

"It all depends. Supposing I refuse?"

"Then I would have to ask you to step into the water and swim to shore while I do my own paddling and keep down expenses."

"Presupposing, of course, that you own the canoe."

"It is too bad it is so dark," she retorted impatiently, "or you would know that a revolver is pointed straight at you this very moment."

Kendrick laughed in pure enjoyment of the situation.

"My dear young lady,"—he had decided that she was young and he wondered if she were pretty—"you force me to the conclusion that either you are bluffing outrageously or you are a desperate character! Please don't be frightened. I'm neither Steve Brodie, the Bridge Jumper, nor the famous Jack Dalton, and in this age of safety razors Bluebeards are *extra muros*. This isn't the opening spasm of some blood-and-thunder novel, you know. We're right here on Toronto Bay where one can get into trouble for not showing a light after dark. Will you oblige me by unhooking the lamp at the bow there and passing it back to me so that I can light up. I promise then to start earning that dollar without further delay."

He heard her fumbling with it. There was a splash in the water, a little cry of well feigned dismay.