

"Now, don't let it slip."

Then he grasped her round the waist and lifted her out of the water. He was none too soon, for, worn out by the prolonged effort, she became unconscious as they stretched her upon the flat deck of the lifeboat.

"Throw me that rug!" he cried, for Marie had dropped her outer garments in her first dive from the wrecked canoe. "Now, brandy." "For heaven's sake, how is she?" shouted the man in the other boat in excited tones.

Stuart glanced at him quickly. He was a powerfully built fellow, perhaps a little older than himself. His head was bare and his breast open, but he was evidently a man to be trusted.

"She's all right," returned Stuart. "A little faint, but the brandy's reviving her."

"Better steer for the shore," was the response; "when we get there I can help you."

"Which shall it be?" he asked of Marie, who had regained consciousness. "The shore or the *Transit*?"

"The shore, the shore," she gasped. "It was so good of you—both of you—and Jessie?"

"She's breathing better," shouted the man.

"Oh—I'm so glad—if she had died it would have been all my fault."

Again her eyes closed.

"Lead the way," cried Stuart to the shoreman. "We'll follow you."

And with a vague interest in the personality of the stranger who had called Marie by name, Stuart followed his lead.