

old illustrated weekly magazine. Then, detecting a faint murmur of impatience below, he got up and opened the door of a cupboard built into the corner of the room. With a tiny cluck of satisfaction, he carefully placed in his pockets two small packages wrapped in chamois leather.

The air drew into the lungs like draughts of sparkling wine. Through the frost-gemmed spruce trees the afternoon sun thrust warm spears of gold. The intangible Muskoka charm was everywhere—breathing on the woods, beating a wild rhythm in the ether, dwelling in silence on the miles of untrodden ice.

Mr. Hind lifted his head and sniffed the ozone with infinite pleasure. He smiled at the sky. He smiled on his companions. He smiled at himself. He was happy. With a sense of inward marvel he realised that his trip with the boys of Anthony Gaspard's camp was of startling brevity. Too soon they had sighted the crowd of new buildings that clung round the gaunt hillsides rising from each edge of the Vernon River. Too soon they stepped on to the platform of the Buntsville station, where they found a little crowd waiting for the arrival of the 5.10 down train.

"Ah, we are on time," said the American, with a smile of satisfied relief. His chum murmured an ecstatic oath. Then sharply a familiar voice sounded from behind. Its tone was clear cut and chill as an icicle.

"Hands up. Quick!"

The two men swung round like trapped animals. Mr. Hind held a bright .32 Iver-Johnson in each hand. The light in his eyes was ominous. The startled crowd sheered away to watch the two faces blanch to a dirty chalk green. Two pairs of unsteady hands were slowly raised.

"Hi, you!"

The sharp command acted on the sauntering policeman like a whip.

"By gosh!" he almost yelled, as he fumbled for the handcuffs. "It's the Winnipeg lads."

And when the crowd discovered the two captives to be Messrs. Roscoe & Burke's missing junior partner and cashier, they got excited. With bulging eyes they pointed the plucky stranger to certain newspaper paragraphs. Therein the great banking firm advertised a willingness to pay a reward of two thousand dollars to any captor of their unfaithful stewards.

Perhaps it was partly due to the temperament of Mr. Hind that he did not seem astonished. Indeed, he did not even attempt to respond to the crowd's congratulations. He just sat down on a handy trunk and breathed a trifle hard.

Yet it was an undeniable fact that he breathed much harder when, several months later, he raced exultantly up the stairway of the city Union Station bridge. Even the old noise of the streets failed to arouse his interest. He was hot on the track of an old idea, and scorned to take a street car. Away he went, with the neglected baggage-checks smiling derisively in his pocket.

The maid who opened the door did not like the stranger's peremptory tone. It was too much like whiplashes. This is probably why Gilbert Hind had to wait two and a half eternities perched on a slender gimcrack of a chair originally built for dainty creatures who feed on Browning and sugar wafers.

But when the door opened, and the Revelation fluttered in to preside over tea for two, Mr. Hind positively beamed. He was even lured into talking about himself, and the rapidly melting editions of his popular hit.

It was not until tea had ended, and the maid had carried away the things, that he said, with a sudden access of modesty: "And now I believe I have talked quite long enough about myself—"

"My dear boy, you must positively tell me everything. Ellen, close the door."

The man looked up into the woman's merry eyes, and, unable to suppress a laugh of sheer happiness, sat down among the cushions of a New Kingdom.

Then the demure Ellen closed the door.

When the Mackerel School

By CYRUS MACMILLAN.

THE Canadian sportsman who has not spent a day with the mackerel fishermen in the Gulf of St. Lawrence or on the Atlantic seaboard has missed one of the chief joys of summer life. He may delight in the lure of the trout stream or in the call of the hunter's wilds, but he has more than a common joy yet to experience as he feels the electric thrills of seining—

when the mackerel school. "School" is a term applied to the fish when they rise from their feeding place on the bottom, congregate in large numbers on the surface of the water, and move up and down the gulf. Down on the north or Gulf shore of Prince Edward Island, the mackerel school usually in August and during this month the fishermen's excitement is at its height. In this Canadian industry there are no trusts, no trades unions; there is no monopoly. The fishermen are a democratic lot, unspoiled by superficial conventions, and know no master save the sea. They are a rugged people with the independence of their lives, the courage and kindness of their natures, and the uprightness of their characters reflected in their frank, bronzed faces. They are glad at any time to take the sight seer for a two or three days seining cruise. Not that they give him a chance to work! They have no place in their toil for bungling inexperience. They perhaps stow the visitor in their seine boat during the "catch," where he must silently efface himself; but although he watches the game rather than plays it, he has nevertheless an abundance of excitement and fun.

On an August afternoon we learned that the mackerel had commenced to "school," and towards evening in a trim little fishing schooner, we left Alberton, a progressive village on the North Shore, for the fishing grounds. It was sunset as we beat out the harbour in the teeth of a spanking breeze which rendered choppy the rose and amber tinted sea. Shortly after ten o'clock we "hove to" for the night, for the early morning is the fisherman's harvest time. The blackness of the hazy moonless night was broken here and there only by piercing friendly lights from off shore, from passing ships, or other fishing smacks. We slept almost in our day clothes, ready for an early rise, for the exigencies of the fisherman's calling leave little time for toilets. A hurried call just before dawn brought us from our bunks, and with sleepy eyes we tumbled up the companionway. A crew of ten or twelve men, clad in oilskins, had already manned the seine boat trailing behind, and stood ready for the smothered order to "cut loose." The captain pointed expectantly to the school of mackerel moving down the gulf a quarter of a mile away, showing phosphorescent in the gray of the morning. There it came, a shining mass of swimming fish, flipping along the surface of the water, gills and heads sparkling in the dull uncertain light. Our schooner bore away, and we scudded along close hauled, parallel with the fish, until a quarter of a mile in front of them. Then we brought her into the wind where she "lay to," and with the captain, I slipped into the seine boat just as it cast off. Two men stood by the seine piled high in the bow—a huge net two hundred fathoms long and fifteen fathoms deep; on the upper side were cork floaters, on the other lead sinkers, and iron rings through which ran a long running line for "pursing" the net or drawing the bottom sides together to form a huge scoop net—as a tobacco pouch is tightened by a running string. On each of the long boat-seats were two men with "double-banked" oars; another man was steering; and the captain directed the course. We rowed away quietly and still in front of the school. The buoy end of the seine was then dropped silently into the sea, and in the dim light we rowed rapidly in a semi-circular direction across the school's course, paying out the long seine as we moved. Then, having completed the semi-circle, we rowed back behind the fish to the floating buoy, brought the two ends together, and thus, before the fish were conscious of danger, we had then inclosed in a huge netted fence two hundred fathoms in circumference. Now came the most exciting part of our work. Mackerel are a timid, quickly moving fish. When they strike the net they dash hither and thither in great alarm, and unless the fishermen act quickly, the precious fish dive and escape before the net is "pursed." But by the aid of a windlass the bottom sides of our seine were soon brought together by the running rope; a large part of the spare net was drawn into the boat, and when the sun rose out of the sea, the part of the net in the water—now a huge scoop net several fathoms square—enclosed a hundred barrels of mackerel in a solid, shining mass—nearly a two thousand dollar catch. The schooner was brought alongside, and one side of the seine was made fast to the rail. Then hastily, for fish in very cold water soon become an unmanageable dead weight, with a large dip net—its mouth gaping two and a half feet in diameter—the mackerel were hoisted aboard by means of a tackle—a barrel at a scoop. For over an hour, a stream of silver, wiggling fish poured upon the deck, filling every available space. That concluded the best part of our work.