

"I see you ran across more than health up there in Cape Breton, old chap. I am delighted with your work, and I may as well tell you now that a promotion and a very substantial increase in salary will be yours in a couple of days."

"Thank you very much," said Bones.

That evening, Captain Roderick received the following telegram:

"Arrived safely. Feeling splendidly. If you decide to run for a seat in the Canadian house of commons at any time, do not forget to let me know. Deeply grateful for all your kindness. Best wishes,

"Bill Bones."

"That telegram contains a very sassy suggestion about goin' into federal politics," the smuggler whispered to himself, after he had read it over two or three times. "Isn't he a bad actor to put such a very wicked idea into my head? . . . House of Commons, Ottawa. . . . Dear old Bones!"