

It was the very spot she had been looking for ever since the probability of defeat had stared the islanders in the face; and on first discovery her ardor induced her to dive from her canoe and swim under the ledge after the mink that led the way.

As she neared the spot she pointed her canoe for the centre of the elevated ledge, and bending forward to a prone position, it glided slowly in.

"Keep still, father. We are safe now," she whispered. "Wait till I close the opening and strike a light."

Stepping lightly onto a shelf of rock Marie picked up a door that she had brought over piece-meal, and placing it on its edge upon stones beneath the surface of the water, she leaned it against the entrance way, making an effectual screen. Then she struck a match and lit a candle. The cave thus closed in was both capacious and high. On one side was the flat surface of rock, as large as an ordinary sized room, which Marie had already covered with rugs and mats. Her nocturnal visits to "X" island were evidently productive of good. She had been preparing for an emergency. The emergency had arrived.

MacAlpine in amazement stared at everything. His bewildered mind was clearing.

"What does it all mean?" he asked at last. "We were fighting the enemy, but they were too strong for us. What has happened? Where are we?"

"They were too strong," Marie answered,