

hold," and the deserters, or as many of them as are in Caribou, turn up at the engine-house and tell yarns every wet night in summer and every night in winter. When I said he had forgiven all, I left out Johnstone. Jim MacIntyre told me of the first time that worthy undertook to join the circle in front of the coal-bin. "Y' may be all right," he said, with the usual dry smile, "but a woodn' troost y' heere. Y' know y' tek queer feets o' fly-in' thro' th' air, goin' end over end 's eef y'd been blown oop wi' an explosion. Eet's all right oot on th' ice, but eef y' tr-ried 't heere y' might brek th' bar-roometer, or fall on th' doog, so y'd better keep away." Mr. Johnstone kept away.

I saw Donald only a day or two ago. He handed me a slip of paper covered with figures. "A bin caalculatin' the coombined ice pressure aalong th' entire length o' th' *Shannon* the night when th' beeg crusli smashed een the noomber seex," he said, "Eet amoonted approoximately t' th' extracordinar' soom o' foorty-seven thoosan' ton. Ah! she wiz a gran' good boat, wiz th' *Shannon*. 'Twas a gret peety she coold not 'a' coom home. Damn those coowards!" and the old man walked on toward the Northumberland pier to see Sandy.

A good many times through the long, clear, glorious Nova Scotia summer, on days when the breeze swings hissing through the rattling leafy tree-tops in the town, bends the asters and dahlias