

sire of such a maiden? When passing through the islands he had missed him, for although much talked of by his followers, he was informed that he was out in the west for the time being sailing the *Caroline*. How glad he was that he had refrained from mentioning his name. Still, what was it to him? He must and would be loyal to the King. Yet the more he thought, the more his interest deepened.

They had entered the bay again, on the inner side of the island, and as Stuart approached the ladies, he heard Jessie call out:

"Marie Stuart, see, there is the little cove you so often run your canoe into after paddling across the bay."

He was startled. The utterance of the name was like a sequence to his reverie. Could there possibly be a relationship between Miss Marie and himself?

"Yes," was Marie's answer, "we'll run in there again to-morrow."