

toward the bride and groom and said: "I suppose you remember where you heard that before!" The girl gave me a smile and looked far away. I suppose she was thinking of the ice floes, and the stars, and the quivering Northern Light, and the great silence broken by the whistle of unseen wings and the cry of the dog seal. I shall have to be like the society journals on such occasions, and say that the bride looked radiantly lovely; but between my belief in what I say and their belief in what they say there is as much difference as between the old *Benbow's* sixteen inchers and a Krag-Jørgensen. Three of the MacMichael boats were in, and, with the *Aurora* and *Liffey* and most of the other craft in the harbour, were dressed from truck to water-line. It was a glorious sunshiny day, with the cool heart-lightening Nova Scotia air breezing in over the shimmering blue waters of the beautiful Gulf. We could hardly get the carriages through the crowd. Through all the triumphant progress, under the newly leaved trees and between the dark-green spruce hedges from the church to the big stone house on the hill, above the clanging of the bells came the howls of every steamer whistle in the harbour, and above all we could hear the ungodly shrieks from the *Liffey's* syren. We could look down and see her lying motionless and black and ferocious below the pier, with a cloud of white steam drifting off to leeward. Her voice sounded as if she fully realized