

and this was one of the chief reasons why Mr. Paul had had the *Niobe* built with plenty of power. There were boats belonging to other magnates in other parts of the Island and on the near mainland, but Mr. Paul felt sure of his position.

"Yes, sir," he was saying to Mr. Hunter, "she'll beat any boat in the Gulf under seventy-five feet in length!"

"Don't believe it!" said Mr. Hunter.

"You don't, eh! Well, I believe it so much that I'll put up a thousand dollars to be raced for, and they can all come; but it's got to be a good, long, open course—say from Charlotte-town to Caribou. How does that strike you? Will you come?"

"Will I come!" said Mr. Hunter, and he became reminiscent and thought of the quiet way the *Mermaid's* engine turned two hundred and fifty, "will I come! Yes, I'll come—and I'll give you a drink out of that thousand when we get into Caribou."

"Nice Christian spirit," said Mr. Paul, and he laughed and lit another cigar.

"And you're going to throw it open?"

"Oh, what could you do? If you didn't, every tug-boat captain, every man in the Strait who owned any kind of a scow with a portable sawmill boiler and a single cylindered junk heap in her would say that if 'they'd 'a' let him in he'd 'a' showed 'em.' But it'll be a circus, anyway. The thousand dollars ought to bring out pretty nearly everything with wheels in it," and Mr. Paul smiled complacently, and blew a smoke ring in which he framed a picture of the *Niobe's* triumphant rush across the line in Caribou Harbour.

The next harbour up the Strait from Caribou is called North Harbour. On its south shore is a deep cove with its east side a steep, spruce-covered bank, and the west sloping away into a sandy beach. Down by the beach is a long, white lobster factory. One day

in August a young lady of about fourteen summers was sitting on a rock at the foot of the bank and swinging a bare foot in the water. The sky was without a cloud, and, as usual, as blue as that of the Mediterranean. The Strait rippled and sparkled, and every white house about Wood Islands, on Prince Edward Island, could be seen with perfect distinctness through the fifteen miles of crystal-clear air. It was a perfect Nova Scotia summer day—and there was nothing beyond. But it was evident that the young lady was not happy. Her golden hair—and it was golden, and glistened like polished gold in the glare of the sun—blew down across her glowing cheeks and freckled nose, and she brushed it back petulantly and wearily, and scowled. Then a sculpin swam lazily up to the rock and settled down to rest, and the girl threw a quohog shell at him. "Go away, you ugly beast!" she blurted, and the sculpin accepted the advice and kept on going until he found a hole four feet deep under a friendly bank of eel grass. Before the sculpin reached the eel grass—though he went so fast that his tail ached for some time afterward—the change had come, the inevitable reaction with all her sex from six to sixty, and the young lady was weeping. Finally she heard the shingle crunch, and she faced round defiantly, while she rubbed the tear stains away with the edge of her skirt. A small boy, a year or two younger than she, was coming toward her, piloting a man with grizzled hair, who was smoking a little black pipe. The two were followed by a portly black cocker spaniel. The girl raced over the rocks.

"Hello, Mr. McDonald," she cried, "where did you come from? Where did you find him, Dick?"

"He walked down," said Dick, "and I saw him comin' in the gate," and he swung the big hand he was holding with vigour. Donald McDonald, the old engineer of the Caribou Fire Department, used to walk over to North Harbour periodically on an informal visit to Aleck Morrison's lobster fac-