she were with her father. The native wit and instinct of the girl rose to her assistance and she answered that she was, and that she was then on her way to his encampment. This news seemed to give Sparkling great satisfaction, and he turned to his guide telling him that as Miss Lalonde was on the way back to her father’s camp he could now depart for his home by whatever route he considered best. Then turning with a smile to Laetitia he explained that he had grown weary of salmon fishing and wished to see what the country looked like from the mountain tops. He was lucky to have come across her, he said, and if she would permit him the pleasure he would like to visit her father’s camp. Would she guide him to where her father was? Instantly she replied that it would give her pleasure to take him to her father who was not far distant. It would take them just a few hours to reach the place. When she said this, she was determined that come what might her father should receive notice of the presence and sinister intentions of Sparkling before that worthy could come upon him. How she was to do this she did not know, but for the present she was determined to lead Sparkling astray, hoping in the meantime for some favourable chance which might help her out of this dilemma. She must get word secretly to her father, or by some means escape the vigilance of the man who now practically held her prisoner.

They were now in the midst of a mountain country where she could easily conceal herself if once she got away from the sight of her captors, and by stealth make her way to her father. Without a guide she knew the two men might not find her or her father unless accident should favour them. Deceived by the manner of the girl, whose unhesitating willingness to act as his guide led Sparkling to think there was no suspicion in her mind, the



latter promptly dismissed his guide, who without further delay turned in the direction of Partridge Hill intending to go out by the way Laetitia had come. The guide, however, had no intention of going out before he knew with certainty that all was well with this child of Alone. He had his suspicions of Sparkling and Neque, and something in the manner of Laetitia caused him to feel a little anxious. Determining to keep an eye on the party he descended into a ravine in the direction in which he had last seen the group standing on the hill, and peering cautiously from his place of concealment, he had his doubts verified from the direction in which he saw Laetitia now leading the strange men was away from and not towards the camp of Alone. This he knew. They were travelling a course that would take them to the head of Little River Lake. What was the object in the mind of the girl? It could not be that she was making a mistake; for it was certain she knew her father was not in that direction. It was plain to the guide that Laetitia did not wish Sparkling to find her father's camp. But what did she mean to do? That she hoped to reach her father after having eluded her captors, or to get a message to him by some means, was probably in the mind of the brave girl. It would be inadvisable for him to rejoin the group in the hope of rendering assistance, so he made up his mind to watch the party for a time, either till they had settled down to a determined course, or gone into camp for the night. With this knowledge he could then travel rapidly to the camp of Alone bringing word of his daughter's plight. It would be an easy matter then for Alone and himself to overtake Sparkling and rescue the girl.

It was now past noon, and the sun was declining; but what was keeping the party from descending into the valley. The way their young guide was leading them would not take them off the mountains that night. It was now plain to the man who followed that the girl had missed the trail leading down into the shelter of the valley whither he was sure it was her intention to go. Soon he saw them approach a thicket of stunted spruce and drop their loads, while Laetitia undid the pack carried on the withers of her pet, Fleche, who promptly began to browse on the herbage around. Soon as he was convinced that the party intended to remain there for the night, the man who had guided Sparkling into the hills moved off rapidly in the direction of Rocky Plain where he expected to meet Alone and his party. The evening was fair and a full moon would presently be up to make the trail bright as day to one who knew the intricacies of the mountains as did this man.

Meantime Sparkling and Neque, filled with alarm at the prospect of being lost in the mountains, regretted having parted with their guide; and, with a strong suspicion growing in their minds that the girl had deceived them, they began to lose their former affability, casting menacing hints at the

child who to save her father had taken such desperate chances with men whom she knew to be filled with treachery.

She thought—poor child!—of all manner of horrors, but outwardly betrayed no symptoms of the fear which possessed her. Under pretense of attending to Fleche she stole up to her faithful dumb friend, and found courage as she talked to him and received such tokens of love as a poor animal can express. Could Fleche find her father at night? Could she cause him to understand her wishes and hopes? She whispered her secret desire in his ear. She told him she was in danger, great danger, and he seemed to understand. Acting much in the manner of a dog when he would entice his master in a given way, he made as if to move off. Going a few steps from her he turned his head in her direction as if he would say, “Come away. I know where master is.” This movement he repeated several times, but finding no response he at length gave up the attempt which was so plainly in his mind and settled down to rest where he could watch his beloved mistress. Perhaps at night she might be able to steal away from the two men and find her way to her father.

When night came it was seen that neither Sparkling or Neque intended to sleep. They were too much alarmed for repose. They dreaded the night and not being accustomed to the life in the open, they in imagination, beheld all forms of danger from wild beasts and from the spirit of the night itself—as do timid children. Laetitia lay down beside Fleche, with the blanket above her to keep off the dew. She refused to sit beside the men who offered her a seat near the fire. She thought of Judith in the tent of Holofernes and prayed for the mental and spiritual as well as the physical courage of that strong woman of an ancient day. She had a pair of pistols ready loaded and should her protection demand she determined to kill the men. With this resolve and a strong prayer to heaven for aid, she lay down to rest. Like a faithful watch-dog Fleche remained alert beside the person of his little ward. Once in the night he stirred when Neque began to prowl about in search of a branch or two to lay on the smouldering fire. Alarmed by the disturbance caused by Neque, Laetitia was at once on guard, nor did she sleep again, but sitting up, her back against the flanks of the deer, she kept watch till morning began to tinge the sky with purple and grey.

When it was clear enough to see their surroundings the two men, chilled by their night of exposure, began to gather dry wood to rekindle their fire. Over this they made coffee at which Laetitia assisted with the cunning belonging to her sex, aided by the experience gathered in her out-of-doors life. Warmed by the fragrant coffee the men seemed to gather courage and

began to discuss with Laetitia their plans. Upon this the girl assured them she knew the country well, but was deceived as to her direction yesterday. Now she would correct the mistake and doubtless they would see her father that day. In her heart she had firmly resolved that they should not.

Soon after sunrise they resumed their journey, but still not in the direction of Rocky Plain.

As the day advanced and the sun rose higher and higher, the weather, which for the past month had been unusually warm and dry, grew oppressively hot, and the travellers were exhausted by the heat although a fine breeze rose from the depths of the valley in which Little River Lake lay shimmering like a sheet of nacre. Away from the edge of the hills which sank down a thousand feet vertically into the wild but majestic valley not a breath of air was stirring, but about the middle of the day a wind from the south sprang up which made the position of the travellers more pleasant. By that time the fears and suspicions of the two men again took possession of them, and this time they accused the girl of deliberately leading them astray. They gradually became insolent and menacing. Laetitia felt in her breast for her pistols and kept bravely silent under the cowardly threats of the then infuriated men who felt they had been duped by the young girl.

“Where is your father?” demanded Neque. “Tell me, or I’ll kill you where you stand!”

“You may kill me if you are coward enough to do so, but the secret of my father’s whereabouts will not be made known to you by me!” declared the girl, blushing with indignation. “I came into the hills to warn him of your treachery, and was lucky enough to forestall you. I have purposely led you astray, and am now myself as much bewildered as you are. I know not where I am, but Fleche knows the way and at a word from me will guide me to my father or back to my home.”

At this the anger of Neque rose to such a fury that he made a lunge at the girl, as if to fell her with his fist. Fleche, standing by the side of his mistress, seeing this brutal attempt, rose suddenly on his hind legs and with lightning-like speed struck Neque to the ground and soon had him trampled to death beneath his hoofs. From the sight of the mangled remains of his late accomplice, Sparkling, who could not bear the sight of blood, flew raving like a maniac. He ran towards the precipice which rose from the depths of Little River Gulch, but on the edge halted—just when the startled girl thought he was about to dash himself to pieces. She was now free to go to her father, but she hesitated fearing that she might be followed by Sparkling,

and thus might betray that which she had risked her life to hide. No need to warn her father now, for there was little likelihood that Sparkling would ever discover his whereabouts alone.

As she stood in uncertainty, she saw men approaching. They, noting her presence at the same time, came rapidly up to her. With a glad cry, she recognized her father and brothers with the two Wayne boys and the stranger whom she had first encountered with Neque and Sparkling. The strange man proved to be the one who had piloted Sparkling and his accomplice to the hills, and becoming suspicious as to the honesty of their intentions had followed them to the camping place. Thence, travelling rapidly by night, he made for Alone's camp, and arriving there told the astonished father of his little daughter's dangerous position. Without delay the party made haste to find the child and rescue her from the hands of the treacherous pair, under the guidance of one whom we must now introduce as a friend of Alone—Joe Aiken. Joe knew the country well, and without hesitation led them directly to where he last saw Sparkling when they had made halt for the night. At dawn they could see from the high hill on which they stood a thin faint column of smoke rising from the side of a cluster of low trees about three miles distant. This they instantly knew to be the site of Sparkling's camp.

In order not to be seen by the two villains, Joe Aiken thought it prudent to travel on lower ground, so a careful descent was made at once; nor did they reveal themselves until they were almost upon the scene at the time Neque was being trampled to death by the enraged stag.

It was with joyful relief and thankfulness that Laetitia spied the party coming up to her. She told her father at once all that had happened and why she was in the mountains. The Waynes were astonished at such extraordinary courage in one so young, and removing their caps they shook hands with her. Jefferson particularly was proud of his little friend, and looked with admiration upon her. In his heart he longed to tell her how much he loved her, and could scarcely refrain from taking her in his arms. Sterner matters were however pressing for attention and there was little chance for romance. There was the body of Neque to be disposed of, for it could not be left where it was to be the prey of wild beasts, however much he might have deserved that fate.

Quickly the body was put underground, and while this was being attended to Alone and Joe went in search of the missing Sparkling who had fled from the scene in horror when he saw the hoofs of the angry Fleche trampling the life out of Neque. They were not long in finding him, for there he stood poised on the edge of a steep precipice as if contemplating self-

destruction. Unaware of the approach of Alone, he stood as if transfixed and immovable gazing into the yawning depths. Alone when within a few feet of the fellow was about to seize him when with a cry of despair he flung himself over the edge. Cautiously approaching the spot, Alone looked down not expecting to see anything of Sparkling for the cliff dropped down a thousand feet or more. To his surprise, however, the body of Sparkling was lying among some loose boulders not ten feet below! The place he had leaped from happened to be a bit removed from the general declivity, like a recession resulting from a recent dislocation. A few feet from where the apparently lifeless form lay, the cliff descended in one giddy drop to the bottom of the ravine. Joe coming up to Alone's side looked over and seeing how the body lay agreed to go down and ascertain if life yet remained. It was a perilous undertaking, but Joe was used to danger and the probability that life might yet be in the body nerved him to essay the descent of the treacherous cliff. Carefully letting himself over, where one slip of hand or foot might mean a terrible death, the man, agile as a panther, lowered himself from crag to crag until he stood at last on the top of a quaking and loose talus that threatened at any moment to give way and hurtle itself down into the valley. On this cluster of boulders lay the body of Sparkling. Up to it Joe crept with the sure-footedness of a chamois, and bending over the form discovered that although badly bruised he was not dead. He at once made known this discovery to the man above him on the cliff, who bidding Joe remain where he was hastened to where he had left the boys engaged in the task of burying Neque. From the various packs and the straps with which Laetitia had bound her blankets to the back of the deer, enough rope was secured to make quite a long cord when tied end to end. Telling the boys what had occurred while they worked with feverish haste, and then bidding them follow him, Alone rushed back to the place from which Sparkling had thrown himself.

Passing one end of their rope over the cliff, Joe caught it and secured it about the body of Sparkling. Holding to this with one hand, with the other he lifted the limp body from its place among the boulders. Those standing above pulled away steadily, raising the body inch by inch as Joe eased it away from the jagged rocks, until finally they had the satisfaction of seeing it at their feet. It was decided that as they could not convey the injured man to camp, a temporary shelter should be erected near at hand for the time being. Not far away was a fine grove—just down the side of the mountain towards Little River Lake—and here a snug wigwam was put up, to which they carried Sparkling's almost lifeless body.

Soon as the senseless man was laid on his bed in his hut, Alone knelt beside it to discover if any bones were broken and the probable extent of the injuries sustained. It was found that no bones were broken and beyond some nasty cuts and bruises no serious effects of the fall could be discovered. It was confidently expected that with a little care and attention the man would soon be active again.

Alone gave instructions that the boys return to camp on Rocky Plain at once, while he and Laetitia would remain with Sparkling. Jefferson he asked to bring the surgical and medical equipment to him as quickly as possible.

When all arrangements had been made Joe volunteered to remain with Alone to assist him, which offer was gladly accepted. Soon after their departure, one of the boys hurried back to announce that a serious fire had been discovered raging in the hills, evidently originating from the carelessly built camp-fire of Sparkling and Neque.

Joe immediately went out to investigate and to find if there was any danger in their present position. He returned to report that although the fire was spreading rapidly, the direction of the wind would prevent it from coming near either their temporary or permanent camp.

Unperturbed, the old philosopher Alone went to work on the new and unexpected problems presented to him as if nothing else mattered. Patiently he watched for signs of returning consciousness in the stricken man, his enemy, and he evinced as much solicitude for his recovery as if Sparkling had been his very own. He bathed the bruises and cuts, and by the time that was done the man opened his eyes for a moment, uttered a moan, then sank back to complete collapse. The cuts were not serious and would soon heal, and when Jefferson would return with the necessary remedies the man would be made quite comfortable.

It was not until the following morning that the boy came, bringing the medicine chest without which Alone could do very little for the sufferer, who by this time was fully restored to consciousness. Jefferson brought word that the fire was still burning but would soon spend itself in the large piece of wet ground to which it was being impelled by the wind. No great damage had been done, the fire being mostly fed by the dry grass and moss on the hills. It ran against the wind a considerable distance and the hill and ravine they had been exploring now presented a scene of black desolation. A south-east storm with rain was now impending, and this would put out the last vestige of the fire and remove all danger of any further ravages.

In a few days Sparkling had quite recovered, and but for a slight weakness when he tried to walk about appeared little the worse for his rash adventure. Joe agreed to take him out by easy stages to Alone's home where he would await the return of the party from the mountains which Alone said would be in the course of a few days. The object of his labours had not been fully attained, but valuable discoveries had been made and these would serve as clues for research at another time.

Some golden beads had been found in the brook where years ago they were first discovered by the poor Micmac. This discovery proved they were on the right ground and furthermore Alone heard again the old familiar call—this time it was plainly "Ogygia"!

Soon as Joe and Sparkling had departed, accompanied by Laetitia and her pet, Alone repaired at once to his camp to make preparations for the return home. The camp had to be put in order for the winter and yet another bit of exploration had to be undertaken. A short time ago one of the boys reported having seen a green ray shooting up from a certain point, like the light from a gem facet when the sun was in a position to refract its rays. This green and sparkling light had shone just a few minutes; then was gone. A search of the spot revealed some sheets of vanadium mica which probably caused the green shimmer.

Returning from this spot, a piece of ground over which the fire had swept a few days ago was found to be cleared of ashes and all trace of vegetation. The rock composing the surface was carved in a very curious manner; and presently Emile discovered a slab of stone, differing from the surrounding rock, to which he at once called his father's attention. Carefully brushing away the earth which clung to this stone, there was revealed to the searchers a rectangular slab of marble of variegated colours and about three feet in length by two in breadth. In a moment Alone was on his knees beside this stone, and with hands trembling with the pent emotion he felt, carefully brushed the dust and grime from the surface of the slab, and in doing so revealed to the astonished gaze of the group symbols in strange characters deeply graven in the stone and richly set in emeralds!

Alone went slowly over the letters, picking them out one by one until with a cry of delight he pronounced the word he saw before him in Runic carving to be the magic word which since boyhood had haunted his dreams and acted as a lure to keep him to his search—



## OGYGIA

No words can properly express the feelings which permeated the spirits of the onlookers, and for a time they were too overcome by emotion to be capable of coherent thought or action. After a time this feeling subsided and a desire to further explore the mystery gained the mastery.

A wish to know what lay beneath the stone moved them to consider how the block might be lifted from its position. Axes and bars were brought up from the camp and after some hours of patient labour the stone which during centuries had lain undisturbed was slowly wedged from its position revealing a cavern below, down which a flight of steps was cut in the solid rock. Alone was the first to descend, and he was immediately followed by the others.

The chamber they found themselves in was about ten feet in length and walled with slabs of the same kind of marble as that which formed the cover for the opening. One end of the chamber, towards the east and overlooking the valley of the brook in which the golden balls were found, was broken and choked with debris. Here the erosion of time, disintegrating the rocks which formed the escarpment overlooking the narrow defile through which flowed the brook, had partly destroyed the chamber, and no doubt would account for the presence of gold in the ravine. No doubt the golden balls had come from the vault in which the explorers now stood, awe-struck in the presence of the long-sought evidence of a pre-historic or rather pre-Beothuck race in Newfoundland. It would not be quite correct to say the race was a pre-historic one; it was more correct to say of them that their history has been lost, for they lived in the days of recorded history. Where now could that history be found? Was there any writing concealed in the vault to tell who those people were or whence they had come? It was a painful thought to conceive that perhaps with the Beothucks whom we so ruthlessly exterminated had perished also the only remaining chance whereby to learn of this other and more cultivated people.

Newfoundland; land of promise never fulfilled; child of historic misfortune; are you paying retribution for the extermination of not only one but two races of men? Your sons and daughters fall one by one in the desert of their hopes. The land which sanguine youth held alluringly before them receded like the oasis which the mirage holds above the sandy wastes to



cheat the weary caravan. Perhaps when the full indemnity shall have been paid into the lap of Fate, if ever it may be paid, this land may take its place in the march of progress towards happiness for its children. After the first blush of entire satisfaction which filled the soul of Alone as he saw the labour and the thought of years about to be rewarded, reaction came like a flood which drowns the meadows before the summer's harvest has been garnered, and he felt like one standing amongst the dead. How solemn, how lonely seemed that vault. He enquired of those around him if they too felt the same questions tormenting their minds. "Where now," he mused, "are the men whose hands wrought this cavern? Those men who worked perhaps with no thought but that their little time was the most important in all the eons since time began; just as we ourselves, in our conceit, think that with us the world began and with us should finish."

The boys answered with one voice that it was with hearts and souls subdued they stood in the presence of such tragic mystery. Jefferson said he felt fully for the first time how measureless eternity is; how meaningless, how utterly futile are many of the things men do and strive for, when all things that are and that we know are so transient, the most solid gems of our carving being no more enduring than the dew which at morning sparkles on the lip of the rose. What now to the vanished people is all the wealth of thought and dexterous labour they bestowed to make permanent the resting place of their treasure, when not only the cavern they so patiently hewed out of stone but the very mountain in whose breast they mined it, is crumbling before inexorable decay? Only accident now caused their work to be revealed to a small group of men who could but stand in the grotto and gaze in awe upon the mystery. Here likely enough was the very last effort of a people who left only this fragment of themselves. But where are they? Gone, like beings who but came to dig this cavern and then left for another sphere.

When Jefferson finished his comment which in a fragmentary way told of what was going on in his mind, the party began the exploration of the broken end of the room. After considerable labour in removing some boulders and loose earth, a glimmer of light was seen to penetrate into the chamber, and a little more work so enlarged the open space that one of the boys crawled through and stood on the rocky slope outside above the narrow gorge through which flowed the brook from whence the golden balls had been taken. The secret of how they came to be in the brook was now quite plain. They came from the ruins of the vault when its walls crumbled under the disintegration of the mountain side.

As it was known to Alone, from the story he heard from the Esquimo Shaman, Iglolioti, that a chest or casket carried by the strange people who long ago came from the east had ornaments of golden beads in the form of a chain about it, his object now was to discover that chest if it yet remained. With great diligence the party went to work to remove as much of the debris as possible. By enlarging the hole through which one of the boys had crawled the work could be done from the outside as well; so half the party crawled through and in a very short time huge boulders were crashing down the declivity. In this way the removal of the heap of stones and loose material went on very rapidly, and by and by Alone announced the discovery of the chest; with a shout of delight, this news was hailed by the boys. They were soon beside the old man helping him clear away the remaining bits of rock, moss and fungi which enveloped the treasure.

In a short time they lifted a long, narrow box from the encumbering mass, and the work of cleaning the lid was patiently gone on with under the skilful hands of Alone. By scraping off the mass of accumulated dirt and ferric and other accretions, a golden surface was at last revealed; and presently they were able to lift the cover, disclosing an interior of verde antique. Dust almost completely filled the box; but when this was removed, a statue of gold was found lying in the bottom. On the head of this statue was a golden crown, studded with gems of every description, while the word "Ogygia" was carved on a band of silver which lay across the breast. Two large sapphires took the place of eyes, and pearls gleamed from the partly opened lips. The image represented a female figure which was executed with great skill and delicacy.

With the greatest care this casket was lifted and brought up to the surface by way of the steps down which it was carried in great pomp many centuries before. Part of the golden chain was still clinging to the casket when it was found, but so fragile had grown the connecting links that it fell apart at the first touch. The beads were collected and placed in the ark beside the golden statue, where they remained till later on the box was deposited amongst other objects of great interest in Alone's home.

After they had lifted their treasure to the surface, and the slab was again put back in position, closing the orifice, Alone and the boys, exhausted by their labours, sat down on the mountain to rest and to talk over the stirring events of the past few days leading up to the happy consummation of a lifetime of toil and study. Accident plays a major part in many human affairs, whether of weal or woe, and accident may place the very crown of victory on the head of a dullard while the man of finer intellect goes unnoticed. A

carelessly made fire resulting in a blaze which, sweeping over the mountain top, burnt off the vegetable covering hiding the entrance to the vault wherein lay the long-sought treasure; and yet but for this and the wind which swept the ashes away, the place might never have been found and years of toil would go unrequited.

The problem now presenting itself was how to get the heavy casket and its precious contents out of the hills. It was too heavy for the strongest amongst them to even lift from the ground, and plainly it could not be carried on the shoulders. Alone proposed that a sled be built on which it might easily be hauled over the mossy ground. This sled was finished before night. The party camped near their treasure, and next morning when it was light enough to see the way they turned their faces towards home. At Holy Rood Island boats awaited them, Joe having arranged that these should be sent up the river and left at the Island. From Holy Rood Island to the mouth of the river was pleasant sailing, and just after sunset the weary but joyous party of explorers found themselves landing at the old familiar spot on the beach just below the inviting home of Alone.

## CHAPTER NINE

About two hours after sun down, and night was spreading her deep shadows, when Alone, much pleased with the results of his labours found himself once again under his roof-tree in the presence of his dear wife and children. He was weary, but the magnificent accomplishment of his object was compensation enough for all he had gone through.

The good wife felt an overwhelming happiness in his success, and welcomed her husband with all the manifestations of delight a devoted wife and mother can feel in the gladness of those she loves. Having fondly kissed the dear partner of his life, Alone opened wide his arms to receive the warm caresses of Gabrielle and Laetitia, and their filial felicitations. Nor were the Wayne brothers forgotten amid the general acclamation. Emile and Gil also received the congratulations of their mother who felt indeed proud of her boys. The heroic conduct of their little daughter, Laetitia, who would have sacrificed herself to save her father, was not allowed to pass without special recognition. That night after supper as the party gathered around to recount all that had happened, "le petit vaurien" was acclaimed the one who had performed the most heroic act in the long series of brave attempts to solve the mystery. Laetitia then reminded them of what her pet, the lovely Fleche, had done; and wished to have him remembered. She told of how the faithful animal had never left her side while they were on the strange journey in the mountains, and then of how he came to the rescue when Neque attempted to strike her in his fury. It was agreed that Fleche had done magnificently, and all were willing to recognize his title to a share in the merits of the wonderful achievement.

Sparkling was not present during all this conversation; for ill as he was from the effects of his fall he could not sit up and had to be attended to in bed. A doctor had been summoned from a distance down the shore, but he had not yet arrived. So, in the meantime, he was under the care of Mrs. Lalonde and seemed to be improving.

Alone lost no time in visiting his guest, and greatly cheered him by his genuine kindness and assurances of a quick recovery. When Sparkling weakly tried to express regrets for the meanness of his conduct, he was silenced by a wave of the hand, a smile and a gently spoken word. "Do not trouble yourself about such things now, Sparkling. You should husband all your reserves of strength if you wish to get better. Grieving will not help you. You narrowly escaped death by following a meteor which you took to be a guiding light. You are now safe; so rest and recover."

The weak man shook his head and grasping Alone's hand talked with growing excitement. "Mr. Lalonde, all the errors, the crimes, the immoralities of my life arose from a wrong estimate I put on the value of popular applause. My soul chafed at the impotence forced upon me by men whom I despised; men who without talent of any description were able to force themselves on the people. I saw men, bereft of all ennobling sentiment themselves, able to arouse the masses to frenzy as they harangued them on the disabilities of the down-trodden till the crowds carried them, figuratively on their backs, to power.

"I saw dunces and pretenders lauded, laurel-crowned and victorious, and our educational institutions in the grip of those whose only claim to learning was their own inflated estimate of themselves. I saw hypocrisy, sham and humbug wherever I looked in the ascendant. I saw truth crucified while wrong strutted about in the fanfare of the triumphant.

"At first I was ardent enough to think I could destroy this order and restore to my native land her one time high appreciation of real worth, and like a Don Quixote I went forward to slay the enemies disguised as patriots that they might the better keep the country and unsuspecting immolation to their god of self. I made no progress. Instead I found myself despised and maligned, and my actions misinterpreted by the very people I wished but to serve. Finally I gave way to despair and bitterness, nourishing my disappointment until I became an actual hater of my kind. This insanity grew upon me until at last like the mistletoe which chokes the oak the saprophytic hatred took possession of every fibre of my being. I lived now but to show that where I was not entrusted to build I could display my talent to destroy! If men were to pit their genius against mine, well I would circumvent their aims. Wherever I saw men seeking happiness in some particular and marked direction, I sought to wreck their hopes. I became a moral outlaw and only to do mischief did I indulge in association with my kind. I lived off the harvest which others would sow. I became wealthy by devious ways—all of them disreputable ways! I laughed at the miseries of the despised beings who thought themselves so clever. My motto was to ruin where I could not rule. I was suffering from a too frequent meddling in the same kind of small business and my ennui was getting unbearable when I happened by chance to hear of your labours down here. I got the story of a man who had given many years to the elucidation of a tremendous racial mystery and the discovery of an immense secreted treasure. 'Here', I thought, 'is something new; something to whet the appetite and relieve my weariness. I will rob this man in the moment of his triumph. There is a new country to cheer one by its strangeness.' So I—I came to Newfoundland.

“I have been insane, but I feel now as if a more healthy mind were beginning to form within me, and I wonder if this recovery of mental sanity presages my approaching dissolution. I do not wish to die; not yet, alas, I am not fit. Rather do I desire to live so that I may atone in some measure for the woeful wrongs I have committed. And I should like to try your rule of happiness, Mr. Lalonde. Very real contentment seems to permeate this atmosphere, to shed its light on all I see; and perhaps in time I may acquire the wisdom which leads to that happy condition.”

“If that is indeed your desire, you may find wisdom and contentment quite easily,” said Alone. “But first you must give over all desires to meddle in the strife of others, and by keeping safely in the circle of your own affairs you will succeed. Seek retirement in some rural place, and let your business be a private one, but one that will engage every moment of your life and keep immortality constantly before your mind.”

“I have led a life of constant unhappiness,” said Sparkling sadly, “and now I see that I sought felicity in the wrong direction. The serenity of your quiet life appeals to me, and I long to recover my bodily health that I may enjoy it to the full. I will come here to live, if you will permit me. I have considerable wealth, and I can see now how I may use this for the good of others. I am sorry I have no way in which to reward you for all your kindnesses to me. Money is all I have, and such stuff I know is but dross to you, especially as you have now in your possession objects which could bring you in a moment all the money you could desire.”

“Yes,” replied Alone, “I mean to sell the articles in order to share with those who helped me so steadily and so faithfully in the search, and particularly do I wish to reward Joe Aiken for his invaluable aid and self-sacrificing efforts.”

“You need not sell your precious relics and archæological treasures for that purpose,” said Sparkling eagerly. “I have abundance, and would be most grateful if you would accept from me a sum equal to your requirements in the matter of rewarding those who have assisted you. Let me do this much in return for all you have done for me!”

“Your offer is a very generous one,” said Alone, “but I am unable to accept it, although I thank you most heartily.”

“Well, since you will not permit me the pleasure, you will not at least allow me to be the one to purchase your treasure? I will give you whatever price you ask. I mean to live here near you in your own country, and I think you would not wish the wonderful objects of your discovery to leave your

native land. I know you would prefer them to remain and enrich it. If you will allow me to purchase the treasures I promise never to permit their removal to another country. I shall not even remove them from your house where they can find the most fitting repose amongst those other relics you have so industriously collected.”

To this suggestion Alone gave consent, and it was agreed that Sparkling should purchase the casket and its contents. The beads were to remain the property of Alone to do with as he thought fit. A very noble sum, amounting to many thousands of dollars, was paid by Sparkling and the transaction was sealed.

To all who took part in the hunt for the treasure, Alone gave suitable mementos in the form of golden beads; nor were Captain Parsons, Alan Dale and Joe Aiken forgotten. To each of them, in addition to a munificent payment in coin, a golden ball was given as a souvenir of the most remarkable treasure hunt ever heard of in this or any other country. The finding of the treasure and the happy ending to a lifelong search were sufficient reward for Alone, who lived many years to enjoy that repose to which his long years of toil and privation entitled him.

He had the happiness to see Gabrielle and Laetitia become the proud mothers of a group of little Waynes; and his sons successfully married and settled beside the parental home.

Sparkling never married, but he continued to live at Alone’s home where he became a great favourite with all about him.

Doane returned to New York where he continued to act as Sparkling’s agent; but now in a more honourable capacity.

The casket never left the home of Alone, and finally by the will of Sparkling, it became the property of “le petit vaurien”.

Fleche lived many years to be the pet and pride of the little one who bore her mother’s name. And the wee Laetitia inherited from her mother the same fondness for the wilds and for all dumb creatures. Many a night did she climb on her mother’s knee, coaxing her again and again to tell the story of how she and Fleche brought the message to “Grandpa”.

THE END

## TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *Ogygia, A Tale of Old Newfoundland* by Arthur English]