

currents; once, far above the tumult, came a wild, anxious voice from the shore, but neither Bob nor his passenger gave heed. The dash of that wild-cat rapid left no second of time for replying or turning one's eyelid; it was one long, breathless, hurling plunge, that got into their blood like a fever. Then presently the riot seemed all behind them. The savage music of the river grew fainter and fainter, the canoe slipped through the exhausted waters silently as a snake. A moment more, and the bow beached on a strip of yellow sand, secure, steadfast, triumphant. The glorious cruise was over.

A little group of scared, white-faced men huddled together on shore, the handsome young aide-de-camp reaching down his eager hands, which shook with anxiety. "Oh, Your Excellency," he exclaimed, "how *could* you run such a risk, and with only this boy to pilot you?"

"Bob and I ran away," said Lord Dunbridge, as, breathless but happy, he sprang from the canoe. "We ran away for a little holiday just by ourselves. I would not have missed it for the world." Then, more seriously, he added, "Gentlemen, if I could think that my Prime Minister and the Government at Ottawa could steer the Ship of State as splendidly as Bobbie steered that canoe. I would never have another wrinkle on my forehead or another grey hair on my head."