

turned Thompson. "If either one of us had been absent, both of 'em might have been lost."

"I don't know but you're right. It was you that saved Miss Stedman anyway. Still," Stuart added with a smile, "it was your boat that smashed into the canoe and threw them off the wreck."

"Yes, that's true; but if a skiff could do so much damage dead against the wind, what would your heavy craft have done, bearing down upon the canoe in the very wake of the storm?"

"Ah, there you have me! Suppose we cry quits and declare that honors are even."

And again they shook hands.

"You are from the war-vessel," said Thompson, looking askance at the *Transit*.

"Yes, we arrived two days ago and sail east again to-morrow."

"Bringing in arms and ammunition to the fort," suggested Harry.

"Not necessarily so," returned Stuart, with equal *nonchalance*; "while on the lakes we've got to move up and down, you know. It would be against nature for a cruiser to lie still."

"So, true to her name, she roves?"

"Yes," replied Stuart, looking Harry again in the eyes, "and you, too, must be a rover, strayed from your moorings at Fingal's Notch?"

"True enough, I've been roving for two days, but in one direction, straight west from the islands; I only arrived yesterday."