

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 14, 1884.

LEGEND OF THE THAMES.

all sorts of stories about the place, and been a teetotaler all his life, and that for barbel was called Marcus' Deep-Why, father, are you ill ?"

there; I'm better now."

left of their vacation.

were, Ned? What did you catch ?"

so-we got them in Marcus' Deep."

face with both hands.

"it is merely a passing pang from an rage, then to my intense surprise, awakened memory, the recollection of floundered out of the punt on to the which is too horrible to recall without aprou of the weir, and commenced anguish. Draw your chairs closer, and scrambling up to the top of it. This I will tell you what has disturbed me | was an event I certainly did not anticiof my secret."

bid.

At that time my heart was as free as haps be surprised to hear that, at the

period I speak of, the only resource I cared for from the anxieties of business -which, I must say, went smoothly and easily with me-was that of ang- Give me the rod, I say !" He now ling, the art, the love for which you appear to have inherited from me, and to citement. He clutched me with one which attachment I have scarcely ever trusted myself to allude until now. Saturdays were the days appropriated during the season to my favorite pursuit. In order to follow it to the full, a snatch at the rod, which was on my I rented and furnished a little cottage left, which he had to get in front of me on the banks of the Thames. There I to reach. I would have resigned the used to run down on the Friday night, be up with the sun in the morning, and find my fisherman ready with tackle, punt, and all needful to get afloat. This was now the happiest portion of my life, for the confinement of the previous part of the week in murky London prepared me for a pleasure +keen and intense. Then the calmness and sweet peace of the succeeding day more ful swimmer, and at that moment my he did come back, I noticed that he I had often reflected that if I ever was the worse for drink. His speech reached that spot, the probability was was thick and incoherent. He was more that I should be sucked under, and than usually loquacious; and a some- never come up again. Instead, therething of disrespect toward me, which I fore, of attempting to rise, I crawled had never before noticed in his mode of and swam a dozen yards or so on the address, assured me he had been drink- shingle, until I saw the sheen of day ing while absent on his message., and above, which I knew from its transparhad made to me to abstain from liquor. | between the lashers. Now or never! This promise he had hitherto observed | and up I went, rising, as I expected, in

