

A Man's Heroism

Story of the Rescue of Seal Hunters Lost in an Ice Pack.

When we had come to anchor in Trinity bay and all the sails were safely stowed, the captain of our yacht proposed that we should go ashore and see the celebrated Comeau fish.

Bob, my companion asked, "Celebrated for what?"

"Oh! for several things," replied the captain. "He is a most extraordinary man in his many acquirements and knowledge. Born and brought up on this coast, he has passed all his life here, with the exception of the three years his father was able to send him to school, but those three years he made use of to lay the foundation of a wonderful store of practical knowledge. His schooling, as I have said, was but the foundation; by reading and observation he had added to it in a marvellous way.

From his early training and the life of every one on the coast, it would go without saying that he knows how to shoot, but he is more than a good shot he is a "deadly" shot. Anything he aims his gun at that is within shooting distance is dead. As a salmon fisher, no crack angler who visits these rivers can hope to compete with him.

"As a linguist he can speak, read and write in French, English, Latin and Indian; besides this, he can talk rapidly in the dumb alphabet. He holds the position of telegraph operator at Trinity, also of postmaster and fishery overseer, and besides, when anything goes wrong with the lines for 200 miles east or west, the department immediately wires him to go and fix them up.

"He has more than a fair knowledge of medicine for one who derived all his insight from reading alone. Last summer there was an epidemic of measles all along the coast among both whites and Indians. Here with a population of 150, two-thirds of whom were down, Comeau, who attended them, did not lose one patient, while at Bersimis, where the department sent a full-fledged M. D., there were 30 burials out of a population of 450.

"You may be sure the poor people all along the coast love him."

So the boat was lowered away, and the captain, Bob and I rowed ashore to see this paragon. From the outside look of the place I could see the man was one of good taste and orderly. The knock at the door was answered by Comeau himself. The captain was personally acquainted with him and introduced us before we entered. I must say I was disappointed. One always is when he has pictured a person in his mind's eye and finds that in reality he is quite a different kind of person.

I had looked for Comeau to be a large man and a boisterous one from his position of superiority over others. On the contrary, I found him below the medium, a quiet, low-voiced man, reserved almost to shyness. I saw at once he was a great observer, one who would make deductions from specks invisible to ordinary people; or, in other words, he could put two and two together and dovetail them better than most men.

We were ushered into a large, clean, airy room, in the middle of which sat a very good-looking lady in a roomy rocker, with a child on each knee. If Comeau himself is reserved and not inclined to talk, his wife can do enough for both. She excused herself for not rising when her husband introduced us. Nodding down at her babies, she said: "You see, I am fixed." One could see she is a proud mother—they were twins; this she told us before we were seated, and she further informed us that they were the only twins on the Labrador. So she is celebrated also.

When we got fairly settled in Comeau's den, the conversation naturally drifted into hunting and fishing. Bob made some inquiries about the pools on the Trinity. To make his explanations clear, Comeau pulled out a drawer of photographic views of the river. In rummaging these over, he cast aside a gold medal. "Excuse me," I said, reaching over and taking up the medal. On it I read engraved: "Presented to N. A. Comeau by the R. H. S. for Bravery in Saving Life."

Upon my asking him to recount the circumstances, he blushed and looked quite confused, and said: "Oh! it was nothing worth speaking of, but I suppose people talked so much about it that they gave me that token. It was nothing more than any man would have done," and this was all we could get from him unless we carried persistency to an ungentlemanly degree.

After having spent a very pleasant hour we returned on board, and the captain told us the story that the hero himself would not.

Two years before, one day in January, Comeau arrived home from the back country to find that two men had that day while seal hunting off shore been driven off the coast toward the ice pack in the gulf. One of the men was Comeau's own brother-in-law and the other a half-breed. In spite of the supplications of his wife and the persuasions of the other individuals of the place, Comeau set about preparations to follow them out

to sea. He asked no one to accompany him.

The wind all the afternoon had been steadily off shore and was now moderately calm. He took with him some restoratives, provisions, a lantern, a couple of blankets, his rifle and ammunition and what else useful he could think of in his hurry. The ice pack was then about 10 miles off the land, and he reasoned the men must be on the ice, if large and strong enough, or in among it if in small cakes, the latter being much more dangerous.

From Trinity to Matane in a direct line the distance is 45 miles, and to push out in a frail, wooden canoe alone and in the darkness coming on in the black gulf in mid-winter required a brave man with extraordinary nerve to dare it, and this Comeau did.

Three minutes after pushing out from the beach, canoe and man were swallowed up in the darkness. The next the people of Trinity heard of him was a telegraphic message on the second day after. It read: "Matane. All three alive. Joseph, hands frozen; Simon, both feet frozen badly."

This message was to his family, but the Matane people sent a much longer one to the government giving the facts, describing the hardships these men had come through, and a special train was sent down with the best surgeon from Quebec. On the surgeon's arrival at Matane a consultation was held with the country practitioner, when it was decided that the man, Joseph, would have to lose two fingers on each hand and Simon both feet.

The amputation was successfully carried out next day, and shortly after, when Comeau saw both men well on no recovery, he started for his home, not, however, by the way he had come, but up to Quebec by the south shore and down the north shore from Quebec, a distance of nearly 700 miles. The last 100 he made on snowshoes.

The captain told us that the description of this very venturesome trip he had heard from Comeau's own brother as the elder one had described it in the heart of his family. He had reached the ice pack, to the best of his judgment, about 15 miles from the land, and had remained on his ears and hallooed once or twice without receiving an answer. He suddenly bethought himself of the lantern. This he lit and lashed to the blade of one of the oars, and erected it aloft. Immediately a faint cry was heard to the eastward, and he lowered his light and pulled away in the direction whence the call appeared to come. After rowing for a short time the lantern was waved again above and this time an answering shout came from close at hand.

The two poor fellows were some distance in the pack, and had got on the largest cake they could find. They were sitting there helpless, holding on each by one hand to the rough surface on the ice, and with the other to their canoe to keep it from being washed off.

By the aid of the lantern held aloft, Comeau saw there was a much larger cake of ice some distance farther in the pack. To this they made their way with laborious trouble. Pushing one canoe as far ahead among the ice as possible, they would all three get into this, shove the other in advance in the same way, and so repeating the process till they reached the solid field. Once safely on this, for the meantime, secure place, food was paraken of and daylight waited for.

Soon, however, the intense cold began to make itself felt, and drowsiness was first taking hold of the two men, and their great wish was to be left alone and allowed to sleep. This Comeau knew if indulged meant death, and it took all his efforts to keep them awake and moving about. Once, while attending to the half-breed, his brother-in-law dropped down and was fast asleep in an instant. Comeau boxed him, kicked him, without having the desired effect of rousing him from his stupor. At last he bethought him of what an old Indian had done to him under somewhat similar circumstances. He caught the man's nose between the thumb and finger and tweaked it severely. This brought him to his feet and mad to fight.

Day was now breaking and they could see the south shore at a computed distance of 10 miles. Comeau also saw that the ice pack was drifting steadily east, and this, if they remained on the ice, would carry them past Cap Chat, the most northern point of the south coast, and this meant death to a certainty.

A rapid train of thought went through Comeau's brain. He decided that if saved they were to be, it must be by passing over that 10 miles of moving, grinding ice. He forced some food on the others. They abandoned the roll of blankets, which had been of no use to them, and started, using the canoes sea-saw fashion, as they had done the night before. They left the cake of ice upon which they had passed the night at 8 a.m., and only got ashore at the extreme point of Cap Chat at daylight next morning. At times they would come across narrow lanes of water, but these lanes always ran at right angles to the direction in which they were going. Several times, when stopping upon what was considered a strong piece of ice, one of the party would be immersed in the cold, cruel water, and be rescued with great trouble and danger to the others.

What a picture of heart-felt prayer offering it must have been to have seen those men kneeling on the ice-bound shore, pouring out their thanks to the ever-watchful Almighty who had brought them safely through such danger.

Bob, who had taken down the cap-

tain's narrative in shorthand, gave me his notes and I give the story of adventure and heroism to the public.

LEARNING TO LOVE THE PIPES.

Julian Ralph Says He Got to Like the Sound.

One may perhaps gain with difficulty some understanding of a Scottish piper's appeal to his countrymen. Julian Ralph, in "An American with Lord Roberts," says that when he was in camp upon the veld, he was awakened every morning by the opening groan of a bagpipe, the reviville of one of the Highland battalions. The piping continued for at least sixteen hours at a stretch.

At first this queer music came as a novelty. Next it roused my curiosity as to a piper's having either the will or strength for sixteen hours on end, with no longer pause than the minute it required to change from one tune to another. Then the unceasing noise began to madden me, and I cursed the pipes as an instrument of torture. The piper walked to and fro the length of the regiment's lines, and the air was full of ziz-ziz-ziz, like the note of a demon bee, while the nearer it came, the more its nasal chords mastered the neighborhood and quivered in my very bones.

At last, I cannot tell how it came about, I grew to like the sound, and to miss the melody when the piper was afar and only the buzzing came to my ears. When he was near he played upon my body and my senses. My pen raced with the purple music of the reels, my blood warmed under the defiant challenge of the battle-songs. A pleasant sadness possessed me when the tunes were plaintive and gray.

Without a drop of Scotch blood in me, I yet began to love the Scotch, and to take an interest in all I could see or learn of them. In time I used to leave my camp and cross the narrow lane to the Highlanders, to watch a piper at his work.

Then I discovered that there was not one sole piper; a score of men shared the burden. They stood in line, patiently watching as the musician of the moment walked jauntily up and down, just touching his toes to the veld, like a man practising to walk on eggs. As he halted the flying ribbons would fall beside the drones, and the pipe would be passed to another man. Then off strode the fresh player, with the streamers floating, his hips swaying, his head held high, and his toes but touching the ground. Once I heard a man say:

"Gi' me the pipes, Sandy. I can tell ye what naebody has said."

MEDICAL DECEPTIONS THAT CURE.

In Many Cases Imagination Does More Good Than Medicine.

We are compelled to deceive our patients, said one of the doctors at a great London hospital the other day. By doing so we can often effect cures for imagination is in many cases more likely to do good than all the medicines in the world.

There is in this hospital at the present time a young man who has not slept for weeks without first receiving a hypodermic injection of pure water. He believes he is getting a quarter of a grain of morphia with each injection, and as he has not discovered the deception the treatment works like a charm.

I had a patient a few months ago who was suffering from imaginary paralysis, and who could not be benefited by the use of drugs of the electric current. By prearranged plan, he was informed by a person supposed to be interested in his case that magnetism, not electricity, was what he needed, and since then he has shown marked improvement under the constant application of a wooden magnet painted to resemble the genuine article.

Now and then a case presents an amusing phase. One woman possessed the idea that her heart was growing to her side, and did not improve under the treatment accorded her. Then I made up some medicine compound of the most nauseating drugs, and the patient was ordered to take doses hourly. After the first day's treatment she said she was well enough to go home. That medicine could have had absolutely no effect, but it was intensely nasty, so that it was purely a case of faith cure.

RARE AND CURIOUS GEMS.

The rarest and the costliest of gems though not always esteemed the most beautiful, are pigeon's blood rubies, fine opals and diamonds, that are pure but shed a distinct glow of blue or pink. A very perfect pearl of generous size and lustrous skin, tinted a rarely beautiful golden-green, was valued, unset, at over £300. A faultless green pearl is very rare. A curious stone is the Alexandrite. It is a dark green stone that is polished out, and set, very like a fine topaz or amethyst, in large showy rings, surrounded by diamonds. By the light of day the Alexandrite has no special beauty save its fine lustre, but directly a shaft of artificial light strikes the dull stone, deep gleams of red flash out of the green, and under the gas or in the firelight one ignorant of this vagary would instantly pronounce it a ruby.

The Home.

SALADS AND SANDWICHES.

Hindoo Salad.—Arrange four slices of tomato on a bed of shredded lettuce. Pile some have celery on two of the slices and on the other two some finely cut water cress. Garnish with small pieces of tomato and serve with French dressing.

Tomato and Cucumber Salad.—Arrange alternate slices of tomato and cucumber until six slices have been piled one on top of another, arrange on lettuce leaves and garnish with strips of red and green peppers. Remove seeds from peppers and parboil one minute before using.

Monte Carlo Salad.—Remove pulp from grape fruit, add an equal amount of finely chopped celery and apple cut in small pieces. Mix with mayonnaise, mask with mayonnaise and garnish with cooked carrot cut in shapes and truffles.

Pepper and Grape Fruit Salad.—Remove the tops from six green peppers, take out the seeds and refill with grape fruit pulp, finely cut celery and English walnut meats. Use one-half as much celery as grape fruit, three halves of walnut meats and if liked one half teaspoon of finely chopped green pepper to fill each pepper. Arrange on chicory or lettuce leaves and serve with green mayonnaise.

Green Mayonnaise.—Mix one teaspoon each of mustard, salt and powdered sugar, add a few grains of cayenne, the yolks of two eggs and one-half teaspoon of vinegar. Add very gradually one and one-half cups of olive oil and as the mixture thickens dilute with vinegar and lemon juice, adding in all two tablespoons. To one-half of this amount add one-quarter cup of heavy cream beaten stiff and color green with color paste.

French Dressing.—Mix three-quarters teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon of paprika, two tablespoons of lemon juice and four tablespoons of olive oil.

Noisette Sandwiches.—Scald one-half cup of milk, add one-half cup of boiling water, and when lukewarm, three-quarters of a yeast cake dissolved in three tablespoons of luke-warm water, one-half tablespoon each of lard and butter, two tablespoons of molasses, one cup of nut meats, one-half cup of white flour and enough entire wheat flour to knead. Make and bake the same as ordinary bread. Let the loaf stand 24 hours then slice as thinly as possible and put currant jelly or orange marmalade between. Cut in fancy shapes if liked.

German Sandwiches.—Spread slices of zwieback thinly with jelly or marmalade and sprinkle with finely cut English walnut meats.

Zwieback.—Cool one-half cup of scalded milk until lukewarm, add two yeast cakes, one-half teaspoon of stock and one cup of flour; cover and let rise until very light, then add one-quarter cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of butter, three unbeaten eggs and flour enough to knead. Shape like finger rolls and place on buttered sheet in rows two inches apart. Let rise again and bake 20 minutes. Cool and slice.

HANGING WALL PAPER.

As it is hard to find a professional paper hanger to go into the country, many women do their own papering. The professional hanger in my childhood was a woman, and she went about town and country doing the paper hanging, writes a correspondent. The houses were low studied to what the modern ones are, making the work much easier. I learned from this lady how to paper rooms, and have formerly papered some of my own rooms with a sister's help. An amateur should select patterns that match readily. The cheaper papers put on easiest.

Trim from the rolls the widest margins. All the rolls needed should be trimmed before beginning the job. Make the paste the day before, using three quarts water, half cup sugar and a little glue dissolved in the water. Wet two pints flour to paste and stir into the water when it boils. Mix thoroughly and remove at once from the fire, as cooking spoils the sticking quality. Place a long board on it and cut into the desired lengths, making sure the figures match. This is done by placing the first piece cut on top of the roll, the figure on the same figure below. Turn all the pieces out face downward on the board, leaving the margin of each a little beyond the edge of the other.

Take a paste brush and apply the paste evenly to the uppermost piece. Catch the bottom part way up, making the piece shorter to handle. Begin at some door and work from left to right. Hold the top of the piece in your fingers, and by the aid of a stepladder stick the piece to the top of the side of the room; or as far up as will be covered by a border. The latest is not to have a border. Take a brush broom, sweep the paper down with long, light strokes. If wrinkles appear, pull up from the bottom and sweep them out. Make sure

your first piece is put on straight and exact as the following ones will follow with no trouble.

Now, take the next strip and proceed as before, matching the top figure with great care. Trim off the surplus length, if any, with a sharp knife at the base board. Having finished the sides of the room, put on the border, cut into yard lengths. If the ceiling is papered it should be done before the sides of the room.

WINTER VIOLETS POTTED IN MAY.

Violets have become par excellence the flower of fashion in the city, and almost every country garden that has a flower bed at all, boasts its clump of violets for early spring bloom. But how few dream of the possibility of having these favorites all winter, except by purchasing them at a fabulous price from the florist. This luxury is, however, not beyond the reach of anyone who has a bit of ground and even a very modest income.

This is the way one young lady manages to wear violets all winter, and she takes care of them herself. In May she pots her young plants, leaving them to grow in a partly shaded place all summer. In September they are set in cold frames. The plants begin to bloom in October, and bloom until spring. A good plant will produce 50, the more prolific kinds several hundred blooms in a season.

The frames were placed in a southern exposure and every pleasant day lifted the sashes a trifle for ventilation, and in extreme weather covered them with heavy sacking, and also for further protection banked the earth closely around the frames. This is a little trouble of course, but one that no lover of violets will regret since it is so well repaid. The best and most prolific double violets are the Marie Louise and the California, the last named being of immense size.

CURIOUS CITY GARDENS.

In London Crops Are Raised in a Barrel, or An Open Umbrella.

Many people have such a deeply rooted love for flowers that they will go to any amount of trouble to raise a few blooms even under the most apparently impossible circumstances, says the London Mail.

Instances of this occur in the East-end of London, where sometimes the only available garden is a barrel. In order to make the most of this, however, it is bored all over the sides with holes about two inches in diameter, into each of which a plant of some description is placed, in addition to those planted in the usual way on the top, so that a good display is obtained, in the minimum amount of space. These barrels frequently look very pretty and effective when all the plants are in bloom.

The statement that there are gardens under bedclothes is supported by no less of an authority than that of the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester. A district visitor in the Midland, when calling upon a poor woman, noticed how few were the coverings to her bed. Upon being asked, she admitted that she had another blanket, and was remonstrated with for not using it, as the weather was bitterly cold. It at length transpired that her husband had taken it to cover some plants he was rearing in a tiny greenhouse, in the hope of saving them from being

KILLED BY THE FROST.

Surely devotion to flowers could hardly go much further than this.

Not a few suburban householders usually find their gardens just outside the scullery door, and they exercise their horticultural ingenuity upon the tiny slip of ground in which the considerate jerry builder has carefully buried his superfluous half-bricks. In various parts of the country, notably at Nottingham, there are cottage gardens three miles away from the residences of their owners, so that when visitors are invited to "come and have a look around the garden" it means a somewhat lengthy excursion. These allotments are, however, greatly appreciated and carefully attended, despite the fact that the time taken in getting to and from them plays sad havoc with their owners' scanty leisure.

Of gardens in cemeteries, there appears to be only a solitary example in this country, the one which Sir Joseph Baxton of Crystal Palace fame formed at Coventry.

Gardens may be made on open umbrellas as far as obtaining a substantial crop of mustard and cress is concerned. It is only necessary to open the umbrella, wet it thoroughly, and sprinkle the seed over it. If the fabric is kept damp the seed will soon begin to sprout, and in a few weeks a nice quantity of the salad may be cut. The same thing may be done in a dinner plate with the aid of a strip of old flannel shirt, a piece of felt, or other similar cloth, provided it is kept moist.

MALIGNED.

Hungry Higgins—Wot do you think? A woman called me a animated scarecrow this mornin'.

Weary Watkins—I've knowed you since the early eighties, but I never seen no animation about you yet.

Coal is cheapest in Austria, averaging 6s. at the pit's mouth, against 6s. in England, and 8s. 2d. in France,