

papa, 'n' he's goin' t' make something new for us, maybe a new kind of a boat."

"He's a great Donald!" said Aleck, half to himself. "He's always able to keep the two of y' quiet, anyway.

"Well, Donald, I'm glad to see y'. I get pretty dull sometimes. Maisie says you've got some new plan on hand. What are y' goin' t' make now—a real steamboat, I suppose?" Donald got comfortably settled, with the girl on his right knee and the boy on his left. He stowed the black pipe in a pocket reserved for it alone.

"A want y' t' lend me th' *Goosander!*" he said solemnly. It may be explained that the *Goosander* was a long, black launch that Aleck had bought two years before from the Dominion Government for use in towing out loads of traps and for general service about the factory. The Government had used her as an auxiliary to their revenue boats, in preventing smuggling from St. Pierre and Miquelon, but she was not well adapted to their purposes and they had disposed of her.

"The *Goosander!*" said Aleck, with a look of surprise, "yes, y' can have her and the whole factory if y' like. But what are y' goin' to do with her?" Donald drew forth from his pocket a copy of the *Caribou Courier*, and pointed to a paragraph. Aleck read as follows:—

"Owing to a discussion as to the relative speed of certain steam yachts which has arisen among a number of the wealthy Toronto and Montreal men who are summering on the Island, Mr. Montgomery Paul, the owner of the splendid yacht *Niobe*, has generously put up a thousand dollars to be raced for by steamers of any type up to seventy-five feet over all. Entries are confined to boats owned by summer or other residents of the Maritime Provinces. The course is to be from Charlottetown to Caribou, and the date, weather permitting, September 12." The paragraph gave various other details, and ended with the assertion that the proposed race was al-

ready exciting great interest. Aleck finished and looked at Donald.

"Y' don't mean to say that y' want to go into that with the *Goosander!*" he said.

"O' coorse a do!" was the reply; "a'm needin' soom recreation 'n' a dare say y'll be able t' fin' soom use for th' thoosan' dollars."

"Yes, we could find plenty of use for a thousand dollars if we got it, though y' would have to take the half of it. But there's not much danger of gettin' it. The *Goosander* would be somewhere off here when those fellows got in. They've got some fine boats over there now: boats they've brought down from Upper Canada."

"Aye!" said Donald, "so a've heard. Maybe a'll go ofer 'n' see them. Howefer, eef y' thenk we'll not get th' thoosan' y' needn't mind sayin' y'll tak' 't eef we do. A don't want th' money, y' know; a'll get more th'n a thoosan's worth o' recreation oot o' th' beezness; so between us we'll be makin' a clear two thoosan'," and Donald smiled. Aleck grinned at the argument, and submitted the more readily because his faith in the *Goosander's* chances was exceedingly small. Donald thought a moment.

"Aleck," he said, "d'y' know whyre a cud buy a nice young horse?" Maisie's eyes had been sparkling at the thought of the *Goosander* racing the yachts across the Strait; now she became very solemn, and flashed a bewildered glance at the old engineer. She felt the big hand tighten for an instant on her shoulder, and knew that in some inscrutable way it was all right. Aleck was silent, and looked doubtfully at Maisie. He was surprised to see that young lady very cheerful.

"What do you want with a horse?" he said.

"What a wanted t' know wiz whyre a cood get one," was the reply. Aleck knew it was no use to ask for further information. He hesitated.

"I've got a fine colt that might suit y'," he said finally; "Maisie, y' bring the colt round, like a good girl."

Still more to his surprise Maisie ran