

tory. When he came the children knew there was sure to be something interesting happen. Donald could make the most wonderful boats with stern wheels, which were driven by rope belts and a treadle that you worked with your feet. Once he came down on Campbell's team with some iron bars and pieces of brass, and in a few days had turned a leaky dory into a treadle boat with a real screw propeller. Donald's most communicative moments were while he was with Aleck Morrison's two children, and then he was nothing less than a revelation to the black spaniel. On this particular occasion Donald smiled his most ingenious smile.

"A joost looked't Conoondrum theyre," indicating the spaniel with a wave of the three-inch pipe, "'n' a thoct: Weel, y're gettin' so fat that y' won't ha' hair t' coover y're skin een a leetle while, 'n' a'll ha't be gettin' old strips o' buffalo robes 'n' dyin' them black an' cementin' them over th' teen places, 'n' a don't know that a'd make mooch of a job o' ye then. So a joost thoct a'd walk heem doon hear for exercise, y'see." The three laughed, and the black spaniel took the joke pleasantly and wagged his tail.

"Ees y're father better, Maisie?" Donald went on.

"Some," said the girl. Then she remembered her troubles again. "But he says he's goin' to sell the colt, 'n' he won't let me 'n' Dick go to th' circus in New Glasgow, 'n' he won't let me go in 'n' get the wool to knit a shawl for Grandma's birthday, 'n' he won't"—and the girl's lip trembled again.

"Noo y' needn' cry," said Donald hastily, "a've na doot we can—"

"I don't care, it's my colt anyway; Papa said so when it was born, 'n'—" and there were further signs of a breakdown, as well as of another in sympathy on the part of Dick. Donald was in a difficulty for a moment.

"Y' see," he finally said, "y're father's been seeck a long time, 'n' he mayn' be sure about sellin' th' colt, 'n' y' see he hasn' had a chance t' get t' th' bank, 'n' maybe he deedn' ha' th' money f'r y' t' go t' N' Glaisga. Y'

know," he went on confidentially, "people when they're seeck often get so workked up about themsel's thut they never theenk o' leetle things. Here, noo, here's five dollars for the two o' y', 'n' a'll see him about th' colt, 'n' a've got a gran' plan on foot thut when y' hear about 't, y' won't want t' go t' N' Glaisga or onywhere. Y' musn' tell onyone a gave y' th' five dollars." The lack of logical sequence in it all was splendid, but it had the desired effect. Aleck Morrison had put a good deal of money into additions to the lobster factory and into new gear, and the season had been poor. All the summer he had been sick, and now ought to be well on the road to recovery. But he didn't seem to mend as he should, and Donald knew that worry had as much to do with it as anything else. His wife thought he was well off, and the children thought him rich, and so it might prove ultimately; but now things were running pretty close, and the proposed selling of the colt was, in all probability, only a method for raising a necessary hundred dollars or so to bridge over the hard time. Aleck had always said, with a good deal of pride, that he had never owed a man a cent for more than two weeks in his life, and Donald knew Aleck, and knew that he would object to breaking his record now. After all, two or three hundred dollars would make everything easy again.

Maisie had brightened up wonderfully, and Dick had become sympathetically cheerful.

"Tell us what y're goin' t' do?" he said. Donald made up the trio of smiles.

"Coom up 'n' we'll see y're father firrst," he said. "Thees plan," he went on, as they started, "ees a great plan. Eets goin' t' beat th' dory wi' th' propellor all t' pieces. No, y'll joost wait! Y'll know all th're ees t' know soon enough." Maisie and Dick ran ahead, and left Donald and the black spaniel to follow more slowly. They rushed into the room where their father was sitting.

"Here's Mr. McDonald comin',