

vigorously, but was overruled, and after some diplomatic flattery from the rest, regained his usual good humour, and started unpacking the "breadbasket" and lighting a fire. The others cleared out, with their bathing suits, and sprinted down to the lake on the board-walk. "B-r-r," exclaimed Joe Compton, as he rose to the surface after taking a dive from the spring-board, "this water is chilly." "It could be warmer," admitted Charley Thompson, the clicking of his teeth audible. "No more wallowing in the gentle waves for me. It's too early in the season. I'm going up." The others had had enough, too, and were soon shivering on the shore, trying to restore their circulation by rubbing themselves with their rough bathing-towels.

By the time they returned to the cottage, the table was set, and Bill was pouring tea into the cups. "Good work, Bill," exclaimed Fred. "We'll put away anything you have." "I suggest," said Joe, gravely, "that each one allow two feet for expansion between the edge of the table and the nearest point of his present circumference."

"Well," sighed Fred, about half an hour later, as he pushed his plate away, "there isn't much lacking in the two feet of expansion now, Joe. Give me a hand up, Bill, lest I lose my equilibrium."

After the table had been cleared and the dishes washed and put away, the boys sat down for a smoke and a chat. After a while, Joe got out his banjo, which he had brought with him. He had an unusually good tenor, high and clear, and knew the latest popular songs, especially the sentimental ones—"mushy, sloppy stuff," as the materialistic Bill contemptuously called them—before anyone else. With the exception of Bill, the boys were all musical, and formed a very passable quartette.

Darkness descended, and the suggestion was made that a bonfire be lit on the shore. Accordingly, they all went down, collected a lot of dead wood in a pile, and set fire to it. It was soon roaring, and the boys' exuberance of spirit broke out again. Somebody suggested the college yell. It was rendered with a lilt and a verve which left nothing to be desired. Joe Compton then let out an entirely undisciplined series of yells, Indian style, punctuated with shots from his automatic revolver, which he pulled out and fired repeatedly out over the lake. This was what awakened Duncan. The boys suddenly saw a shadowy figure emerge into the circle of light thrown by the fire, and a cheerful voice said:

"Well, gentlemen, I judge by the signs that the Sayville cottage is again occupied. Trust you will pardon the intrusion, but the night is too beautiful to spend in bed. What do you say to a trip on the lake? I have two canoes on the beach."

It was proclaimed a great scheme, and they were soon gliding over the smooth, dark surface. The stillness and beauty of the night had at first a hushing effect on the party, but Joe Compton was unable to long contain himself, and broke out again with yells and fire from his automatic.

"Here," said Fred, who was in the same canoe, "point your artillery out over the lake. Don't shoot straight up. Somebody might get hit when the bullets come down again."

"Shucks," said Joe; "there is no danger."

"It's better to be safe than sorry," retorted Fred. "You know the law of gravity. A bullet fired perpendicularly strikes the surface of the earth with muzzle velocity when it comes down again. And if you happen to be there, you are out of luck."

Joe, who found he had just one cartridge left, refrained from any more shooting, and soon his high, clear tenor was floating out over the water. The occupants of the other canoe, a little distance away, stopped paddling and listened. Coming out of the darkness over the smooth surface of the lake, with no other sound except the gentle dripping of the water from the paddles, the song sounded strangely beautiful. It was the old favourite, "On Moonlight Bay." Even Bill felt the effect of the romantic night, and made none of his usual scoffing remarks about fifteen-cent-store sentimentality."

Next afternoon, Fred Sayville, Joe Compton, and

Charley Thompson were standing on the little station platform of "Sandy Beach," with Duncan, who was going back to the city on the train. They were chatting amiably when the train came into view around a bend.

"Say, fellows," said Joe, "what do you say to taking a trip down to Moonlight Bay on the train and see what's doing? There might be a crowd at the pavilion to-night. I believe the first special runs down from the city to-day. I'm just itching for a fox-trot. Come on, let's get on to the train quick."

"Aw, now," said Charley, "I don't believe it would be worth while. There may not be anybody we know. We've worked hard all day, getting the house in order, and I'm feeling fagged. And how about getting back here to-night? We'd have to walk on the track—over two miles. And it might rain."

"I agree with Charley," said Fred. "I don't feel like taking a chance."

"Well, I'm going, anyway," said Joe. "Come on, don't be poor sports."

"Aw, but Joe, what do you want to go for?" complained Charley. "You know we have asked a crowd in to-night. We can have dancing on the porch. And we are all counting on you doing some singing."

"No, I've made up my mind to go. She's pulling out now." And Joe made a dash for the train, catching the rear platform of the hind coach. "Hope you enjoy yourself to-night," he called to the others. "I'll be back about one a.m. Good-bye, you poor fishes." The others followed him with their eyes. "I believe we should have gone with him," Fred remarked. "He was certainly disappointed to go alone."

"Well, we couldn't all go, with the bunch coming to the house to-night. We'll have to keep them company, now we've asked them."

It was about eleven o'clock when Joe left the dancing pavilion at "Moonlight Bay" and started on his way towards "Sandy Beach" towards the railway track. He had been right in his supposition about the special train from the city—the "Moonlight Special," as it was termed. "Moonlight Bay" was the largest among a string of summer resorts which lined the lake-shore, and the opening night had been a great success. He had met numerous friends, and had had a "great time," as he assured the company on leaving.

"Those poor sports will be sorry when I tell them what a time I've had," he said to himself as he walked along the track. "I'll bet they wish they had decided differently when they hear about all the people I met, and what a great night it has been down here."

While making these meditations, he reached the wood and approached the first bend in the track. Just at the turning, before the lights of "Moonlight Bay" were obscured from view by the trees, was a trestle bridge, spanning a small stream. He stopped and turned. The pavilion was clearly visible, about half a mile away, and strolling couples, seeking the benefit of the cool night air between dances, were clearly silhouetted against the blaze of lights behind. Joe regarded the view for several minutes, and almost regretted that he hadn't stayed until the end and asked some friend to put him up for the night. "The boys would be uneasy, however, if I didn't return to-night," he thought. "By Jove, I can almost recognise some of those couples," he said to himself. "Wouldn't it be a lark if I fired a shot here! I wonder what they'd think!" He pulled out his automatic. There was one cartridge left in the magazine. "I think I'll scare them," he thought. He paused a few seconds, then fired a shot right up in the air. The cartridge ejected itself automatically and fell with a faint splash into the stream below. He quickly pocketed the revolver. Some of the couples had stopped, and were evidently staring in his direction. He chuckled to himself as he turned to resume his journey.

It was a sombre-looking pair of youths that sat down at a table in a corner of the St. Nicholas College club the next day and conversed in subdued voices. Pre-