

her pulse also, and fear of failure was then greater than any dread of discovery.

No darker night ever, I think, spread its pall over our northern clime than sheltered our fair night-rovers in their last steal to within a few yards of the edge of the beach, where grew the sheltering trees under whose cover the truth was to be learned.

Once there they were not long in doubt. They could see obscurely, but unmistakably, three boats, two on the shore and



one just landing, and the dim but discernible forms of many men busy unloading the two boats and carrying bales and barrels into the wooded recesses of the cove.

"Smugglers," whispered "Jean," as after a moments observation the girls drew closer together behind the bush. "There are twenty men at work at least. Oh! what fun, what shall we do?"

"Quick boys, here's the last load," said a low voice close to where the crouching, and now thoroughly startled girls lay hidden.

Not twenty yards from them stood the man who had just spoken, who continued half speaking to himself: "Never a cleaner job done for years right under the noses of Her Majesty's Dominion cutters, and of his mightiness the Commodore of the Canadian Fleet! Bah! it would never do for his men to soil