

came they had found no sign of the mysterious enemy. When it became too dark to search longer, they all gathered at the place where the sentinel had been shot.

Whiz ! came the sound of an arrow.

Instantly every gun was fired in the direction from which the shot had come. This time the arrow had missed its mark but as before no sign of its source was to be found. The captain and his men were compelled to return to the fort no wiser than they left it. After this the lookout was posted at the point of the island and no more soldiers met their death in this manner ; but the mystery of Cangual Island remained a mystery still.

A hundred and fifty years have passed, a mound of earth and an old well are all that now remain of Fort Halifax. The thriving little town of Halifax, situated about half a mile from the fort, still retains the name; the descendants of the fort's garrison are the prosperous farmers of the community; and the mystery of Cangual Island has been cleared away at last.

Down by the edge of the water there once stood a giant oak, but storm and lightning had played such havoc with it that, piece by piece, it had been torn away until there was nothing left but a mere stump. Finally the flood of '89 swept along, tore it from its roots, and cast it up on the shore with some other rubbish.

The next day a farm hand, looking along the shore to see what damage the high water had done, happened to see a bone sticking out from the roots of the old tree. Upon closer examination he brought to light what remained of an Indian skeleton. A few bones, a string of glass beads, several flint arrow heads, and a stone battle-ax were all that remained. Unknown to the soldiers, their last volley had done its work, and the old Indian's queer hiding place had proved to be his tomb.

B., '03.