

New Waiter at Boathouse Inn

II.

Rumour had it that the latest addition to the staff of the Boathouse Inn owed an old score, and was working it off in the capacity of waiter; and the general opinion among the customers was that he was a bad bargain even at that price. He had a very long body and very short legs; this physical peculiarity being further emphasised by a coat which had once been blue, the long tails reaching half-way down his podgy-looking calves. He wore a frowsy mouse-coloured wig and a bleary owl-like expression of wisdom that evidently covered the most dense stupidity. He carried an ample supply of stuff in his capacious waistcoat pockets; and, extracting it sometimes from the right pocket, sometimes from the left, with his thumb and finger, sonorously inhaled a portion and flung away the remainder with a contemptuous frown of his fingers that sent a tiny cloud floating over the pewters and glasses in a manner that was peculiarly distressful to poor topers with a squeamish stomach. He invariably met the incoming coaches and post-chaises, holding forth to the travellers with a very strong Welsh accent upon the superior accommodation of the "Boa house," and seldom left the stranger until he had elicited a verbal reply, after which he at once turned his attention to some one else. He was the constant butt of the company in the "Boa house" taproom; but he appeared quite ignorant of the fact notwithstanding the very personal nature of the sallies levelled at him.

"Now then you old Welsh tup, ram, you; sh-r-p-a-y-u-r stumps," quick in your pace, bawled a drover at the far end of the room, the speaker himself being so thoroughly Welsh that he could with difficulty make himself understood.

The solemnity with which the waiter received the remark caused much hilarity; and as he reached the door a little bandy-legged ostler touched his shoulder, remarking in a serious undertone, but loud enough to be heard by the company, "Tell you what, our master, if I'd a pair of legs like your'n I'd cut 'em off!"

A loud burst of laughter followed the waiter through the door; and ere it ended the French man and woman entered the room, the former smiling away like clockwork upon the company, many of whom were well known to him. They were closely followed by Whitehead, who, having been relieved at the watch house, had come to thaw his inner man with a jorum of rum.

The Frenchman was greeted good-humouredly by several of the company, most of whom, however, exhibited some reserve owing to the presence of the lady. This vanished immediately, however, and a fisherman, far gone in ale, rose unsteadily to his feet, and in a jocular strain attempted the lines, "Says Boney to Johnny," &c.

The foreigner, still smiling imperturbably, ordered a bowl of punch "for his good friends to drink, the health of his only daughter," whom he had brought over to see the country, and who at the remark bestowed a languid smile upon the company.

The arrival of the foreign lady and gentleman had an effect upon the new waiter. For a moment his slipshod manner seemed to drop from him, and he received the generous order almost with a acidity. He took stuff from both pockets in quick succession, and gave a quick nod of acquiescence; but dropped almost at once into his customary listless manner, and shuffled from the room even more limply than before.

After placing the bowl on the table before the Frenchman, the waiter sat down on a vacant seat at the opposite side of the table; but the top-room fraternity of the "Boathouse" were not wont to stand upon etiquette and the action attracted no attention.

The glasses were filled, and an elderly packetman, rose to his feet and began to expatiate on the fact that, although he was a Frenchman by birth, Froggy after all was such a good fellow that some of his ancestors must certainly have gone over from England; when he suddenly stopped, and a thrill ran through the room, for a strange and powerful voice, and a voice, moreover, that thrilled with authority, was suddenly uplifted above the words of the toast.

Looking down, they saw that the new waiter's elbows rested on the table, and a pair of long-barrelled pistols were levelled from them directly at the heads of the foreigners. His face was completely transformed, as his keen glance rested on the covering pair before him, and was so lighted up with animation that he was almost unrecognisable. His figure, too, seemed to dilate, as, without a trace of the Welsh accent, there rang out the words:

"I, William Shone, an officer of Bow Street, call upon all loyal subjects of King George here present to assist me to take into lawful custody the bodies of Jean Colat, who, it appears, is known here as Froggy, and his accomplice, Comte de Bordenave, who are wanted for high treason and for the cold-blooded murder of John Bradley, an officer of Bow Street, from whose custody they escaped two months ago."

This address appeared to be partly given from memory and partly extemporised; and long before it was finished several of the company had rushed before the pair, and pinned them firmly by the arms, upsetting several glasses in the process.

The Frenchman showed his teeth like a wolf caught in a trap, and the Count turned ghastly pale, and looked as if fascinated at the officer as he spoke.

The latter rose to his feet, and laid his pistols on the table, adding solemnly as he displayed a sealed warrant to

the company for a moment, and drew out a pair of handcuffs:

"Ay, poor John Bradley, as true a comrade as ever drew the breath of life. May God have mercy upon his soul!—murdered while doing his duty. Many a ride he and I had together, and many a time have our barkers spoke out together as the honest lads, highwaymen, stood at bay in the moonlight; but this is the first time we have been upon the track of a dirty foreigner. I hope it will be the last!"

"You pigs of Englishmen!" Froggy broke out as the darbies closed around his wrists with a snap. "Napoleon will eat you up soon."

"Not him, indeed!" growled Whitehead. "You talk like a ha'penny book with no leaves in it. We've got a little one-armed man as'll warm his lions for him if he tries any pig-killing over here."

"As for your Nelson," said the Count in broken English and with withering contempt—"pooh! bah!" He spat out bitterly as he spoke.

"Now, gentlemen," said the waiter cheerfully, "there's no profit in holding arguments with dead men, and these are no better," with a slight gesture of his thumb across the table. "I shall need three good stout Parkgate lads to help me with them to Chester, where I shall be granted a proper escort to London; but before I start you shall drink the King's health in the best bowl of punch that our good host Johnson can brew." He threw a couple of guineas on the table.

One of the fishermen opened the lattice window, and, taking up his glass without a word swilled its contents out to the beach.

The remainder followed suit; and the officer, picking up the bowl, stepped briskly across the room and flung the liquor after the rest.

"Now, Mr. Johnson," he added briskly the waiters and guests from the other apartments, thronged the entrance to the taproom, "wash this well out, and brew us a mixture that won't disgrace the King's health."

At this juncture there was a sudden commotion among the group and exclamations of horror, in the midst of which the gigantic figure of Uncle staggered into the room. His beard was matted with blood and sea-sand, and a dark blot surrounded a large slash in the breast of his blue shirt. His face was ghastly pale, and as he reeled into the room and rested heavily against a settle he gasped out, "A drink, mates; for the love of God, a drink! I'm dying!"

A glass of brandy was held to his lips, while a dozen voices asked who had been his assailants.

"Ask them varmin's," he replied as the neat spirit darted new life through his veins. He pointed to the shrinking captives. "Boys," he continued, addressing the crowd, "there's a big French schooner loaded down with arms for the Irish put in under Tinker's Dale, and I suspect they were only waiting for this murderin' pair before they went on their dirty errand to Ireland agen our lawful King—God bless him!—for I seed madam theer a-bogin' at um with the lantern, though I did not think what it meant till she were beating it into my poor old head! "Three flashes and a flash it were, sure enough, Billy Whitehead," he concluded, turning to that individual.

"Three flashes and a flash" were the last words of poor Jack Bradley, ejaculated Shone. "That the words meant mischief of some kind we knew, but what kind of mischief it was we could not make out."

"Gentlemen," said Whitehead, rising and sternly buttoning up his coat as he spoke, "we are all friends here now—leastways all but two—and I can do no harm by stating that the secret order sent down here by Captain Monk was to keep a sharp lookout for 'three flashes and a flash.' No one seemed to know what it meant, and no doubt the same order has been sent to other ports. Uncle, here, and Jim Bushell were the only ones entrusted with the secret outside our own set, and they've been doing a sort of sentry-go up and down the river every night since. Now, just before I came in here Lieu enant Cottingham marched up to the 'Red Lion' with over twenty redcoats bound for Dublin Castle with to-morrow morning's packet. What I have to propose is this, that we take these soldiers down the river in our boats at once, get around the schooner in the dark, and serve it like we served the two passengers."

A hearty cheer broke from the company. The Frenchmen cursed; but in a few moments the crowd moved out, the prisoners closely guarded, and the officers walked in the rear. The bandy-legged ostler and host Johnson alone remained.

"Well," ejaculated the former, "I always thought as them Bow Street runners were runners; but blow me if that old gentleman could run for toffee!"

"Thomas," sagely rejoined mine host, "Master Weasel isn't much of a runner like to speak on; but he dines off Master Hare oftener than thee or me."

The whole population of Parkgate, including the strangers within their gates, remained on the quays during the night. In the early hours of morning the sounds of distant musketry, sometimes in the form of an irregular rattle, and occasionally in a solid volley, could be heard by the listeners grouped about the blazing fires. By-and-by it ceased, and a young sailor declared that he heard three faint cheers.

A few hours later, as the "Royal Prince" coach climbed the steep summit of the Boathouse Hill, en route for Liverpool, the driver suddenly reined in his steeds and listened intently; then the "outsides" turned an attentive ear west-

ward, and transformed their left hands into the ear-trumpets used by primitive man. Five "insides"—three ladies and two gentlemen—stepped quickly upon the road and rapidly followed their example. Hearty cheers were continuously rolling from end to end of the Parkgate Parade; and in the brief intervals which intervened what seemed like a faint echo floated in from the westward.

The dawn began to break beyond the distant marshes, and in the faint light appeared a large schooner in tow of fully a score of small boats, rowed by dark figures with a sprinkling of red uniforms with white facings. Some half-dozen red-coats were drawn up on the deck of the schooner, with their lieutenant, who later on came out of Waterloo with a musket-ball in his foot and a captaincy; and several manacled figures lay on the deck near them. One or two more figures there were, who lay even more still, yet were not pinioned.

As the schooner drew near the quays the shouts of the conquerors and of those who awaited them seemed to blend in one mighty cheer.

The driver's whip-lash described an hyperbolic over his head, and darted out with a sharp snap at the leaders. "Well," he exclaimed aloud, "they have managed that all right; and the Parkgate lads will have more prize-money than they can spend for a bit!"

There has always been an Uncle Meador at Parkgate, and, to all appearances, there always will be. The present Uncle, who related the above as I sat in the stern of his boat, watching his thirty-foot mussel-rake rising and falling in the vasty deep at Dawpool, assured me that when his grandfather "coached it up to London" Mr. William Shone informed him that he had brought him up to town not so much to give evidence in the treason case as to witness an execution at Tyburn in which the central figures were one Jean Colat and a certain French aristocrat known as Comte de Bordenave.

POVERTY-STRICKEN PORTUGAL.

A Little Country With Extensive Colonial Possessions and an Enormous Burden of Debt.

At the end of the nineteenth century Portugal finds itself a bankrupt nation, terribly in debt and becoming more so every year. This little strip of a country lying on the western coast of the Spanish peninsula, has exercised a great influence in the history of the world. Her explorers were among the first to make their way along American shores, both on the northern and southern continents. Her people were hardy and rugged, lovers of the sea, who in their ventures explored far and wide both in the east and in the wide west. Her ships were everywhere and had much of the carrying trade of the world. But this time has long gone by and the Portuguese, though still fond of the sea, have lost their hold as the sailors of the world.

As a matter of course, a country so active in the era of discovery must have become possessed of much territory, but it is a strange fact that Portugal has acquired most of her present colonial possession in the present century. Twenty years ago she had an area of 697,333 square miles in Africa, and 7,160 square miles in Asia, with populations in these continents, respectively, 2,484,034 and 849,553. This year she has in Africa the following colonies: The Cape Verde Islands, with an area of 1,480 square miles and a population of 114,139; Guinea, population, 820,000, and area 4,440 square miles; Princes' and St. Thomas islands, area 360 square miles, and population 24,660; Angola, area 484,800 and population 4,119,000; Portuguese East Africa, area 301,000 square miles and population 3,120,000; total African possessions, area 792,080 square miles, and population 8,157,790. In Asia her colonies are: Goa, in India, area 1,330 square miles, population 494,836; Danao Diu, area 168 square miles, population 77,454; Timor, in the Indian archipelago, 7,453 square miles, population 30,000; Macao, in China, four square miles, population 78,627; total Asiatic possessions, area 9,020, population, 950,917. This gives her for a grand total of colonial possessions 811,000 square miles and a colonial population of 9,148,707. In twenty years she has gained dominion over 96,695 square miles of territory and 5,015,124 souls.

When it is considered that Portugal's home area is but 36,038 square miles and her population but five millions, it can be seen that by far the largest part of her territory is in her colonies. In fact her colonial possessions are twenty-two times the area of her little home country. The colonies are ruled much as the Spanish colonies, by governor-general appointed by the crown, who are really almost absolute rulers. Despite the immense amount of territory in her colonies, the cost of maintaining them more than eats up the revenue which she derives from them. The same is the case at home and the consequence is that the state is burdened with an overwhelming debt. Taxes ran high, so much so that the men have noticeably emigrated from the country to escape the heavy drain.

A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY LOT.

The Portuguese are a happy people, however, perhaps the joi liest, merriest

people of Europe, taking their time about everything, little worried, enjoying life as they go. In their travel that this is due to the fact that the men have so largely railways is looked upon as a frightful rate of speed, and one little to be desired. They would rather go more slowly, taking in all the beauties of the landscape.

Portugal is said to be the most illiterate nation of Europe, notwithstanding the fact that she has good schools and good school laws. More than 80 per cent. of the population are said to be illiterates. Yet the Portuguese are hard workers at times. They can be seen on the streets carrying tremendous burdens on their heads. Especially is this the case among the women, who also do most of the work on the farms. It has been suggested that this is due to the fact that the men have so largely emigrated. The army of 30,000 men is raised by conscription. This force can be raised in war times to an effective fighting strength of 100,000 men. The navy consists of 1 ironclad corvette, 6 corvettes, 14 gunboats, 5 monitors, 10 sloop gunboats, 2 armored transports and 4 torpedo boats.

ALWAYS HARD UP.

The financial condition of the country is deplorable. So often and so largely has Portugal been compelled to borrow money that her debt is over her head like the sword of Damocles. For not only has she no way of raising money to pay off what debt she has, but she is constantly getting further and further into debt. Time after time has the cabinet been dissolved because it has been unable to cope with the financial difficulties of the nation. In 1898, the revenue amounted to 55,105,878 milreis, one milrei is equal to \$1.10. The expenditures for the same year were 55,034,844, a good record for her, and yet that is a pretty close margin, when it is understood that her public debt is what it is. In 1894 the public debt amounted to 638,205,469 milreis, exclusive of the floating debt of 21,736,000 milreis. Of the debt, 254,639,230 is represented in securities held in foreign countries, chiefly Germany and England. This, then is in reality a great big mortgage on Portugal, which the country is bravely struggling to keep from being the millstone that will put her out of business.

A WAY OUT OF TROUBLE.

One way in which she could pay off some of her debt, perhaps most of it, is to let her colonies go. By granting rights to Germany and Great Britain, she could raise a sufficient amount of money to at least tide her over the biggest part of her trouble. Delagoa bays of immense strategic importance to all of eastern and southern Africa, and there is no doubt that Great Britain would be willing to pay a big sum for its possession. Germany would likewise be glad to have some of the other African possessions or some of those in Asia, although it is doubtful if the latter would satisfy German desire. For several years rumors, nay reports, have been spread abroad every so often of the cession of Portuguese colonies to other countries. Semi-official denials have, of course, been made, but it is also true that there would be good reason, to prevent an enraged populace and revolutions, for Portugal's endeavoring to keep the deal as dark as possible until it suited her pleasure to let it become known. It seems to be the only way out of her present difficulties, other than to shut up shop.

RULES OF ETIQUETTE.

Parties wishing to enter the printing office at this season should be governed by the following rules: Advance to the inner door and give three distinct raps or kick the door down. The "devil" will attend to the alarm. You will give him your name, post-office address and the number of years you are owing for the paper. He will admit you. You will advance to the centre of the room and address the editor with following countersign: Extend the right hand about two feet from the body, with the thumb and index finger clasping a \$0 bill, which drops into the extended hand of the editor, at the same time saying: "Were you looking for me?" The editor will grasp your hand and the bill and pressing it will say: "You bet!" After giving him the news concerning your locality you will be permitted to retire with a receipt for an obligation properly discharged.

AN ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

The story is told of a professor of Mathematics who was greatly interested in the work, and devoted himself so wholly to it that a natural tendency which he had to absent-mindedness became much accentuated. One day when he had guests at dinner, and was helping them to fish from a platter, he took a plate bottom side up, put a fish on the bottom of the plate, and handed it thus to one of the guests. There was a laugh at once, and his wife said, My dear, if your absent-mindedness has gone so far that you are serving people food on the bottoms of plates, I shall insist on your resigning your professorship. She did insist on it, and he resigned and went into another and more general field of teaching. He is still a little inclined to be forgetful—like some of the rest of us—but he has never since served food on the bottom of a plate.

NEW USE FOR SMOKE SHELLS.

The great loss of life incurred by the English troops is mainly attributable to the charges they have had to make across open spaces in order to dislodge the enemy from the sheltering kopje. In order to minimize the death roll it has been suggested that just before a charge takes place smoke shells should be fired, which would temporarily hide the English soldiers.

Canada and England.

THE SERVICES CANADA HAS RENDERED FULLY APPRECIATED.

A Prominent Brockville Business Man Pays a Tribute to the Good Work of a Canadian Institution in England. From the Brockville Recorder.

One of the most successful business men in Brockville, is Mr. Thomas Nappy, the well known Perth street grocer. Mr. Nappy is an Englishman by birth and the success he has achieved in business here, has enabled him for some years past to make an annual holiday trip to the Motherland. In a casual conversation with some friends in the Bank of Montreal, recently, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills happened to be mentioned and Mr. Nappy said that if the pills effected many cures as marvellous as one that had come under his notice, he was not surprised that they were so frequently the theme of conversation. Asked later by a reporter of the Recorder to give the story, Mr. Nappy readily consented to do so, and we give it practically in his own words. "Don't be disappointed when I tell you that the cure did not occur in this country," said Mr. Nappy. "As a matter of fact it occurred in England, and came under my observation on the occasion of two visits made to that country. During the summer of 1898 I paid a visit to my old home in England, and while there visited William Ledger, a relation of mine, living at 45 Fitzwilliam street, Doncaster. In Ledger's family was a little girl, Lilly, about six years of age who was absolutely helpless with what the doctors said was St. Vitus' dance, but really seemed to me more like paralysis. This child was one of the most pitiful sights I ever saw; more helpless than a new born babe. She could not move a single limb and if the head were turned to one side or the other it remained in that position until someone changed it. The poor child had to be fed and looked after like an infant, and as the doctors had not been able to do anything to relieve her, recovery was not thought possible. Indeed, I said to the child's grandmother that I thought its early death would be a relief not only to the child, but to its parents. This was the condition of the child when I left for Canada. Again in the summer of 1899 I made a holiday trip to England and to my amazement when I visited my friend Ledger I found Lilly as bright and active a child as one would find anywhere, with absolutely no trace of the trouble that had made her a helpless burden the year before. I told her parents I had never expected to see her alive again and asked what had effected her cure. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said the father. He further said that returning from work one night, he found in the house a little book describing the pills, left during the day, and after reading it decided to use them in Lilly's case. After supper he bought some of the pills and gave the first to the child that night. In a few days they saw they were helping her, and in less than two months time there was not a child in the neighborhood, brighter, healthier or more active. I have heard a great deal concerning what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done in this country, but this case coming under my own observation is as near a miracle as we can look for in these days, and shows why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so much talked about everywhere.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

BRITAIN MOURNED.

In January, 1842, a British army of 4,500, with about 12,000 camp followers, was completely destroyed by the Afghans upon the retreat from Cabul. But one Englishman, Dr. Brydon, reached the British garrison at Jelalabad to tell the tale of the awful disaster. Nevertheless, before the end of September in the same year, an avenging British army had captured Cabul and inflicted severe punishment upon the Afghans.

During the Indian Mutiny in 1857 the British garrison at Cawnpore, numbering 400, was massacred, with over 200 women and children. In the first day's assault of the British on Delhi in that year they lost sixty-six officers and 1,100 men. This was nearly a third of the attacking force, while the assault had only resulted in the capture of one-sixth of the city. Yet another attempt to take the city a few days later was successful.

In the Crimean War a blunder of someone caused the fruitless charge of the Light Brigade upon the Russian guns, from which only 198 out of 607 cavalymen returned. The British also twice failed in attempts to take the Redan in front of Sebastopol. Nevertheless, Sebastopol was taken.

On July 27, 1880, 700 British soldiers and three native Indian regiments, a total of 2,500, were routed at Kushki-Nak-hub, Afghanistan, with a loss of 1,100 and two guns, but ample revenge was shortly secured by Lord Roberts.

NEARLY ALWAYS TRUE.

If I say, said the teacher, the pupil loves his teacher, what sort of a sentence is that?
Sarcastic, said the boy.