

drew the fire, covered the engine, and came ashore to dinner. During the progress of the meal he spoke very seldom, and then his remarks referred chiefly to smelt fishing, to an incident that occurred on the *Dungeness*, and to the probable weather. On the last subject he was noncommittal. After dinner he departed, leading the colt and followed by the black spaniel, and said that he would be back in a day or two.

Late that afternoon he took the Island boat, and that evening he stepped ashore at Charlottetown. The next day was devoted to research. He wandered about the wharves and got various and unreliable opinions as to the capabilities of the *Mermaid* and the *Niobe* and other boats in the vicinity. His only generalisation from the information he gathered was that the *Niobe* was the best of them all. Then he went to headquarters for fuller details. He got a small boat and rowed down slowly past Mr. Paul's bungalow. The *Niobe* was at anchor, and Mr. Paul was aboard, pottering about and offering advice to his engineer. Donald stopped rowing and cast a glance of evident admiration at the steam yacht. Incidentally, the admiration was perfectly sincere. The bait was too seductive to Mr. Paul, who liked to dissertate on the *Niobe*, and was fond of a new and sympathetic audience.

"Fine day!" he remarked, "having a look at the boat?"

"Aye!" said Donald, ingenuously, "she's a gran' craft."

"One of the finest! one of the very best! Would you like to come aboard?" Donald accepted with apparent reluctance.

"That's right. Come right up here. I suppose you belong about here? Other shore. Do you fish?"

"A 've feeshed a little—Weel! This ees a magneeficent boat. A'd think 't 'd be deeficult t' keep all th' brass clean. She's beautifully feeted up—A—does she burn wood or coal?" The question was uttered with the innocence of a little child.

"Coal," was the reply, "all these steamers burn coal, you know. Don't know whether you'd like to see the engine or not. It's down here." Donald signified his willingness, and Mr. Paul proceeded to dilate on machinery in general, in passing mentioning the fact that the *Niobe's* boiler was so strong that it stood the strain when the steam inside pressed 190 pounds on every square inch of it, that that type of engine was called a triple expansion engine for various complicated reasons, and that it had driven the boat seventeen measured miles in one hour. Donald asked if the seventeen miles would be considered fast, and Mr. Paul answered "Very. Faster, in fact, than any other boat of the size in Canada can do." Donald said "Na doot" with perfect sincerity, adding: "A'd like t' see her goin' t' full speed." Mr. Paul appreciated the interest.

"I was just getting up steam to take her out when you came along. She'll be ready in a few minutes now. If you're not in a hurry perhaps you'd like to have a turn in her." "A'd be fery glad," was the reply.

"Have a cigar?" said Mr. Paul.

"No, thank y'; a'll joost smoke thees," and he produced the black pipe. A little while later Donald's boat was tied to Mr. Paul's wharf and the *Niobe* was steaming out toward Charlotte-town Light. At the light her engineer opened her up and she came in at full speed, while Donald sat by the wheel with Mr. Paul and marvelled. Several times he seemed to have difficulty in getting the black pipe going properly, and had to resort to holding his coat over it. A close observer would have noted that he surreptitiously looked at his watch on each occasion. When they got back and Mr. Paul had been duly thanked, he asked Donald if he expected to be in Caribou on September 12.

"A hope t' be theyre parrt o' th' day," was the reply.

"The reason I asked," said Mr. Paul, "is that we're going to have a steam yacht race from here to Caribou. I thought you might like to see this