

## THE WILDERNESS CASTAWAYS

Captain Bluntt looked at him curiously for a moment under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Not much of a sailor, I guess, youngster. Well, you 'll learn something before you gets home. Got a wonderful lot to learn, too."

Paul flushed angrily, and retorted impudently and boastfully:

"Oh, I do n't know. This is n't my first yachting trip. I know a thing or two about sailing. Captains of yachts do n't usually tell the guests what they 're to do."

"Yacht, eh?" And Captain Bluntt laughed good-naturedly. "Well, well, do n't get grumpy. No offence meant. No doubt you 're a great sailor; you look it. Yes, you look it!" Turning from Paul as from a child whose presence he had quite forgotten, he remarked:

"She 's off in fine style, Mr. Remington, fine style! And we 'll make a rare fine run, sir, if the weather holds. Yes, sir, if the weather holds!"

"Is there much ice reported off the Labrador coast?"

"We 'll meet some ice, sir; bay ice. No