

with a businesslike air. "From the outposts at the harbor mouth every vessel is reported to the citadel."

"What is the citadel?" he asked.

"It is the fort on the hill in the middle of the town."

"What a quarrelsome set you Halifax people must be," said the boy, "to require so many fortifications and such a number of redcoats to keep you in order."

"Not for ourselves do we need them, Mr. Patrick," she said teasingly, "but for our troublesome guests from the old country." Then hastily, to avoid the wordy warfare that he was eager to plunge into, she went on. "Up there is an island that is all fort."

"Shades of my uncle the general!" he said; "can that be so? Let us go forward and see it."

"A French vice-admiral who ran himself through with his sword is buried on it," said Vivienne, as they proceeded slowly along the deck.

"Hush!" said the boy. "What is mamma doing?"

Vivienne smiled broadly. Mrs. Macartney, the good-hearted, badly educated daughter of a rich but vulgar Dublin merchant, was a constant source of amusement to her. Just now she was waddling down the deck, driving before her a little dapper Nova Scotian gentleman who had become known