

I first saw him. He shielded himself behind Miss MacMichael.

"Don't let your father look at me in that way," he laughed, "I'm really quite innocent, you know! I haven't done anything wrong." The girl smiled, put a protecting arm around him, and was about to speak when MacMichael found his voice.

"Wilson!" he said, "You—don't—mean—to—tell—me—and all this time——. Damn it all!" he thundered, "then why did you register in London? Why did you make such a secret of it? Nobody could think any the worse of you for owning the boats. Why did——Wilson, you're a crank! you're an inexplicable character. No! you're a genius! For anybody that can lie to us all like that——" and MacMichael stopped and shook his head.

"I never found it necessary to lie!" said Wilson, "you seemed to have as much idea that I owned the Northumberland boats as that Donald owned the MacMichael boats. I found it convenient for business reasons to register in London, but my real reason was that I didn't wish people in this country to know that I owned the boats. I suppose," he continued musingly, "that they'll have to know now. Oh! well, it doesn't make any difference."

"But why didn't you want people to know?"