

likely know something about him before night," he said. Mr. Paul turned to the *Goosander* again.

"Aren't you coming up into line?" he shouted.

"Not 't present."

"There's only four minutes before the starting gun."

"A'm afraid o' gettin' my paddles broken. A'll try 'n' coom up ootside wheyre th're's plainty o' sea room." Rory chuckled. "He's got blood in his eye this morning," he said to himself.

The *Goosander* hung back of the line and the big boats ranged up behind her. The Caribou boat was crowded with Caribou people, and they all seemed to recognise Donald at once, and yelled simultaneously. The old man sat in the *Goosander's* stern with the black spaniel beside him and his eye on his watch.

"Carswell," he said, softly, "y' needn't open up for a while. A'll run her wi' th' paddles." Now there was only a minute to spare. All down the line pop valves were blowing off, while clouds of steam were floating to leeward and the boats were rocking uneasily. For a moment everyone watched everyone else. Then came the boom of the gun from the judge's boat, followed by the throb of many engines and the spattering rifle fire from three gasoline launches; then the boil and rush and swirl of white water being hurled back by many screws, and the movement of the boats as they felt the thrust and started forward. The light launches got under way quickly and darted ahead, and the line swept on. Donald let them get fifty yards away. He looked up at the Caribou boat, which was bearing down on his stern.

"Don't hurry!" he said, "we've got feefy miles t' catch them." Then he opened the throttle of the long-cylindered engine. The paddles pounded the sea into smoke and disappeared in the spray, and the spray made the black spaniel sneeze violently. The crowd on the Caribou boat howled with enthusiasm, and a howl of deri-

sion came back from the fleet. The great race was started. The boats swept down Charlottetown Harbour and out past the light, leaving the water white behind them. Already they were beginning to sort themselves out.

A gasoline launch had caught fire and was burning briskly, while lobster boats from every direction were going to the rescue of her crew. Her owner was standing on her counter and swearing, and his language was fearful beyond description. A boat from Antigonish had run aground on a shoal on the far side of the harbour, and her skipper was following the example of the owner of the gasoline launch with a fluency bred of a lifetime of practice. A boat from Newcastle had run into a boat from Chatham, and they went on shoulder to shoulder, trying to shove each other out of the channel. Drawing out ahead were Col. Dan McPherson's yacht, the ocean tug, a tug from Charlottetown, one from Sydney and two from Halifax, with the *Mermaid* and the *Niobe* on pretty even terms just behind them. Astern straggled out a long line, of which the last two were Long Rory's *Susan Bell* and the *Goosander*. So they passed out into the Bay and bore away for the buoy off Point Prim. The *Goosander* crept up on the *Susan Bell*, and Carswell began to give the screw engine steam. Now they had plenty of sea room, and he opened her wider. The boats felt the first sweep of the seas coming down from the north-west, and rolled and wallowed ahead, throwing clouds of spray from their bows. A wave would come up and hit the *Goosander*, and her whirling starboard paddle would pulverise it and heave it aloft in bucketfuls and drench Carswell and Billy and Donald and the spaniel impartially. In the meantime McIntyre was getting wet over the bow, so the crew of the *Goosander* donned oilskins. The spaniel wanted to see everything that happened, and, bathed with salt water, sat up and wagged his tail and sneezed. In five minutes the *Goosander*