

ed to favor him with a sample of her teasing powers by singing "The Star Spangled Banner," with a voice so sweet and musical that Frank quite forgot to be teased. As might be expected, when the first song was sung, Falconer praised and coaxed, and a good many others followed, and the consequences were that a considerable number of the passengers were attracted to that part of the boat, and that Frank's admiration of the fair Islander was greatly deepened and increased.

But all this time they were rapidly nearing Summerside, where the gentle Sarah and her papa were to leave the boat, in order to proceed to their home in Bedeque, some twelve miles distant from the former town. As the landing place appeared in view, it is not to be wondered at that young Falconer should experience a feeling of regret at having thus to part, perhaps forever, with one who had proved such an agreeable companion. When the boat had touched the wharf, and the time for leave taking had come, he ventured to express a hope that he might at some future day have an opportunity to hear her again sing those songs, which had afforded him so much pleasure that afternoon. To this the young lady replied that should he at any time think it worth while to visit Bedeque and call upon her, she would be happy to sing them all over again, and perhaps a few more besides. This Frank promised to do if possible, and then the good-byes were spoken, and the old gentleman and the young lady stepped upon the wharf, where a young man was awaiting them with a carriage, into which they got, and were driven rapidly away.

Frank watched the carriage until it was out of sight, and then turning round found himself standing face to face with Mr. Filmour.

"You are certainly a nice sort of a fellow for a travelling companion," said that gentleman in a tone of mock severity.

"I beg your pardon," said Falconer, apologetically; "but I fear I quite forgot myself."

"Or, rather, you quite forgot me in minding her; but never mind that now. What is the name of your pretty warbler?"

"Why really," replied Frank, as the thought flashed upon his mind for the first time, "I quite forgot to enquire."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Filmour; "that is pretty good, too. But I suppose it does not make a great deal of difference."

"But it does, though," replied Frank, biting his lip with vexation; "for I am invited to call upon her, and all I know is that she lives in Bedeque, and her first name is Sarah."

"Very indefinite and very provoking," said Mr. Filmour with a smile; "but perhaps Capt. Evens may be able to help you out of the difficulty, as he keeps a register of the passengers' names."

"Many thanks for the suggestion—it may prove to be very useful."

And Captain Evens did help him out of the difficulty. By referring to the ticket-book, he

found that a Mr. Mutch had purchased two tickets for Summerside, and as all the others for that place were issued singly, it was tolerably certain that this was the name of his Bedeque friends.

The remainder of the trip to Charlottetown was pleasant enough. A number of gentlemen came on board at Summerside, and among them Mr. H—, a member of the P. E. I. Government, a man of very agreeable manners, and something of a wit besides. Towards evening a group gathered at the bow; cigars were produced, stories told and jokes cracked, and thus the time was passed until "The Princess" arrived at her destination about nine o'clock.

Upon reaching the wharf Frank found the friend whom he had come to visit waiting to meet him, and as soon as he had seen Mr. Filmour, who was a stranger in the place, provided with a night's lodging, he accompanied his friend home. When greetings were over and supper disposed of, an hour's chat followed, and then Frank, feeling very tired after his day's journey, bid the folks good-night and, retiring to his room, was soon fast asleep.

It is unnecessary to narrate at length the incidents of Falconer's stay at Charlottetown.—He found the people to be very kind and sociable, the very word *stranger* being, as it were, an *Open Sesame* to their friendship. Never before did he enjoy a visit as he did this one. Every day brought some new pleasure of its own. There were excursions up the Hillsboro' river, and drives to various points of interest in the country round about, and more engagements and invitations than he had time to keep or accept.

But all this time his Bedeque friends were not forgotten, and he laid out to call upon them on his way home. As Mr. Filmour had some business to attend to in that place, Frank resolved to accompany him thither. And so one evening, after a stay of about two weeks, they left Charlottetown in the "Princess," en route for Summerside, where they arrived at one o'clock next morning. Although it was so late, or rather so early, they found no difficulty in hunting up a stopping place, and without more ado they popped into bed and slept soundly till breakfast-time. After breakfast they sallied forth to view the elephant, but as the animal proved to be of a very small size in that place, it did not take a great while to get nicely through with it. Dinner hour came at noon. As soon as the meal was over Frank and his companion procured a horse and buggy and started upon their respective errands.

On arriving in Bedeque, Frank's first care was to find out where Mr. Mutch lived. This was soon done. His farm was situated a short distance from the village. Mr. Filmour drove our hero to the spot, and having agreed upon a place of meeting for that evening, he wished him good-speed and left him standing before the gate. While advancing up the path which led to the door, Frank had a chance to see something of the house and its surroundings.