

CHAPTER IV.

THE WRECK OF MARIE'S CANOE.

"IT'S clear enough now, Miss, but yon sky looks squally," said Ned, as he slid Marie's canoe into the bay. "I'd advise ye to make a short run of it. Don't be out longer than an hour and a half, at most."

"Can't we make it longer than that?" Marie asked, looking thoughtfully over the eastern gap at the shifting white clouds.

"It wouldn't be safe," adjusting his pipe to the proper angle. "Toronto bay's al'us treacherous for canoes, and that storm's coming."

"We'll be back in good time, then; but it would be a joke if we had to swim ashore," Marie returned, jestingly.

"If there's danger we'd better not go," said Jessie.

"Can't you swim? I know you could last summer. But there's really no danger; I promise you we'll be back in time."

"And how much can I? Just the fifty yards you taught me, and that only in smooth water."

"As I say, in an hour an' a half, there's safety," repeated the old sailor, reassuringly; "and Miss MacAlpine's a good paddler. I never saw a better, and never expect to;