

the important part she had taken in bringing these things to pass, and was duly pleased. MacMichael had gotten together an exceeding great lunch, with delicacies from all the ends of the earth, and there were present to partake of it, among all sorts of the bride's old admirers from St. John and Halifax and further afield, the Honourable Edward Rose, and Irland, and even Billings, all of whom bore their parts nobly. Bless their hearts, but how they must have cut expenses for a month or so!—most of them—for the wedding presents they brought her were a sight. The station platform was like the floor of a rice warehouse, and when the train pulled out with the two of them, setting off signal torpedoes until it sounded for all the world like the old *Centaur* in one-pounder target work, Kitty looked at me in a suggestive way and laughed.

Oh! I forgot to tell you about Kitty. Miss MacMichael had arranged in some mysterious manner that she was to spend the summer with them in Caribou. She did.

Donald, the imperturbable, still sits around a good deal on the big coal-bin near the whitewashed stove in the fire station, and under the bin lies the black spaniel, now getting extraordinarily fat. The old engineer has forgiven all the men that deserted him on the *Shannon*, admitting that "na doot there wiz soom leetle danger o' gettin' par-rboiled eef they'd not used soom caution een stayin' een th' stoke-