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dor if it succeeds. There is another fellow, just left the university, whom we call our "saint in overalls," because he lives in them all the week, doing engineer jobs, and on Sundays does the preaching.

We are trying now to build a home for our sailors in St. John's, where they all have to go for supplies and repairs, and to market their fish. One fellow, an All-American football man, is seeing to the local management. He was offered twice the salary I could afford last year to leave me. But he said, "I wouldn't lose the opportunity this will give me to help these fishermen for ten salaries."

There are not many "frills" in life in Labrador, but you will find, if any of the St. Andrew's boys come to pay us a visit, as I hope they may, that there is lots of fun and heaps to do, and plenty of chances to find out one doesn't know everything, in the life of a Labrador missionary. WILFRED GRENFELL.

A HOODOO YACHT.

THREE years ago next June I had the most unlucky cruise in a yacht that it has ever been my part to go through—I will not say "enjoy," as enjoyment was altogether out of the question, with mystery and death lurking around; but more of that in the story.

I was just back from college, and to celebrate that fact had decided to take a two weeks' cruise in our boat, the "Davy Jones." So I hurriedly made up a party, consisting of several college chums and other friends. We hastily provisioned the yacht, and, taking on water and lots of gasoline, set out on a Friday at noon, which Friday, by the way, happened to be the thirteenth of the month. The paid hand, with the usual superstition of sailors, averred that "He warn't feeling very safe; this here starting out on a Friday was risky," and so on; but we ridiculed him. Superstition was not present among us. Since then I have changed my mind. I now believe in superstitions, and think you will agree with me that I have an excellent reason for so doing.

To return to the cruise. The first day out we planned to make Nanaimo, which is a nice afternoon's run for a fairly fast boat. Everything went well until about four o'clock. At that time we

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were right in the centre of the Gulf, when a small cam shaft on the engine snapped and left us helpless. A fairly heavy sea was running at the time, and the wind was blowing up pretty stiff from the southwest. Nothing could be done to the damaged shaft, so we hoisted our small sail, which, as is the case on most gasoline cruisers, was more for ornament than anything else, and was not much use.

We drifted for most of the night, until about four in the morning, when the wind shifted to the southeast, and we were able to run before it into Nanaimo harbor, getting there about six.

We slept until about noon, and about two o'clock, after having the damaged shaft repaired, we set out again, this time for Buccaneer Bay, which is across the Gulf of Georgia and nearer our starting point. The trip across was uneventful. We got there at eight in the evening, and after eating started to enjoy ourselves, which consisted in finding a soft spot, and lying down to listen to the gramaphone.

We were suddenly interrupted by screams from the shore, from which we were about two hundred yards out. The screams sounded like those of one being strangled, and were at first loud and long continued, but gradually became weaker and shorter. Three of us sprang into the dinghy, which was riding at the stern, and rowed ashore, to find two or three campers standing about a corpse on the sand.

The body was that of a stranger to the campers and ourselves. It was that of a medium-sized man, in rough clothes, and with unshaven face and long hair. By the marks on his neck we could see that he had been strangled to death. As we could do nothing we rowed back to the yacht, several of the campers taking charge of the body.

Needless to say, we slept very little that night. Death and mystery are not conducive to sleep, no matter how sleepy one may be. Quite early the next morning, after going ashore and finding out that no further tragedy had occurred, we hoisted our anchor and proceeded up coast, making for VanAnda, a small mining village on Texada Island.

The trip was quite enjoyable and helped us to forget the gruesome tragedy of the night before. We passed on the way a large school of whales sporting in the bright sun. They would dive and

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come up head first, spouting water to great heights. Several of them were so close that we could see the barnacles on their backs.

We reached our destination in the afternoon and cast anchor behind a small island in the outer cove and went ashore in the dinghy. After roaming about on shore for a while, we rowed back to the yacht and enjoyed a good meal, for our ramble on shore had whetted our appetites.

After dinner the Chinese cook asked to go ashore to see a friend of his, who, he said, was cooking for a mine boarding house. We gave him permission, and the paid hand rowed him ashore, telling him to be at the wharf at eleven o'clock sharp.

At eleven the man went ashore to get him, but no Chinaman appeared, so he rowed back to the yacht, cursing, as only a sailor can, the whole "blankety-blank race of pig-tailed Chinks."

Little did we imagine what had happened to our cook. Next morning we went ashore to look him up. The first thing that met our eyes on the wharf was Chung Loo's hat in a pool of blood. We searched around, but could not find the Chinaman, or any trace of him. So we notified the town's one policeman, and looked for another cook.

Our only applicant was a silent individual who, he said, had previously worked at a logging camp, and could "cook anything that was ever cooked." We weren't over-delighted with his looks, but as he was our only chance we took him. It was either that or do the work ourselves.

We left VanAnda the next morning at the break of day for Lund. On the way up we discussed our experience at Buccaneer Bay, and our cook's supposed death at Van Anda. The paid hand reminded us that we had started out on a Friday, and predicted that more ill-luck would follow us. We again laughed at him. We reached Lund late in the day after stopping at several points of interest on the way, and there, in a pretty cove, sheltered by a small, rocky island, we anchored for the night.

We spent a quiet and enjoyable evening. It was bright moonlight, and the reflection of the moon on the water stretching across the passage to Savary Island, with the sombre shadows cast by the wooded islands, was indeed beautiful. At about nine o'clock we heard a great threshing of the water beyond the little island. On rowing out we discovered that it was caused by a school of

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dolphins going north. They were wallowing and jumping about in the water. One of them jumped clear out of the water right in the track of the moon. It was a wonderful and interesting sight to watch.

After rowing back to the yacht we soon went to bed, and, early next morning, set out for Campbell River, the world-famous fishing ground. Our cook, up to this time, was good, as far as cooking went, but terribly silent as a companion. This day he seemed more silent than ever. During the morning he sat on deck for over an hour, speaking to no one, but continually mumbling to himself. It was hard on one's nerves.

After rounding Cape Mudge, which is, perhaps, the most dangerous point on the coast, we started up towards Seymour Narrows, and in a short time we reached Campbell River. After staying there for a couple of hours we decided to go right up to the Narrows. Seymour Narrows has perhaps the worst tide of any place in B. C. waters. It is a place to be feared in rough weather by even the largest of boats, but as the day was calm and clear we decided to take chances on it, and started up.

We reckoned that at the time we would get there the tide would be at the turn, so it would be with us both going and coming back. The trip up was very interesting, mountains on both sides of us, and whirling water, full of eddies and miniature whirlpools, all about us.

As we drew near the Narrows the whirlpools and eddies became larger and as we reached the Narrows they assumed fearsome proportions. We saw a huge sawlog, about five feet in diameter and forty feet long, whirled around, slowly lifted up on one end, and gradually sucked down in one of these vortices. That satisfied us. We had seen enough of the Narrows to suit us; so we turned about, as the tide was just at the turn, and set back for Campbell River.

Just as we turned about to go back, our silent cook stuck his head out of the forward hatch and pulled himself up to the top of the cabin. He sat there a minute or so, and then, with a loud shriek, sprang to his feet and dived into the seething water! We were helpless to save him. In about two seconds he was in a whirlpool, and slowly, yet surely, was sucked down, a wicked leer on his face all the while!

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This proved to be the last straw. We were terrified. First, a stranger; next, our Chinese cook, and now, a second cook! We decided to return to Vancouver at once, which we did, and, by running night and day, got there late the following day, all very glad to be back to our own anchorage at the Yacht Club.

Nothing was ever cleared up about Chang Loo's death, and the second cook's body was never found; but the police found out that the strange man had been killed by a logger in an old feud, started years before.

It was a most uncomfortable cruise and one that we will not forget for a while. Since then I never start any trip on a Friday.

DOUGLAS S. SCOTT.

A RATHER STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

Dear Sensibility! O la,
I heard a little lamb cry Ba!
Says I, "You have lost mama,
Dear Sensibility! O la!"

ONE day as I was poring over some volumes of forgotten lore, I happened upon this ancient classic. My attention was held, not only by the striking originality of the piece, but by the remarkably high vein of inspiration that runs through it. I was lost in admiration, and read it again and again. Then suddenly a happy thought came to me: I remembered that Alfred was particularly fond of this sort of thing. Why not take it around and show it to him? It was early in the afternoon, and it I set out at once I might have time to call on William.

Alfred was charmed with the poem, but objected that it might possibly be improved; that it lacked somewhat in finish and beauty of expression. I was rather taken aback at this, but was quite willing that he should do better if he thought he could. And so, nothing daunted, he sat him down, and after careful thought and due consideration, he produced this: