

on the wharf watched the dark cloud of smoke go out through the Wide Entrance. Then they ran up to give their father a circumstantial account of the departure.

By midnight, in the bungalow on Hillsborough Bay, Mr. Montgomery Paul was sleeping peacefully, entirely oblivious of anything that the calm waters of Northumberland Strait might be bearing on toward his discomfiture. In the morning his friend, Mr. Hunter, strolled over for breakfast.

"Well, what do you think of them?" said Mr. Paul. "I told you they'd come!"

"Never saw such a collection of craft in my life!"

"It's going to be tremendous!"

"It is!"

"Look at the smoke of them up there now!"

"Yes, looks like a picture of the battle of the Nile. That's the advantage of having a boat fired with oil."

"Humph!" said Mr. Paul, "stinking nuisance."

"Stink be hanged!" said Mr. Hunter.

"But say, your engineer told me that one with paddles came in about two o'clock this morning."

"Paddles?"

"Yes, paddles; and he says she had two funnels." Mr. Paul laughed.

"He must have been taking something to brace him up. Maybe a torpedo boat came in, and made such a row he thought it was paddles. Well, we'd better get some breakfast."

The race was to start at ten o'clock, and from dawn boats of all kinds had been up at the wharves getting water and preparing generally. The day was clear, and a stiff north-west breeze was making the harbour choppy. Spectators were everywhere; on the wharves and in row-boats and sail-boats. Every lobster fisherman in the vicinity had sailed in with his family, and the sails, from white to tan brown, were all over the harbour. But the steamers were the overpowering feature. There was the Caribou boat and six others loaded with spectators lying at the wharves. There were smaller

steamers of all shapes and descriptions rushing about and dodging each other, and the chorus of shrieks from their whistles was indescribable. It was as if a steam caliope, such as circuses carry, was being abused. A deep-sheared tug would roll by, low set, and with her circulating pump hurling a jerking stream of water eight feet from her side. Then would follow a long, smooth-polished craft with a striped awning and an engine that sounded like a sewing machine. Then "Bang—bang—snap bang! puff—puff—bang!" and a gasoline yacht would pass and recall a militia company after the order "Fire at will!" had been given. She would be followed by a bluff-bowed tug, high forward and low in the stern, piling up a great wall of water in front of her. She had spent most of her life towing about a big dredge, and her owner said that if she could do that he didn't see why she couldn't keep up with the best of them. Down in the opposite direction would come a beautiful little schooner-bowed yacht, white, and with polished spars and shining brass, slipping along with hardly a ripple; while out beyond, with her skipper solid in his convictions as to what she could do in a sea-way, would loom a two-masted ocean-going tow-boat. Then a top-heavy passenger boat from the Bay Chaleur would come down, letting herself out, and loosening up just to be sure that nothing was wrong; then two more launches, followed by another tug. And so they went. Over the rails of the open ones, and from doors amidships in the others, protruded heads of men with grimy faces and with hands holding bunches of waste or oil cans or spanners, each studying the bewildering array of his enemies, and each reasonably certain that, given favourable conditions, he "could lick the whole lot o' them."

About half-past nine Mr. Hunter's *Mermaid* came up the harbour. The sunlight was glinting on her varnished sides and glaring red and gold from the rose-lacquered brass of her funnel and boiler. A quarter of a mile he-