

the late afternoon of the day on which he had told the hotel proprietor to look after the pups. True—"any old thing would do." And the dried salmon of his canoe-men was palatable and filled the purpose intended of food in the mind of such men as Smith. That the pangs of hunger be allayed was all he asked; and he had a pocketful of cigars.

There was no necessity to tell the Indians to make time. They were making it as only Indians could—six "progressives" from a village not very savoury of reputation, but reputed rather for debauchery than for belligerence. They took advantage of every current that could be taken advantage of. Even Smith's eyes gave a jump of the adventurer's delight now and then. They were on the inside (eastern shore) of the island; consequently, hugging the land, they were in gloom now, under the shadow of Van Doren—with not a sound but the occasional bark of a seal, or up in the thick woods that gloomed down on them the cawing of rooks, or angry scream of bald-headed eagles, or falling of some old tree in the forest.

It was too late, Smith considered, to see the sights of a rifle fairly. Mists began to creep across the water. One of the Indians took a fit of coughing and spat over the side. Smith looked at his back and considered: "Another consumptive!" and ruminated over the pros and cons of civilisation and savagery, on the curses, and blessings, of each. Suddenly the Indians steadied all and swept their cedar out of the current and further inshore, where a gash of an inlet ran away backward from the sound.

And as they did so there came over the water a sound of shrieking and yelling. The paddlers turned and looked at the lone figure in the stern.