
WHAT THE TIDE BROUGHT

hood a fine frame, which his own vigorous temperament had developed with toil and training. His face gave evidence of maturity. The calm and at times thoughtful cast of countenance, due to the serious and studious mind that ruled it, deceived one as to the age of the man. A student by selection and opportunity, a life spent among books and the men of books made his speech deliberate and his face grave. A strong mouth was only partially concealed by a close-cut golden-brown beard and a soft moustache that had seldom been sacrificed to the razor. At rare moments an inexpressibly kind smile disclosed the other man, the inner soul of Frank Winslow.

We are introduced to him thus on board the yacht *Marie*, owned and commanded by Len Lawson. The yacht and her owner were engaged by Winslow for the purpose of examining the trap bluffs of the shores of Minas Basin in Nova Scotia, and to study the famous tides of the region and of the Bay of Fundy.

The boat was moving rapidly with the outgoing tide towards the island which both Winslow and Len were now looking upon. The whole sheet of water was without a ripple as far as the eye could see, yet the boat passed the shore rapidly, more quickly than a man might run who attempted to keep abreast of the *Marie*. There was no show of hurry. They were far enough from shore to make their passage seem slow, and objects ahead of them appeared but a short distance away in the deceptive