

wasn't: that's all. You see, it wasn't a disbelief in you; it was only a distrust of my own judgment in an important matter." The girl blushed and took an interest in the fire. MacMichael was beginning to see the humour of the situation, and was chuckling to himself and remarking under his breath, as he not infrequently did, that "he'd be damned," and so forth. He turned to Wilson.

"Ashburn remembers the day that you beat Oldham in the sculling race," he said, reminiscertly,—“yes, and you remember it too. We stood on the Market Wharf, and we watched the old *Walrus* come in loaded to the hatches—and above. I remember seeing you smile in a way that used to nettle me a little. By Heavens! you had reason to smile! I was telling Ashburn about the boats and how they were paying, and then I said I thought I could bring one of our boats into the Gulf in winter, and I remember you said the ice would crush in her sides as I'd crush an eggshell between my fingers. Hmm! Well that was a pretty good description, but the real thing made a deal more noise than breaking an eggshell!”—and MacMichael paused for a moment and thought. “Then you went up the wharf with Gertie, and I told Ashburn that you were a pretty fine chap, but that it was a shame you didn't have some business at which you could make some money: and you were making a hundred and fifty