

# THE GOOSANDER

A "DONALD" STORY

By W. ALBERT HICKMAN

NOTE—The "Donald" of this story is the same imperturbable old engineer of Mr. Hickman's story of the ice-crushers, "The Sacrifice of the *Shannon*."



R. MONTGOMERY PAUL sat on the broad verandah of his bungalow and, through his cigar smoke, looked up the harbour at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Mr. Paul's business lay chiefly in following the fluctuations of Twin City and C.P.R. and Dominion Steel and Sao Paulo and Grand Trunk and such like commodities. He had followed with considerable foresight and, as a result, had had a comfortable feeling for some years. His base of operations was Toronto. Five years before he had discovered that Muskoka and the Georgian Bay lacked coolness, and various other things which a man from Toronto seeks in a summer holiday, and simultaneously discovered that in the five continents and seven oceans there is, in all probability, no such summer climate as that of Northumberland Strait and the southern light of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. So he built a bungalow on Hillsborough Bay, and every summer he transported his family thither and sat on the white sand watching the sparkling water and the fifty miles of Nova Scotia coast beyond, and went cod and bass and mackerel fishing outside and forgot how the heat came up in waves from the asphalt on Yonge Street and on King Street West.

For the first four summers he had cruised about a good deal in a twenty-five-foot launch he had bought in Charlottetown, and had found it such a delightful pastime that he had ordered a bigger boat from a Toronto firm. She was to be a fine, seaworthy craft with a steel hull. She was to have power enough to enable her to steam away from any boat of double her size in the Gulf. She was finished by the time he

was ready to leave, and he had come in her by lake and river and open gulf all the way from Toronto to Charlottetown. If his stories counted for anything she must, indeed, be a marvelous boat in a sea. She was fifty feet over all, and though she had a comfortable beam her lines were as pretty as those of a destroyer. She had a pair of locomotive-type boilers, a low-set, short-stroked, big-piston, triple expansion engine, which swung a long-bladed wheel at a very respectable speed, and from her low house projected a short, stumpy, businesslike funnel. Altogether, to the trained eye, she looked well balanced and formidable. Mr. Paul's tastes were somewhat luxurious, and he had fitted her up with all sorts of shining brass yacht jewellery and innumerable blue plush cushions. So, from Charlottetown's point of view, the *Niobe*, as she was called, was a wonder on the face of the deep.

For that matter, she was not much less in the eyes of her owner, who had just been explaining her virtues to Mr. Robert Hunter, also a follower of the fluctuations of things, and resident in Montreal. Mr. Hunter had a yacht, too, a red cedar boat a foot or two longer than the *Niobe*, and with her engines set away aft along with a water-tube boiler fired with oil. She was called the *Mermaid*. In magnificence the *Mermaid* surpassed even the *Niobe*. Her boiler and funnel blazed and scintillated crimson and gold, for they were covered with rose-lacquered brass. Yes, and rose-lacquered brass was in all her parts, and her cushions were crimson plush instead of blue. Mr. Hunter had said a good deal as to the *Mermaid's* capabilities during the previous season,