

OUT WITH THE FISH PATROL

whom they recognized Commissioner Donahue of the Maine Fisheries. They were caught with the goods on in a manner which was as clever as it was unexpected. But the looming portals of prison were more intimidating than the Colts. The dynamiters' boats scattered and lusty arms pulled for the shore. The patrol steamed after them. The Commissioner turned his armament on the nearest boat and held it up. In this boat he went ashore on the American side, the rowers his prisoners.

After the Commissioner got busy, the quiet city friend also came into swift action. He was a lawyer, and a smart one at that. From Captain Mitchell and Inspector Calder he obtained the names of the dynamiters. They were old enemies of the *Pup*, which had at last laid them by the heels in their own waters violating their own country's laws.

That afternoon warrants were sworn out by Commissioner Donahue and his lawyer. Before night the *Pup* picked up her moor-