

the *Goosander* rolled it half under water. In the meantime the *Niobe* and the *Mermaid* came boiling up astern with the big tug and Col. Dan's yacht pressing them hard.

"Beely," said Donald, "y' might joost coom out here 'n breeng a few spikes." Billy climbed out warily, and together they hammered and chopped while the *Goosander* rolled prodigiously and soused them up and down in the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They were still hard at it when the *Mermaid* came up, sometimes lifting her screw half out of the water and sending the spray forty feet. The *Niobe* wasn't thirty yards behind her, and was visibly gaining. Mr. Hunter looked round and kissed his hand to Donald as he drove past, and Donald stopped work expressly to admire the *Mermaid*.

"She looks fery nice, a' must say," he said appreciatively, "'n' look 't thut boat; eesn' she pretty?" waving the hatchet at the *Niobe*. The *Niobe* took it as a friendly greeting and whistled as she passed.

"For heaven's sake, hurry up," said Carswell.

"Oo, th're's no hurry," was the slow reply. Col. Dan's yacht rushed past.

"Making some repairs?" asked the Colonel pleasantly.

"No," shouted Donald, "we're joost goin' t' cut away th' paddles; we've foond we don't need them." The big tug poomp-poomped past and offered a tow, and the rest of the fleet began to come up. Billy hammered in the last spike and the two, very wet, climbed hastily aboard. A moment later both engines were going at full speed again, and the *Goosander* was boiling along after the leaders. The whole episode only lasted three or four minutes, but it was enough to give her a long, hard chase. Donald and Carswell moved around with oil cans, Billy flitted from fire-box to fire-box, and McIntyre sat immovable, with eyes shifting from the compass to the Nova Scotia coast, and prayed. The combination was too strong for fate, and

before long the *Goosander* was again beside the big tug. As she was crossing her bow, which McIntyre did with elaborate ostentation, Donald, without looking up, hung a rope over the stern. They passed Col. Dan silently and came up on Mr. Hunter, who was trying to light his oil fire, which had blown out for the fifth time. McIntyre went close to him and Donald threw aboard a lobster can with a bunch of matches in it. The *Niobe* was still eighty yards ahead, and as the water was getting smoother was going faster than ever. But at last even she had to succumb, and the *Goosander* splashed up beside her. Donald talked pleasantly to Mr. Paul, and told him that, aside from the *Goosander*, the *Niobe* was the finest boat of her size he had ever seen. Then, as the *Goosander* drew ahead, he said he was sorry to leave, but he wanted, if he could, to be in Caribou in time to see the finish of the race.

By this time the head of the long procession of boats was between North Harbour and the west end of Pictou Island. The old man smiled as he thought of Maisie and Dick and Aleck seated on the high bank and watching with the long telescope. "Na doot they're cheerin' noo," he said to himself. He tied a pair of spare overalls to the end of the boat hook and hoisted them up in the stern. The black spaniel got up to superintend, sneezed, slipped, sprawled, and silently went overboard. Donald jumped to the paddle engine.

"Stop her 'n' back up," he roared to Carswell. In a few moments the *Goosander* was stopped again and was slowly backing. The black head and shoulders would be seen on the top of a sea and then would disappear in the trough again. Donald would say "Coom on, old mon, y're doin' gran'!" and the tail would appear and agitate the water violently. Finally the *Niobe* came up and went past, followed by Col. Dan, and later by the big tug. The white yacht with the polished spars was within fifty yards when, at last, Billy leaned far over, grabbed the