

black spaniel by the back of the neck and hauled him aboard. He immediately proceeded to shake himself over Donald, coughed for half a minute, and went back to his seat wagging his tail and evidently much pleased with the whole business.

Twenty seconds later the *Goosander* was boiling along again in the wake of the big tug. Carswell's hand shook as he tried to twist his throttle open beyond the thread. He looked ahead at the tug, with Col. Dan's yacht beyond, and the *Niobe* away beyond her. It seemed a fearful distance.

"Donald," he said despairingly, "we'll never catch her. We can't do it!"

"She's joost off th' Skinner's Reef buoy?"

"Yes."

The old man took off his oil-soaked cap and scratched his head.

"Weel," he said, "we can only try. A don't know that we can eemprove her speed much. Y' might break up that half barrel o' peetch thut's een th' for'd locker 'n' feed her w' thut." So the pitch was sacrificed, along with the barrel and a box that McIntyre had been sitting on, and the *Goosander's* long funnels took to vomiting fire, much to the awe of the crew of the big tug, which was passed again at McDonald's Reef. Col. Dan's yacht passed Cole's Reef buoy, and the *Goosander* passed Col. Dan's yacht at the same time, and still the *Niobe* was a long way ahead. Now they were heading straight into Caribou Harbour, with the finish line not four miles away. Ahead, the end of the light-house beach was black with people. The *Niobe* rushed up against the tide, and as she passed within twenty yards of them they cheered. The cheer that was on their lips for the second boat died away when they saw her, and they were silent with amazement. The speed of the extraordinary craft forbade laughter. They watched her in utter surprise, the black dory hull, the high, white, fire-vomiting funnels, the mass of machinery and the whizzing paddles hurling water over everything.

"She swings a wicked wheel," said one of them. Others had their eyes fixed on an old man in oilskins who sat smoking in the stern. They recognised him.

"Go it, Donald," they yelled, "you'll catch him yet," and cheer after cheer followed the *Goosander* up the harbour. Donald never turned his head. "Fallin' tide!" he murmured, and his practised eye watched the distance shorten between the *Goosander's* bow and the white water under the *Niobe's* glittering stern. The pitch had been used up and the funnels no longer vomited fire, yet the *Goosander* seemed to be closing the gap as quickly as ever. But the gap between the *Niobe* and the line was closing too. McIntyre could see the wharves packed with a silent crowd of people, and the judge's boat, with a fluttering white flag, just opposite the Government Pier. Donald had his watch out and was timing marks on the shore. Suddenly there was a yell from McIntyre.

"Look't th' *Niobe*!" All hands looked. The *Niobe's* crew were feverishly heaving something over the rail. "Coal!" said Billy; and coal it was. They were pitching it over as fast as they could pass it up. Donald smiled. "Thut's what a call seenfu' waste!" he said. Carswell was past replying, and Billy had broken out into language. "Conoondrum," said the old man to the spaniel, "he's callin' y' names for fallin' overboard, when y' were only plannin' t' gie them a good feenish!" It was no use; Donald was impregnable. The great calm, bred only of a crisis, had settled down on his soul, and he was supremely happy. Everything came to him with exaggerated clearness, as to a man after a strong dose of coffee. His sense of proportion was perfect. His relation to the world was normal, and the perspective of all things material and immaterial was just and true. He filled and lighted the black pipe with extreme deliberation, and slowly reached out and dropped the match overboard on the lee side. He knew just how the piston was running in the long-