

in the old-fashioned gardens, and works up a decent little chop on the shimmering deep-blue water, Caribou's grand harbour is dotted with white boat sails—including some extraordinary rigs and extraordinary sized spinnakers; and the *Osprey* and the *Glooscap*, and some others, fight it out, and both are sailed by their old skippers and with the same inflexible pluck. But never since has there been anything like what they now speak of as "the big race."

It's useless to say anything about MacMichael, for the majority of people know what he has been doing, and nobody, including me, knows what he is going to do next. It's generally supposed that he's made one or two fortunes out of this South African war alone.

Up on the hill top, not far from MacMichael's house or each other, and buried in spruces, pines, beeches, and lindens, are two comparatively new grey stone houses owned by the partners in the Northumberland Steamship Company. In front of one of the houses, half grown over with vines, is a big, rough-hewn grey granite boulder. On its one polished face is the inscription:— *To the memory of the SHANNON, the first of the ice-crushers. She saved a hundred lives and accomplished other things.* The three stone houses are great centres for the type of outdoor and indoor gaiety that lacks every element of social formalism, and makes the