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WOODVILLE, THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1879.

J. S. LEEDHAM,
WATCHMAKER & PHOTOGRAPHER.
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WOODVILLE, ONTARIO.

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MONEY TO LOAN on FARM PRO-
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If you want money to buy more land, to
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Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Com-
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Houses and all risks of this class.

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The ONTARIO MUTUAL FIRE IN-
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Agent for the sale of the celebrated
WILSON A., and LOCKMAN SEWING
MACHINES.

LAND and General Agent.

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

(Continued.)

"The rest!" echoed Mr. Mizen, with a
half laugh. "There ain't any rest."
"What! All gone but you?"
"All gone but me and Bost—and one
other of the crew."

"Swear to that, boy; and if you tell me
lies I'll rope's-end you till you'll wish you'd
never been aboard any ship in all your life,
that blue you'll be all over."

The boy, whose face showed him to be
what he really was—the most arrant cow-
ard and coward in existence—burst out blus-
terously, "Rope's-end me, will you, Mr.
Croil? Wait till you try that game on."

"Ay, will I! And I'll begin on the spot
if you jaw me. Why, you dirty, measly—
There, go on with your story! All the pi-
rates is drowned, then? Pity, too!"

"I'll tell you all the truth, Mr. Croil—
s'help me, I will. We lost in the fight—
that is, they pirates and mutineers lost—
eight men in all, out of five-and-twenty;
that left seventeen, and six of them were
wounded; that left eleven. Well, they
used me orful, they did. All your lather-
ins Mr. Croil, was pancakes and plum-duff
compared with the latherins I got all round
from the devilish murderers. Things went
bad with the navigation too, and they
couldn't keep her no course nohow."

"Lubber all!" said Ben. "Go on, my
boy; steer as truthful as you know."
"Then we got weather; and then, you
see, we had to take to the boats. There
was two boats, but one stove in; then there
was only one left. We hadn't time for any
provisions; and after the fifth day they be-
gan to eat each other. Gaspel truth Mr.
Croil!"

"Sarved them right! Worse than being
hanged. But I'd rather ha' hanged them."
"Last, there was only left four of us."
"One of them four was Boston Tom?"
said Ben.

The boy hesitated.
"Well, one was—I remember now—one
was; but he was nearly dead when we were
picked up; and he was one of them that died
two days afterwards."

"That's a lie," thought Ben, but he said
nothing. "So now, only two are left?"
he asked, after a pause. "Who may the
other be?"

"He was Maltese Dick, Mr. Croil," the
boy replied, very quickly. "Him with the
black hair and the arm tattooed all over;
and where he's gone, I don't know, and can't
tell you."

"Ay, ay! And where do you live now,
you Mizen boy?"
"I've left the sea-faring trade, sir I'm
just come up to London to look round like;
got no home to go to yet."

There was a malicious twinkle in the
young man's eye as he spoke. Ben looked
up quietly—he still held him by the arm—
and watched him.

"Then you don't live anywhere handy
about here?"
"Laws, no, Mr. Croil! Certainly not,
not by no means. Whatever made you go
for to think that I would live about here?"

They passed, at that moment, a low sort
of lodging-house and sailors' tavern, with a
bill in the window: "Lodgings for single
men and mariners."

Unless Ben Croil was grievously deceived,
the lady at the door of this hostelry made a
sign of recognition as the lad passed.

"So," Ben thought, "that's the crib, and
that's where Boston Tom is to be heard
of."

"Well, Dan'l Mizen," he said, aloud,
'you'll find me most days down at the docks.
You mind, come to see me, and no harm
shall happen to you; you forget to come,
and as sure as my name's Ben Croil, you'll
swing for your share of the Lucy Derrick
mutiny. Swing is the word, Dan'l Mizen!'
He made mental note of the house and
number, and turned back.

Mr. Mizen looked after him, with a coun-
tenance full of perplexity and dismay; and
after first scratching his tousled head, and
then shaking it ruefully, pursued his own
way in the opposite direction, with a dejected,
not to say a languid, expression in his
very shoes. Presently there passed him a
lad of about his own age, dressed in blue
flannel, and looking—although the flannel
was shabby—a gentleman. He had
long legs and a springy walk. As he went
along—sometimes a little ahead and some-
times a little behind Mr. Mizen—he stop-
ped occasionally and looked about him, as if
in search of something. Mr. Dan'l Mizen
contemplated this wail—a gift of Providence

evidently fallen quite into his hands—for a
quarter of an hour or so; and then, Mr. Croil
being well out of sight, he shouldered up to
the stranger, and jerked out, looking the
other way:

"Lost your bearin,' mate?"
"That is it," replied the stranger: "lost
my bearin'." I was told by a party in the
country that I was to come to a house in the
Whitechapel Road—but I've forgotten the
number—where they'd take me in, and find
me a ship."

"That's lucky, now!" said Mr. Mizen.
'Why, I'll take you to the very place, and
its close by. You come along o' me.'

Daniel Mizen led the way. Oddly enough
his steps took him to exactly the very house
where Ben Croil had noticed the lady at the
door, and had remarked besides that she
seemed to know his young companion. It
was, in deed, the truth that the ex-ship-boy
lived in this place of resort. How he lived,
on what honest industry, or by the exercise
of what native wit, was not immediately
apparent.

He conducted Rupert to the door, and in-
troduced him to the landlady—a woman
with a red face, and dressed in a cotton
gown, looped up so as to show a rich am-
plitude of petticoat underneath. She stood,
with arms akimbo, contemplating human
nature as it passed with eyes of hungry de-
fiance. Men and women walked along,
children ran by, but they were not her prey.

Of all kinds and conditions of men, Mother
Flanagan—not an Irish woman by birth, al-
though of illustrious Irish descent—loved a
sailor, and especially him of the mercantile
marine. She extended her affection beyond
the narrow limits of party and country, em-
bracing in one comprehensive sweep, and
gathering to her breast, Englishman, Amer-
ican, Negro, Lascar, Malay, Greek, Ger-
man or Norwegian. All alike were dear to
her, and she was dear to them—in the long
run, very dear. She housed her favorites;
she provided them with food, society, am-
usements, and drink; and when they left
her hospitable house, it was, the censorious
said, with empty pockets, and with 'coppers'
so hot that it took a week of sea-breezes and
compulsory temperance to cool them.

"Yes, I can take him," said Mrs. Flana-
gan, "if the young gentlem will pay a de-
posit."

"I've got five shillings," said Rupert.
'Hand it over,' said Mrs. Flanagan,
'Mrs. Flanagan,' called a voice from the
inside room, "send that boy in here, five
shillings and all."

The voice was hoarse and strained. It
was followed by a chest cough which lasted
long enough to tear the patient to pieces,
and also was followed—a thing which was
quite natural in that horrible den—by a
volley of oaths.

Rupert Lemire thought himself in a very
queer company, but he reflected that they
would not probably murder him for the sake
of five shillings, and he obeyed the invita-
tion to enter the house. By the fire, in a
low room, reeking with tobacco, there
sat in an arm-chair a man of singular ap-
pearance. He was decorated with a scar on
the right side of his mouth, which made it
look as if it had been twisted up on that
side. He had bright black eyes, very close
together, and a long receding forehead; his
face was smooth and hairless, and his cheeks
were hollow and sunken. His empty pipe
lay beside him on the table, which was also
graced by a half-emptied glass of rum and
water.

"Come in, youngster. What's your
name? Where do you hail from? What
do you want? Now, then;"

Rupert thought of the initials on his
handkerchief.

"My name is Robert Lumley," he replied
with a little hesitation, taking a name which
belonged to the family butcher—an impor-
tant person, who was always bringing
sorrow upon the household by demanding
payment. "I come from—Manchester, and
I want to go to sea."

"How much money have you got?"
"Five shillings."
"Give it to me to keep for you. I live
here. This house belongs to me, not to
Mrs. Flanagan. I'll take care of your mon-
ey for you. I hope it's honestly come by.
We're very particular in this house, ain't us
Dan'l Mizen?"

Daniel made no reply.
'And if we can't get you a ship all at a
day's notice, young shaver, I suppose you
could find some more money by writing for
it, couldn't you? Guess you'd better come
to me for advice. Five shillings, you see,
it won't go far. Two days or thereabouts,
if you don't drink. To be sure, there's the
long-shore clothes; you can make a good
swap out of them, and nick a trifle into the
bargain.'

He had another fit of coughing, fol-
lowed by another volley of oaths. Then he
posed a game of cards, and they sat
to a friendly hand of all-fours, in which
Mizen took a hand. Rupert was not
ished when, after half an hour or so, he
informed by the man with the cough
he had lost all his money.

"Five shillings," said the host, ji-
ngling the two half-crowns. "It's a trifle
there, it's something to pass the time.
Well, feller, you've cleaned yourself out
sharp, you have. You'd better write
letter for more money at once; nothing
coming to the point. You, Daniel Mizen,
go and fetch the ink and some paper.
pose you've got a father?"

"Yes."
'And a mother? Yes? That's good
like a mother. We'll pitch it strong
just write what I tell you, and nothing
more.'

The paper having been brought,
Pringle—for this, Rupert had learned
course of the game, was the gentle-
name—proceeded to dictate: "My be-
lieved parents, I made my way up to London
leaving home, and arrived here yester-
day. I am deeply sorry for the trouble that
have caused you in running away, and
intended for to go sea, but am now
persuaded of the folly of my conduct,
will go back home, to do what you please.
I am staying with truly Christian people,
and have spent my all. If it were not for
their charity, I should now be starving
owe them two pounds already, and I
want three more to get my clothes out
of pawn, which I am in rags, and to get
again—third class Parliamentary—wh-
better than I deserve. So please send
a post-office order for five pounds, paid
to Thomas Pringle, at the Whitechapel
Office, the same to be called for. You
are my affectionate son, Robert Lumley."

This was Mr. Pringle's dictation.
Following, however, is what Rupert had
really wrote:

"DEAR OLD BEN—I'm in the qu-
and crib. They've robbed me of my five
ings, and a fellow here thinks I'm w-
for five pounds more to my parents in
chester. What a game! My address
13344A, High street, Whitechapel, an-
name is Robert Lumley, but you must
write to me. The name of the proprie-
the crib is Thomas Pringle. He is a
throat-looking villain, with a scar o-
right lip, and two eyes close together
he had any hair on his face he won-
like a wolf. I like the fun. "Yours
B. Lumley"

"Is it all wrote?" asked Mr. Pringle.
"Yes," said Rupert, quickly fold-
placing the letter in an envelope, the on-
om the table.

"Let me look at it."
"Can't, now it's folded and gummed
give me a penny for a stamp. I say
Pringle w. at fun it is! What shall
with the five pounds?"

"We'll have a spree, my boy,
and me together, in this blessed
crib. Now go and post your letter
come back when it is done. You can
into no mischief, because you've got
money."

That was true; but Mr. Mizen nev-
less seemed to think it desirable to
him unobtrusively to the post-office, to
escort him, after the letter was duly p-
back to No. 1344A. There they found
sort of a meal in active progress and
three other guests, although the appe-
of the food did not, as in some circles,
the disappearance of the tobacco. Con-
trary, those who had fed, or who
about feed, went on smoking; those
were feeding kept their pipes by the
between helpings attended to the pro-
of the spark. The cloth remov-
best, and the evening sports set in
usual severity. Other guests arriv-
both sexes, the tables were cleared
and dancing began.

Rupert sat quietly enough, watch-
listening, until the fiddle began. Pl-
ly his legs began to twitch. An eleph-
performer was occupying the floor
step made up of the cobbler's dance a
sailors hornpipe. Rupert stepped
him.

"Let me show you how to dance,"
smiling superior.

He did show them how to dance a
pipe; then he showed them the sword
with the poker and tongs; then he
ed a figure of his own invention, in
he lifted his legs over the head of eve-
and gentleman present, to their unmi-
and rapture; and then, snatching the
from the hands of the inebriate music-
threw himself into his place, and p-
country dance for them till they da-
if they had been the rats of the Pied
himself.

Never before had Mrs. Flanagan w-
ed such dancing, such excitement, and
thirst.

Said Mr. Pringle to the worthy la-
upon retiring to rest: "The boy's v-
mint of money. We'll keep him.
he gets an answer to his letter, I'll
up right away. There sha'n't be
house as this not this side of Lime's
gal!"