

hind her came the *Niobe*, hardly less dazzling, and looking very formidable with her low set hull and big stubby funnel. She was at once recognised as the boat of the man who was willing to risk the thousand dollars, and was greeted by all the whistles. Then came a gun from one of the big passenger steamers that served as the judge's boat. It was the preparatory signal. In fifteen minutes the race would start. The crowd on the wharves and on the boats commenced to shift uneasily. The steamers circled and began to draw up into a long uneven line that stretched away across the big harbour; ocean tugs, harbour tugs, passenger boats, yachts and launches, each with its boilers fired up to the blowing-off point, and each after the thousand dollars offered by Mr. Montgomery Paul. Mr. Paul himself was excited, there was no denying that. He was trembling as he sat at the little brass wheel and swung the *Niobe* in alongside the *Mermaid*. He made a remark to Mr. Hunter concerning the weather. Then his engineer spoke up:

"Now will y' say I was drunk!" he said. "Look there!" and he pointed up the harbour.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Mr. Paul. Mr. Hunter gasped.

"What in —"; then he stopped. Coming down from far up the harbour was something that looked not unlike a Tyne tug. Above a narrow black hull, crammed with machinery, towered two long, rusty funnels of unequal height, which were pouring out volumes of black smoke. Below were two broad paddles without boxes—paddles that were now being swung so viciously that the after part of the apparition was half hidden in clouds of flying spray that glittered in the morning sun. The boat's speed seemed to be marvellous, and her ugly black bow, with its copper-red bottom, sat on a cushion of seething foam. Behind her stretched a wide white wake. Other eyes were turned in her direction, and, as she came closer, still others, until

nearly everyone in the fleet was watching her approach.

"On she came, with a cloud of—(coal dust),  
Right against the wind that blew,  
Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew."

The said crew

"—stood calm and silent  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose."

Mr. Paul's engineer spoke.

"Look at her machinery!" he gasped, "she's full of it. I'll be hanged if she hasn't got a screw, too! And Lord! look at her paddles! That beats anything I've ever seen!" The *Susan Bell* happened to be near, and Long Rory stood up.

"*Great Eastern* ahoy!" he yelled, and the crowd roared. Rory began to see who comprised the *Goosander's* crew.

"Hi, Donald," he shouted, "can y' lend us a boiler?" Donald stood up and smiled blandly.

"A'd be pairfectly weelin' t' lend y' th' two o' them 'n' row her ofer eef a wiz racin' th' *Susan Bell* alone," he said, and the crowd laughed again. The word went down the line that it was Donald McDonald, and those who knew him said: "We might have known he'd be here." Henry Simpson said: "Donald McDonald—that settles some of us!" Donald came up astern of the *Niobe*, and the paddles stopped.

"Good day, Mr. Paul," he said.

"Good day," said Mr. Paul, "that's a great boat you've got there."

"Aye," was the solemn answer, "a like th' design mysel'."

"By George!" said Mr. Paul to his engineer, "that's the old chap we had aboard the *Niobe*!" The engineer grinned unsympathetically. The *Susan Bell* was near and Mr. Paul turned to Rory and said quietly:

"Who is he?"

"Donald McDonald," said Rory.

"And who's Donald McDonald?"

Rory laughed.

"Oh, he belongs to Caribou; y'll