

Down at the wharf lay the barquentine dressed from truck to rail in bright-coloured bunting ; her decks scrubbed white, brass shining, painted and varnished like a yacht, and with hatches tarpaulined and battened down, and sails bent ready for sailing with the spring tide that afternoon. The *Lillian* lay astern of her, and she too was tricked out with flags, while ensigns flew from every flag-staff in the village.

It was a general holiday, and all the Long Covers dressed, and shaved, and primped up to do honour to the wedding of the " young boss " to the lovely girl he had chosen for a wife. All the Cove had met her and approved, and Lillian Denton passed the most exacting critic—even Sally Reford, old-maidish and forty, declaring that " she was jest all right an' a mighty nice gal."

The Reverend Mr. Westley officiated at the ceremony. He was whiter of hair and a little shakier now, but he called to mind the boyhood days of the young man he was about to bind in the eternal ties. " Oh, but you were a warrior, Frank. I imagine I see you yet—you and Lem Ring—a proper pair of imps and up to all kinds of mischief whenever you got a chance. Ha, ha, ha ! " And the worthy cleric laughed until the tears ran down his face.

And in the presence of four skippers, his mother and Lem Ring, Frank slipped the golden circlet over his bride's slim finger and murmured the most sacred of all vows, " until death us do part."

The tide served at four in the afternoon, and under showers of confetti and blossoms the happy pair stepped down the ornamented gangway and on to the barquentine's poop just as the *Blue Peter* fluttered from aloft. The *Lillian*, with motor going, chugged alongside ; a hawser was passed down, and slowly they hauled out of the little harbour, while the crowds on the wharves cheered and shouted themselves hoarse.

Slowly the land glided away ; the crowd dwindled to an indistinguishable mob, and the watchers on the sailing ship feasted their eyes on the panorama of rocky beach, spruce-clad hills, and verdure-hidden village of their home. A string of flags ran up from the wharf staff. " Farewell and