

he thrust his lean and tired face close to the bloated cheeks of the half-caste of whom he had been told.

"Who are you?" said the half-breed.

"Me? I'm the man that will blow the top of your head off if you sneeze, by heck. You savvy? I'm the man you got to obey. I've got the skipper out of Nova Scotia skinned in the way of bustin' the *ego* out of you if you don't do just what I tell you."

"What do you want?"

"What do *I* want? What do *you* want, you mean. Do you want a long stretch or a short one? If you stand by me and do what I tell you I'll speak up for you. Savvy? I'll say to the commissioners: 'This man here seems to have been led away by the others. So far as I could see he wasn't taking part in the trouble.' Savvy?"

"You're a policeman?"

"I am. I'm the policeman that's going to take you shipwrecked mariners down to Simpson Inlet, write out my charge, and shove you down to the Island in no time. And I'm giving *you* a chance. I'll speak for you if you'll do as I tell you. It will shorten your stretch a whole lot."

"I'll do what you say, boss."

"Good. Then you begin by telling me where the other man is. I see the two coons that I've been hearing about. But where's the white man?"

"I guess he's in the shack further up on the other side."

"Well, just you give him a hail and tell him to come along in here."

"Yes. What do I tell him I want him for?"

"You tell him to come in. You tell him you've got a surprise for him. Go on. Get busy and shout."