

boat when she's at her best. You ought to be there in time to see the finish."

"A'd like t'," said Donald, "a'll try t' be theyre een time. A'm sure a'm mooch obliged t' y'," and he climbed into the little boat and rowed away toward Charlottetown.

"That's a queer old cuss," said Mr. Paul to the engineer. The engineer admitted that he seemed to be.

As Donald tied up his boat he smiled drily. "Seventeen mile," he murmured; "more like thirteen, a theenk. Howefer, a'll soon see." He went up to the nearest bookstore and bought a chart of Charlottetown Harbour. Then he went back to the wharf and sat down to it with a pencil and a foot rule. When he had finished he began smoking with unusual vigour.

"Good! fery good!" came between puffs. "Better than a thoct. She's not so bad, th' *Niobe*," and he smiled. As he spoke there came over him an almost imperceptible change. Perhaps only those who had been with him in the *Dungeness*, or those who had stood beside him on the night he screwed down the pop-valve of the old "Ronald" fire engine and spoiled the reputation of the new double-cylindrical machine, or those who had seen him work in the number six compartment or at the centrifugal pumps of the *Shannon* before she sank, would have been able to interpret the meaning of the change. To the uninitiated it was only that his smile was a little more bland than common. But the light of battle was in his eye. As usual, when the odds against him suddenly loomed up heavier than he expected, he became more imperturbable than ever.

He went back to Caribou by the next boat, and on the following afternoon appeared at North Harbour. He was exceedingly uncommunicative, stating merely that he had "been doin' a leetle explorin'." He got a fire going in the *Goosander* as soon as possible, and started out into the harbour again to race against time between the buoys. When he came back he told the black spaniel, and him alone,

that the trial was not satisfactory. The rest of the morning he spent in making all sorts of measurements of the old boat, and in figuring and making complicated drawings on a piece of planed pine board. At dinner he said he was going away in the *Goosander* for a few days, and about three he took the black spaniel aboard, cast off his moorings, hauled on his wheelropes until his tiller was hard-a-port, threw open his throttle, and the *Goosander* boiled out through the little entrance into the Strait. He turned once and waved his cap to the children. The last they saw of him the *Goosander* was heading south and he was sitting motionless in the stern.

Four days passed without a sign of Donald; but on the fifth morning the black launch appeared around the point of the Little Island and came in through the Wide Entrance. In her there were four men instead of one, and over her gunwale protruded various things, including, apparently, a good deal of dimension lumber. That morning Aleck had managed to walk down to the wharf, and he gasped with amazement as the *Goosander* tied up.

"Hello, Jim McIntyre," he said, "have you come too? Donald, for heaven's sake, what have y' got there? It looks as if you'd been robbin' a junk heap." Donald grinned.

"Y' look as eef y' were feelin' better," he said, irrelevently. "A'm glad o' thut." He surveyed the load with complacency. "A've brought McIntyre 'n' Carswell 'n' Beely Dunn," he went on, "'n' we're goin' t' make soom leetle temporary alterations een th' *Goosander*." Aleck was speechless for some time while he carefully looked over the collection.

"It looks as if y' were goin' to make something," he said finally. The remark was quite justifiable. It may be said that the *Goosander's* boiler and engine were compact, and there was plenty of room fore and aft of them. At present in forward, and lying on its side, was a very short, very stout and apparently very rusty upright boiler. Beside it lay a firebox, equally rusty,