

"But ye want me t' wait another year yet, an' then, maybe, ye won't take to a job like this——"

"Won't I?" roared the old man. "Jest offer it t' me an' see me snap it up! Lord Harry! this is th' sort of thing I've been hopin' would be my job in Heaven ef stores are run up thar'——"

"How about Lillian?" It was Frank who was anxious this time.

"Take her, son, take her," cried the Captain. "Sink me, but you've got all a man wants t' marry on. I had no idea your Company was so big an affair. An' ye'll let me be storekeeper? Lordy, boy, but I feel as proud as a dog with two tails. Jest what I've dreamed about. Store-keepin'!"

And while Westhaver chuckled to himself and kissed Lillian under the lee of a pile of boxes, Captain Denton was behind the counter and getting on to his job.

It was a hilariously happy family party that sat down to supper at the Westhaver homestead, and while the older folk were smoking and gossiping, Frank and his sweetheart stole away to enjoy a lover's promenade in the moonlight. The smell of the new-mown hay hung drowsily on the summer air, and under the glare of the moon the waters of the Bay shimmered and danced in the silver radiance. Somewhere in the darkness of the spruce forest a night-bird was crooning a nocturnal song; crickets chirruped, and the strains of a violin quavered joyously upon the silence of the night from the home of a fisherman.

"Isn't it glorious, and beautiful, Frank?"

"Aye, sweetheart," whispered the other; "but still more so to me now that I have you here an' soon to be all mine own."

The wedding came off on the afternoon of an August day, which must have been ordered exclusively for the occasion. True, there was a proper Fundy fog blotting out the landscape in the early hours, but the sun-dogs soon got to work and ate it up, and when the mist dissipated, it revealed a glorious vista of blue sea and bluer sky.