
By RALPH CONNOR

TREADING THE WINEPRESS
THE GASPARDS OF PINE CROFT
TO HIM THAT HATH
THE SKY PILOT IN NO MAN'S LAND
THE MAJOR
THE PATROL OF THE SUN DANCE TRAIL
CORPORAL CAMERON
THE FOREIGNER
BLACK ROCK
THE SKY PILOT
THE PROSPECTOR
THE DOCTOR
THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY
GLENGARRY SCHOOL DAYS

TREADING THE WINEPRESS

by

RALPH CONNOR



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TREADING THE WINEPRESS

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TREADING THE WINEPRESS

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CHAPTER I.

HECTOR MACKINROY.

Upon a headland fronting the Atlantic, rocky, wind-swept, and crowned with pines, whose twisted limbs leaned landward as if under stress of an invisible but heavy hand, gleamed a church spire. Flaming with the morning sun, its gilded pinnacle pointed heavenward, an eternal symbol of Immortal Hope to the sleepers lying snug under their little mounds near by.

Two men were walking slowly up the road cut deep into the hillside and winding zigzag from the main highway towards the church upon the headland. They were father and son, much of the same physical mould, tall, slender, broad-shouldered, and with the same long, swinging step of mountaineers, inherited from ancestors bred among Scotland's hills.

From these hills, more than half a century ago, the older man, Hector Mackinroy, had come with his kinsfolk to Canada, and settled in one of the fishing villages on the southeast coast of Nova Scotia. There he grew to manhood, became a fisherman, then a sailor before the mast, a rover of all the seas, later a man o' war's man in the Queen's Navy, finally an officer—for the Mackinroys were of good blood in the old land—now on the roster of the R.N.R. His face, clear-skinned and ruddy, lifted now and then to the morning sun, showed the lines and features of the scholar and thinker rather than of the man of

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action. It was a face revealing a high spirit and a proud spirit, but every line in it told of sorrow, and bitter sorrow. His Balmoral cape, swinging from his shoulders, concealed his student's stoop, but the spring in his stride and the flash of fire in his blue eye announced a strength unbowed by the weight of his sixty years. Thick masses of white hair, showing below an ancient officer's cap, and a white beard, flowing down upon his breast, gave him a patriarchal and venerable appearance incongruous with the vigour of his stride and the piercing flash of his eye.

The young man at his side—really a lad and younger than his years—drew from his father's blood strain the tall slender frame, the broad shoulders, and tapering waist of the Highlander, the springing, swinging stride, the long-muscle thigh and calf. But the face with its fine contours, its colour of old ivory, the tawny hair—these he had from his Italian mother. The eyes set deep under heavy eyebrows, black in passion, blue in repose, but with slumbrous fires ever in their depths, he had from the mingling in him of both Scottish and Italian blood.

Father and son were now upon an annual pilgrimage to the grave where, fifteen years ago, Hector Mackinroy buried, with his wife's beautiful body, all that made life dear. Terrible days those days of pilgrimage were to the boy, and the dread of the coming hour was stamped upon his set face. Through a wicket gate they passed into the kirkyard, the boy falling into single file behind his father, and made their way through the little mounds, shaggy and unkempt, to a corner that looked out over the sea. There, within a square of greensward with a wide margin of clean sea sand, stood a slab of marble marking the grave. On it was carved the name:

LUCIA

and beneath the name the poignant words:

“Ah, my soul! Empty of love, how empty art thou.”

From under his cloak the father drew a wreath of Mayflower, and laid it upon the grave. Then, stepping back, with eyes upon the name cut in stone, he stood as if himself cut from rock. Beside him and a little in the rear stood his son, alike rigid and motionless. For some minutes his father held himself erect with arms locked across his breast, his face set, and touched with the pallor of the dead. Then, as if under the impact of an inward agony, the tall form began to rock and sway. His son, with a hesitating movement, placed his arm round his swaying shoulders. Instantly, as if that touch had released the vital forces that had held it erect, the tall frame collapsed.

The man sank to his knees, and with a deep-drawn moan stretched himself face down upon the grassy sward, and there lay, his arms stretched far out, his fingers deep dug into the turf. His son, stricken with fear and grief, fell upon his knees beside him, took one of the clutching hands in both of his, and gripping it tight held it close to his breast. The boy dared not speak. Never in all his life had he seen his father give way to emotion. In their relations there was a place for everything but emotion. In a very real sense they were comrades. They sailed and swam, they boxed and fenced, they tramped the hills, explored the rocks together; they read, studied, experimented in the laboratory together, and on the frankest terms. In the boy's work and play the father was interested, in his class achievements at school, and in his University course he showed a certain pride. But over his emotions he exercised a rigid control which his son had never seen shaken. The boy on his part regarded his father with a respect and fear that forbade any manifestation of the passionate pride and affection that were his most intense emotions. It was only the shock of his father's sudden collapse that furnished the impulse sufficient to carry him over the lifelong barrier of self-repression. Overwhelming amazement and pity moved him as he had never been moved in his life.

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"Father," he cried in a dreadful voice, "don't, oh don't do that!"

The only answer was a shuddering moan.

"Oh, what can I do? What in the world can I do?" he whispered, lifting a tortured face to the sky above him.

As if in answer to his cry there came from behind the church the low, wailing sound of a woman's voice, crooning the old Scottish Paraphrase to the ancient tune Kilmarnock:

"A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends, at last
Shall meet to part no more."

Soft, clear, with penetrating pathos, the song, familiar enough to Scottish ears, rose and fell.

At the first sound Hector Mackinroy raised himself to his knees, listened with strained intentness.

"Ah! God, if it might be, if it might be!" he breathed.

The boy was shocked and startled. It was not so much that his faith was staggered but the misery and hopelessness in his father's voice filled him with grief and dismay.

The song was followed by a burst of shrill childish laughter, then a woman's voice in warning, and immediately a loud scream of terror. Both father and son sprang to their feet.

"Tony, something has happened!" exclaimed the father.

Like a deer the boy bounded off in the direction of the cry. Turning the corner of the church, he saw a woman running toward a broken paling in a fence which shut off from the kirkyard an abandoned quarry.

"Wait!" he shouted to the woman who had reached the break in the fence. "Wait for me!"

In a few minutes he was at her side.

"Don't you try to get through! Stay where you are!"

"My little girl! My baby!" she cried.

"All right!" he answered, vaulting the fence. "Don't fear. I'll get her."

He threw himself down on his face and peered over the quarry lip.

"I see her, she is safe!" he shouted. "Stay where you are."

He dropped over the edge upon a lower shelf of rock, scrambled down upon a heap of loose rubble, and so came to the child, lying white and still, upon a lower level. Catching her up he ran farther down the slope and, leaping from ledge to ledge, arrived at the bottom of the quarry where there was a pool of water. A douche of water on hands and face, and the child opened her eyes, and with a great gasp raised herself upon her arm.

"Lie down, little one!" he said, speaking quietly. "Mammy is just coming. There now, you are all right. Just lie down a bit while I dry you off, and make you look pretty. Why! You have tumbled all your hair about, and you have torn your dress. I believe Mammy will have to sew it up again. It's your very best dress, too, isn't it?"

The child shook her head, apparently undisturbed by her strange surroundings and the strange face bending over her.

"No! Of course it's not my very best dress. This is my pink," she replied with grave reproof. "My very best dress is blue. Mammy finished it last week." Then with a sudden recollection she cried in a startled voice, "Where is Mammy?"

"Come!" said the boy, lifting her very carefully. "I'll take you to her. There now, how is that? Are you quite comfortable?"

"All right," sighed the little girl in his arms.

By a detour he reached the top and found the mother waiting him, her face white with fear.

"She is quite all right," he said. "You can walk, can't you?" he added, setting the little one on her feet.

"Yes! Oh, Mammy! I fell right down in that big hole. I never saw it," she cried, clinging to her mother.

Her mother was anxiously running her hands over her arms, legs, back, uttering soft animal-like sounds.

"Wind knocked out, that's all," said the boy. "It's nothing at all, she can run home quite well."

"Yes! Yes! She is all right, I think," said the mother in a low voice, still feeling for broken bones, and with never a look at him.

"Good-bye, kiddie," said the boy. "Keep away from that hole after this, eh?"

He turned away and was off at a run up toward the grave where he had left his father. As he drew near, he saw the tall cloaked figure standing rigid and motionless at the foot of the grave. Slowly he moved forward till he stood at his father's side. There he waited in silence. His father, apparently oblivious of his coming, remained as he was, gazing with eyes fixed and staring upon the name carved on the marble, his face passionless as the marble itself.

"There's the woman, father," said the boy, observing the mother and child approaching from behind the church.

"Woman! What woman? Who is this? Do we know her?" His voice was impatient and harsh, his eye wrathful, as he descried the woman drawing near. His son stood silent watching the woman, who was hurrying toward them, dreading his father's greeting of her. While at a distance, however, the woman raised her voice in loud entreaty.

"Oh, please forgive me, young sir! Forgive me my ingratitude." She stood with her hands outstretched in a shy imploring gesture, not ungraceful, and without a trace of self-consciousness.

"Who are you?" said the father, taking the word out of his son's mouth, his voice harsh, yet not discourteous.

"Hector Mackinroy," said the woman, "you do not know me, but you knew my husband, Luke Mallon."

"Luke Mallon! God bless me! Come here, madam," exclaimed Mackinroy. "Luke Mallon, your husband? Yes! Yes! and he is——"

"He lies—no!" her face took on a look of exaltation. "His body lies yonder, but he, Luke, my husband, is with God." Her face was alight with a radiance, not of the morning sun.

Mackinroy's eyes were searching her face. "Yes! Yes! Luke Mallon, a man of gallant spirit," he said, as if to himself.

"That is the word, sir. He was a brave man and a true man, and he loved you, sir," she added, with a shy droop of her eyes.

"Don't I know it? And he is dead—dead—gone! They all die, the best, the bravest."

He was talking to himself. Then to the woman——

"You are living in the town?"

She bowed. "I came a year ago."

"You have means? or are you——"

"Yes! I have enough for my little girl and myself."

Mackinroy turned a swift look on the child.

"Luke's child. Yes! Of that there is no doubt. The eye, the lips— Yes, yes, that eye—ah, Luke was a man."

He turned to the grave.

"Yes, a man, a rough devil, but a gentleman." With a sudden gesture he lifted a shaking finger and pointed at the name on the headstone.

"He was with me," his voice came in a husky whisper, "when—I—when I was in Italy—twenty years ago! Ah, those were the days!"

His face was aglow now. "Yes, when I fought for her," pointing to the name on the stone. "Ay!" his voice rang out, "when I killed for her! He, Luke, was behind me, keeping them off. And now!" his head dropped forward on his breast, his voice sank to a hoarse whisper, "she, too, is gone—gone—gone—they are all gone—I shall see them no more for ever."

The woman threw a startled look at him.

"For ever? Surely not for ever, sir?" she anxiously questioned, drawing nearer to him.

Mackinroy turned his eyes upon her pale questioning

face, seemed as if to speak, changed his mind and stood silent.

"Luke expected to see me again. He promised, and he never promised what he could not do."

"No! Never!" said Mackinroy.

"And he died sure he was going to God, sir."

"Ah!" said Mackinroy sharply, "he was sure! He would be. That was Luke, a thorough-going chap. Lucky fellow!"

He turned his eyes again to the name. A look of desolation, utter and devastating, swept his face.

He waved his hand to the woman——

"Go!" he said. She turned slowly away with her little girl, and had gone a few steps when his voice arrested her.

"Woman!" he said, "it was you who were singing over there?"

"Yes, sir, I always sing when I sit by Luke. He used to like it, sir, and it keeps me up too."

"The words? a Psalm, I think."

"A Paraphrase, sir."

"Ah! a Paraphrase." Then as if to himself, he murmured the words, his eyes upon the name:

"Where death-divided friends, at last
Shall meet to part no more."

"Happy woman, happy woman! 'A few short years.' Ah, if only——" He turned suddenly, almost fiercely, upon her.

"You do well to sing! Never cease your singing! When you cease it's hell!" He waved his hand in dismissal.

"Yes, sir, I know, sir! I know it well," she said, and turned away.

For some moments the father and son stood silent at the grave side. The boy shrank from speech. He was deeply moved, stunned, indeed, by the extraordinary revelations of the past few minutes. The sudden disclosure of unsuspected depth of passion in his father shook him. The

terrible words still echoed through his brain—"I killed for her." It was as if the solid earth beneath their feet had split wide open for one swift moment, and through the opened crack he had caught a gleam of rolling volcanic fires.

Suddenly the father spoke——

"Follow the woman," he said. "Carry the child. It is still weak. Find where she lives. Meet me in an hour at the yacht."

The boy hesitated a moment.

"Won't you come now, father?" he said.

The father waved him off. "No! I would be alone. Go!" he said briefly, and in a tone that forbade parley.

The boy turned slowly away. He hated to leave his father there, and in such a mood. Never in his life had he hesitated to obey his father's slightest order. To-day, however, his father seemed another man. The iron-clad rigidity of his self-control had been shaken, the absolute-ness of his reserve regarding his past life had been pierced by the words of this woman. Luke Mallon! He had never heard the name. Who was he, and what to his father? And Luke Mallon had known his mother!

There was a wonderful portrait of her in his father's study, before which hung a curtain of black velvet. There were certain days in the year, when the boy would be called into the study to find the black curtain drawn, and his father standing before the portrait, his face rapt as in adoration. He remembered well the picture. It was wonderfully vivid, as if the face were looking through the frame, ready to follow the smile in the eyes with living speech. It was a face of dark and radiant loveliness, not so perfect in feature; the mouth was large, the lips were irregular, but there was about the mouth and lips an indefinable loveliness, a certain tremulous tenderness. Like the memory of a dream there would come to the boy, standing before the picture, the sense of the pressure of those tremulous lips on his before sleep, and a more vivid remembrance of a face bending over him, thrilling with

love, and lit by two eyes that always made him think of the stars in the sky above his window outside. But never had his father broken silence about his mother, since the dreadful day when they took her away and carried her to this place on the high, wind-swept, pine-crowned bluff. Never till to-day.

To-day his father had opened for one fleeting moment a window upon a far landscape, gleaming with vivid colour, and streaked with black shadows. Italy! A fight! A killing! And for her, his mother! Luke Mallon, whoever he might be, a high-souled, dare-devil of a man, at his father's back "keeping them off," while he killed his man for her. The boy's very soul tingled with the old-world romance of it all. And this woman was Luke Mallon's wife. Well, he would catch up with her. She might talk, though, of course, he could not pump her. He must play the game with his father. Yet she might talk. He quickened his trot, and soon was at her side.

CHAPTER II.

THE GIRL IN THE BLUE AND GOLD.

Tony picked up the child and carried her on his shoulder, becoming her high-stepping, champing steed. All the way down the road, winding to the main street of the little town of Langdenburg, he carried her; and all the way through the sleepy streets, though the slow-moving fisher-folk, and farmers with their women, stared at him, and though here and there a boy grinned. The woman would have lifted the child down from his shoulder, but neither horse nor rider would have it. To the door of a cottage, set among apple-trees and cherry-trees on the outskirts of the town, the boy carried his charge. The woman thanked him with a quiet reserved courtesy, but gave no invitation to enter her home. She almost seemed to fear he should offer to come in with the child. Only when he was about to depart did she allow her gratitude full expression. Her manner puzzled the boy. Why should she so obviously seek to be rid of him? He was turning rather brusquely away, when the little one flung herself upon him with wailing and vehement protest.

"You must not go!" she cried.

"I will come back," he promised.

"When?"

"Soon. Yes! very soon!"

The mother took her away, her touch quieting the little maid. There was a strength about her, not so much of body, as of soul. She had dominated Luke Mallon who was a man of high and gallant spirit. An unusual woman she was, this Luke Mallon's wife. What was she? and what was her story? These were the boy's thoughts, as

he made his way back through the quaint little town to the wharf.

He found his father waiting with instructions that he should be ready to set forth in the evening.

"I have a matter to attend to—various matters," said his father. "Get this order filled at the drug store, and this at the electrical shop. You have money enough? Well, then, be here at half after seven. The evening is long."

"All right, father," said the boy. "I shall make things snug and tight here and then go."

"By the way——" the boy was a little startled at the hesitation, almost apology, in his father's tone—"where does that woman live?"

"Right across the town. I should have to go with you. I mean it is rather difficult to direct you."

"No need! Well! Perhaps! Come then—let us go now and get it over. Ah—I mean—so you will be free this afternoon."

As they made their way along the narrow, crooked streets, that ran up and down hill, through the little fishing town, many eyes were turned upon the tall, cloaked, venerable figure of his father. Many would have greeted him, but Hector Mackinroy's eyes wandered neither to right nor left, but kept to the line of his march. The boy, on the contrary, had a smile and a word for everyone, greeting men and boys by name. For women he had a bow and smile, no more.

For fifteen years Langdenburg had been the trading town where his father and he had done their business, slight as it was. Hence, the streets, and the people of the streets, and the shops he knew, but never had he seen the inside of any home in the town. The many long hours which he had free, during his summer vacation, he had spent with the fishermen at their toil by day and by night. The fisherfolk had a superstition about him, that he brought good luck. None of them knew better the ways of the deep-sea creatures, none of them was wiser in

weather portents, and none could touch him in the handling of the fishing craft, unless it was that tough old salt, his crony and sworn friend, known along the coast as Rory Ruagh—Red Rory. And red he was, red in face, red in the bristling shock of hair crowning his red face, and red in the rim of whiskers, that like a glowing aureole framed his face. Rory Ruagh's boat was the boy's headquarters in town. There he ate and slept and loafed away the hours on vacation days. With Rory, too, he went to the fishing, learning much as to the ways of men and fish and boats.

Through the town Tony led the way, till within sight of the little house which had been Luke Mallon's home.

"That's the house, father," he said.

"Thank you, now I shall return with you," replied the father.

At the Square, upon which fronted the Town Hall, the Post Office, and the Royal Hotel, Mackinroy halted.

"You will be for Rory Ruagh's, I suppose?" he said to his son. "You will meet me on the wharf at half after seven."

"All right, father," said the boy, taking his way across the Square at an easy saunter, giving greeting now and then to passers-by.

Suddenly at his ear a strident "Honk!" made him leap his own length to one side. Turning wrathfully he saw a car full of people smiling at his sudden leap.

There is a natural antipathy between the motorist and the pedestrian. The antagonism is rooted in the whole social system of our day. To the pedestrian, the motorist is a plutocrat and parasite, a burden upon the toiling masses, and a menace to their very existence, more especially when they walk abroad to take the air. To the motorist, the pedestrian is a mere trap and snare, and, as well, a cumberer of the King's highway; a thing to be removed. Hence, the shrill honk of the motor horn, a signal which the unwary pedestrian must heed with the utmost despatch and without parley, fills him with

impotent wrath. It is vain to argue with a motor car hurtling through space, and it is infinitely better to be alive, wrong, than dead, right. None the less, but rather the more, on this account does rage possess the pedestrian when, at a sudden "Honk," he finds himself forced to spring with humiliating haste from the onset of sudden death. The glare in the boy's eyes only seemed to add to the complacent merriment of the motor people.

Up to the Royal Hotel, which faced the Square, the car swept, a new and gorgeously equipped Pierce-Arrow, and there came to a smooth and soundless halt.

"American tourists," said the boy to himself, "some of these Chester people."

He moved slowly on his way past the car.

The passengers, young folks in their early twenties, were standing about in motor coats and caps, stretching and stamping, for the swift race through the shrewd morning air had chilled their blood.

"Some run, hey! Ruddy, old boy," exclaimed the driver, drawing off his gauntlets.

"Guess we just about hit sixty over there, eh, Merry?" replied the youth, addressed as Ruddy.

His mother disapproved of the nickname as undignified and unworthy of her family. Rudolph was a family name for generations of Cottmans. This she had taken pains to verify very soon after Herman Cottman, her husband, had made his pile in steel manipulations.

"Yep, sixty-three once on that stretch round the bay. But, Jehoshaphat, what roads!"

"But what scenery, Merry," said a tall girl, whose blue and gold motor gear matched but could not hide the golden sheen of her hair, nor the sky-blue of her eyes.

"Not too bad, Diana," said Merry, "not too bad."

"Too bad?" cried a pale-looking youth. "Say, what are you giving us? It's got the Adirondacks whipped to a frazzle. I want to say——"

"Aw now, don't step so loud, Dale!" interrupted Ruddy. "Where do you get that stuff?"

"Where? Right from our lodge door, this morning, to this identical and exact spot," cried the youth. "Why! look right out from your feet. Do you get the sweep of that bay, with the hills fading off into the blue of the sky? Look at that group of islands with the glimpses of sea between. My dear man, every turn of the road gave you a new and more wonderful view than the last, and then——"

"Every turn of the road?" again interrupted Ruddy. "I should whimper! sent you clean through the roof. New views? Well! I'll say so! New constellations! What about it, Merry?"

"Well," drawled Merry, "I confess I was somewhat pre-occupied with the road-scheme. I found it quite absorbing."

"I agree with you, Ruddy," said Diana of the blue and gold. "It is a lovely, lovely country! Why don't they tell the world about it?"

"We will," cried Dale, her brother. "I am going to write George about this country, and ask him to appoint me Royal Publicity Secretary, eh?"

"You might mention the roads," suggested Merry.

"Sure thing! A Good Roads Campaign will be the Publicity Department's first activity."

"Say!" cried Ruddy, "is the Royal Palace defunct or what? Haven't they got any bell-hops or anything? I say!" he called out to Tony, who had paused at the corner of the Hotel. "Are they all dead in there?"

Tony glanced over his shoulder to right, to left, then back at the speaker.

"I beg your pardon," he said politely, moving slowly toward the speaker, and removing his hat from the back of his head, "you were addressing me?"

"Eh? Well, yes. Are they all dead in there?" Ruddy was slightly dashed by Tony's grave politeness.

"Dead? I trust not. Indeed, I have reason to believe not. They probably have observed you through the windows and are waiting your entry. We are a shy people in this country."

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His gravely considerate manner puzzled the youth.

"Delicious!" murmured Dale to his sister, who smiled back at him.

"Oh, you are, eh?" said Ruddy, adding in an undertone to Merry, "Say! Is this bird rockin' me?"

"But here they come," said Tony with evident relief. "Glad to see you're not dead, Tommy," he continued, turning to a wizened little old man, who, moving with a quick springing step, proceeded to load himself up with the impedimenta of the travellers.

"Dead?" shrilled the old man. "Say, where do you get your live ones, Tony? Dead, eh?" He ran up the steps of the Hotel like a school-boy, flung in his load and was back again as if in a race against time.

"Can I serve you any further?" said Tony, sweeping the company with a look, and again taking his cap from the top of his wavy shock of hair. "The town? Features of interest? Choice bits of scenery?" His manner was still perfectly courteous and perfectly serious. "There are views which, though even quite famous artists have thought worthy of their attention, are as yet unknown to the great world. But, indeed, they are hardly appreciated by our own people," he added on a note of regret. "We have not yet acquired the gentle art of self-advertisement. We prefer to offer to discerning spirits the delightful experience of the explorer, the joy of the discoverer."

With a slight bow, directed more especially to Diana and her brother, he slowly turned and sauntered down the street which led to the bay.

"Superb! positively superb!" said Dale.

His sister chuckled with delight. "What charm! What delightful manners!"

"Say, Merry!" inquired Ruddy, still puzzled, "is that Percy stringin' us, do you think? Gee whiz, if I only thought so, I'd like to offer him the joy of discovering my left hook under his chin."

"I wouldn't, Ruddy," drawled Merry. "Did you notice his reach? and his long leg and thigh muscles? That boy

moves like a tiger I saw in the New York Zoo once. No, no! Let him go his way in peace. When the scrap comes I want him on my side."

"Let's go down and see the boats," said the girl who had taken no part in the talk.

"Naughty! Naughty! It won't do, Patty," said Dale, shaking a finger at her. But the girl flashed her black eyes at him and made a face, by a weird manipulation of the lower lip, that no boy or man can ever compass.

"Me for the beefsteak and coffee!" cried Merrick, with emphasis, leading the way into the Hotel. "These early risings put an edge on a fellow's appetite. Come along, people."

"Lead me to a sausage and a pancake, and then leave me be for half an hour," answered Ruddy.

"We will take a walk down to the bay, after breakfast, Diana, eh?" said Patty. "I am wild about the boats, you know."

But Diana stood, heedless of her talk, with her eyes upon the scene before her, the bay with its mirrored ships and mirrored islands and the far hills beyond.

"What eyes! Eh, Diana," said Patty, taking her arm. "What a walk! Just look at the swing of his hips."

Diana withdrew her eyes from the hills. "My dear Patty, what *are* you talking about? Eyes? Hips?"

"Look at him, Diana," she whispered, pointing at Tony slowly sauntering down the street before them. "And didn't he set Ruddy back a few meters?"

Diana allowed her eyes to rest upon the boy's figure.

"Yes, it was quite neat, wasn't it? Rather lost on Ruddy, eh? No, I don't think I care about ships, Patty; yours, of course, excepted. I do admire the *White Wave*."

"Ah! In another month we shall be aboard," cried Patty in ecstasy. "But I think I should like to wander down to the wharf. You know, the car gets rather tiring without a change."

"Oh, very well, Patty, we shall wander to the ships after

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lunch," said Diana, indifferently. "All right, Dale, we are coming."

Meantime, all unconscious of the eyes boring his back, with hips swinging, rhythmically, Tony pursued his deliberate way toward the ships. He had in mind a visit to his crony Rory Ruagh, with whom he desired converse.

Rory was a kind of antidote to all sorts of mental and emotional disturbances. Life for him had been one continuous course of instruction in the things that make for wisdom. An Orcadian, he had left his beloved island of Hoy when a mere boy, with an uncle who made annual trips to Hudson Bay in the service of The Company. To Rory there was one Company, and only one, The Ancient and Honourable Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson Bay. That was forty-five years ago, and for ten years the Company held his allegiance and his service. But the great Railroad, crossing the Dominion of Canada, had diverted the route of traffic from the Bay, and, after a period of roving all the seas for a quarter of a century or so, Rory Ruagh had attached himself to one or other of the great fleets that frequent the Nova Scotia fishing-grounds. At present he and his stout little fishing smack, the *Dancing Nancy*, had their place in the Langdenburg fishing fleet. And no unimportant place it was. For both Rory and his beloved *Dancing Nancy* were, in their classes, second to none.

As Tony made his way along the wharves he paused now and then to exchange greetings with the men who stood about in groups, sunning themselves, swapping yarns, and matching philosophies, all the while on the look-out for his friend.

"Rory's out yonder in the *Dancing Nancy*, if you're after him," said a youngster, who was busy gathering up some culls from the nets.

"Thanks, Pete," said Tony, "run me out like a good chap."

"Sure thing."

The lad cast loose a skiff tied up to the wharf and jumped in.

"All aboard!" he sang out.

"Here, young Huddy!" shouted a fisherman. "Where are you goin' with my dory, you young pirate?"

Pete grinned and looked toward Tony. "Ask him," he said.

"He's going to run me out to the *Dancing Nancy*, Tom, eh?" said Tony.

"Oh, that's all right, Tony, as long as it's you. But that young water-rat——"

"Aw, stow it, Tom, or I'll tell 'im why you're sore at me," said Pete, pulling hard at the oars.

"Git out, you! I'll break your back some day," growled Tom, picking up a pine knot.

"Give her my love, Tom," cried the boy for all to hear, dodging the pine knot flung at his head.

"He's gone on old Hurn's girl—the biggest," he added, grinning at Tony.

"How have you arrived at that, Pete? Hold on! No tales! These things, you know, are sacred."

Tony's uplifted hand and solemn voice stayed Pete's speech, on the point of overflow from his gaping lips.

"Unless and until Tom tells me himself I don't want to hear."

Still Pete gaped.

"But there's a second Miss Hurn, I believe. Let's see, what's her name again? Sally? Eh?"

Pete's face went aflame.

"Sally nothing!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "It's Verna."

"Verna? Verna? Funny name, Verna!"

"What's funny about it? It's a darn good name anyhow." Pete's eyes were flashing wrathfully.

"It's a good name—got a nice sound, Verna! Something to do with spring, you know, opening buds, sweet new grass, singing birds and springing flowers, Verna, eh? You know her, Pete, do you?" asked Tony, while from

under his lowered eyebrows Pete searched his face suspiciously, but vainly, for any sign of levity.

"Aw, come off your roost," he burst forth, after a few moments' cogitation. "You seen us! I knowed it was you, but Verna said, 'No.' But I don't care a tinker's darn who seen us." Peter stopped rowing, straightened himself, looked Tony in the eyes and waited for his word.

Tony regarded him steadily for a moment.

"Let's see. How old are you, Pete?" he asked.

"I's goin' on seventeen," replied Pete, with a look in his eyes that challenged contradiction.

"Have you got a job, Pete?"

Pete's eye wavered.

"Not stiddy yet."

"Got any money saved?"

"Naw!" Pete's voice suggested contempt for the ignorance that lay behind such a question.

"Yes, I saw you last week, Pete, and I thought you must have a job and be saving money."

Pete's eyes darkened.

"I'm goin' to," he said, his voice low and defiant.

Tony nodded at him. "Show Tom," he said.

"Huh! Him!" grunted Pete, and said no more till he brought his dinghey alongside the *Dancing Nancy*.

"The *Dancing Nancy*, ahoy!" shouted Tony.

"Ay! Ay! Sir!"

From the depths of the boat a voice rolled and squeaked like cart wheels, wanting grease, rumbling over cobble stones.

"Watch the sun rise," said Pete, grinning.

From under a cabin-like structure, built of slate and canvas, a mass of red slowly rose above the gunwale, discovering itself to be an arrangement of hair, fiery red, set about the head and face of a man.

"Cia mar tha sibh n'uidh, Rory Ruagh?" said Tony, giving him greeting in Gaelic.

"Tha gu math. Cia mar tha sibh fheoi?" replied Rory.

"Tha latha math ann, Rory," said Tony.

"Tha gu dearbh," answered Rory.

Then followed a stream of the ancient tongue of Eden, most of which flowed over Tony's intelligence as water over a dam. His knowledge of the language was confined chiefly to terms of salutation and greeting, of table talk, of exclamation and expletive necessary to the handling of the boat and the like.

"Well-a-well! And is it yourself?" exclaimed Rory, his face radiant with a smile that lit to a vivid flame the red that fairly glowed over face and hair and whiskers. "Man, but it iss the sight for sore eyes that you are."

"Well, you see I have been rather busy——"

"Yiss, yiss! I know-a," exclaimed Rory, employing his favorite expression, by which he indicated his eager desire to catch the intended meaning and save further explanation.

"Busy helping father," continued Tony, ignoring the interruption. "He is re-arranging his laboratory, rebuilding his furnace and so on, and all that means work."

"Yiss, yiss! I know-a."

"Good-bye, Pete. Remember me to——"

"Aw now, cut that out!" broke in Pete hastily.

"Thank you for bringing me out."

"That's all right," said Pete, bending to his oars. "So long, Tony, I'm goin' to git that job, and stick to it, too. You can watch my smoke."

"I will watch, Pete," said Tony solemnly, "and until you do, Pete, remember no monkey work! Hold up your hand!"

Pete stopped rowing, spat on his right hand and held it high.

"So help me!" he said with a solemnity equal to Tony's.

"So be it," replied Tony in like solemn manner.

CHAPTER III.

IF A MAN DIE——

“Well, Rory, and how has the fishing been this week?”

“Oh, well, it iss not that bad, but there iss no saying how long it will keep up.” By which Tony understood that the harvest for the week had been exceptionally abundant. Rory well knew how dangerous it was to be unduly exalted over prosperity. He was careful to join trembling with his mirth, lest an ever alert Providence should find it necessary to humble him by sending leanness to his lot.

“But I will say,” continued Rory, anxious to be quite fair to Providence, “I have seen worse times.”

“Worse times!” exclaimed Tony, who was quite familiar with the workings of Rory’s mental and spiritual economy. “You ungrateful old pagan! You know the run has beaten the record of this and last year anyway.”

“Oh yiss, yiss, I know-a,” Rory hastened to say. “I am not saying the contrary. No, no, I am not saying the contrary. Indeed, there is reason to be grateful,” he added piously. “But what will yourself be busy at the day, if I might be so bold?”

“Well, I am free for the day, and I was thinking we might try for a few tommy-cods at The Islands.”

“There might be a chance, but it will be a little overbright mebbe. One can neffer be telling.” Rory was never unduly optimistic in his prognostications. “We might make the try whateffer.”

“All right, shake her out, Rory, while I cast loose,” replied Tony. “There’s enough wind to move her.” And once free from her moorings, the *Dancing Nancy*, like a

bird moved over the water under a breeze that barely disturbed the glassy surface of the bay.

"Isn't she a dandy, eh, Rory?" exclaimed Tony, who at Rory's request was at the helm. "Who would tear about the country in a stinking, honking motor, endangering your own and other people's lives with every nerve taut as a fiddle string, instead of stretching out at your ease in God's clean, sweet air, slipping with never a bump, over a blue, dancing, sunny sea like this?"

"Yiss, yiss, I know-a. But they are telling me them cyars will be going awful smooth and sweet. But I do not know much about them at all."

"Oh, this is good enough for me, Rory," sighed Tony, stretching himself in delicious content. "I haven't been out for weeks."

"Yiss, yiss, I know-a, and how is the old chentleman keeping?" inquired Rory.

"Father is quite fit. He came up to town this morning."

"Yiss, yiss, I know-a."

"We were up to the kirkyard," said Tony quickly.

"Oh, yiss, yiss, I know—I know-a," his voice sinking to a husky squeak. "He will be feeling pa-a-d."

Tony sat silent watching the soft curl of the waters at the bow of the *Dancing Nancy* and recalling, with an uneasy sinking of heart, his father's words that had startled him at the grave side. "Ah, God, that it might be, that it might be!" What about it? He had the very greatest respect for his father's scholarship and intellectual furnishing. Up to this time he had taken for granted the whole system of theology, which he had been taught from childhood. His father had never talked religion to him, had never interested himself in his religious training beyond seeing to it that he went regularly to church and Sunday School and learned his catechism and paraphrases every Sunday morning before church. To the boy's Aunt Pheemie, who had presided over the household for the last fifteen years, all that had been

entrusted by his father, and not in vain. For in the Catechism and Bible the boy was thoroughly versed. His University Curriculum which, with the exception of his final year, he had taken extra-murally under his father's guidance, had been confined to the Natural Sciences, general English Literature with a smattering of Modern Languages. The subject of religion, with cognate questions, had never come up for analytical treatment, and Tony, partly because of his intense preoccupation with his scientific work, and partly because of his habit of reliance upon the authority of experts, had accepted the traditional view of his Church and of the Christian community in regard to the whole matter of religion.

His father, while giving a merely formal recognition to the Church of his fathers in the way of financial support, had never indicated, by word or sign, any departure from her doctrines, and had treated with contempt the cheap criticisms by half-baked scientists of those doctrines. The cry of despair that had burst from his lips that morning was the very first indication to his son that in his mind there was anything but the firmest faith in the doctrine of Immortality. With this in his mind, and with the desire to ease by mere talking the gnawing pain which that wail of despair had left in him, he turned his eyes upon Rory and said——

“Yes, this is always a sad day for him. This is the anniversary of my mother's death.”

“Yiss, yiss, I know, I know-a,” said Rory. “I wass at the funeral.”

“Were you, Rory?”

“I wass indeed,” said Rory, “and neffer did I behold such-an-a face on any man. It wass like the face of the dead itself. That will be chust about feefteen years now. I mind well. I wass coming back from St. John's, Newfoundland, and I wass seeing Luke Mallon——”

“Luke Mallon!” exclaimed Tony. “Did you know Luke Mallon?”

“Ay, did I, and a quare man ne was, too. He went near to smiting me to the earth that day, and that he did.”

“Why was that?”

“Well, it wass chust because I wass asking why they were putting a Papish sign on the coffin lid? And were it not that it wass at the grave’s mouth, I verily believe he would have ended me that meenute. For, look you, Luke Mallon was a fair demon at times, and there’s them that know it to their hurt.”

“They buried her with a cross on the coffin?” said Tony softly.

Rory nodded.

“Mind you, I am not saying anything against your father for putting it there. It was Luke Mallon was that queeck.”

“That was a terrible day for father and——”

“Yiss, yiss I know-a.”

“And besides—well, what do you think about the whole thing, Rory?” Tony burst out. “Have you—has any one belonging to you passed out? Don’t speak, if you don’t want to, but I——”

“I know-a, I know-a,” said Rory hurriedly, his husky voice going down into a whisper. “There was my wife. It was about twenty years ago.”

“Ah, you lost your wife. That was hard.”

“Yiss, it wass hard luck. They were chust going to give me a chob on shore—and I wass going to quit the sailing. I wass tired of it whateffer, and it come hard on me chust then, I had to go back to the sailing.”

“It must be a terrible thing for a man to lose his wife!” said Tony, thinking of his father more than of Rory.

“Yiss, it is ferry hard. She was a smart woman, a terrible smart woman with the creatures. The peegs and the hens and the cow,” he continued in answer to Tony’s puzzled look. “It left me short-handed, and I had to go back to the sailing.”

Tony drew a breath of relief to find that here, at least, there was no tragedy of a despairing heart.

"And you had no family?" he asked unconcernedly.

At once Rory's face changed as when a curtain is drawn down over a window. He turned his head away and gazed at The Islands toward which they were making, and sat silent.

Instantly Tony regretted his question. What a rough brute he had been! Unwittingly, with rude fingers he had torn open a wound, and the wound was bleeding and hurting confoundedly. There was tragedy behind that face, grey under the red. What was it? He would not, dared not, inquire, but on the back of this resolve came Rory's word.

"There wass a little—girl." His speech came in jerky sentences. "Her mother—died when—she came. She wass a wonder. Hair—like—sun on the wheat—in harvest time—and flying all round her head——"

Rory sank again into silence.

Never had he rolled back the stone from this sepulchre for human eyes, even the most friendly, to pry into. This was God's secret and his. It was cruel work. But in spite of the sore pain he appeared to welcome the opportunity for speech. For fifteen years he had lived with this thing alone. There happened to be no one who would care enough to understand. Here was this young friend of his, of whose sympathy he was assured, giving him a chance. Hence he must indulge himself in the luxury of a let go. So Rory, with an eloquence born of fifteen years' repression, told of the child that had been the very sunlight of his life's sky, the music of his soul, the warmth of his heart's blood. She had come to be six, old enough to go out in his boat on fine days.

"And she wass the sailor! She wass that!" chanted Rory, in his rolling, husky voice, as if reciting a poem. "She wass the sailor, and never a fear of wind or wave. She would chust shout about at them. And she wass that queeck, like a little puss, on her feet all about the boat. I could not keep her quate."

There was a long pause. He could not bring himself to

the tragic climax, and he could not turn back from it. He hung there in an agony, which Tony, after a single quick glance, could not, would not look upon. At length in his husky tones, now and then rising to a squeaky whisper, the final act in the tragedy came out.

“It was a fine, warm, sunny day. I remember, because her hair was flying and dancing about like the sun itself. There was a smart breeze. Ay! a smart breeze. She loved to hear me call ‘bout ship,’ and she would chust make a duck for it like any old salt.” There was another drag in the tale. Then a fierce hurrying to the end. “There was a sharp bit of a gust—a wee bit squall—the boat gave a lurch, the boom caught her and she was in the sea. Ma Goad, ma Goad in Heaven! What for did you do it? One meenute I saw her hair on the water like a little cloud of gold, and when I got the boat about, there was nothing but the sea! only the sea! empty! ma Goad! empty! only the sea!”

A long, long silence settled like a fog upon them. Then Rory said in his rolling, husky voice: “But I will see her once more whateffer.”

Tony put his head between his knees and groaned aloud, reaching blindly with his free hand for old Rory. His hand found the old man’s shoulder and slid down the arm till it grasped the knotted, calloused, cracked hand, and there held fast.

For the first time in his life his soul was squarely facing up to the age-long question: “If a man die will he live again?” His faith in a life beyond death was purely traditional. He had never examined its basis. His father’s wail of doubt had rudely jolted that secondary faith of his. The analogies of science came rushing, like a flood, over his mind. Life after death! Biological science knew nothing of this. Life ceased with the destruction of organism. What sure ground was there for this conviction, this fond fancy of this ignorant, simple-minded fisherman? For the first time in his life his mind revolted from the unique, the amazing postulate which lay at the basis of

the faith of the most intellectually advanced of the nations of the world. What ground was there for this faith that would stand the cold scrutiny of the scientific mind? He had read, without serious mental disturbance, the criticisms of the Christian Religion in current literature. His faith had remained untouched. Why? With a shock he saw as in the all comprehending sweep of a dream that the whole religious fabric, in which his soul had hitherto found shelter, rested solely upon the unsubstantiated foundation of tradition. Tradition! But there was his father. No mind he knew was keener in analytic power. How passionately, too, would his father desire to hold to his heart the Immortal Hope! Yet this morning, at the grave side, there was no sure hope in him. Only a moan of doubt, if not of despair, echoing up from the deeps of his being. "Ah! If it might be!"

As in a single flash, within the space of a few minutes, these wild questionings were flung forth from the camera of his soul. Unconsciously, without thought of his simple-minded friend beside him or the purport of his words, he broke the silence, and in a low tone asked:

"You will see her once more, Rory? Are you sure? How do you know? How do you know?"

Rory started as if stung by a snake, flung the gripping hand from him, and in a voice that rose to a thin hoarse squeak cried: "What iss this you are saying? Iss it denying the Catechism and the Holy Bible that you are? Am I sure, iss it? Am I sure?" He paused panting as if he had come out of a race. So he had. A most deadly race with a demon of unfaith. A demon he had never glimpsed before, a most terrifying demon. But he had made the post first, and the demon could go to hell where he belonged. See her once more? If not, why had he ever seen her at all? Why had she come into his life? Why had he loved her or begun to love her? That was it. Dimly he felt the outrage of it.

He tried to put it into words.

"Do you think God Almighty would treat a man so?"

To let him begin to love—like—I did and like she did—she was chust coming six—to make a beginning—to let it grow till it filled your whole body and then—no more of it for ever! No more of loving that little one! I am saying to you that Heaven iss not long enough to finish out that love we begun here! Am I sure? God Almighty would not be making a fool of me and her that way, would He?”

His words seemed to ring a bell in Tony's soul. Love, great soul-filling love, such as his father's, such as old Rory's, demanded Eternity for fulfillment, else life was a ghastly cruel farce. For the moment, at least, his faith found reassurance.

“Rory, you are right, and I thank God you have made me feel how right you are. I was a fool, and a wicked fool, ever to have asked you that question.”

“Yiss, yiss I know-a,” replied old Rory, in a husky, soft undertone, reaching out his gnarled hand to his friend, and meanwhile striving for self-control. “It iss a question some of them tam aganosticks will be asking, and they may well ask too! For there iss little hope for any of them eejets.”

Half-an-hour's sail brought them to The Islands.

“We'll catch some tommies first and then for lunch, eh, Rory? I'm as hungry as a hawk. How is the pork tub? I have never caught you short yet.”

“There will be something I am thinking in the lockers—enough for us two, whateffer, with the tommy-cods, if we can catch them,” said Rory with a cautious glance at the sun.

There were tommy-cods in plenty for the lunch; and before the long lazy afternoon was done some score and a half lay on their bed of leaves in Rory's boat.

The sun was still high in the west when they left their fishing-ground and headed for the town. All the breeze that was blowing was dead against them, so that before they made the wharf it was wearing on to five o'clock.

“Rory, a dozen or so of those tommies will be enough

for our family. Did you know Luke Mallon's wife was in town?"

"Man alive! Iss that so? I neffer heard that she had come here to live."

"Yes, she is here, Rory. I saw her for the first time to-day, and I wish you would take a dozen tommies to her. I'll show you where she lives. I must do some shopping before the stores close, and then we will meet at the Royal and have supper. What do you say?"

"That will do fery well indeed, if I am not imposing on you."

"Imposing? You old whale! Now here's a map to show you the way to Mrs. Mallon's house." He took a letter from his pocket, made and explained his map. "There you are—not a minute later than six at the Royal, remember."

"I will be there," said Rory. And at the tick of the hour there he was, a truly resplendent object. He had apparently tubbed himself as to his head and neck with soap and water till his face glistened a brilliant shiny red. His upper lip and chin were clean shaved, and these with his nose, round and bulbous, formed an irregular island about which billowed waves of hair and whisker fiery red. The hair on his head had been tamed into an enormous "pomp," but the whiskers flowed red and riotous about his face. He had taken extra pains with his dress, a suit of blue pilot cloth with brass buttons, fitted his short, rotund figure with such a degree of niceness that he bore quite a remarkable likeness to an animated barrel. An embroidered blue flannel shirt and red silk neck-cloth gave a festive touch to his attire.

As he rolled down the dining-room of the Royal Hotel in the wake of his host to the table beside an open window commanding the Square, which Tony had taken pains to secure, a hush fell on the room.

Rory Ruagh, conscious of the sudden silence, hurried his last few steps, seized the chair which Tony pointed out, a flimsy affair, jerked it backward, and before it had

reached equilibrium threw his bulk upon it. There was a splintering crash and Rory was to be seen amid the ruins, his face a veritable flame. Hard upon the crash there came mingled cries and shouts of laughter from all sides; but especially from a table at the other side of the room where the American tourists were seated.

Like a cat Rory was upon his feet, and stood glaring.

“Rotten chairs they have here, Rory, not made for real men apparently,” Tony’s voice cool and clear, cut like steel through the babel of voices. He seized his own chair, of the same flimsy build as Rory’s, lifted it high, and critically examined its construction.

“Pretty poor work, Rory,” he said. Then with one hand he caught a hind leg, with the other a front leg, gave the thing a quick wrench, and tore it apart.

“Rotten stuff, Rory, dangerous for a full-sized man to sit on,” he said, and flung the wreck out of the window.

A deeper hush fell upon the room as Tony’s eyes slowly sweeping the tables rested upon that of the Americans across the room. For a few seconds he regarded the group with steady eyes, then moved across toward them with a swiftly gliding motion. Seeing him bearing down upon them, two of the men, Ruddy and Merrick, rose to their feet. Arrived at their table, he halted, bowed, laid his hand upon a vacant chair. “Pardon me,” he said in the same clear, cool voice, “may I have this chair? We seem to be rather unfortunate in ours.” His lips were smiling, but his eyes, boring into Ruddy’s, made that young man oblivious of any smile.

“Oh! Ah! why—certainly,” said Merrick, “help yourself. Here’s another.”

“Thank you, one will do.” Again Tony bowed, smiled, and returned with the chair to his table.

“Here, Rory, try that one. It looks stronger.” He motioned to the head waiter, who hastened to him, cleared away the wreckage, and set another chair in place for him. He had achieved his purpose. He had given the room something to think about and had completely covered

Rory's confusion. The young men at the American table resumed their seats with faces somewhat graver than usual.

"Gad!" breathed Dale, "I thought the Judgment Day had come! Great Jupiter, what a man!"

"He certainly made me drop a heart-beat or two," confessed Merry. "He had me bluffed to a full stop, I'll say. I'd like to know that kid."

"Oh, wasn't he just splendid! and what a joke! what a glorious run in!" cried Patty, going off into a gale of laughter.

Ruddy's opinions were expressed in semi-audible profanity.

"We must get to know him, eh, Diana?" said Dale.

"Is there any particular reason why we should?" said Diana, chin in air. "He seems to me a very superior sort of young man whom it might be desirable not to know."

"Oh, Di, get down off your gee-gee, I'm for him strong," said Patty, her eyes flinging darting glances across the room.

"Could you tear a chair apart like that, Ruddy?" she continued, smiling into that young man's gloomy face.

"I wouldn't be ass enough to try," said Ruddy.

"Yes, why tear a chair to pieces?" asked Diana.

"Rather a childish act, if you ask me."

CHAPTER IV.

“SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.”

Rory's meal was a noble affair, for the Royal was famed for its chicken dinners. If the food was somewhat lacking in variety, the supply was abundant and the cooking excellent. Hence, by the time Rory had finished his pint of bass—he despised Tony's light wine—and had topped off, as he had begun, with a Scotch and soda, the world seemed to him a good place and life a joyous adventure. It was a different Rory that swaggered out of the dining-room, looking the world in the eye with a truculent stare, from that Rory that had scuttled like a rabbit down the long, long aisle of the dining-room, looking for his hole. Boldly he led the way to the verandah of the Hotel, the after-dinner resort of guests and of such citizens as had established by their patronage a sound footing with the management.

Upon the verandah Rory selected a stout arm-chair for himself and another for Tony.

“Sit down and make yourself at home,” he said, with a husky squeak of a laugh. He pulled out his pipe and with an anticipatory glow of contentment proceeded deliberately to fill up.

Upon the sidewalk below another group of citizens, less assured of their social standing, contented themselves with leaning up against the posts and railing. Among these a sailor, obviously on leave from his ship, and obviously celebrating his leave with more ardor than circumspection, regaled the company with witticisms, the humour of which, however, he alone appeared to enjoy.

“I must be going soon, but we have time for a cigar. Have one, Rory,” said Tony, offering his case.

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“Well-a-well!” said Rory, as he helped himself. “It is the toorie to the bonnet.

“What will that be now?” he added, as the sound of a drum came up the street. “Och, it iss them Salvationists.”

Up the street came the parade, flinging before them on the quiet summer evening the jingling cadences of a hymn, somewhat doggerel,—it must be acknowledged,—in its musical style, and in its English as well.

“Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,
Washed in the blo-od of the La-a-amb,
Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

At the head of the parade strode the Captain, a tall woman with a strong face, deep-lined, and an almost manish bearing. On her left the Ensign marched, a delicate little creature, her pale face redeemed from plainness by large blue eyes which looked out with shy courage from under her army bonnet. With an obvious effort she strode along, endeavouring to keep pace with her superior officer.

The Captain's voice ringing out, strident and strong on the middle register, was in danger of cracking at “the gates” in the hymn; but the little Ensign's soared clear and thin above all the others. In the second rank marched the Alto Horn and the Clarionet. The former was a well-fed round-faced young man with mild blue eyes that seemed to harmonize with a fading chin, who played a bumpy second to the clarionet. The latter was a smallish, black-eyed, dark-faced, Italian-looking man, wearing the blood-red shirt of the army and a wide-brimmed soft felt hat, set quite over the left ear, which with his bold, darting glances and his chesty swagger gave him such an extraordinarily brigandish appearance that involuntarily one looked for his stiletto and gun. He was the musician of the band, keeping them up to the beat and on the pitch.

Then followed the flag-bearer whose carbuncular face and bulbous nose suggested a rather riotous past. On the

right of the carbuncular and bulbous flag-bearer marched the drummer, tall, thin and with a melancholy countenance washed of all emotion.

Behind those musical officials of the parade straggled an irregular tail of some half-dozen men and women, the wreckage of humanity, the inevitable camp-followers of the Army, at once its embarrassment and its glory. All but one, whose face caught and held Tony with a sharp grip.

“Rory, look at that woman in black,” he said in a low voice, “that’s Luke Mallon’s wife.”

Rory brought his chair down on all fours with a thump.

“Ma Goad,” he exclaimed, “will that be her, think you?”

He gazed at her intently.

“Yiss, yiss that is herself! In the Army! What has come to her? Man, man, what a peety!” To Rory the Army suggested only human salvage.

“Oh rot, Rory! She is all right,” said Tony impatiently. “Why, look at her face, man!”

“Yiss, yiss I know-a, I know-a,” said Rory in hurried apology, “but how in airth——”

“Hush,” said Tony, for the parade had sighted the enemy and had swung into position in a semi-circle about the verandah, and was proceeding to unlimber for the attack.

The sailor lad had been observing these evolutions with distinct disapproval.

“Beastly sloppy, Captain,” he chided, “if you ask me, a little more snap, more pep, more zip—thash it—more pip—no snip—no zep—goldarn it all, you know what I mean—I like to see ’em more zippy in the wheel—more snippy I mean——”

Voices from the verandah sought to quiet him.

“Hi-s-s-h! His-s-h!”

“Keep quiet there!”

“Give ’em a show, Tom!”

“Give ’em a show? Thash what I say!” protested Tom.

"I like Shallvashion Army—but I like 'em snappy—lots o' pip—no snip——"

"Snap, you mean," said a helpful friend.

"Not 'tall, not 'tall," said Tom gravely, "not 'snap' I mean z-zap—see? z-z-z-a-p—no z-z-z-e-p—no! Dang it all—you know what I mean anyway," he confided to a neighbour, on whose shoulder he was bearing down heavily. "Well—Thash the way I like 'em, z-z-z—no! s-s-s-sh—no! Lemme show you——" He stiffened up his spineless frame, squared his shoulders and shouting: "'Shun! R-r-r-i-i-ght tun! B-a-a-a-ht tun!" performed these evolutions with a smart precision that spoke of long experience with the drill sergeant.

"He-r-r-e you! Shut your gab, you!" The words came with a husky, squeaky hiss of extraordinary venom, almost into the sailor's ear. With amazing agility the sailor swung about and saw Rory's face thrust far over the verandah glaring at him. Swiftly he flung himself back a pace or two and gazed astonished at the face thus thrust forward at him. After a few moments' silent contemplation of this flaming apparition his face slowly relaxed into a grin—"Say, boys! whash that?" he said, pointing at the face now suffused with fury. "Say! I know! he! he! he! It'sh a fire! Thash what—it'sh a bally fire!"

It was his last word. Like a cat Rory cleared the verandah rail and lit fairly on top of the grinning sailor, who went to earth with Rory sprawling on top of him and feeling for his throat. But, before a man could make a move, Tony with a single leap had also cleared the verandah rail, and gripping Rory by the back of the collar tore him clear off the sailor and rocking with laughter, held him fast.

"Hold on, Rory! Don't be an ass! You can't touch a drunk man, Rory."

"Will I be allowing any man to call me names? Will I?"

"You have lost your cigar, Rory. Where is it?"

“Gosh me! Where iss it now? It iss that scum——!” He started toward the sailor who, held up by friendly hands, was slowly getting back his wind and sense, both of which had been driven out of him by Rory’s impact.

“Come, Rory, we will finish our smoke quietly,” said Tony. “Never mind—I have another cigar in my case.”

“And will I be wasting a cigar like you?” inquired Rory indignantly. “I will chust take a pipe.” And nothing that Tony could say could persuade him to indulge in another cigar. To lose a perfectly good cigar was to Rory a sinful waste, to be atoned for only by the refusal to indulge in another.

As they found their places again on the verandah the Salvationist band, which had been industriously thumping out its hymn, suddenly ceased playing.

The Captain stepped forward into the ring.

“Yes, friends, ‘washed in the Blood of the Lamb’,” she began, her voice ringing out clear and strong. “Listen to God’s own word:

“‘What are these who are arrayed in white robes? Whence came they?

‘These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

‘They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat—

‘And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’”

Her first business was with her little company.

“Not a spot, not a stain—all the sin stains washed out. Think of it, my comrades. You know what these stains mean, you know their vileness, you have felt their shame—but now, all—all—all are washed out—washed white.”

“Praise the Lord,” piped the little Ensign, with uplifted face.

“Hallelujah!” echoed the drummer in a cavernous voice, with a little roll on his instrument.

The irregular and somewhat faltering *feu de joie* which came from her nondescript following roused the Captain. This would never do, this half-hearted response. The fear of man lay heavy upon them, the fear of man which bringeth a snare. She must free them from that depressing fear.

"We are all sinners before God," she cried, "the just and Holy God." She swung swiftly upon her audience on the verandah. "Who is there among you that dare deny his sin?" she challenged. "Let us see that righteous, sinless man. Who is he?"

Her voice rose in fierce demand. He would have been a bold man who would dare respond. Men looked at each other and winked knowingly. She knew them and they knew she did. Hard upon her verandah hearers she pressed this charge home, with a wealth of invective and illustration that wrought conviction and humiliation in them. They were plainly cowed by the conscience in them. With the humiliation of the enemy the army experienced a corresponding rise in self-respect and courage. The Captain turned to her little band again with convincing assurance: "But you, my comrades, have confessed your sins."

"Yes! Yes!" came the response.

"You have repented of your sins!"

Again came the affirmation.

"You have forsaken your sins!"

A somewhat weaker response roused the Captain to a swift passion of adjuration.

"Before God you have forsaken utterly, forever forsaken your sins!"

"Yes, yes! Lord!" came the eager cries.

"Hallelujah!" rolled the drum.

"And you have been washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

"Praise the Lord, yes!"

A sigh, deep-drawn, shuddering, rapturous, burst from the thin, pale lips of the little Ensign.

"And you know it, comrades, you know it." Deep-

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toned, resonant, compelling, the voice of the Captain rolled forth in triumphant appeal.

“Yes, yes! We know it! Praise God! Hallelujah!”

In one volley came the unwavering testimony. The half-shamed apologetic air of inferiority and ill-desert, with which they had faced the verandah, was gone. Erect, with shoulders squared and heads up, they stood conscious of their worth to God at least. The Captain knew her psychology. She had got back her army again.

Once more she turned upon the verandah with an appeal for repentance and holy living. No soft methods for her. They were sinners before God, she reminded them, and they knew it. Ruthlessly she ran up and down the gamut of their emotions. Remorse, shame, fear of death, judgment and hell, desire for betterment, love of home, children, country. She played them all. Her closing note of appeal was upon their hope of Heaven.

“Ah, my friends!” she pleaded, “you all want to go to Heaven. You have loved ones there! Every one of you has a dear one there.”

Resentfully Tony turned a shuddering secret glance upon Rory’s face. To his amazement there was no resentment there, no sense of outrage, rather a deep, wistful earnestness. The Captain had got him “where he lived.”

The exhortation was followed by a brief prayer of passionate appeal for mercy for all unforgiven sinners present. The prayer ended in a verse of the same hymn. Once more Tony was annoyed at the doggerel of it. He was conscious chiefly of angry antagonism against the speaker.

“I must go!” he said to Rory.

“I will be going with you,” replied Rory, shaking his shoulders as if roused from a dream.

They stepped down from the verandah, conscious that all eyes were upon them. The American automobile party drove round from the garage and drew up in the rear of the parade, Ruddy at the wheel, apparently waiting for Merry to appear. As the hymn reached the swinging chorus Ruddy began to execute softly upon his horn a

counterbeat accompaniment to the big drum. A slight thing, but enough to snap the tension. Smiles appeared upon faces which, the moment previous, had been grave enough.

The Captain knew it.

She swung to the car.

"Thank you, sir," she said pleasantly, "we have one horn already. Yours seems to be hardly in tune. Perhaps you will help in the singing. We are singing about the New Jerusalem, that wonderful new home to which our Heavenly Father is bringing all who are washed from their sins."

Once more the chorus:

"Sweeping——"

Ruddy's face was a study. The crowd were grinning delightedly at his discomfiture. From his own company came jeering remarks to which he deigned no reply.

The Captain called for testimonies. The first to respond was the Alto Horn. But no sooner had he opened his lips than the sailor lad, who in a semi-somnolent condition had been clinging to the verandah rail, woke up and in a tone of delighted recognition exclaimed:

"Hello, it's Bill—Blame me, if it ain't Bill."

"Shut up," said a friend beside him.

"Shut up nothin'. Don' you think I know my old pal, Bill Bogart—Say, Bill, you know me, old man."

"Keep quiet you fool! Hush up!"

"Wha's matter with you?" remonstrated the sailor, a hurt indignation in his voice. "Don' you think Bill knows me. Aw rats, many's the drink—What? That's what I'm tellin' you. Bill Bogart, Mr. William Bogart, my frien'!"

Poor Bill was floundering terribly. Again the Captain, who had been keeping her eye on him, intervened.

"We are delighted to see any friend of Bill's," she said. "We would like to know him better. Any friend of Bill Bogart is our friend. But perhaps he will allow Bill, who has something to say, to finish just now—Please."

Her gracious manner, her smile, her appealing “please” completely stumped the sailor. His hat came off.

“Certainly, Miss, certainly, mosh certainly,” he said, with an elaborate bow. “Wanta hear Bill myself, very thing I wan’.”

Again Tony said, “I must go Rory.” But as he spoke Rory caught his arm. “See yonder,” he whispered.

It was Luke Mallon’s wife who, moving up from the rear, had stepped into the ring. Her first word gripped and held.

“Not for myself do I speak, though I have much to thank my Heavenly Father for, but for one dear to me who has passed within the gates: ‘Washed in the blood of the Lamb,’ my husband. For many years he lived without God, without peace, without abiding joy in his life. Why? Because his sins were still in his heart. Three years ago God’s mercy found him. He repented of sin and obtained forgiveness, and for three years knew the joy and peace of a new heart and a new life. Then he passed on to his Heavenly Father’s Home. He was not afraid to die. He knew God was his friend. I know I shall see him again, and for this I thank my God and Saviour.”

Simply, modestly, yet with unshaken assurance, she gave her word. On every face the effect was evident—an effect which even the jubilant and jingling chorus of the next hymn could not quite remove.

It was the strategic moment for replenishing the war chest, which the little Ensign proceeded to do using her tambourine as a collection box. When she came to Rory he threw in a half-dollar, Tony, a dollar bill. The sailor, who was next, venturing a pleasantry, picked up the bill saying:

“Sorry, Miss, I’m awfully hard up just at present—next time——” he never finished the sentence. A hand gripped his arm with fingers that seemed to bite to the bone and a voice said quietly in his ear: “Put it back!” Turning half round he saw a face smiling into his face,

and two blue-black eyes boring into his eyes like hot gimlets.

"Ouch! Let me go," he shouted, trying to wrench himself free with a heave of his weighty shoulders. A twist of the arm rendered him helpless.

"Put it back, quick," again said the quiet voice.

The sailor flung the bill from him, as if it burnt his fingers.

"Now get out or I'll break it off—Go."

"Look out, Tony!" cried Rory, as the sailor, freed from his grip, lunged at him a deadly blow. But Tony only moved slightly from his tracks, caught the descending arm at the wrist, drew it sharply toward him, and with his other hand gripping the back of the sailor's coat collar twisted the arm backwards, holding him helpless and in agony.

"Will you quit it now?"

"Yes, yes," cried the sailor with an agonized groan, "I got enough."

Released from that paralysing hold he stumbled away, dazed and thoroughly cowed in spirit.

"Let me have that, please," said Tony, taking the tambourine, which the little Ensign, pale and shaking, seemed hardly able to hold.

A moment or two he stood looking on the crowd as if uncertain where or how to begin. Meantime, under orders from the Captain, the brigandish clarionet player was rendering on his instrument with exquisite skill and taste an old Italian cradle song as a solo. With a quick movement Tony was at his side. "Give me that in A flat," he said. The Italian nodded vigorously, and, by a series of modulations, arrived at the key desired and stood waiting.

With a little laugh Tony threw back his shoulders and began to sing. It was a simple folk-song, with which the mothers of Firenze have hushed their babies to sleep for generations; a song which he had first heard from his mother's lips while lying in her arms; a song the words of which his old Italian *maman* had taught him; a song of

passionate mother-love, of anxious fear, of prayer to the Virgin Mother. In the rich, full, untrained, but superb tones of the natural-born singer there poured forth upon the still summer air, and into the astonished ears of the fascinated listeners, all the tenderness, pathos and passion of the ancient lullaby. As he finished with a little deprecating laugh the brigandish clarionet player, with tears streaming down his cheeks, flung his arms about him and would doubtless have kissed him on both cheeks had not Tony held him off saying:

“Let me get this collection in,” and with his tambourine in hand, he set off upon his round, beginning with the verandah.

“Come on, boys, dig up! It will not hurt you to give it, and they need it.”

“All right, Tony boy. You’ve got the stuff!” came the good-natured reply. “Mighty fine song that, Tony.”

By the time he had completed the circle, the bottom of his collection box was covered with silver.

“Come this way, please,” cried a voice from the automobile and, looking across, he saw the girl Patty beckoning eagerly to him.

His hesitation was but momentary, but the girl caught it.

“Don’t you want my money?” she said as he came to her.

“It is a worthy cause,” he replied, with an ironical smile, “and after all they are a plucky lot.”

She placed a bill in the tambourine.

“Here, Diana, loosen up. This is a rare opportunity.”

“Rare opportunity?” inquired Diana, with cool indifference.

“To cultivate an altruistic spirit,” smiled Tony, “to aid a worthy cause, to express appreciation of pluck, and to pay a debt.”

“Pluck?” Diana elevated the beautiful arch of her eyebrows another half-inch.

“Would you do what that woman did?”

“What? Tell that silly tale of hers?”

“If you felt it was up to you? Conscience and that sort of thing, you know.”

The ironical smile was still on his face.

“Conscience? If I had her silly mind, you mean. What has conscience to do with it?”

“Ah, the immortal Kant, eh. Touché—you have me. But it was plucky all the same.”

“Tell me,” said Diana, leaning slightly toward him, “that song, where did *you* get it? I heard it last year in Florence.”

At the very slight emphasis on the *you* the ironical smile broadened.

“No, I never saw Florence. I am quite untravelled.”

“Ho-ha! rather neat!” laughed Dale, her brother.

“You heard it here? in *this* country?” said Diana, her chin slightly tilted, the flush on her face only adding a fresh charm to its beauty.

Again at the slight emphasis on the “*this*,” the ironical smile became frankly a grin.

“Nova Scotia, I regret to say, is rather uncultured musically, but the United States is quite near.”

“Oh, ha-ha! quite good, very good—Got you, Diana,” murmured her brother.

“Please be quiet, Dale.” The flush on her cheek had become a distinct red, the consciousness of which added an inch to the tilt of her chin and several degrees to her anger at her own silliness. She drew back haughtily. “Aren’t we ready, Ruddy?” she asked in chilly tones.

“Thank you,” said Tony, receiving the tambourine in which lay five American bills. Glancing at them he picked up one of the bills.

“Oh!” he exclaimed, holding it out to Patty, “did you not mean this for a two?”

“Not at all, I mean it for what it is,” said the girl with emphasis.

“The little Ensign will be delighted,” said Tony.

“The little Ensign? Nonsense! I am paying my debt. Your song was worth every nickel of it.”

“Goodbye, Mr. ——”

“Tony Mackinroy,” said Tony taking her hand. “Good-bye.” He took off his cap and bowed to the party. “Good-bye, and, on behalf of the army, thank you all.”

He hesitated a second or two, leaned toward the car window and, looking at Diana, the ironical smile gone, said, “It was my old nurse’s song. She used to put me to sleep with it.” He drew back from the door again.

“Oh, thank you,” she replied hurriedly. “Good-bye.”

“Say, old chap,” cried Dale, “do you live here?”

Tony shook his head as he made answer.

But the blare of the claxon horn overwhelmed the name.

“Oh, damn!” said Dale. “Did you hear, Patty?”

“No, that beastly horn drowned it out.”

“Well, some kid! I’ll say,” said Dale.

The look of the tambourine, as Tony returned it to her, caused the blue eyes of the little Ensign to open to their utmost limit.

“Oh! how wonderful,” she cried. “Thank you, thank you. Look!” she exclaimed turning to the Captain who had come up.

“Thank you, sir,” said that officer gravely. “The Lord’s work needs it all, and young man, the Lord needs you. He is calling you to His service.”

“I must run,” said Tony, moving off. “I am late. My father is waiting me.”

“God is waiting you. One day you will come,” said the Captain solemnly.

“Thank you,” said Tony setting off at a run.

“Oh, Rory,” he called to that worthy, who was surrounded by a group of his cronies, “I’ve got to run. See you next week, eh?”

“Yiss, yiss, I know, but wait a meenute,” replied Rory rolling hastily toward him, “will you not have a snort before you go? The lads——”

"No time, Rory, not a minute or else I would—Good-bye—next week, eh!" and he was away at a run.

"Well-a-well, he is the la-a-d," said Rory, his eyes following the running figure till it disappeared at the next corner.

"Say, Rory, what did he do to Tom that time?" asked one of his friends. "Tom's no slouch."

"What did he do?" persisted his friend.

"Do? Do you not know? It is the 'Chew-chit-soo' or whateffer they will be calling it. The Chapanese are the lads for it."

"But where did he get it? Who showed him?"

"Who, but his own father? Hasn't he been getting an hour or two of it every day, ever since he was the height of my knee, and the fencing and boxing as well. There is not one of you, even beeg Angus there, he would not be putting on his back in two jerks of a dead lamb's tail."

And with this Rory rolled away to his boat, where, the sky being clear he would pass the night.

CHAPTER V.

PIRATE BAY HOUSE.

The southeast coast line of Nova Scotia with its craggy headlands and its sunken reefs, its cross currents and cross tides, is a coast hated of mariners who sail the North Atlantic seas. Yet in spite of its ill-repute, well enough earned, that coast line is one long succession of cunning creeks and bays, snug harbours and cosy nooks, affording to those who know these curious water-ways, welcome shelter and safety from the driving violence of the nor'easters that sweep that storm-harried coast. Of these sheltered nooks none is lovelier than that known as Pirate Bay.

The entrance to Pirate Bay is a cut between two bluff and wooded headlands so narrow that a boy could throw a stone from one headland to the other, and so sheltered by the thick woods, that, unless one were always on the keen lookout, even in the day time, that gap would slip past one's ship quite unobserved. Once in through the cut, you are in a little bay sheltered by a crescent of wooded hills backing toward the north. The western horn of the crescent rolls by soft undulations seaward, ending in the headland that guards the western side of the gap. The eastern horn drops suddenly to a long, low-lying peninsula, which ends abruptly at the headland guarding the eastern side of the gap. Midway, this low-lying peninsula sinks to a jagged reef, known by the wary fisherman as the Devil's Fin, whose spines at low tide stick up sharply through the foam-flecked water, but at high tide are quite covered so that fishing smacks, and even small schooners, can find safe passage over their

sharp points into Pirate Bay. At the north end, where the bay runs into a little cove, the shore rises abruptly in a deeply indented, craggy bluff, thick with underbrush and pines, and pierced with caves which open into one another forming a net-work of subterranean chambers and galleries.

The traditions of the place have it that this craggy bluff had witnessed gruesome scenes in the good old buccaneering days. This Pirate Bay had furnished a northern hiding-hole and storehouse for smuggling privateers when their cut-throat pirate crews were herded from the southern seas of the Spanish Main. That old renegade Morgan is said to have made this bay his refuge when hard-pushed by the cruisers of the British Navy. And that mighty sea-robber, Captain Kidd, no less, so runs the rune, made of this bay a refuge for himself and his crew, and a storehouse for his treasure.

A gleeful tale has been handed down from these buccaneering sea rovers, that once on a time this doughty pirate captain, hard pressed by a British cruiser, at three-quarter tide slipped through the gut between the spines of the Devil's Fin to safe anchorage in the bay beyond, and there lay safe, jeering at his pursuers, whom he left hanging upon their spars with the icy Atlantic washing them off, one by one, into the jagged spines of the Devil's Fin below. A few days later their torn and bloated bodies were washed up on the sands to be stripped of the clothes and ornaments by the pirate crew and left to be fought over by the wild beasts that prowled forth from the forest when night had fallen.

This Kidd's Crag, as it was called by the fisherfolk along the shore, became, during Tony's boyhood in summer days, more than his father's house, his home. Here he had devised and furnished, with articles of his own making, a suite of rooms. There was a kitchen, with its rock-built fireplace and chimney, a study with bookshelves, table and chair, a bedroom, narrow enough in places, with no head room to spare, but for a boy afford-

ing lordly and commodious quarters. From these rooms led galleries to other apartments, running deep into the heart of the crag.

A little farther along the coast and beyond this cavernous suite of rooms a stream came tumbling down over the crag; at first, far up, swaying in a diaphanous veil, filmy and white, then dropping fifty feet into a black foam-meshed eddy below, from which it issued in angry murmuring, in a series of leaps from ledge to ledge, till just before it emerged upon the sun-lit sand it gathered itself into a decorous stream that poured its mottled waters gently into the sea. From this stream it was that Mackinroy had drawn the power with which he had supplied his house with light, and his laboratory and workshop, with energy, for his dynamos and lathes. The whole plant had been installed under Mackinroy's own supervision with the help of the villagers for the construction of the dam farther up, and with the assistance of his son who had an uncanny gift for things mechanical.

Pirate Bay House or The Bay House, as it was locally known, Hector Mackinroy's home, was situated on the western side of the gap, and at some little distance from it. As one approached from the sea it appeared through the gap between the headlands; a noble manor house, built of rough-hewn granite boulders, red and grey, gathered from the fields about, with twin Scotch gables and rows of windows which gave it an alert and wide-awake appearance. Set within its high-walled garden, the walls also of granite boulders, and looking forth upon terraced lawns that sloped gently down to a sea wall, Pirate Bay House presented a stately and impressive appearance. The sea wall ended in a ledge of rock which formed a natural dock, where moored in any tide a man o' war might safely lie. The dock, following the curve of the bay, extended round to the eastern side of the mansion and ended in a boathouse where Mackinroy kept his oil-driven, high-powered yacht, the joy and pride of his heart. Further along the shore a long, low building constituted

for Mackinroy his workshop and laboratory where he conducted various scientific experiments. Behind the house lay an extensive kitchen garden, and beyond the garden an apple orchard on a side hill, snugly sheltered from northern winds by a thick underbrush of fir, cedar and balsam.

While from the sea The Bay House with its gardens and terraced lawns, its apple orchard and sheltering woods, presented a stately and homely aspect, a nearer view disclosed an appearance of decay and neglect. The whole suite of buildings obviously had been planned by the same architect, and with an eye to harmony in design. Though the dwelling house and garden wall had been completed in accordance with the original plan, the boathouse, workshop and laboratory had been finished in somewhat slipshod fashion, as if the builder had suddenly lost interest in his work, and had sacrificed æstheticism to the sheerest utilitarianism. The whole establishment had a look of neglect, due not so much to poverty as to a total lack of interest in anything that savoured of artistic taste, and the appearance was in accordance with the fact. With the death of his wife Mackinroy had lost interest in everything that had to do with human kind. There was, however, one single exception, and that exception was his son Anthony, or as the birth register had the name, Antonio. To his son's education and training Mackinroy devoted the full wealth of his very considerable scientific knowledge, and of his wide experience of life under many varying conditions. He kept himself in close touch with the educational curricula of the schools and colleges of his Province, so that as he sent the boy up for examination, year by year, he had the satisfaction of seeing him take first place on every single occasion where the boy was entered in competition with the youths of his own age and standing. Even his University education Tony had taken extramurally. His final year, however, had been within college walls.

One other interest in life absorbed Mackinroy's atten-

tion: The scientific investigation of steel production to which he was driven by the one remaining passion of his life, namely, the British Navy, in which he had won distinction in earlier life, and to whose might and glory he was prepared to sacrifice everything that he held dear. To produce a steel for armaments, for guns, superior to all known steels in the world was his supreme ambition, the haunting dream of his very soul. The results of his research he was in the habit of reporting, from time to time, to the British Admiralty with whose experts he was in constant touch.

The other members of Mackinroy's household, besides his son, were Aunt Pheemie, his widowed sister, and her niece, Miriam Lindsay, a girl of over fourteen, whose father was a brother of Aunt Pheemie's husband. Aunt Pheemie was a gentle soul on whose quiet face was set the stamp of long sorrow patiently endured. For twenty years with uncomplaining heroism this quiet-faced woman had borne the humiliation and pain imposed upon a proud and sensitive soul by the riotous living of her sailor husband, who, protesting passionate love for his wife, had nevertheless denied himself no indulgence that could minister to his base lusts, and had at length ended his life in a drunken brawl under circumstances which seemed to give the final touch necessary to her heart-break. Upon the death of her brother's wife, Aunt Pheemie had come, with her orphan niece, to The Bay House over which for fifteen years she had presided with quiet efficiency, mothering the little Tony and pouring out upon him the pent-up mother love for which during twenty years nature had denied her outlet. In return the boy gave her in his own reserved way an affection, which, though it always left her heart hungry, she held as adequate reward for the daily, the hourly care, she lavished upon him; and for the wealth of passionate, unsatisfied mother love, which, unknown to him, surged behind that quiet passionless face.

The boy led a lonely life. He never had a comrade of

his own age. He had never taken part in the sports or games of youth till he had gone for his final year at the Provincial University. There, wild as the deer that haunted the wooded hills behind his father's house, he had kept to himself till by the sheerest accident he had discovered to one of his fellow students his rare athletic qualities. Returning one dusky evening from a ten-mile jaunt over the hills at a jog trot on a quiet country road he was overtaken by a youth in running shorts wearing the University colors.

"Hello there!" called the runner. "Let me pace you in. Come along, let's see what your wind is like."

"Och!" said Tony, "my wind is all right, but my legs have not much spring in them."

"Oh! Come along!" said the runner. "Be a sport!"

"Go on," said Tony. "I'll follow you."

And for the remaining two miles, do what he could, the Varsity runner failed to shake off his companion or to increase the distance that separated them by a single yard, not even in the last hundred-yard burst into which he put the last ounce that was in him.

"Say! Who the devil are you anyway?" said the Varsity man, between his gasps. "You aren't a college man."

"No!" said Tony, controlling, it must be confessed, his breath with some difficulty. "I have just come in this fall."

"You have, by Jove! and where in the deuce did you come from? Where have you trained?"

"Trained!" said Tony, "I have never trained."

"And where do you come from? Do you belong to this Province?"

"I come from Langdenburg way."

"And you've never run? You've never trained in running?"

"I told you," said Tony shortly and turned away.

"Oh! I say, old chap, don't turn rusty. Come along up to our quarters and meet some of the men."

"Thank you," said Tony, "I'm going home for a rub-down." And off he set at a trot.

"Here!" cried the Varsity man running after him. "My name is Ross; tell me yours and where you live."

Tony briefly gave him the information over his shoulder.

That was the beginning of it.

They tried to get him into the rugby squad but failed to stir his enthusiasm for that rugged and heroic, if somewhat barbarous sport. He refused to take training with the young athletes at the University. But at the track meet in the autumn University sports, he swept the field of its prizes with an ease and grace that even forbade the envy of his amazed and delighted competitors.

"And with no training, by Jove!" exclaimed Ross, the former Provincial champion runner, whose flag had just been lowered by Tony. "The thing is unbelievable. Look, here, Mackinroy, you've got to train."

But Tony made no reply. He felt himself strange amongst these noisy youngsters, for youngsters they appeared to him, though only of his own age.

"Train, Ross?" said a grizzled veteran athlete, himself an oarsman of continental fame. "Look at him!" He pointed to Tony standing shy and slightly embarrassed in his running shorts, which for the first time in his life he wore that day. "Look at him, I say! Where would you take off or put on a single ounce. Look at that long thigh muscle, that slim calf, those lumbar muscles. By the Lord Harry! he is as God intended him to be, and I will lay you anything you care to name, and I don't know him, mind you, that he has lived as God means a man to live, and there he stands to-day as God means a man to stand. If you only had the sense to live as human beings were intended to live there wouldn't be any necessity for this damn fool nonsense we call training, and I am a trainer, too, and that's no swearing."

"Guess you are right enough, Leighton," said Ross.

"Right?" replied the trainer. "I know I'm right, but this damned civilization of ours won't let us live like

men—and I'm not swearing now either—but like some damn machines for turning out dollars that are damnation when we've got 'em. There's a lot of damns there but they're not swearing. They are all God's solemn truth. Training!" continued the veteran. "Look at the boy! I will eat my hat, if he hasn't trained, in some way every mortal day in his life since he could travel on his own. What about it boy?"

"Oh, I have jogged a bit round home," said Tony, who had been trying unsuccessfully to edge away from the group.

"Jogged a bit! How many miles a day, ten at least, I bet?"

"Oh, ten—twenty—thirty——"

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Ross.

"Ah-ha!" cried Leighton, "and you've boxed some," tapping his biceps.

"Oh yes! We have our daily go, father and I," said Tony still anxious to get away.

"I say, boy! And you've rowed, too," cried the old veteran in growing excitement, slapping Tony on his loin and chest muscles.

"Yes! I'm in the boat a good deal," replied Tony modestly.

"I knew it! By Gad! You can't fool me in a rower," cried the old oarsman. "And in bed at ten and up at seven—no damned fool supper dances for you. That's no swearing, Ross."

Tony shook his head. "No chance," he said.

The boys answered with a shout of laughter. "One on you, Larry!"

"Then, thank God, boy, every day as you rise that you have no chance, and keep out of them. Gad! with that body you've got, the Diamond Sculls are yours any day you want 'em."

On the matter of supper dances and the kindred devices of modern society for killing time and human beings—Tony, however, did not take the old champion's advice.

He tried them out under the experience and tutelage of his friend, Ross, assisted by many of that young gentleman's admirers, both male and female. But Tony soon wearied of their inanities and abandoned them with disgust. He became intensely preoccupied with his lab. work, and upon experimentation came to the conclusion that the lab. and the supper dances intensively pursued were mutually exclusive activities. The lab. offered the lure of a vast, undiscovered land with unknown reaches beyond the line of the horizon. The mysteries of the other even its devotees appeared soon to exhaust. He chose the lab. and, though he won none of the prizes hung up for competition before the eyes of University students, he had the satisfaction at graduation of an offer of a lectureship from his grimy old professor in mineralogy.

But his father had other plans for him and he returned to The Bay House, where he took up in collaboration with his father the intensive study of steel production. In his leisure hours from the laboratory work he gave himself to the cultivation of the Humanities, which he had neglected in his University course, and made himself familiar with the masterpieces of the ancient classics and of the English tongue. Of modern languages with the exception of Italian, he knew little. Italian he knew as he knew English. It was his mother's tongue, and it was the speech in which for the most part he conversed with his father when they were alone together.

Then, too, he had his own mineralogical museum to which he was continually making additions. This collection was housed in one of his subterranean chambers in Kidd's Crag. These crag chambers were considered by the household as Tony's private quarters, and not even his father had ever pushed behind the heavy blankets that hung as curtains before the entrance, without invitation. The crag chambers indeed, furnished ideal quarters for a youth whose interests lay for the most part within himself. Here he could spend his free hours in such occupations as he might choose, and from May till

November when he tired of reading there was ever the sea which at full tide lapped the very threshold of the lowest cave, inviting a glorious headlong plunge.

One hundred yards out in the Bay moored to a buoy rode his dinghey, stoutly built and with the heavy leaded keel, in which he had outridden many a stiff gale even in the open sea beyond the gap, racing to safe anchorage in the bay between the very spines of the Devil's Fin.

On a windless day there was at hand high up on the shore among the bushes his light canoe, by means of which he could slip out through the reef and potter in and out of the myriad bays and creeks along the coast—that most delightfully indented coast of his native Province.

His was a life of lordly freedom of which every moment brought him its own delight. And so it chanced that on an early June day he was seen sunning his long, lank form upon the sand below his craggy caves, his mackintosh cast loosely over his body to shield him from the too ardent rays of the burning midday sun. As he lay there supine in an abandoned luxury of ease, one bare foot crossed high over his knee, a long, clear hail came floating over the bay from the direction of The Bay House. He rolled over on his stomach and surveyed the farther shore. A figure stood waving on the dock below the laboratory. It was the figure of a girl. Her skirts to the knees, her floating hair and young voice proclaimed her of an age somewhere in her teens. As a matter of fact she was "goin' on fifteen" as her Aunt Pheemie was wont to say, but her long, thin body, and her long, thin face made her seem a good two years older. Tony answered with a wave of his hand, rolled over luxuriously upon his back for a further stretch upon the sand so gratefully hot to his bare skin. Another hail, sharper, more imperative, fell upon his ears. Lazily he turned his head. The girl was waving violently with both hands high above her head.

"Aha! means hurry, eh?" said the young man. "She'd

never do it otherwise." The code was fixed and was on no account to be tampered with.

He sprang to his feet, ran up the steep path, and disappeared into his cave. In less than five minutes he was out again in trousers, shirt and sweater, carrying in his hands running shoes. In two minutes more he had his canoe afloat and was paddling with swift, sweeping strokes toward the girl. The code signal demanded the utmost despatch. At the dock he was received by the girl with a sharp exclamation, "Well!"

"Well?" he panted.

"Twelve minutes! I counted on ten at the most." She held a big silver watch up to him.

"I had to dress," he protested.

"Three things! one only with buttons!"

"Two!"

"Shirt not buttoned." She pointed at the open neck of the shirt under his sweater.

"Your father wants dinner at once, and Aunt Pheemie rushed me after you. You know he hates people to be late."

He lifted the canoe clear on to the dock—upset it—laid the paddles underneath.

"Come on then, kid," he said setting off at a run. But the girl was off before him like a deer, leaping from step to step up the steep bank.

"Jove! I am in rotten shape!" he gasped, as he overtook her at the very top.

"Smoking too many cigs," jeered the girl, her breast heaving with steady regularity. "Get your hair down. You know your father hates your hair up on end."

"You might take a look at your own corn-top, kid, retorted Tony, "looks like a wheat field in a gale of wind."

The girl's grin was thoroughly impudent as she rushed upstairs to subdue the gale-smitten, golden hair to the condition of a sunlit sea rippled by an off-shore breeze.

The midday meal in Mackinroy's house was dinner,

plain, substantial and void of formality. There had been a time, his son could just remember, when Mackinroy dined in the evening and in state. But that was when a lady of lustrous eyes, and wavering lips, and a regal little head set proudly on shoulders of gleaming ivory, had presided at the head of the table. Never since the day when that chair stood vacant had dinner attained in the Mackinroy household the dignity of a function. It became and remained an incident, necessary but inconsequential. Not that the meal in its appointments or its manners was ever lacking in dignity. The presence of Mackinroy himself was sufficient guarantee against that. But it was simply an occasion for supplying the body with food. The element of the *convivium* was lacking. The flow of soul was damned at the source. Conversation was rare, except on occasions when political events of Empire or of International importance referred to in the "Weekly Times" seemed to call for comment. Then Mackinroy would break silence and indicate certain articles or happenings as worthy of his son's consideration. But conversation supposed to be suitable to dinner was unknown at that table. The head of the house was, as a rule, absorbed in abstruse mathematical, chemical, metallurgical or other scientific problems, and his portentous absorption forbade anything more than an exchange of requests necessary to the distribution of the viands upon the table. A maid, Elsie by name, of obviously rugged health and sturdy build, and of uncertain age, did what waiting was necessary with light-footed and deft-handed despatch.

To-day Mackinroy was evidently deeply interested in his "Times," which, contrary to his invariable custom, he had placed on the table beside his plate.

"A very able article by Lord Roberts there," he remarked to his son.

"War preparations I suppose, sir," the tone bordered upon the flippant.

"Yes, war preparations, and none too soon. The facts

are even more serious than I had imagined. I suggest you acquaint yourself with them."

"Germany?"

"Germany! the sole menace to the world's peace," Mackinroy's voice grew stern.

"But the indications of the last year, say, are all for peace as I understand it," replied his son.

"For instance?"

"Well those Peace Conferences and Deputations organised by Mr. Baker, Haldane and others seem to——"

"Peace Conferences! Deputations! The veriest folly! Unmitigated duplicity imposing upon credulous minds."

"But Sir Henry Allen on his recent visit to United States and to Canada was very optimistic in regard to relations between Germany and ourselves."

"Sir Henry Allen is an estimable man, a friend of my own, a philanthropist, a man of generous impulses, but as for International politics——" a shrug concluded the sentence.

"A shrewd business man!" remarked Tony.

"Ah, business man! This is the age of business men! The bankers rule the world! We have heard that before! Germany has business men too. Business men whose exploitation of the world is being checked, but whose ambition to dominate the business world remains unlimited."

"But what of Britain's business men? As a matter of fact does not Britain stand right across Germany's path in every part of the world? Asia? Africa, South? West? North?"

"Who was there first?" Like a pistol shot came the question.

"Ha!" ejaculated Mackinroy with a grim smile. "Well said indeed, Miriam!"

Tony turned toward the girl whose hazel eyes flecked with high lights were blazing at him, smiled quietly at her, and was silent.

The girl's thin face burned red, but remained defiant.

"If a man wants to ride across my farm he can hardly object to my fences, not to speak of legal difficulties," said Mackinroy.

"Does anyone in England, outside of the military and naval men, believe that Germany really wants war with Britain?"

"Not immediately perhaps. Her press seems to be particularly venomous toward Russia and France at the present moment."

"Then if she is after Russia, which seems reasonable enough, all the more reason she should be friendly with Britain."

"What does she want her fleet for? Her eighty-five battleships and cruisers, and her one hundred and forty-two destroyers?" The girl's voice rang hard with a thin metallic ring.

Both men looked at her in surprised silence.

"Miriam!" said her Aunt Pheemie, "little girls do not know about these things."

"But I was reading to-day about Germany's fleet," said the girl triumphantly, "and those were the figures, and it said a lot more torpedo boats, and submarines."

"And where did you get all that?" inquired Tony quietly.

"In the 'Times.'" Her tone was one of finality.

"And who was the writer?" Tony's tone was ironical.

"It was in the 'Times' whatever," she said stubbornly.

"Quite sound too, Miriam," said Mackinroy, looking curiously at her. "I'm glad you read so intelligently and you have your finger on the vital spot. What does Germany want of her great fleet?"

"To defend her ever-extending commerce routes," said Tony.

"Against? Russia? France? Absurd! No, but against the only nation whose fleet holds in check her career of aggression. And, boy, believe me the day is drawing near, and rapidly, when she will challenge Britain's sea supremacy. Ten years ago I saw young German naval

officers drink to *Der Tag* when Germany made France eat dirt over the Morocco affair. It was Britain that held her arm then from striking; and again the same thing happened only three years ago at Agadir—the ‘Panther’ incident. And ever since the Boer war she has with mad haste concentrated on her navy program.”

“But after all what has she to gain by war, father?” said Tony.

“What has she to gain? World Empire, boy, that’s all. And what blocks her? One thing only. The British Navy. With Britain out of her way what power could check her? No! The day is coming, and——” added Mackinroy in a tone of sad regret, “I shall have no part in it.”

“Why not, Uncle Mackinroy?” said the girl, her voice thrilling with passion.

Once more the old man searched the thin, eager face.

“My fighting days are done,” he said as if to himself.

“Oh Uncle Mackinroy!” exclaimed the girl, scorn in her eyes.

“Not many men can stand up to you to-day, sir,” said Tony with a smile.

“Sparring? Fencing, perhaps? But fighting? Fighting, boy! Ah! youth, youth for fighting—— But read the article. It is worth while. That’s enough of war and Germany.”

CHAPTER VI.

SNYLPH AND WHITE WAVE.

When the meal was over the girl was eager to continue the discussion with Tony. But Tony only chaffed her and her Aunt Pheemie called her to work.

"These things are not for girls," she said. "It will suit you better to get on with your seam, or your darning, I am thinking." And with a grimace Miriam turned away to her sewing-basket.

"Aunt Pheemie, can Miriam come with me for a little fishing?" asked Tony.

"Fishing? Huh! You will be needing her, I doubt," said Aunt Pheemie with an ironic smile.

"It will be easier for me. I am going to haul up the net. It is better with two in the boat."

The girl kept her face turned away and her eyes upon her sewing-basket. But the quick heaving of her shoulders told of the turmoil in her breast.

Aunt Pheemie let her eyes quietly rest for a moment upon her nephew's grave face, then transferred them to the shoulders of her niece.

"Put on your sunbonnet then, Miriam, and be careful of yourselves. I don't like those boats much I can tell you. Your father went——" she shook her head ominously.

"Oh pshaw, Aunt Pheemie, the day is fine and we are only going about in the bay. The net is just off the Head."

"Well, well— be off with you then, and mind yourselves with the boat."

Walking sedately Miriam slipped out behind Tony, her sunbonnet carefully tied on her head.

"Oh Tony!" she breathed as they set off down the steps to the dock.

"Get along, kiddie," said Tony, "don't tangle your long legs round each other or you'll go head first into the bay."

"It was awful good of you," said Miriam in ecstatic humility.

"Not awful——"

"'Awfully,' I mean—— Why did you?"

"Did I what? Well I am going to work you like a nigger. You'll see."

"Oh, I'll do anything, anything you ask me."

"Um! we'll see that too," remarked Tony.

The girl rushed down to the canoe and seized it with the idea of slipping it into the water.

"Hold on there!" cried Tony. "Don't do that. You can't lift that in."

Miriam stood with her hand on the bow. "Don't I know how to handle a canoe?" she answered, disdain in her eyes.

"You ought to but——"

"You know I wouldn't drag her down," she cried passionately. "I know a canoe."

Tony picked up the stern, while she took the bow. Gently, carefully, as if handling a baby they slipped the beautiful delicate craft into the waters without a jar or scrape.

"Good," said Tony, "want to take her over?"

"May I?" she said shyly. It was a great privilege to take the stern. Tony stretched himself in the bottom of the canoe with his shoulders against the bow thwart, while Miriam sitting on the stern thwart slipped her paddle into the water.

"I can't steer very straight alone without a man in the bow," she said.

"Go to it," said Tony.

And she did with all the vigor of her young, slim, wiry body.

"Not quite so hard," said Tony, "and when you paddle left hand keep that hand down. Let the paddle pivot on your right hand more. Better! Don't dig up the Atlantic, and give her a flip, or you will find yourself describing a series of circles. That's better—now flip a bit more. You're losing your line."

"I am flipping; but with you there holding down the bow she is hard to get around."

"Oh, if you can't handle your job perhaps you would prefer to get out and walk, eh?" he jeered. "More flip! more flip!"

"I am flipping, but this old thing won't come round."

"Well if you don't like her you might leave her you know," said Tony politely.

"I will if you say so," exclaimed Miriam, exasperated by her failure to keep her craft on her course and by Tony's jeering criticism of her style.

"If I say so? Do you mean it?"

"I do. I'll take you with me, you'll see."

"You will, eh? Let's see you."

Like a flash the girl was on her feet and stood balancing herself in the toppling little craft.

"I'm going!" she threatened.

"Ha ha! Good-bye!" laughed Tony.

With her foot upon the gunwale she kicked herself free and plunged headlong into the sea. Tony's cry of protest was drowned in a gurgle as the canoe turned turtle. In a moment or two he had kicked his feet free from the thwart and was swimming toward the upturned canoe.

"You little devil," he spluttered as he caught sight of the girl heading for shore some thirty yards away. "I'll attend to you later."

"How is the walking, Tony?" she cried, swimming on her back and watching his efforts to right the canoe and "shake" her free of water. In a few minutes this rather delicate operation was performed, and Tony, picking up the paddles climbed over the gunwale, another rather difficult operation and set off after the girl who was by this

time in shallow water. Arrived at the shore he dumped his canoe, and deposited it carefully on the smooth sand.

"Well, what next?" he inquired, "are you going fishing?"

"Are you?" she asked keeping a wary eye upon him.

"Most certainly," replied Tony, pleasantly smiling.

"Like that?" pointing to his dripping clothes.

"Why not?"

"You'll get your death of cold."

"Perhaps."

"Then I'll go with you."

"Like that?"

"Yes, like this," she replied defiantly.

"On second thought I shall change—— And I advise you to do the same, if you wish to come with me."

"Aren't you, aren't you going to do something?" she asked uneasily.

"Do something?"

"To me?"

"And why?"

"For upsetting you."

"You went in yourself." Tony's manner and tone were perfectly good-natured.

"And you're not mad?"

"Mad? Why I never get mad with children. Run up and change now."

The long, thin face grew slowly red under the brown. The hazel eyes began to deepen in colour. She was consumed with a desire to hurt him desperately. She hated his smiling good-natured face. Her fury kept her speechless for some moments. She moved slowly toward him.

"I would just love to scratch the face off you." Her eyes went to the very spot where she would love to fasten her nails into him.

"That's an unpleasant thought for a child to carry inside her. Run up and change. You—you——" his eyes ran up and down her figure outlined beneath her sparse, clinging garments— "you look rather funny."

A sudden flame scorched her face; scorched her whole body. With a cry she flew at him. He had just time to save his face, so swift was the leap.

"You mean—mean——" she panted helpless in her rage—"pig!" she exploded.

"You are very funny——" again his eyes ran up and down her figure—"very queer, you know."

"Oh!" she cried, with a convulsive movement, covering her face with her hands. "Oh! I just hate you! hate you! despise you!" She turned suddenly and fled up the steps into the cave which she had appropriated for herself.

"I'll give you just ten minutes," called Tony after her in a cheerfully indifferent voice, as he passed up into his own cave apartments. They each kept an assortment of garments on hand in their cave quarters, for emergencies.

In less than ten minutes Tony appeared in shorts and flannel shirt, barefoot, barelegged and bareheaded.

"Come along, Miriam," he called, "I want to get that net up and set again before evening. We will need to hurry." His voice had lost its ironic tone which had so rasped the girl's sensibilities and seemed to indicate that a new chapter had begun in their relations for the afternoon.

He waited another ten minutes—spending the time sponging out and rubbing down his canoe, of which he was extremely careful.

"Coming, Miriam?" he called out cheerfully, impatient.

"Yes, Tony, in a minute." The reply came in a clear voice, sweetly friendly. A new chapter had begun on her side as well. In a few minutes she stepped down on the sand serenely smiling. She had rubbed her hair practically dry and had bound it with a bright red ribbon tight about her head. But no ribbon could subdue the myriad straying tiny curls that were freeing themselves from the decorous masses of yellow gold, in ever-increasing numbers, under the effect of the sun's burning rays. She had thrown over a bathing suit a flannel skirt and middy

of navy blue, showing at the neck a long slim throat, brown and beautifully formed. From under her navy blue skirt two long pipe-stem legs issued ending in two slenderly beautiful little brown feet.

Tony threw a quick glance over her.

"Look much better," he said.

"And feel much better," she answered, and, throwing herself into the pose of a Highland dancer, she cried:

"A little music, please."

"Come along! We'll be late," ordered Tony.

"Then I'll make my own," she said and straightway began.

"Tee-dum-tee, de-lum-dee, Lee-lo-dee, de-le-del-dee, etc.," her little brown feet twinkling through the intricate mazes of the Highland Fling. Tony returned to his rubbing and polishing, turning his back upon her performance.

"There!" she exclaimed, with a final skip and pose, "that's what you can't do whatever."

"Now if you are quite ready," said Tony, lifting the canoe gently into the water. With a grimace Miriam took her place in the canoe, and with a dozen strokes or so they were at the dinghey. Without a word, for they knew their several parts, they made fast the canoe to the buoy, cast off the dinghey and were afloat and away for the fishing ground before a gentle land breeze; Tony at the tiller, and Miriam lying prone upon the deck. Her heart was overflowing with delight. First she was in a boat, next she was going a-fishing, and chiefly she was with Tony. She was devoted to Tony whom she called cousin, a relationship resting upon no physiological basis other than their common possession in Aunt Pheemie. Tony claiming kinship on the ground that Aunt Pheemie was his father's sister. Miriam on the ground that Aunt Pheemie was her uncle's wife. But actually, during the thirteen years of Miriam's life, they had been to each other as brother and sister, bound to each other by the brotherly and sisterly loves and hatreds consequent upon

this relationship. Secretly to Miriam Tony was the latest wonder of the world. His vast erudition, as testified by his parchment and his various prizes and medals, his athletic powers guaranteed by treasured copies of the city newspapers and of the local sheet, these she took for granted, without any great exaltation of spirit. But she had seen him handle a boat in a storm, in rough water, and she had heard the fishermen talk, and, best of all, Levi Kedge, Uncle Mackinroy's captain of the Yacht and crew as well, had been known to admit that "Mr. Tony was a derved good all round man." This admission represented the superlative of excellence in Levi's judgment. As to Tony's opinion of Miriam he had none to speak of. She had always been around, was a good enough kid, brittle in temper and rather cleverer than most with the boats and other things. He guessed at her devotion to himself which he regarded as quite natural in a sister and let it go at that.

The fishing-ground lay at the bay exit in close proximity to the headland on the right. The floats to which the net was attached could be seen bobbing up and down in a semi-circular sweep from a point halfway across the strait to the right hand shore. It took the better part of an hour to haul up, strip, and replace the net. The catch was by no means a heavy one, but was quite a sufficient return for their pains; and quite sufficient for their own needs and for those of Levi Kedge, and of the other families who bore to Mackinroy, in a sense, the relation of retainers.

The sun was still high above the western range of hills, the water beyond the headland gleamed very blue, and very white, a fresh wind was blowing out to sea and pulling hard on the sail, and the tide was running out.

"Do you want to take her out beyond, Miriam?" Tony asked. Every sign of unpleasantness in their relations had been obliterated by the healing influences of wind and sun, and by the healthful exercise of stripping and resetting the net.

Did she want to take her out? Well rather! This was one of those things by which Tony had bound the girl to him. He always seemed to know the very things her soul was yearning for. So through the gap they raced with a following wind and an ebbing tide, Miriam at the tiller and Tony stretched at ease along the gunwale, one brown, bare leg hoisted high in the air. Northward along the shore they set their course, the dinghey tearing through the curl of the waves at racing speed. Her stout build and heavy leaded keel enabled her to carry an enormous spread of canvas and to attain quite unusual speed. She was out to the last reef now and cutting the white caps at a great rate. Tony was inordinately proud of the sailing qualities of his little craft. He had set her against yachts twice her size and beaten them, he had raced fishing craft and clumsy schooners almost always for a win. But his pride and delight in his boat was as nothing to that which filled the girl's heart to its utmost capacity. For this thing tingling with life and quivering with dynamic power she held in her hand. And she held it in perfect control. A touch of the tiller to port or starboard and the creature leaped its length or came docilely back to gentler pace. A stronger touch and it would spin on its keel and stand at attention, its sails snapping in eager impatience to be away.

"Hello! a sail, Tony!" she cried, pointing to a headland on the low eastern shore, from behind which a sail was beginning to show.

"A sloop," said Tony.

"No!" said the girl.

"You're right, a yacht!"

"Shall we go about?" said Miriam.

"No, wait till we meet her and we'll give her a race down the coast. It will be some of those American swells up Chester way."

"Let's go about," said Miriam, her mind on her bare, brown legs, and her bathing suit.

"Nonsense! we'll race 'em, we are not afraid of them,

and anyway we were here first," said Tony. "You can handle her," he added noting the frown on her face.

"Can I, Tony? My stars, that is splendid!"

In a very few minutes the two craft were within a hundred yards of each other. A long hail came across through a megaphone.

"Ahoy the dinghey!"

"Hello!" yelled Tony, springing to his feet and balancing easily upon the leaping craft.

"Can you come about? We want to know about anchorage."

"All right," replied Tony. "Put her about," he ordered.

"Oh Tony! there are ladies aboard!" said Miriam, her mind again upon her brown legs and her bathing suit.

"Well, we've a lady on board, too," replied Tony. "Put her about."

A touch on the tiller, and the dinghey came about and moved toward the yacht which had executed a like movement.

"We will go your way," called out Tony, waving them off from his tack.

"Oh, thank you!" came the answer in a lady's voice, as the two boats swung for a few minutes into parallel lines and then gradually began to approach each other.

"Glad to see you again," cried the lady waving her hand.

"Thank you," said Tony recognising the American automobile party. "Delighted to see you all."

"You were asking about anchorage?" he continued, addressing the young man standing by the main mast.

"Before we say a word about anchorage," said the young lady at the wheel in a determined voice, "let us rid ourselves of the embarrassment of non-acquaintance. Personally I hate grunting at people whose names I don't know, and I equally hate being grunted at by people who don't know me. Permit me then—the handsome young man——"

"She means me, of course," said Dale, rising politely from his reclining position on the deck.

"Standing by the mast—I was about to say—is my brother Merrick Olivant. The lady up in the bow is my friend and beloved guest, Diana Farrer. The young man, who obviously hates himself so violently, is Dale, the brother of Diana. The remaining youth modestly behind the sail is Rudolph, colloquially Ruddy Cottman, and the last, whether least or not—I would not presume to bias your judgment upon so delicate a point—is your humble servant Patience—Patty to her friends—Olivant, sister to the youth standing forinst you."

Tony bowed to all, waving his hand in salute.

"And may I be permitted to introduce the sailing master of this craft, than whom none better, my cousin, Miriam Lindsay, and Antonio," his finger pointing to himself, "Mackinroy, Tony for short with my friends, and the dinghey, sardonically and slanderously named *The Snylph*."

"*Snylph*?" said Diana with an inquiring smile.

"*Snylph*," said Tony gravely, "a hybrid cognomen euphemistically combined from those of her godparents, namely that of the molluscoid gastropod, vulgarly known as 'the snail,' whose most striking characteristic is its limited power of locomotion, and that of 'the Sylph,' a creature of airy habitat, which while possessing an exquisite grace of form, is entirely devoid of soul. The creature, I may add, is quite imaginary. Hence the dinghey was christened *The Snylph* from the obvious fact that she possesses the characteristics of neither of her godparents."

"How very interesting," said Diana sweetly.

"Say, Professor, you're giving us quite a line," said Patty.

"Purely genealogical!" replied Tony, with an airy wave of the hand, "but you were asking about an anchorage," he continued, addressing Merrick. "The first opening, five or six miles down between two headlands leads into

a land-locked harbour—my home by the way—offering excellent anchorage. Further down every few miles there is good shelter, and in daylight quite safely accessible. Not so safe at night, especially at low water.”

“He doesn’t ask us in,” grumbled Patty to Ruddy at her side.

“Doesn’t know enough,” growled Ruddy.

“Too exclusive, more likely.”

“I like that!” exclaimed Ruddy. “Of course he doesn’t know who we are,” he added.

Patty grinned at him.

“But he does know who he is himself,” she said. “For me, I’m going to run into his harbour. You never know when you may need one on this coast.”

“Oh, get out, Patty, I’ve got a fairly healthy nervous system myself, but I don’t fancy myself pushing into his harbour.”

“His harbour? It’s not his harbour,” her voice had a rare carrying quality.

“Tut, tut, Patty!” said Ruddy. “Have a heart!”

“I’ll ask him! Mr. Tony!” she cried, “that first anchorage, is that your harbour? I mean is it private?” Her expression of childlike innocence was equalled by his own as he replied.

“As a Canadian citizen it is mine. And I am more than delighted to place it, and its environment wholly at your disposal.”

“Oh, thank you so much. We’ll just run in.”

“Delighted I am sure,” said Tony, with charming politeness, though he knew that his father hated visitors and would have gladly thrown a chain across the mouth of the bay to keep them out as the old Pirates were wont to do.

“Sometime, some other time,” said Diana, with equally charming politeness, a little red rage burning in her cheek, “not to-day I think, eh, Merry?”

“No! we can hardly make it to-day,” said Merry doubtfully glancing at his watch.

"Any day," said Tony, smiling brightly at Patty. "But we are keeping you back. Our *Snylph* is hardly up to your paces. Good-bye!" He waved his hand in farewell, then to Miriam said quietly—"Shake her out."

In response Miriam hauled in the boom sheet, gave her a little more wind and let her go. Like a thing alive the dinghey shot forward and was in the lead before Patty could get her sails adjusted. In vain Ruddy instructed her as to her handling of the tiller. She woe-fully lacked steadiness with the result that the *White Wave* fell hopelessly astern.

"For Heaven's sake let Merry handle her," Ruddy entreated, "that chit in her mud scow is running away with us."

"Certainly not," said Merry with emphasis, "if that kid can get her *Snylph* to show this boat her heels I'm not going to snatch the honor from her."

"She's doing it all right," said Dale, "and a dandy little sailor she is. Tony, himself, I don't believe could get more out of the *Snylph*."

The *White Wave* crew were every one of them pushing the yacht with every ounce of push in their bodies and souls. But their united efforts combined with Patty's seamanship effected no change in the relative positions of the boats. If anything, the *Snylph* was slightly increasing her lead. Ruddy was disgustedly swearing to himself. Dale was openly jubilant, Diana non-committal, Merry retaining an air of judicial calm.

"Patty, if you would only hold her steady you could soon climb up on that mud lark," suggested Ruddy. "Don't luff on the slightest provocation."

Patty disdained to answer; but she knew she was all too prone to take refuge in a luff. She determined to let the *White Wave* turn turtle before she would luff again, with the result that gradually the yacht began to creep up on the dinghey.

"That's fine!" cried Ruddy. "Now you're a-sailing

her. Don't weaken! We'll all ride out on the gunwale. And keep to windward of her!"

But the *Snylph* had still something in reserve, and when Tony announced the approach of the *White Wave* Miriam let her off a point or two, till her lee gunwale was under water with Tony and herself perched high on the windward gunwale, and hanging out over the foaming curl.

"Hold her there for ten minutes and we'll round the point, old girl," said Tony quietly. "We've got 'em I think. They daren't carry any more wind, I'm thinking."

"Oh, Tony," breathed Miriam, "I'll sink her rather than let them beat us."

"Steady on, old girl, we are holding them—— That girl daren't let her out any more," cried Tony with a laugh.

As if in response to his word Patty let her boat fall off a point till her gunwale dipped.

"Everybody to windward," shouted Ruddy, leading the way. For a few minutes the two boats held their way without perceptible change, sailing their limit, and their crews hanging out far over the gunwale.

"Oh, Tony, tell me, are they gaining?" cried Miriam, desperate tears in her voice.

"A shade I think," said Tony, with a touch of anxiety in his voice, "but keep her as she is. You'll break their nerve in another minute."

Miriam glanced over her shoulder. The great spreading canvas of the yacht seemed to be on the point of over-lapping her.

"I'm going in over the Devil's Fin, I will not be beaten," she cried suddenly. To execute the manœuver it would be necessary to cut straight across the *White Wave's* bow, a risky thing to do.

"No!" shouted Tony.

But as he shouted she left her boat full off as much as she dared, and with the added impulse so gained swept right across the bow of the yacht, cleared it with abundant

room to spare, and made for the white line of water breaking over the Devil's Fin.

"What the devil is that girl doing?" cried Merry, and springing to the tiller he put her hard over and swung the yacht into the wind, while the *Snylph* made for the breakers.

His cry was echoed by Dale and the two young ladies, as they saw the dinghey heading for what seemed her doom.

For an instant Miriam wavered, but Tony's voice caught her.

"Pretty low water, but try it."

The next instant the *Snylph* was warily nosing along amid the white water. The yacht people all agape waited for the crash; but crash there was none. Instead, like a thing alive, and finding its way home, the *Snylph*, under the deft touches of the tiller and sheet, poked her way between the jagged spines of the Devil, the Devil doubtless, gleefully expectant below. Finally there was a bump, a shriek from the yacht hanging in the wind, a sickening scrape, and the *Snylph* was riding in the bay, a sweet and gentle air of modest self-consciousness hovering over her, and the yacht crew wrecking the welkin with their cheers.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RESCUE.

It was blowing great guns outside, but snug in his cave before a driftwood fire blazing blue and green flames—for this June day was touched with an October chill—his pipe going smoothly, Tony was supremely indifferent to all things outside. The morning he had spent with his father in the laboratory working on the chemistry of steel in which Mackinroy was absorbed. They had reached a point at which his father desired to be alone. Hence Tony stretched at ease was perusing an article in the "Scientific American" which he had saved up for such a day and hour as this. It was easy reading and proved none too interesting, so he was luxuriating in that animal feeling of complete well-being which overtakes a healthy, active out-of-doors man, with an easy conscience surrendered to the combined environment of an arm-chair, a fire, a book, a pipe and his own company. The roaring gale, the boom of the surf on the Devil's Fin, the long-drawn soft hiss of the rollers on the sand below only intensified the deep sense of contented well-being, flooding soul and body. A slight noise at the cave door caught his ear.

"Well?" he called impatiently.

The blanket crinkled at the side in the grip of a brown, thin-fingered hand.

"Oh, it's you!" he grunted. "Well, what is it?"

"Oh nothing," said the girl, for it was Miriam panting from her fight with the gale. "Only the spray is up over the reef at the Devil's Fin, and there's a schooner close in shore."

Tony sprang to his feet. "Close in shore?" he cried,

and catching up his field-glasses he sprang outside. A glance showed him a quarter of a mile from shore a three-master scudding under bare spars before the southeaster, now riding high on the crests, now plunged out of sight, all but her spars in the trough, but stoutly holding her course, mistress of herself, and scornful of the eager green gray monsters hounding her with white-lipped rage.

With an immense relief Tony dropped his glasses. He hated wrecking experiences, of which he had had his share.

"She's all right," he said sharply.

"I never said she wasn't," retorted the girl. "I said she was there. And she is. And ain't she fine?" she added.

Tony glanced at the thin, brown face. His annoyance passed.

"Yes, she is fine," he said. "The whole thing is superb." He swept his hand toward the picture before them.

The sheltered bay was white with long, lazy rollers, falling in endless succession upon the sandy shore below. Far to the right through the gap, under the urge of gale and flowing tide, mountainous, crested seas were crowding through the narrow strait, or such as were luckless enough to be denied free passage through the gap were flinging themselves with fury against the headland on either side. Fair in front over the serried line of the Devil's Fin the waves, like wolves hard upon their quarry, were clambering over each other, falling back with savage howlings, but on the incoming tide pressing forward with ever higher leaping. On either side of the Devil's Fin could be seen clouds of spray flung in that eternal conflict between sea and cliff high above the tree tops, but in the lee of the line of trees at the Devil's Fin and back of the headlands flanking the gap the water lay heaving quietly, as if breathing deep after violent effort.

"Ain't it awful grand?" breathed Miriam at his side.

"Both awful and grand," said Tony with a grin.

The girl winced.

"Shucks! I knew it all right!" she said with reddening cheeks. Then with a cry she pointed to the left of the Devil's Fin. "Look! What's that?"

"What? Where?" said Tony, turning his glasses in the direction indicated.

The same instant he sprang into the cave, flung his glasses on the couch and with a shout, "The yacht!" he sprang down the steps toward his canoe, Miriam at his heels.

"The tide has got her. She can't make it against that in shore wind," he said.

"What are you doing?" he cried, turning on the girl.

"Going with you!" said Miriam, her hand on the bow of the canoe.

"No! It's too risky! too rough!"

"I'm going if you go," she said quietly.

For a moment Tony hesitated, his eye scanning the bay.

"All right, little girl," he said, with a nod of approval.

Together they picked up the canoe and carried her out into the rollers.

"Get in!" said Tony.

Like a kitten she sprang to her thwart.

"Down in the bottom," ordered Tony. Squaw fashion she sat down in the bottom. Tony took his place kneeling in the stern.

"Steady now! Not too hard! Take your time! Watch each roller! Keep your paddle in the water all you can! Good! long, slow stroke!"

Over the huge, white-capped waves, superbly handled by Tony at the stern, the frail craft rode like a duck and made for the *Snylph*, now plunging and tugging at her buoy. In three minutes they were aboard.

"Make fast the canoe! and be ready to cast off the *Snylph*!" cried Tony, reefing the sail down hard.

"Let go!"

A moment or two the dinghey shivered and hung un-

certain as if taking her bearings, then gently as if feeling for her wings she was away.

"We'll make for the lee of the shore there," cried Tony through the howling gale. "Then shoot down the wind across the gap."

The yacht was now in full sight over the Devil's Fin, evidently trying to fight her way out to sea.

Tony glanced across the bay.

"My God!" he muttered. "She can't make it against that tide. What sort of idiots are they any way? They may miss the reef, but they can't round that point. They will be dead on the cliff face."

Minute by minute, and foot by foot, the *White Wave* fought off destruction.

"Jove! he is handling her all right, though," said Tony, with grudging admiration. He could not forgive the folly of getting into such a deadly fix. But now his mind was on his own battle. He had reached the limit of his shelter, and must make a dash across the open water of the gap to the lee of the farther shore. Warily he edged the nose of the *Snylph* into the gale, keeping her hauled close to the wind. As she struck the open water it was as if tide, wind, and wave had all been lying low for her. Under their combined impact she was hurled quivering into the trough, a beam sea caught and nearly swamped her, she rolled and staggered drunkenly, the white caps piling round her and over her. A terrible second or two she floundered like a thing stricken with her death blow.

"Come up here, you confounded old tub! What do you mean any way?" growled Tony, working her tiller with all his might.

Shamed by Tony's disgusted rebuke, the *Snylph* having demonstrated her ability to take punishment sullenly but determinedly shook herself free of the climbing white caps, threw her sail dauntlessly into the wind and leaped forward into her battle for life. From her first free spring she was never again a single moment in danger.

Coolly, defiantly, holding her head high, her ballasting water holding her stern down almost to the stern seat, she advanced to meet the eager clamoring waves. Met them, tossed them high on either side, mounted them, smashed them down and rode in triumph over their snarling, hissing masses.

"That's more like it, old girl," grunted Tony, "nice game you played me there."

"Oh Tony! They are coming over the Devil's Fin," cried Miriam. "They'll never make it! Never! Oh! they're gone!"

It was true enough. Realising the impossibility of rounding the point, and the certainty of utter destruction if dashed against the cliffs, the man at the wheel suddenly resolved to take the desperate chance of finding a passage between the spines of the Devil's Fin, as he had seen the *Snylph* do on a former occasion. Vain chance. Straight for the jutting spines the *White Wave* came at racing speed. By marvellous luck they struck the channel. But the tide was not yet full enough. There was a sickening scrape, a plunge, a crash, and the yacht keeled over and so remained, the helpless prey of the triumphant breakers which, like nothing so much as wolves on a wounded deer, were climbing over her seeking to rend her to pieces.

Clinging to the spars and the weather gunwale were the yacht's people, all five of them, desperately resisting the furious pounding of the waves.

With a shout Tony brought the *Snylph* into the shelter of the land at the right of the reef.

"Make fast," he shouted to Miriam, flinging a rope coil ashore. Immediately the girl was into the water, in a few moments had gained the shore and made the line fast to a tree.

"Come on!" shouted Tony. Like a cat she came, hand over hand by the rope, aboard the dinghey.

"Pay out! Let her fall down a bit toward the yacht."

The girl immediately comprehending the order took a turn of the line about the mast and began paying out

carefully, every moment nearing the yacht, while Tony dropped his sail and made ready the stern line for a cast.

"Here you are!" he cried, flinging the line to Merrick at the stern. Merrick caught it and made fast. The yacht lying on its side gave shelter in some degree to those clinging to her. But the icy wind bit to the bone, chilling the very heart.

"Three of you drop into the dinghey, and for Heaven's sake be quick! These waves will fill her up."

"You come——" he shouted to the girl nearest him. It was Patty.

"You go first, Di!" she cried to the girl, who from her more exposed position was swept with every wave.

"Do what I tell you," shouted Tony wrathfully, "and quick."

With no further parley Patty let go her hold, slipped into the water, was caught and dragged in by Tony.

"You next," he shouted to Diana.

"No, get Dale! He is almost all in!" she cried, pointing to her brother, who half hanging over the mast seemed almost dead.

"I'll get him—you come at once! You are endangering his life. Come!" said Tony impatiently.

"Get him now," she said with stubborn insistence.

"You come instantly! I give you my word I'll get him. You'll drown us all with your stubbornness."

Still she hesitated.

"Come, Diana! You can trust me." Tony's voice sank into agonized entreaty. The girl slid down the sloping deck till her foot touched the gunwale under water, when Tony swung her clear into the *Snylph*.

"You, Dale, now!" cried Tony cheerfully in a tone of quiet assurance.

The boy lifted his head from the mast, made a feeble effort to climb down the stays, his numbed fingers grasping nervelessly at the ropes, missed his footing and slid down into the foam-covered water among the rocks. He

struggled weakly a moment, then was sucked down by an intruding wave and disappeared.

There was a shriek, a rush through the water half filling the dinghey, and Diana was clutching Tony by the arm. "You promised! you promised!" she cried wildly.

He tore himself free.

"Get these girls to shore and quick," he shouted to Merrick, and dived in after the boy who could be seen making feeble efforts to keep himself afloat. A dozen strokes brought him to the lad who had sense enough to yield himself to his rescuer. It was a matter of only a short struggle, and Tony had pulled his burden into shallow water in the lee of the land to safety. By the time he had accomplished this the dinghey had made its way safely to shore and under Miriam's handling was returning for the two still left on the yacht.

Relieved of anxiety as to the safety of the others, Tony gave his attention to the boy lying on the shore. He had apparently fainted. Vigorously Tony went to work at him, but without avail. His heart was still beating, but almost imperceptibly. It was evidently not an ordinary case of drowning. There was something seriously wrong demanding skill and knowledge that Tony did not have. The boy must be got, and speedily, to shelter and medical aid. But how? The dinghey was nearly full of water and on the far side of the reef. It would be a desperate fight across the open water of the bay. But there was no other way for it. He shouted and signalled that they should drop the boat across on the line to him. Already they were bailing for dear life, and it was slow work, their only means being their sou'wester hats.

Suddenly Miriam raised a cry.

"Look! they're coming!"

From the boathouse the motor boat could be seen emerging, Mackinroy at the wheel and Levi Kedge at the engine.

"Thank God for that," muttered Tony. "We need every second now."

With a shrill whistle Tony arrested the attention of Mackinroy, who was heading to the point where the young ladies were huddled in the lee of the bushes lining the shore.

In response to Tony's signalling the boat was headed for the sand bank where Dale lay as if dead.

"We must get this boy over at once, father," Tony shouted as the engine slowed down.

"Bring him!" ordered Mackinroy.

Wading out with Dale in his arms, Tony reached the launch and gave the boy into Levi's care.

"Don't wait, sir, for God's sake," he shouted to his father. "Seconds are precious."

"Full ahead," commanded Mackinroy as Tony struggled on board, and the launch shot away on her return journey at the limit of her speed, flinging off the white-crested waves with the utmost disdain.

Arrived at the dock, Tony sprang ashore, took the boy from Levi's hand and set off up the path for the house. Halfway up his father caught up to him and relieved him of part of his load.

At the door they were met by Aunt Pheemie.

"Land sakes alive!" she exclaimed, her hands high over her head. "Is he drowned?"

"Hot water and whiskey! Hot blankets! Bed!" The words came out from Mackinroy's lips like the cracks of a pistol. "Tony! the doctor!"

Within half an hour the boy was between hot blankets, with hot water bottles packed round him, a reviving dose of hot whiskey and water within him, and the doctor, whom by great good luck Tony had caught leaving for his rounds, at his pulse.

Then Mackinroy, Tony and Levi went off for the remainder of the shipwrecked party.

"He is all right," Tony called out to the white-faced girl who stood on the shore waiting them.

"Oh! you are not deceiving me?" she cried, throwing wide open her hands in appeal.

"No! the doctor is with him and he will soon be all right."

Her hands went to her face, while wild sobbing shook her body.

"Come!" said a voice in her ear, "let me put you aboard." It was Tony standing close to her. A moment she stood looking at him with dazed eyes. Then into the white face the red blood came rushing.

"Oh you—yes! take me!" She stretched out her hands to him. Tony lifted her in his arms.

"Oh, Tony, never will I forget till I die!" she whispered. Her arms tightened about his neck. The pressure of her soft arms, her warm breath on his cheek woke something within the young man that he had never known before. He was acutely conscious that for the first time in his life he held a girl in his arms. He knew very little of girls. A new uprushing surge of hot blood seemed like flame to run through his veins. A strange choking emotion caught him by the throat. He wildly desired to hold her hard to his heart. As she felt his arms stiffen about her, her whole body seemed to relax. A long, shivering sigh breathed softly from her lips. It was the appeal of the sigh, of the soft tenderness of her body that recalled Tony to himself. It could not have been more than ten seconds that he had held her in his arms, yet when he set her on her feet within the boat he stood gazing at her as if he had never seen her before. Nor had he. The warm light in her eyes made her new. To him it seemed as if he had returned from a strange land, from another world, a world of wonderful adventures.

As they stepped from the boat Diana came to Mackinroy with hand outstretched—"I wish I could thank you for what you have done to-day," she said with shy grace, for Mackinroy when in his grand manner, as now, was an impressive figure.

"My dear young lady," he said, bending over her hand, "it is an honor and a privilege to have been of service. Anthony," he added, in a tone of severity, "will you not present me to your friends?" This lack of courtesy, with many apologies, Tony hastened to supply. Something in his father's bow never failed to give Tony a new pride in him. It recalled something of Sir Walter's great gentlemen. One thing it did for the young Americans. It settled for ever any question in their minds as to the young man's social status.

But there was little thought with any of them in that hour of anything but the doctor's report, which, while they were changing their drenched clothing they awaited. To Diana it was an agonizing experience. She and her brother, except for relatives more or less remote, were alone in the world, and to each other were all there was in the world. All his life Dale had struggled with ill-health, his sister giving him a devoted care, truly maternal in its sacrificial quality. Inheriting large wealth with all its social possibilities, her life had been largely determined in its social aspects by her estimation of her brother's need of her. This self-dedication of hers had armored her against the approach of all big-game hunters, seeking either her person, her fortune or a happy combination of both. Her attitude to these adventurous or amorous youths had been one of discriminating detachment. Some day she would doubtless fall in love when Dale had ceased to need her, meantime her concern for him had been a sufficient preoccupation.

Her first sight of Tony, it must be confessed, had excited her interest. His aloofness and indifference to her beauty, a new experience for her, had piqued her vanity and deepened that interest. To-day his gallant rescue of her brother had kindled in her a flaming gratitude, dangerously akin to love. She burned to find some way to show him how deeply her heart had been stirred. Abandoning her armor of reserve and aloofness she was ready to offer him something at least from the hitherto unruffled

treasury of her heart. But just at present she was heart-sick with anxiety over her brother. Coming downstairs from the room placed at her disposal, she met Tony in the long old-fashioned hallway.

"Oh, have you heard?" she eagerly asked, "and may I go in? I do want to see him and I will be very careful and quiet!"

The large, blue eyes were wistful, eager, anxious. In an old-world gown of his mother's resurrected by Aunt Pheemie, she exhibited the rare and exquisite charm of a Gainsborough or a Watteau. Tony was acutely conscious of a sensation, new and poignantly delicious, thrilling in his soul. So dainty, delicate, exquisite was she, and now her wistful, anxious eyes, so appealing, that he greatly longed to gather her into his arms and soothe away her anxiety and grief. But the very exquisiteness of her beauty set her far apart from him.

"This is the room, yes! I should say go in! I wish I could help you," he said looking into her eyes.

His eyes must have said more. For suddenly the color rose in her white face and something other than anxiety and fear showed in her eyes. But what it was Tony knew not. Nor was his experience of life up to this point such as to explain to him the cause of the tumult within him, a tumult which unnerved him and made him for the first time in all his history incapable of consecutive thinking or of well-ordered action. One thing he was definitely conscious of, and that was a desire to get nearer to this girl, to do something that would make her know certainly that to serve her at that moment would give him complete and ineffable joy. Obeying these new-born impulses he moved to her side. He took her hand in his. He saw clearly it was the proper thing to do.

"Come, I will take you to him," he said.

Her fingers were cold and trembling. He knew by the tremor of them that she was afraid. He again saw quite clearly that it was the proper thing that he should take her in his arms and bid her never fear again. His hand

tightened upon hers. The quick startled look she threw at him showed that she had read something of the thought in him. What he or she might have done can not be known, but at that moment the door opened and the doctor appeared.

"Oh, Doctor!" said Tony, speaking hurriedly, almost breathlessly. "This is the—boy's sister—she wants to——"

"Oh, Doctor, how is he?" said the girl moving quickly toward him.

"He is doing as well as could be expected. He is sleeping and will sleep, must sleep indeed. He is a very sick boy."

"But Doctor! Oh Doctor, tell me the truth! He is not strong you know—I have always cared for him. I know all about his heart, and I have seen him very, very ill. You need not fear you can tell me."

As she spoke she became more calm. She felt she must control herself now and win the doctor's confidence.

"Let us sit down somewhere, my dear," said the doctor kindly.

"In here!" said Tony promptly, showing the way into what had been his mother's sitting-room. The girl passed quickly in, the doctor followed and closed the door after him, leaving Tony outside. He was glad to be alone. He had lost his bearings in a maze of emotions, perturbing, disconcerting, from which he sought escape, or rather which he desired to classify that he might understand. It was at once distressing and humiliating to his scientifically disciplined mind to find himself baffled by phenomena novel and unrelated to all his previous experience. Of the magnitude and complexity of the task before him he knew nothing, and for his composure of mind it was perhaps as well.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUPREME GUESS.

Once removed from the environment of this young woman, who had occasioned such devastation of his emotional areas, Tony found sufficient to occupy his attention in the immediate duties of the hour. There was, first of all, the yacht to salvage. The spines of the Devil's Fin must be making a sad havoc of her timbers, and if the hull were to be saved from destruction speedy relief must be found. Ordering Levi Kedge to load the launch with cable and tackle, with carpenter's gear and material, Tony with the three young men set off for the reef. In the salvage work, of course, Mackinroy himself took no part. Having rescued the ladies he had turned over the duties and courtesies of the situation to Tony and had departed to his laboratory, where by this time he was deep in pursuit of a steel, long and ardently desired by the Admiralty.

Arriving at the Devil's Fin, Tony and his salvaging party found the yacht, which at her first crash had firmly wedged herself amid the spines of the reef, lifted somewhat by the tide and giving promise that at high tide, if in the meantime she had not been utterly pounded to pieces, she might float free. By a judicious use of block and tackle, and with the powerful aid of the steam launch serving as a tug, under Tony's direction the yacht was finally righted. Once freed from the grip of the Devil's Fin and temporarily patched up she was towed to the western end of the bay and there drawn up on the sandy shore just below Kidd's Crag waiting permanent repairs.

The yacht being thus safely salvaged, and the party

comfortably housed, the incident of the wreck might easily have found a place among the thrilling adventures recorded in the annals of the *White Wave*, for the delectation of narrators of later days, were it not that the serious condition of the sick boy cast a shadow, not only over the yachting party but on the Mackinroy household as well. Mackinroy, himself, though withdrawn to his laboratory and immersed in his steel research showed real concern for the boy's condition. He saw to it that every suggestion of old Dr. Jamieson, in charge, was immediately carried out. A trained nurse was installed. A heart specialist from Halifax was called into consultation. But the case was found to be perfectly simple. Heart trouble, due to shock and exposure to cold was the verdict. There was no symptom in the case with which his sister was not already quite familiar. This attack was simply the most serious in a series of such as she had known before. All that was required was careful nursing and such aid as Old Mother Nature could be induced to bring.

Even if the boy recovered the prospect was that he could not be removed for three weeks at least. The whole yachting party felt acutely the embarrassment of finding themselves suddenly flung upon the hospitality of strangers. No expedient for the relief of this embarrassment, however, could be discovered. The sick boy required the constant attendance of his sister; Patty could not abandon her friend in the time of need; the two young men would be engaged upon the yacht for several days. With a single utterance Mackinroy settled the matter, in answer to elaborate apologies, presented by Merrick in the name of the party. In his grandest style the old gentleman delivered his dictum: "Not another word, Sir. Pirate Bay House and all the appurtenances thereof, both human and material, are at the service of my guests. Any suggestion of the departure of a single member of this party, unless absolute necessity should arise, I should greatly deplore. Indeed I should consider it in the light of an affront. As for myself, imperative duty deprives

me of the privilege and pleasure of giving personal attention to your proper entertainment. My son Anthony, however, will adequately represent me in these matters." Even Ruddy was moved to admiration of the old gentleman's fine courtesy. "He is a proper old Roman, isn't he?" he said to his friend. "But where did he get the style? He might be a Grand Duke of the German Altesse."

"He might," replied Patty who overheard the remark, "and then again he might be something a good deal better."

Ruddy was the least comfortable of the party at The Bay House. He was frankly and gloomily jealous of Patty's quite obvious predilection for their rescuer. He had never had any time, any great fondness, for things or persons of British flavour. His home training had developed in him a pride in his German ancestry and traditions, and his two years spent in a German military gymnasium had inoculated him with a haughty sense of superiority to the rest of mankind, which appeared to be the outstanding characteristic of the young gentlemen trained in such military institutions.

The first week brought no change in Dale's condition. The shock to a highly sensitive and uncertain nervous organism, with heart complications, was such as to make recovery extremely problematical. The boy was perceptibly weaker. Insomnia rendered him fretful, restless, irritable.

"If we could only induce natural sleep," was Dr. Jamieson's remark as he met the company in consultation. "Two full nights' sleep would do wonders for him."

"Surely we can get something or someone to——" began Ruddy.

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "we have sleep producing narcotics in abundance did we deem it wise to administer them. And if you," turning to Diana, "desire further consultation I shall be most happy to——"

"Why not get Wendt?" urged Ruddy.

"Wendt?" said Diana wearily.

"Yes, Wendt," said Ruddy eagerly, "the greatest heart specialist in America."

"Dr. Wendt is not known to me," said Dr. Jamieson quietly, "but there is Armstrong——"

"Yes, Dr. Armstrong I know well," said Diana. "He is a friend of our family—but after all do we need any further advice? What do you think, Doctor? Is there any new complication or——?"

"None whatever," replied the doctor. "The case is perfectly simple but—if you wish——"

"Why not get a man of world-wide reputation," interrupted Ruddy who apparently desired to make it quite clear that he had but the slightest confidence in any Canadian practitioner.

It was Dale himself, however, who later settled the question of another specialist. He would have none. He himself knew perfectly what was his malady.

"You see," said his sister to the group of friends, "he has had plenty of experience, poor dear. He really knows. If he could only get one good night's sleep without drugs—Oh, I am desperately afraid."

"My dear young lady," said the old doctor, "we must never give up hope. We shall continue to use every remedy and expedient in our power. The issue, however, is ultimately with God."

"With God!" echoed Diana turning to Tony who stood next her. "Do *you* think so? Do you really believe God has anything to do with this? Do you think he interferes or can interfere? Do you?" she insisted, laying her hand upon his arm.

Thus appealed to, Tony could only fall back upon his traditional belief and replied with a dubitation that she could not fail to notice, "Do you mean has God anything to do with the issues of life? Why!—I would say—of course He has."

"No! you don't believe," said Diana bitterly. "You are like all the rest of us. I had thought that perhaps you were

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different. In fair weather like the rest you say your prayers in church and, elsewhere, you give formal adherence to church duties. But in time of need, in desperate need like mine now, no! You have never tested the thing out."

Tony was silent, distressed, ashamed. He had lived his twenty-two years easily. Tragedy had never touched him. There flashed on his memory, like a picture on the screen, a scene from his childhood days. His mother lying white on the bed, her breath coming in great gasps; his father on his knees agonizing desperately for her life. There had been no answer. He remembered the shock to his child's faith. God had not answered even his father. No explanation had ever been given him of that great mystery. Why had he with his trained intelligence so completely ignored a matter so fundamental, so momentous, in human life and thinking. Swiftly his mind grappled with the problem. Had he no word for her? Must he stand there like any unlettered clown? The situation was intolerable and humiliating but, unable to deal with it, he temporized.

"Do you know you are asking a very big question?" he asked.

"You are a scholar, I take it?" she returned quickly. "You have studied such questions? Surely you have come to a decision on so preliminary a question." Her tone almost scornful was convicting him of sham. In her eyes with all his scientific training greater, much more than she knew, he was a mere trifler, or worse, a coward. He had dodged one of the supremely vital questions in human existence, probably, taking long and large views, the supremely vital question. It was an intellectual as well as a religious crime. What had he to offer in extenuation thereof?

"You are asking if I believe in God?" he said, seeing his way to a debating ground. "My answer is I do. It is the less difficult postulate. Of course I am not saying it is demonstrable. I have never found a Q.E.D. for it. But it is the best working assumption I have."

"Assumption? And you a scientist!"

"Yes, we are forced to assume a proposition as true, you know, even in science; else we could never get away at all."

"For instance?"

"Well, the grand assumption for the scientist is the very existence of matter. We do not know, we cannot prove, we postulate. We must first assume it, then we find it a satisfactory working hypothesis. It fits into our general scheme of nature. So we postulate the existence of God and we find that hypothesis to answer more questions than the negation of it."

"Then you think the doctor is right?"

"What do you mean exactly?"

"The issue is with God in the case of Dale?"

"Well, yes! I suppose that is so!" Tony was ashamed of his hesitation.

"Oh, dear! you don't know what you think," exclaimed the girl wearily. "I wish I could find some one who had some kind of intelligent opinion or conviction about this thing."

Again Tony was silent, acutely conscious of the vast expanse of unexplored territory between a theoretic proposition and a working experience.

"I should like to speak to your father," said Diana. "He is a man of the world and has had large experience of life."

"I wouldn't do that," said Tony hastily.

"Why not?"

"He wouldn't—I don't think he could really discuss—I mean he doesn't talk about these things, you know." In his heart there was the echo of that cry from his father's lips a few weeks ago by his mother's grave, "Ah, God! If it might be." No, there was no help in his father for this case.

"I wish I could help," he added. "The fact is I have never really faced up to these questions—have taken

things for granted, you know—busy with other things, less important things. I'm ashamed to say so."

"Yet you say your prayers?"

Tony reddened a bit—"Well! I confess I do. Habit, I suppose. And yet I don't know. There is something else, too. Some one, if you like. I say! I feel like a fool. I know this is no way for a man with a decent education in a country calling itself Christian to talk. What you are after is this. Is there anything in prayer outside of the subjective reactions? Anything in the Providence idea? Is there any such thing as Providence, in actual modern experience? In short, is there a God in whom there is help for humans when at their wits' end?"

"Yes, that's it, when we have done all we can, is the issue with God or with Nature or Fate, or a big blank Nothing?" The girl's eyes were wistful, full of pain, of fear. In her heart was the desperate hope that in this young man, so resourceful, so capable, so obviously intellectual, there might be help.

"I say," cried Tony, with sudden hope. "I know a man, our minister. He is a fine old boy."

"An old man? He will have the old stuff." She had tried her own clergyman at home in times of similar need but he had answered with platitudes.

"Oh, he isn't the kind that gives you that kind of thing. He is a wise old boy; with the wisdom that life brings. I went to him once and he was awfully decent. You want something more than argument. I can give you a line of argument but——"

"Can you? What is your argument? I should like to hear it." She brightened up a bit.

At this point the door opened and Patty entered, followed by Merrick and Ruddy.

"What's up? You both look rather heated," inquired Patty. "A quarrel, an argument?"

"Nothing heated, no quarrel," said Tony quietly.

"Argument?" said Diana, in a tone of almost reckless desperation. "An argument for God, for Providence, for

the sense in prayer for mundane things. I was about to hear one."

"Why argue about it?" said Patty. "Everybody with any sense of decency believes in God, in Providence, in prayer." Her gaze challenged the company one by one. "Does anyone deny that? That's how I've been brought up. And to that I stick. So does Merrick. What about you, Ruddy?"

"Oh, I don't discuss religion," said Ruddy, his tone casting a hint of suspicion upon the good form of such a discussion.

"Neither do I, unless religion is challenged," said Patty, evidently girding herself for combat. "Personally I'm for God and prayer and all the rest of it."

"But need we go into this now?" asked Ruddy. "Can't such an argument be postponed to a time, a little more—eh—suitable? What about a little sail in the dinghey, eh, Patty, if you can be spared?"

"Go, dear!" said Diana, throwing her a signal. The truth was that Ruddy jarred her nerves these days, and Diana did not consider the contribution to the argument which Ruddy might make as of sufficient importance to answer his question. It was Merry who reopened the question when the two had gone out.

"I say, Diana," he began, halting in his words, "about this—eh—prayer business. Don't you think you would like to have a talk with some one, some one who knows about these things, I mean? I am not a religious man. Of course I stand for religion and that sort of thing, but really I'm no saint and don't pretend to be. But you are—we are all rather up against it. I mean, Dale is rather in a bad way, and I think you would be better satisfied if you could have some one in who could have a talk with him. You know what I mean, Tony? Is there no clergyman about who——"

Tony caught at the suggestion.

"There is old Murdoch," he cried eagerly. "Let me

get him. He is our own minister, a really fine old gentleman, and Dale would take to him, I know."

"I don't think Dale would mind much one way or the other," said Diana, her face hard and hopeless. "The question is, can he be of any real help? Can any one help?" She paused, her fingers writhing. "Oh, I have been a fool, to go on letting this thing go unsolved. God! a real God! Is there such a thing?"

"Of course there is!" said Merry impatiently.

"How do you know?" asked Diana, turning on him almost savagely.

"Of course there is! Why!—why!—all the best people we know believe that."

"Do they?" she asked. "Do they act like it? They ignore the whole thing. All the best people I know simply disregard this whole business of religion, except in the most formal way. You know that, Merry. But to-day, to-day the doctor says 'the issue is with God.' What does that mean?" Her words came rushing forth torrentwise. Her agony, her despair, stayed Merry's words at his lips. He knew he had nothing but the veriest platitudes to offer. Once more she turned to Tony. "And you? You have an argument. What is your argument? You said you had one."

Then Tony with a sense of futility and humiliation went at it. His words feeling their way out as if treading new paths.

"My reading has been mostly along Natural Science lines. I am no philosopher, much less theologian. But from the analogy of Science, as I said before, I assume God as a fact."

"From the analogy of Science?" said Merry.

"The Scientist assumes matter. He can't prove it exists."

"Good heavens! Then there is nothing anywhere!"

"Can't demonstrate its existence. We postulate matter, so we postulate God. In such cases the assumption

answers more questions than it raises. Hence we accept it as true."

"Go on," said Diana as Tony paused.

"What kind of God? The easiest guess is to endow Him with intelligence, power, and goodwill to an infinite degree. As the supreme fact in His Universe, He should be interested in man, well disposed toward man. The Christian word is love. The word for Him, as taught by Jesus, is Father. So there you are. If that word is the right word, of course it settles everything in our religion."

"A guess?" said Diana, an infinite sadness in her voice.

"It's all infernal Agnosticism, this guessing business," said Merry. "I'm not much of a Christian, but the Bible is good enough for me; it was good enough for my mother," his tone shook a bit, "and I'm darned if I don't stick to that, literally I mean."

Diana could remember his mother, a woman of high and beautiful soul who had suffered greatly and with serene and patient courage.

"Thank you, Merry," said the girl, somehow feeling that her feet were on something that had solidity in it. Not a theory, not a guess, not a book even, but the undeniable fact of a soul, beautiful and strong through her faith in the God of the Bible.

"You believe in the Bible?" Her challenge made Tony wince. He cursed the luck that had brought up these fundamental questions for discussion. If the questions were only of purely academic interest; but the answer in each case had an immediate and vital relation to the happiness and peace of this girl, in whom he had become deeply interested and in whose anxiety he acutely shared. There was no doubt at all, in any one's mind, that with Dale it might be a question of hours only. Tony had the sensation of a man held up by a gun, and asked to deliver up not his money—if it only had been his money!—but his faith or his life.

"The Bible? I don't know—I mean—why! I have

always accepted it." The girl's blue eyes were difficult to dodge. They demanded truth.

Tony's scientific training rendered anything but actually proven truth impossible as an article of faith.

"You see," he said desperately, "I have never really examined the evidences for the truth of the Book. I'm afraid I have taken it pretty much for granted. I'm no expert in theology. I have no expert knowledge, I mean, no experience. Religion after all is a thing of experience—at least——" His voice fell silent.

She turned wearily, hopelessly, from him toward the sick room. She must carry her own load. In him, at least, with all his scientific learning, there was no help.

With a muttered excuse to Merry, Tony took his departure. He wanted to be alone. He was wallowing in the depths of self-abasement. He had always despised that type of erudition which consists in an exhaustive and meticulous knowledge of a single Greek enclitic in all its possible relations and dialects of the language. He knew rocks, and especially the rocks of his native Province. His thesis on the metalliferous rocks of Nova Scotia had won the approval, not only of his University, but, a thing which brought infinitely greater satisfaction to him, of his father as well. But his University degree covered more than rocks, a great deal. He had a book knowledge of French and German. Italian he knew like a native. He was widely read in History, English, and knew something of the Ancient Classics, but of philosophy and metaphysics he knew almost nothing. Hence he always distrusted himself when dealing with problems that trenched upon the philosophical. He did not excuse himself from his neglect of the matter of evidences for the Faith, which formally, at least, he professed. It was sheer stupid indifference and mental indolence. There was a moral side to it as well. Religion, if anything, was everything. And at the heart of all religion was the concept of God. He had never been able to accept the dictum of so many of his scientific authorities that, inasmuch as God could not be

demonstrated, therefore he could not be accepted as a fact. That position he knew to be wholly unscientific. His faith in God, however, was a secondary faith, a result of his tradition and environment and he had been content to let it go at that, with the more or less vague purpose to go into it some day when he had leisure. The problem, however, had never been immediately pressing and its solution could wait.

But to-day it had been suddenly thrust at him, with a sharp insistence, demanding an answer, and within an hour. This young girl was in desperate need of an answer. His failure had only intensified her distress, already acute. She had demanded a God to whom one might go for help. He had given her "a guess." He writhed in self-condemnation as he recalled her face with its bitter disappointment and despair. "A guess"—and her brother dying, and in need of God, if there was a God who could be reached with the cry of a soul in distress. The personal and emotional elements, too, in the problem disturbed him, destroyed his mental poise. He could not think coolly, and this also annoyed him. Over the hills he went striding at a tremendous rate till breathlessness pulled him up on a hill-top.

"Where the deuce am I?" he said to himself, looking over the undulating landscape. "Oh, yes, there's Bell Cove." He had walked about two miles from home and the little village was about another mile toward the left. "Well, I shall just walk down and get the mail." He stood musing, his eyes on the village, with its church spire showing through the trees. His problem was still before his mind, unsolved, and he had no desire to return home to meet that white-faced girl with the despairing eyes. The sound of wheels made him turn his head.

"By Jove! talk about Providence! It is the minister himself," he exclaimed. Over the crest of the hill, an ancient buggy, drawn by a still more ancient, grey mare, appeared. He went forward to meet the old gentleman in the buggy.

"Ha! Anthony, my boy!" The minister was the only being in the world besides his father who called him Anthony. "Whither away?" His kind, shrewd, old blue eyes peered out from under heavy, grey eyebrows.

"Out walking, sir," replied Tony, shaking hands. "But I believe I was intending to call on you."

"For the first time in your life then, ultroneously, I mean," said the minister.

Tony stood rather stumped at this. It was true that, though he greatly respected the old gentleman, he had rather kept aloof from him. If the truth must be told the rumors as to Tony's ways, which had come to the minister's ears, were hardly such as to awaken feelings of entire confidence in the young man. But in spite of this his invitation was entirely cordial.

"Come up, then, and as we drive down together you will tell me why you were going to honor me with a call. You have some trouble." The minister's eyes had swiftly searched his face.

"I am not sure that I was going to call on you just to-day," said Tony, as he seated himself in the buggy. "But I did want to consult you."

"Trouble? What have you been doing?" There were twinkles in the old blue eyes.

"Nothing this time, sir," replied Tony, catching the twinkles. Then he plunged into the matter.

"It is about God," he said abruptly, "about Providence and prayer, and that sort of thing, sir."

The minister pulled up the old, grey mare to a dead stop.

"Providence and prayer?" he ejaculated, turning his keen eyes upon the young man's face. There was nothing but downright seriousness there.

"Tell me about it," he said, kindly and quietly. And Tony gave him the whole history of the happenings of the past week.

"And you see, sir, I could give no satisfactory answer, and really I felt humiliated."

"And so you should, sir, and so you should. It is not creditable to a young man of your intelligence and education, nor is it right and fair that a young man with your Christian privileges should have no clear testimony to give as to the trustworthiness of your Father in Heaven."

"You see, sir, it was a question of evidence," said Tony lamely. Somehow the old gentleman seemed to put him horribly in the wrong.

"Evidence? What sort do you ask? The Bible? Is that nothing to you?"

"Well, you see, sir, I confess I have never gone into the evidence for its truth. Some of it appears rather difficult, I confess." He was rather pleased to discover that he was finding his feet.

"Jonah and the whale, I suppose?" said the old gentleman with a touch of scorn. "And the sun standing still, eh?"

"Well, I confess——"

"Tell me, have you ever studied the Bible? I mean seriously as you might any really important book on Science? You are a Scientific scholar, I understand."

Tony deprecated any claim to the title of Scientist.

"Don't tell me! I know! I have heard from my old friends in the University," said the minister. "But you have never studied the greatest Book of all literatures."

"I am really to blame, I know, but I have been busy with other——"

"Sir, you owe it to God to know about Him all that can be known. Suppose by any chance that it is true that He stands to you as Father, what about your ignorance of Him, your neglect of Him, your supreme and insolent indifference to Him? What would you call that? Suppose there is some truth in Providence and Providential beneficence, and for all these years—you are twenty?"

"Twenty-two, sir."

"For twenty and two years you have taken and enjoyed everything with never a thought of Him. What about that? What sort of conduct is that?" The minister's

voice was frankly denunciatory. Tony felt like a convicted criminal.

"If your presumption be correct, then, sir, my conduct —is—"

"Damnable? Yes, truly—That is the only word for it, sir."

They came to the crossroad leading to the village, and the minister's home.

Tony made to alight from the buggy.

"Sit still," commanded the minister.

"You are not going home?" said Tony.

"I am going with you to see that poor child, who has been seeking the comfort and aid of her Heavenly Father—and in vain." He regarded Tony severely.

"Thank you, sir," said Tony humbly. Then with hesitation—"But I ought to say that I am not quite sure that she will be—I mean, of course—"

"You mean she has declined to have you send for me?" said the minister, whose forty years' experience had not been in vain.

"Well—that's about it. Of course, I assured——"

"Could you assure her of anything with a 'guess' for God? You see you don't know anything about God, never had any dealings with Him. Your knowledge is confined to mere hearsay report, the merest gossip, old wives' clavers." The old minister relapsed into silence, where he remained till they arrived at the Mackinroys' door.

No sooner had they entered the living-room than Diana appeared.

Without introduction the minister went to her.

"My poor child, you are in sore distress," he said, taking her hand, "and you need your Heavenly Father."

Startled, she drew back, then in her eyes appeared in rapid succession, surprise, shrinking fear, and then a mist of gathering tears. Tony turned and fled.

It was an hour before the minister came forth and called for his horse. Diana accompanied him to his buggy. They hardly considered the others standing near as the

old minister with head uncovered held her hand in farewell.

"Who is the old party?" inquired Ruddy. "Another doctor?"

"One of God's saints," said Diana, her eyes upon the swaying buggy vanishing down the lane, "who knows God is, and is our Father." Her mind, or better, her heart had somehow come to peace. And on her face was a light, not of the setting sun.

"Suits me if it suits you," grunted Ruddy under his breath. "A lot of darned foolishness, if you ask me."

"Of course, you have investigated the whole question?" inquired Tony who had overheard the remark.

"Na-a-w," snarled Ruddy, "got no time."

"Postpone it till eternity, eh?" grinned Tony.

Ruddy made no reply, the alternative was awkward.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ETERNAL PASSIONS.

What the old minister said or did to Dale, Tony knew not. But some strange results had followed his visit—or were they results? He wished he could satisfy himself that they were. Certain events synchronized with the visit. For one thing Dale had had a perfectly restful night, his first since his seizure, sleeping like a baby, and had wakened with a mind rid of all anxiety and fret. His sister marvelled at it. They all marvelled at it.

“It is easier to postulate God than not, in Dale’s case,” Diana said to Tony. “On previous occasions he used to retard his recovery by his worrying, fretting, fighting fate and all that. That first night he went to sleep like a baby in his mother’s arms. He has never had a set-back, never shown a sign of irritation, of fret or fever, and never has he made so rapid a recovery.”

“Wonderful!” mused Tony.

“That is your problem; I suggest Providence and prayer.” Her slightly triumphant smile vexed Tony.

“There is always coincidence, and, of course,” he added quickly, “there is the effect of a strong personality.”

“Personality? Yes, whose?”

“I am not eliminating God,” he said with a touch of impatience, “I confess it is a sound enough postulate, I am not a pagan.” He turned from her, not sure at all that he was not after all a practical pagan.

“Meantime Dale adores your old minister, and, I verily believe, his God, too,” she flung after him, “and it appears to benefit him every way.”

“Why not?” replied Tony. “That, at least, needs no explanation.”

“Don’t go,” said Diana, “at least don’t go like that. I want to ask you something.” She came near to him and shyly laid her hand on his arm. “We can never, never make you know what we think of your goodness these three weeks,” she said, the blue in her eyes deepening to violet as always under deep feeling. “From that first terrible day, when you—you——” her voice faltered. Her eyes grew misty, her proud reserve was gone, her defences all down; never had she shown herself thus to him. In this mood she was irresistible. Tony caught the hand lying on his arm in both of his and began to draw her toward him. At the look in his eyes she drew her hand away. A flood of color rushed up over her face.

“No, no!” she whispered. “You must not! It is not fair to me! No, Tony! Listen to me!” She pushed him back from her. “We are going away——”

“When?” he burst forth.

“Day after to-morrow. And I wanted to say so much to you. And now I can’t. But never, never, never can Dale and I make return to you all——”

“Please don’t! What did I do? Oh, I pulled you off the Devil’s Fin, anyone would. But I failed you in your deepest need.”

“You brought us dear old Mr. Murdoch too, and that dear old saint——”

“Yes, he did for you what I could not.” Tony’s voice was bitter with self-contempt.

“You could not. You see he had suffered terribly, and had found the way through. You have not suffered yet. That is not your fault.” She was pleading for him against himself.

Again he found her irresistible. He found in himself a desire to take her in his arms. Again his eyes warned her. She hurried in her speech. “But I can’t say what I want to say. Will you try to imagine something wonderful in the way of gratitude? Oh!” she cried passionately, “that is not the word. Why can’t I find the word for that warm, deep, heart-feeling that fills me, chokes me?” Her hands

moved to her breast, to her throat. "No, Tony," she pleaded, "stay where you are, please! Now listen! I want you to come with us to our home. We should like to show you—to do something—Dale is awfully keen to have you—too——"

Tony shook his head. His mind was a vacuity, but by this time he had got himself in hand, and now he was subconsciously discussing with himself what would have happened had he taken her in his arms, had he kissed her. His eyes rested on her lips, travelled over her lovely form. He began to be conscious of tingling nerves and beating heart.

"Well?" Her smile was gently ironical. "You are not listening to me. What are you thinking of?"

He started with a guilty flush. He felt as if she had penetrated his subconscious meanderings.

"Nothing," he said abruptly, "I mean, of course, I couldn't do it. You see I must be here. Father is absorbed in his lab. and there is really no one to look after things." He was beginning to thank his stars he had not taken her in his arms, much more, kissed her. What would not this perplexing, fascinating creature now in smiling possession of her normal poise have done to him? He shuddered inwardly at the possibilities in the way of her indignation, her scorn. He had had a marvellous escape and would take his warning. This was an uncharted sea to him. He was acquainted neither with its soundings, its currents, nor its landmarks. No! He suddenly and resolutely determined that when the *White Wave* sailed away the day after to-morrow, he would be standing on the solid concrete pier waving them adieu, or rather au revoir, for certainly this would not be the last of them. Not at all. They would always be friends, the best of friends. But how nearly he had made an ass of himself! No! He would not, could not, possibly sail away with them to their Long Island home.

She did not argue with him. She knew where her

strength lay, and what hidden reserves she could call upon, and when.

For three weeks she and her brother and Patty had been made to feel that the Mackinroy house was indeed their own, and she had learned somewhat of the members of the family, and their varying characteristics. The head of the house with his fine old-world courtesy had gone far out of his way to assure them of their welcome. Indeed, he had departed from his routine of life so completely that Tony was both delighted and amazed.

"You have completely captured my father," he said to Diana one day. "Never has he been known to allow man or woman to lure him from his laboratory. You are a dangerous woman."

"I have never known a man like your father. He is indeed what your friend Rory Ruagh"—they had been out with Rory 'after the feesh'—"said the other day. You remember?"

"Rory is a philosopher at times."

"Yes, indeed, a real 'lover of wisdom.' And he is also a shrewd observer, as his remark indicates."

"To wit?"

"Hector Mackinroy is a fery fine chentleman. He keeps his place and he fills his place.' Can you beat that?"

"All the same you have captured him; something I have never seen done during my young lifetime."

"No, it is not that," said Diana positively, "it is in him."

But, whatever the truth might be, the effects were pretty much the same. Mackinroy was here to do her will. Together they had explored the coastline, as master and pupil, studying the mysteries of the rocks. With them often went Dale, and to bear him company in the dinghey when the others were off on the rocks, the girl Miriam. These two had struck up a great friendship. The friendship began in the sick room, where, after the acute stages of the young man's seizure had passed, Miriam relieved his sister on day duty as nurse. From the very first Dale

was attracted by the brown-faced, slim-legged girl, with the solemn grey-green eyes, filled with slumbering fires. She had read him her favorite books, beginning with the adventures of Alice in Wonderland, through Crusoe,—he had insisted upon Alice and Crusoe, and *Treasure Island*,—and ending with the *Bible in Spain*, and the immortal *Pilgrim's Progress*. He was fascinated by the music of her fresh, clear voice, by her gravely earnest eyes, truly maternal in their solicitude, and by the wicked flash in them when roused to wrath. "She is a little devil," he confided to his sister, "but a darling little devil."

They all together became a quaintly classified household, the principle of whose classification it would have been difficult to discover. Perforce Patty and Tony, to their mutual satisfaction, were abandoned to their mutual tender mercies. With Patty, it is to be confessed, this arrangement was one that fitted itself with perfect dovetailing into her immediate scheme of life. For Patty was frankly engaged in the delightfully perilous pastime of exploring the amorous possibilities of this young man, who had burst so suddenly upon her horizon, and whom she had described to her friend in one of her more ecstatic moments during a bathing hour upon the beach as "a Greek god in bronze." It is fair to say, however, that of this pastime of hers Tony was quite unaware, and therefore quite unembarrassed by it. To him, this free camaraderie with these two charming specimens of a class of humans of which he had practically no experience, was something novel and wholly delightful. He, like Patty, was engaged in an exploratory adventure with the significant difference that his was entirely without objective, other than that of the adventure itself. This unconsciousness of objective wrought in the young man a serenity of mind that lent a certain piquancy to Patty's exploratory enterprise. She longed to disturb that serenity which at once exasperated and allured her. She would have given much to have him stammer and blush in her presence, but no matter how daring her venture, never a blush nor stammer could she produce in this neophyte of

the great emotional mysteries. He enjoyed her efforts undisturbed. Thus, as the June days ran out their golden length, the various strands of these lives were being spun together by the grim sisters of destiny, all unknown to the various actors.

But in Tony there grew ever more firmly fixed the resolve that by no argument, however cogent, could he be persuaded to accompany the yacht party on their homeward way. The risk was too serious. The serenity which filled him with a joyous sense of surcease, in the company of Patty, deserted him in Diana's company. She was then the serene one. Only once since the adventure at the Devil's Fin had he seen her shaken, and that was when she had tried, and had failed, to give words to the emotions of gratitude which surged in her soul. And that occasion he remembered had very nearly wrought him disaster. But he was to make the discovery which always comes to youth as a disquieting experience that fate laughs at human resolves and human plans.

It was on the day preceding that set for departure, that Tony laid beside his father's plate at the lunch table a copy of the "Morning Standard" which, in the right-hand corner of the front page with minor headlines, gave to its readers a news item that was to shatter the world's peace, bury ancient empires in oblivion, bring to birth nations hitherto unknown, hurl monarchs from their reeling thrones, desolate homes and flood the earth with rivers of human tears and human blood.

The company had taken their places about the table with gay chatter when from Mackinroy's lips burst forth a cry.

"Great God! It has come!"

Their startled eyes beheld him white, shaking, the paper rattling in his trembling fingers.

"What is it, father?" cried Tony, rising and coming round to his side.

"A drink, boy!" muttered his father, handing him his glass. "Read that." His trembling finger pointed to the news item. "Read it out!"

Tony took the paper as he handed his father a glass of whiskey and soda, and read the item. A great relief swept over him. It was merely the murder of an Archduke in Serbia by a crazy student, that was all. He almost smiled in his father's face.

"Read it!" commanded his father in a husky voice.

"Tragedy in Serbia!

"Murder of Heir to Austrian throne yesterday!"

"The Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and his Consort were shot to death, as they drove through the streets of the little town of Sarajevo. The murderer, a Servian student, pushed his way through the crowd, and at close range emptied his revolver at the occupants of the royal carriage with fatal results to the Archduke and Archduchess. The Government of Serbia expresses the utmost horror at the crime, but grave international complications are feared. It is hoped, however, that diplomacy will prevent any serious disturbance in European politics."

"Where is it anyway?" inquired Merrick.

"Never heard of it. In Serbia apparently," said Tony, keeping his eyes on his father who was staring straight before him, with face white and set.

"Yes, the day has come! Nothing can stop it now! My God, my God, what a war!"

"War, father? what war? Austria and Serbia? Can't amount to much anyway, can it? Serbia can't last long."

His father paid no heed. His eyes were still fixed on vacancy. So terrifying was his aspect, so violent his excitement that (though none of them could discern in the event anything portentous or fateful) any thought of proceeding with dinner was impossible.

"Austria means Germany, Serbia means Russia, Russia means France, France means Britain, Britain means the world. Oh God! oh God! What horrors are before us!" He sat staring at the fateful words.

"If Britain goes in, I guess we'll be in it, sir?" said Merrick, after a lengthened silence.

"Sure thing!" cried Patty.

"Don't see what the U.S. has to do with a scrap in Europe," growled Ruddy.

Mackinroy glanced at him sharply and kept his eyes on his face as if reading the soul of him.

"Don't talk rot, Ruddy!" said Dale. "The Anglo-Saxon races must stand together."

"Russia, eh? France, eh?" said Ruddy, his lip curling. "Not much Anglo-Saxon there, I guess."

Mackinroy's eyes turned from one to the other with an eager appraising look.

"Hang it all, Ruddy, there's Britain!" said Dale.

"And Canada!" exclaimed Patty.

"Canada?" Ruddy laughed.

"Yes, Canada! and Australia, and South Africa, and India—and—and the whole Empire." It was Miriam's shrill voice that burst upon them like a small tornado.

But Ruddy turned on her a face of smiling calm.

"You don't imagine Britain could whip all these countries into line for her war, do you?" he asked.

"Whip them?" gasped Miriam, breathless with indignation.

"Don't be an ass, Ruddy!" said Merrick. "Remember the Boer war!"

"Boer war!" Ruddy's voice carried an infinite contempt. "A lot of farmers! We're talking about a real war, between organized and disciplined armies. Boer war! And even that little scrap made Britain hump herself."

Still Mackinroy's alert eyes kept following the speech from one to the other. Tony, whose face showed an ironic calm, said quietly:

"Then you think the United States would hold aloof from any kind of European scrap, no matter what the issue, or what nations were involved?"

Ruddy hesitated an instant, his eyes on Diana. Tony

pursued him. "Germany or France, for instance, where would the United States stand?"

"Where?" he cried recklessly. "With Germany, of course, the second greatest people on earth. There are millions of us in the United States."

"France for me!" cried Dale, flinging high his hand.

"And you?" said Mackinroy to Diana, his blue eyes piercing her.

"As between France and Germany? It would depend upon the issue, but I should hate France to be in the wrong."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mackinroy. "Is that America's answer?"

"Yes! most certainly!" cried Dale and Patty together.

"No! you darn fool!" exclaimed Ruddy hotly, turning to Dale, "not by a darned sight."

Mackinroy's head went back and his eyes rested with cold inquiry on the young man's face. A silence fell on the table. Under that cold, inquiring look Ruddy flushed deep red. Still Mackinroy's gaze held him.

"I—I—I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered. "I guess I forgot myself." Mackinroy's bow was excessively polite. He rose to his feet.

"God alone knows which of you is right," he said with slow emphasis. "But the United States will forever determine her place in history by her choice. Tony!" his voice rang out with quarter-deck sharpness, "tell Levi to have the yacht ready in two hours!"

"Yes, sir," said Tony, standing up.

"Then come back and take my place here. You will pardon me, young ladies and gentlemen, if I leave you now for a time." He swept them an old-fashioned bow.

"But your dinner?" cried Diana, putting her hand on his arm.

"Dinner! Dinner!" He stared down at the paper lying on the table before him. "Shall I ever dine in my life in peace again?" Without further word he turned and left them all.

For some moments they sat gazing blankly at one another.

“What in all the world can he mean?” exclaimed Merrick. “What has the Archduke’s murder to do with him?”

“How can that mean war by any chance?” said Patty.

“Why not?” growled Ruddy.

“What on earth do you know about it, Ruddy?” cried Dale.

“Oh, you people know nothing but your own country. The United States, I mean. I spent the last two years in Germany, remember. I know. They are all ready— anxious I mean, about this thing—they are afraid of——” he paused.

“Britain?” suggested Merrick.

“Britain!” snarled Ruddy. “Na-a-w! Decadent. Na-a-w, not Britain—the Slav—Russia! Russia with France. But she can handle them both. She’s ready for them! Ready for any combination. Gott sei dank!” His fist smote the table.

The others gazed at him in amazement.

“Oh, hell!” he exclaimed rudely, “let’s get on with dinner. You people don’t know anything about these matters. We do.”

“And who are you, if I may ask?” said Dale, an aggressive curiosity in his tone.

“I? Who am I? I am a German—that is—I mean a German-American.” At this moment Tony entered the room and took his father’s place. At the outcry which greeted Ruddy’s remark he smiled blandly.

“Every man to his taste,” he said pleasantly, “mean-time, Aunt Pheemie, I hope you are attending to our guests. The dinner doesn’t seem to be going on very much.”

“I’m sure I don’t know what they are all talking about,” wailed Aunt Pheemie, “and they are just eating nothing at all, talking war and politics and such terrible things!”

"Highly complicated subjects and fatal to good digestion. Come, let us forget the war," said Tony.

"But is there the slightest danger of war, Tony?" asked Patty.

"My personal opinion is quite useless," said Tony.

"Ruddy says he knows Germany, and that there is," continued Patty. "Of course, he says he's a German." Ruddy glowered at her.

"But I don't know Germany, except what all the world knows; which is rather disturbing," said Tony.

"How?" Ruddy's tone was almost belligerent.

"A little like a boy with a new gun who wants to go out and try it on something. No! wait a bit, Ruddy. I suggest we drop the discussion. For one reason, which for me at least is enough, my father, who probably knows as much as any of us about German politics, and more about the European situation, takes the position that war is imminent. I suggest that we finish dinner and take a turn at the clams while the tide is out and then, a swim. How does that strike you, Dale, eh?"

"Suits me all the way up and down. Though I do love to talk."

"Sweet thing!" murmured Patty. "Just talk, eh?" Dale grinned at her.

"Your sympathy touches me, Patty. How much alike we are."

And so the war talk was ended, and eager discussion as to the clamming expedition followed. Patty was keen for it, for Tony was going, and there were possibilities, unsuspected possibilities, in clamming. Dale, too, was keen. So was Diana and, of course, Miriam. Merrick was tolerant of the idea, and Ruddy openly indifferent, if not scornful. The dinner ended abruptly in spite of Aunt Pheemie's lamentations. The clamming party was furnished with the necessary equipment for their expedition and set off for the sands at the cave end of the bay. At the last moment Tony was summoned by Aunt Pheemie to his father; Ruddy and Merrick drifted off to the yacht,

so that the clambers were reduced in numbers with a consequent lowering of ardor on the part of Patty, and, to a less degree, of Diana. The enthusiasm, on the other hand, of Miriam and Dale knew no abatement, but rather rose in converse ratio to the diminishing zeal of the others. It was a day made for clamming. The vertical June sun, tempered by an inshore breeze across the Devil's Fin, made the oozy sands altogether delightful to the bare feet of the clam-hunters. The quiet beauty of the sheltered bay, with its glittering ripples running up to softly kiss the tawny sands, gave to the scene a sweet and gentle air of repose. The circle of wooded hills made a fitting frame for the scene of restful beauty. On the crest of the rocky ridge a line of pines, ragged remnants of the ancient forest, kept lonely guard over the lesser trees. Here and there stately elms lifted their fan-topped crowns high over silver birches, white-stemmed and with feathery tassels; on the hill-sides the sugar maples stood rich in their deep-bosomed foliage, while the crowding alders and dogwood, ground spruce and balsam massed thick about their great trunks. Down on the lower levels where the ridge sank into swamp, the tamaracks, still in their new soft verdure, made a splash of color, vivid and startling; and close to the water's edge round the whole sweep of the bay, filling in the myriad interstices, a thousand growing things massed themselves in soft banks of undergrowth, each making its own contribution of texture and tone, green and grey, olive and brown, in multitudinous variety, but all blending into one harmonious color scheme of rich and variegated loveliness. And over all the arching sky, blue, not with the hard crystalline blue of Italy, but with that soft blue washed with impalpable mist such as the skies of the old Mother Islands afford or those marvellous skies of maritime Canada. Such was the scene into which they moved that June afternoon.

"Hush!" said Dale as they reached the dock, with up-lifted hand dramatically checking speech and motion. "What a dream of beauty and joy and peace. Ah, that is

it—Peace!” And Peace it was, deep, restful, eternal as that which sleeps upon the sea before the Throne of God.

Some thousands of miles away, in a European capital, about a table, stern-faced, square-headed men are sitting, mad with pride and lust of power, balancing upon a needle-point of chance, a question of some moment to themselves and inadvertently to some score of millions of their fellow humans. And the question is this: Has the Day come? The Day for loosing upon the world that which will whelm the nations in seas of tears and blood. Meanwhile, upon sunny sands, here and there, round the world, clammers and others disport themselves in carefree gaiety.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN MACKINROY, B.N.R.

The Canadian sun in June, and upon a sandy flat, to all but the native born is a taming sun. An hour of clamming, even in bare feet and on the oozy wake of the ebb tide, was sufficient to drive the two young ladies to the deep shades by Kidd's Crag at the foot of the bay, Miriam and Dale meantime being despatched to the house for cooling drinks.

"They make me old," said Diana, her eyes following the canoe across the rippling waves.

"How beautifully that child paddles!" said Patty. "What a swing! What grace! She ought never to leave a canoe. On shore she is a different creature. She's a water-bird. The water is her native element. They are great chums, those two."

"She is so good for Dale," said Diana. "She chaffs him out of his megrims."

"She bullies him terribly. It is quite absurd," replied Patty. "He likes her though, immensely. She is just what Dale needs."

"Dale is wonderfully well," said Diana, with a sigh. "He never in all his life made such a recovery from one of his bad attacks."

"Yes," Patty agreed, "perfectly amazing I call it. What happened, Di?"

Diana sat silent, her eyes upon the rhythmic swinging paddles.

"It is something I hardly understand, Patty, and something I hardly like to talk about." Patty waited in silence, knowing her friend could not be hurried.

"You remember the day that Mr. Murdoch first came to us?"

"Isn't he darling!" exclaimed Patty. "Just darling! It makes me feel like a saint just to look at his dear old crinkly face. Go on!"

"That was a terrible day, Patty. One of the worst days in all my life. My whole horizon was one stark, black vacancy. Not a ray of light. Not even you know, Patty, what that boy has been to me since our mother died. For him I have given up everything a girl counts worth while. He was slipping out from me into a black darkness. His eyes following me round the room, anxious, fearful, terrible, were like gimlets, boring into the very heart of me. 'The issue is with God,' the doctor said. And I knew nothing of God. And none of you knew!"

"But Di, I do!" exclaimed Patty, indignantly.

"Don't, Patty, I am not blaming you. We are all the same. We believe in God until we need Him. And then we know nothing of Him. He is not available. Even Tony, the poor boy was terribly cut up. He had a clever argument, but when he had done, all he had was a guess. And when your heart is breaking, when moments mean life or death, you haven't time for argument; you want something more than a guess. But I shall never forget Tony. He brought that dear old saint of God!" as she paused there was a soft and tender light in her eye. "Oh, Patty, the very moment he came into the room everything seemed different. He was so quieting, so steadying—so—so—all-sufficient. It was like a pilot coming aboard. And Patty, you have heard about shining faces and that sort of thing. Well, I say to you, Patty, on that old wrinkled face of his there was a shining light, actually—Dale saw it, too—he spoke of it afterwards. You know I thought at once of God and Heaven. Don't think me a hysterical fool."

"I don't Di," said Patty, and Diana continued.

"He waited for no introduction from Tony. He sent Tony out of the room, indeed. He just took command of things. His very first words seemed to settle everything. I shall never forget them. 'Dear children,' he said, with

that crinkly smile of his that you speak of, 'dear children, don't be afraid. God loves you!' Oh, Patty, I can't explain anything about it, but instantly I was quite certain that everything was all right. That tearing anxiety, all that terrible sense of desperation—well! it just went. That's all I can say. A wonderful, lovely, heavenly feeling of all-rightness filled the room. Dale got it at once. That awful look went out of his eyes. And then that dear old man just talked about God. It was wonderful. You would have thought that God was somebody, like a neighbour, or some kind of friendly, homely person that was in and out of his house. But as he told us quietly in that funny old voice of his the things God had done for him,—and oh, Patty, the old dear has gone through terrible things, I can't tell you about them,—well, Patty, it was like a boy talking about his mother, or a wonderful father. Oh, I can't explain! My words are all wrong! But I do know that before he had finished Dale was sleeping like a baby with the loveliest look on his face. And from that minute he has never had a setback. And he has never had a fear or a single fretful minute. You know it! You can see it!"

"Yes, it's true. It's quite true. He is different, Di. But what did he do to him—the old darling?"

"Do? I can't tell you. He didn't do anything. Didn't do any of the things a clergyman is supposed to do—read the Bible and that sort of thing, didn't even say a prayer—not then—he has often since then. But it isn't praying, Patty. It's like having a kind of quiet intimate talk with your mother. But, Patty, dear, everything is so different. It seems as if he had introduced me to God as a wonderful friend. He knows God. Knows him intimately. No one needs to argue with me about God any more. God will always be to me the wonderful Person that dear old Mr. Murdoch knows." She sprang to her feet, her face all aglow. "But whatever happens to me, Patty, or to Dale, we have something that can never be taken from us."

Her friend looked at her mystified. "I'm awfully glad you told me, Di," she said, "but it is perfectly wonderful. I can't get it. Hello! there they are! And there's Tony taking Dale's place in the canoe. And there's some man standing on the dock. Who is it, I wonder? What a swing that boy has! My heavenly stars. I'm sold to that boy! He has only to say when! But he won't look at me! I might as well be the old *Snylph* there. If only you weren't here, Di."

"Nonsense, Patty! Don't be a fool." But there was a quick little flush on her cheek as she spoke.

"'Tis the bitter truth! By all the books I ought to poison you or something," replied Patty tragically. "You have blighted my young life. Were it not that you have crossed his path——"

"Oh, shut up, Patty! He doesn't know I'm about! And I don't——"

"Hold!" cried Patty, with uplifted hand. "Perjure not thy soul. Nay, rather, let me inquire of the youth himself." She started to meet the approaching canoe. Diana seized her and with a swing of her sinewy arms deposited her on the sand and held her there.

"Patty," she breathed, her face close to her friend's, "if by word, look or sign you hint anything to Tony, I swear you'll never be a friend of mine. Tell me you won't."

Patty grinned up at her.

"Rather cool I call it. You filch from me my lover, at least my potential lover, and forbid me my poor slight revenge of seeing you both squirm like beetles on pins."

"Promise quick, or I'll go home by train. He's here! quick!"

"All right! Rather scared you, old thing! Let me up!" Patty sat up, putting herself to rights. "Gave yourself away, my love, eh?" she said smiling sweetly.

"Not at all! only you are so outrageous at times. He's a nice boy, and I don't want him hurt."

"Oh, ho! that's all, eh?"

"Honor bright, that's all, Patty. You are imagining nonsense."

"Can I have him?" said Patty eagerly. "Will you give me a chance?"

"Most certainly take him by all means if——"

"Ah, if I can, conceited thing!"

"If you feel that way about him."

The canoe was still a dozen lengths away. Patty sprang at the other. "Di!" she said, gripping her arm, "swear before God you don't want him."

Diana looked at her friend in amazement, the fun was gone from Patty's eyes.

"Why, Patty! I am not going to swear anything. If you want him, take him. I'll not hinder you. But—in my opinion—he's not to be had so easily as all that. Patty, that boy is no woman lover. He's a man's man. Don't waste your time."

Tony leaped from the canoe.

"You are wanted," he said briefly.

"Glad to hear that, if it's by the right person," said Patty with a saucy tilt of her head. "Who is it?"

"An officer of H.M., R.N.R."

"My stars sublime! and me in my clamming kit!" she cried, moving with Tony toward the canoe.

"Now all, sit steady!" commanded Tony, as they embarked in the frail vessel. "Four is about all she can carry."

A choppy little breeze came to meet them across their port quarter flinging spray in their faces.

"Better get down, Miriam," said Tony as the canoe began to rock a bit.

"Oh, I'm all right up here," said Miriam, who loathed the Indian fashion of squatting in the bottom of the canoe. Tony never got down that way, unless in serious peril.

"Better kneel low then," said Tony making a concession, "these waves are quite tricky."

"Huh!" grunted Miriam as she braced her knees apart against the sides of the canoe. "They're nothing."

Soon they were at the dock. All eyes were upon the stranger. Tall, erect, he stood in the faded uniform of an officer of the British Navy, a grey beard clipped close to his face. Slowly he approached them, and touching his cap in Naval salute, said:

"Thank you, young ladies, for heeding my summons. I would take farewell of you."

"Merciful Heaven," exclaimed Patty in an awed undertone, "it is the chief himself."

Already Diana was before her, and with hands outstretched had run forward.

"Oh, dear Mr. Mackinroy!" she cried, seizing his hand in both of hers. "What have you done to yourself? You are so—so—so——"

"Young and handsome!" cried Patty, also running forward.

Once more Mackinroy saluted, the shade of a smile on his face. "You flatter me, dear young lady," he said, with an old-fashioned bow. "You turn back the clock for an old man."

"Old man!" exclaimed Patty with high scorn, "I shall have to guard my heart. But I am flabbergasted! You are so—so—different! It's not the beard. It's, it's everything! Isn't it, Di?"

But Diana was standing gazing at him with a little flush on her face.

"But it is wonderful, Mr. ——"

"Not Mr. ——" interrupted Patty, "it must at least be Admiral."

Again a smile flickered over the handsome old face.

"No!" said Tony, vainly striving to conceal his pride, "but Captain in that uniform, eh, father?"

The Captain bowed again. "If you will," he said simply.

"Oh, Tony! he's wonderful!" cried Patty. "Boy! your nose is out of joint all right."

"Always was!" said Tony, his eyes alight.

"Here come the boys!" exclaimed Patty as shouts and noisy laughter came from the yacht's boat, now heading for the dock.

"Let's see if they know him."

But the Captain's eyes were already upon the young men in the boat.

"They are making noise enough," said Patty. "Oh, I wonder——" she paused abruptly.

The two young ladies exchanged glances. Dale muttered something to his sister. As the boat drew near Patty ran to the dock side and stood anxiously searching her brother's face. Her face went white at what she saw there.

"For Heaven's sake, Merrick, keep yourself in hand. Don't disgrace us both before Mr.—Captain Mackinroy. Yes, that's him. Do please keep quiet and get out of sight as quickly as you can. Oh, please, Merrick."

"Nonsense, Patty, I'm no fool. A glass or two can't bowl me over. Don't worry about me," growled her brother angrily.

After once more glancing keenly at the young men, Captain Mackinroy turned to Tony.

"Let the young gentlemen follow with you to the house," he said, walking with the ladies up the steps. At the top he paused and stood gazing upon the scene before him. To the left, the quiet, sunny bay lying in the shelter of the crescent hills, straight in front, the garden and terraced lawns, reaching to the water's edge, and through the gap the glimpse of the Atlantic, the white-tipped waves emphasizing the blue of its water. For some moments he stood, wrapped in his own thoughts, as if he had forgotten his companions, his eyes upon the far Atlantic horizon. Silent they stood waiting his speech.

"God knows! and only God knows!" he said to himself. The solemnity of his tone struck a chill to the hearts of his companions. "Somewhere out there the issue will be de-

cided," he continued, his hand sweeping toward the Atlantic.

"But surely, Captain Mackinroy, the war is not certain," said Patty.

"Certain? Certain? God only knows. For me, I can see no escape from it. No escape! No escape!"

Up the steps came the others with much loud speaking and noisy laughter. The Captain turned sharply toward the party approaching.

"Young ladies, I deeply regret that I must leave you. Nothing but imperative duty could take me from my privilege as your host. But necessity knows no law."

"Necessity, sir?" said Ruddy coming forward, his face highly flushed, his voice loud, his manner offensively familiar. "You are called away, sir?"

The Captain regarded him steadfastly. Then bowed his answer.

"Too bad, sir. Too deuced bad. This is the Uniform of the British Navy, sir? Is it not?"

Again the Captain bowed.

"What rank, may I ask?"

Tony took a quick step toward him but was intercepted by Patty. "Not just yet, Tony. The Captain's taking leave of us. Don't spoil it."

Tony nodded to her and stood still. Meantime Diana had gone to the Captain's side and had taken him off from the others.

"My dear young lady," said he, "have no fear. There will be no scene. The young man is clearly not himself. He has been celebrating as thousands of his fellows in Germany, and I fear in America, will be celebrating to-day. A sad and terrible state of mind."

"They are no Americans," said Diana, indignantly. They walked together to the end of the terrace.

"My dear young lady, I have something I would say to you, with your permission." Diana was startled by the vibrating tenseness of his tone.

"Yes, sir," she said, commanding her voice.

"It is about my son."

"Oh! No! Please not!" she cried in distress.

"To-day I bid you farewell. Something tells me I shall never see you again. What I wish to say to you, I must say now. Convention I must ignore. I have observed you, weighed you, during these weeks. I can read the human heart. I have come to know you. I have come to believe implicitly in your sincerity."

"Oh, Mr. Mackinroy, please——" she cried, her face drained of all colour.

"Hush, girl!" His voice was low and stern. "Give heed to me as to a dying man. I believe you to be possessed of those two priceless qualities in woman, sincerity and purity. You are a woman such as I should desire to be my son's wife, to continue my race. You are interested in my son. You have your hand still upon your heart. You have not yielded yourself to him. As you are to him, so he is to you."

The hot blood rushed to her face.

"Oh, no! You don't know!" she cried, turning away from him.

"Do not interrupt me, please! My moments are few! He has not given you his love. He is without experience in this matter. You are wiser, more sophisticated than he. You must win him. Hush! It is nothing unmaidenly I am asking of you. Why should you not do what every woman can do, and unconsciously does, without loss of the most delicate modesty. You are the woman I desire for him. I could love you as my daughter." His voice broke a little. "I would I could see you such but——" he paused to regain his control. The tears were running down the girl's face. "It will give me the utmost joy that can come to me in life to know that my son and you have come to love each other, and become husband and wife." Again the red blood flooded the girl's face. "Believe me, I know you both. You are made for each other. You will bring to each other that highest of all joy. Ah, God! Do I not know? Not a word, girl!" his voice grew hoarse, almost

harsh—"that highest of all joy, the joy of perfect love." He led her farther from the rest of the company, to a part of the garden hidden by a shrubbery. "Ah, my dear child, if I could only know—The boy is a good boy. He has a brave and gallant heart. You may trust your life to him."

"Oh, but he does not—does not care for me at all!" Diana cried passionately. "You must not speak that way. He cares for no woman! He is not a woman's man. Oh, I know men! I know men! Men have loved me, Mr. Mackinroy. I am no child. Men have desired me. But I am nothing to Tony. I know—I know well."

"Listen to me, child. True, he does not love you. The fires of passion have not yet flamed in his soul, but, believe me, the fires are kindled, they are burning low. All I ask you is to blow upon them."

"Oh, how can I? I am not sure of myself. Do I want him to—to—? Oh, I cannot—I cannot tell."

Mackinroy faced about toward the rest of the company. At the top of the terrace through an opening in the shrubbery could be seen Patty and Tony standing together. Mackinroy caught the arm of the girl at his side and turned her sharply about. "Look!" he said in a low voice. Following his eyes, Diana saw the two standing face to face, Patty, with face uplifted, gazing into Tony's eyes. The look on her face, her whole attitude, told the story of the girl's heart.

"Tell me, girl, before God!" he said, in a stern, tense voice, his hand gripping hard her arm, "would you rejoice to see him take that girl in his arms this moment?"

Her hands went with a swift motion to her heart.

"No!" she said fiercely and hurriedly, "she is not good enough for—Oh! what am I saying?"

"Well?" said Mackinroy, quietly.

She flung a quick glance at him. His eyes met hers in a quiet, half ironic smile.

"Oh! Oh! how unfair!" she cried, her hands covering her burning face.

"Thank God for so much," he said. "Now you know, and I know. Only the most solemn and imperative necessity can justify what I have done. I will not ask your pardon. I am making my last request to you, my child, whom I would gladly take in my arms as my daughter, of whom I am taking my last farewell."

"Oh, don't, please don't talk that way!" cried Diana, her voice breaking down in sobs.

"It is the only way I can speak truly and you will give heed to me. Not for my sake, but for your own sake, for his sake, for his sake." A whole world of tenderness seemed to flow forth in his voice. "Ah, for my boy. Anthony's sake. Give him a chance, will you?"

With an eager, frightened look, her blue eyes looked into his.

"Give my boy a chance!" he pleaded again. "Will you?"

With lips that quivered piteously, she whispered, "I will."

He caught her hands in his and drew her to him. "Try to win him, for your sake and for his. Will you not?" His voice thrilled with a depth of passion that swept her soul.

"I—I—oh—I will—try," she whispered again.

He drew her into his arms.

"Oh—I—want to—try—Ah, yes! Yes, I want to!" she cried, clinging to him. "I don't care what I say! I am without shame! I do want to win him! Oh, yes, thank God, I know now!"

"Now, God be thanked!" said Mackinroy. "You will win him. Ah, if I could only see—But no. This is enough. Dear, dear child, I envy my boy his joy, and you. Ah, you too will know life's deepest, fullest, purest joy." He kissed her on the forehead.

"Now I must away. Those young men are not to be trusted with the yacht. Tony will go with you to your home, if need be."

"You will—you will say nothing to Tony about me?" she asked timidly.

"No! I will trust you entirely and without fear. Now let us be ourselves, and let us do our part."

Together they returned to the top of the terrace. The Captain called Tony to him. "You will give close attention, Tony," he said in curt, sharp tones.

"Yes, sir," replied Tony, standing alert before him.

"I go to Halifax to-night. There is no need that my destination should be known. No! Diana! Please remain. These young ladies I leave in your care. These two young men," he glanced at them as they stood talking and laughing boisterously with the others, "these two young men are not to be trusted. If they are in fit condition the young ladies will sail with them to-morrow, if not, then another arrangement must be made. If necessary, you will accompany them yourself to their home, as I myself should were I to be here. On no account are they to be allowed to risk the slightest danger. I return in two days. No explanation is to be made as to my doings to anyone. To anyone, you understand, Anthony?"

"Yes, sir!" said Tony who appeared to be surprised at his father's terse, sharp commands.

"Let nothing prevent your carrying out these instructions. Nothing! You understand?"

Tony hesitated, glanced at the noisy youths, now engaged in badinage with Miriam on war matters. The boy's face hardened in its lines.

"Yes, sir! I understand perfectly," he said quietly, looking steadily into his father's eyes. His father nodded twice or thrice. "Yes, I can trust you, I see," he said briefly and suddenly smiled. The change in his face was as that wrought by the sun breaking forth in full strength in an overcast sky.

His farewells were brief. He cut short Merrick's expressions of gratitude for "deliverance from danger and for courteous and long-extended hospitality to perfect strangers."

“We did our simple duty, sir,” said he, with an old-fashioned formal bow, “and were delighted to find our duty transformed into a distinct and unexpected pleasure.”

“You are going to——?” said Ruddy, as he shook hands.

“For a cruise, sir,” replied Mackinroy, looking him steadily in the eye.

“Oh! indeed—yes! I thought perhaps——” stammered Ruddy.

“Ah! exactly!” said Mackinroy blandly.

They all accompanied him to his yacht, where Levi Kedge and another sailor in full uniform stood at attention.

“Everything in readiness, Levi?” he asked sharply.

“Ay, ay! sir,” replied Levi, saluting smartly.

“Cast off then!”

With his foot on the ladder he paused and waved his hand in answer to the farewells that came from the members of the party. A moment more he stood. Then facing about he stepped quickly to Diana’s side.

“My dear,” he said, taking off his cap, “if this be my last word with you, perhaps you will remember that the knowing of you has brought joy to an old man’s heart, such as he has not known for many long years.” He took her hand, and in his old-world manner raised it to his lips, and stepped back from her.

For a single instant the girl stood pale, rigid, a startled look in her wide-open blue eyes. Then, with a swift movement, she reached him and with a beautiful grace put her arms about his neck.

“Oh, good-bye, good-bye, you dear, dear man,” she whispered, her tears falling thick upon her face, “remember I love you. I will always love you.”

Without a word he held her in his arms, kissed her lips, once, twice, then gently loosing her arms, he once more bowed deeply as to royalty itself and stepped aboard.

“All right, Levi!” he said sharply, “let her go!”

“Ay, ay, sir!” replied Levi, and the yacht moved swiftly and silently from its mooring.

They stood watching it through the gap, till just at the

turn of the headland the Captain, in answer to their farewell cheer, raised his hand in formal salute before he passed forever from the sight of that company who for the past few weeks had been his guests.

CHAPTER XI.

AUNT ANNABEL INTERVENES.

It was the hour of the morning swim, and grateful to the bathers were the cool waters of the bay, tempered by the burning, vertical rays of the July sun. It was the last swim in Pirate Bay for the yacht party. The young men of the party had declined the invitation to join in the swim, as they would require all their time to get themselves and their ship ready for departure. They had appeared at the breakfast table in a somewhat uncertain mood. The hilariousness of the previous evening had disappeared. Subdued in manner and in speech they showed in their nervous irritability the effect of the all-night carousal on the yacht. Ruddy made no attempt to apologize for his unseemly lack of self-control, nor did he make any effort to conceal his satisfaction at the prospect of getting himself and the party away from Pirate Bay. His stay there had been to him intolerably slow and unspeakably dull. The young man was still labouring under an obvious undercurrent of excitement which increased his wonted brusqueness almost to the point of rudeness. Merrick, on the other hand, was making strenuous efforts at atonement for his outbreak of the night before, but with no very great success.

In hope of an amelioration of the painful preoccupations of some, and as a solace to the painful regrets of others of the party, Tony had arranged this mid-morning final swim. He knew from experience that there was nothing quite like the tang of the salt water and the hug of the cool Atlantic to heal the humors of a fretted soul. The water of the bay was like milk, hence it was decided

that Dale, who had been forbidden ocean bathing by the doctor and who had participated in the bathing exercises of the party by wallowing in the oozy sands on the trail of the retreating tide, might venture a short swim under Miriam's care.

Now the girls had just returned from their first plunge, and were revelling in the glowing warmth of the sun and the refreshing coolness of the sands, but lately released from the ebbing tide. Tony was still far out in the bay.

"I hate to go and leave all this," said Patty. "What a glorious three weeks we have had! What dear people they are, everyone of them, from Captain Mackinroy to dear old Aunt Pheemie."

"She is really very charming," replied Diana. "Behind that quiet and colorless face there is a deep heart, and what a sad heart!"

"Has she unbosomed herself to you?" asked Patty. "You have a truly uncanny gift of getting underneath people's skins. You would draw confidences from that jelly-fish there."

"I am interested in her," said Diana. "She has strength and gentleness in rare combination! And though not what one would call educated, she has a truly refined soul."

"All the same she wouldn't talk to me. But then no one does," grumbled Patty.

"Except Tony," said Diana.

"Tony! Ah, my heart! If I only had him alone—but I am not so sure—that boy is heartless." She stopped abruptly, in a listening attitude. "Say, those boys are on the loose again," she said in a disgusted voice. "Isn't it horrid of them? I am glad the Captain is not at home. That cool stare of his makes me squirm for them. I can't understand what has come to Merrick. He hasn't been like this for a year."

"Poor Merrick, I fancy he finds this rather slow here," said Diana. "I am awfully sorry for him, and Ruddy doesn't help him much."

"Oh, Ruddy! I am done with him," answered Patty. "I once thought I might tolerate him, but no more; these weeks have revealed him. And now this war business has uncovered a new phase in him. I can't understand him. The man has gone quite batty. Him and his Germans!"

"What a noise they are making," said Diana. "I am terribly anxious, I hate to think of that long trip. With those boys no one knows what might happen."

"Oh, I am not afraid of that," said Patty. "We can handle the yacht ourselves, for that matter, but any trouble would be awfully bad for Dale. I do wish—I wonder if Tony would——"

"He will come if we ask him," replied Diana in an assured voice.

"Would you?" said Patty.

"Yes, if you want," said Diana.

It was Patty's Aunt Annabel, however, that saved the day! For at that moment a boy came scrambling down the hill at their back, halted a moment, then approached with hesitating steps. He had been attracted by the shouts of the bathers, and taking a short cut had dashed down through the thick underbrush covering the face of the hill. He was obviously shocked to find himself in the presence of young ladies in bathing costume, the first he had ever seen in his sheltered young life, and would doubtless have retreated to the underbrush had not Patty's eyes fallen upon him.

"Hello, boy!" she cried, waving her hand. "Come along, what have you got?"

This was not the first time the telegraph messenger had brought his chits to one or other member of the party.

"Come along!" cried Patty encouragingly. "Don't be afraid. We won't bite you."

"Who's afraid?" said the boy, swaggering up to them, his sunburnt face showing a fiery red under the tan. "It is for you, miss," holding out a telegram to her at arm's length.

Patty took it and glanced hastily over it. Instantly she

was rocking with laughter. "Oh! Di, this is priceless! Dear Aunt Annabel! Bless her economic soul! Whatever does this mean? Come here, Tony," she called, as that young man emerged from the water and stood shaking himself dry in the sun. "Come and read this. My beloved Aunt's passion for economy does not lend itself to lucidity of expression in a telegram. We shall require the penetrating perspicacity, or is it perspicuity, I am never quite sure which, of the trained scientific mind for this chit. Read it aloud!" she commanded.

"Beseech not home New York furnace dear birds in park panting pathetic likewise East Port impossible Dale despair concentration truly wonderful results good angel dear Mrs. Alden P. Aldrich offers Aldrich Home so dear of her near you pines rocks poultry products so good for Dale milk interesting natives new atmosphere helpful environment healing truth subconscious recreating mortal delusion neutralized lovely party Ernest tell Ruddy Taskers Charley Hopps Alma May Ernestine dear Professor Hemstein wonderful creature carboniferous strata The Westlands old Boston family cultured deep research Emerson Spencer so elevating. Servants went two days ago leaving to-day Come at once to-morrow afternoon car Morrin's Spring Cove concentrating Diana refractory influences dangerous new environment so helpful. Tell dear Diana.

"Annabel Lothrop."

Tony read the message again to himself and then stood gazing at her, the picture of mystified astonishment. "What in all the world does it mean?"

"Oh, isn't this priceless?" gasped Patty, rolling in helpless laughter on the sand. "Isn't she the darling? Worth hundreds of thousands in her own right, she hates to lose an opportunity of beating the telegraph company."

"But do you understand it?" inquired Tony.

"Well, most of it," replied Patty, still gasping with

laughter. "Beseech not home New York furnace,' so much is clear."

"Quite," said Tony.

"'Dear birds in park panting.' Dear soul, her tender heart overcame her economic impulses there."

"That is straight enough," said Tony, looking over her shoulder. "But what in the world do the next words mean? 'Despair, concentration truly wonderful results'?"

Again, Patty rolled upon the sand. "Oh! Di, isn't it perfectly delightful? Dear boy!" she said turning to Tony, wiping her tears away, "you must know my beloved Aunt Annabel is a devotee of the most modern sect of the New Thought School, with a basis of Christian Science, and you are to understand that in her despair—you see she didn't know what to do with Dale—she calmly sits down and concentrates to such good purpose that she brings Mrs. Alden P. Aldrich to the point of offering her home, somewhere in this neighbourhood, apparently."

"Ah!" said Tony, looking at the telegram in his hands once more, "that key unlocks most of the mysteries. 'Pines, rocks, poultry products so good for Dale, interesting natives.' Rather a nice touch that," he interrupted with a grin. "'New atmosphere, helpful environment, healing truth, reaction, subconscious, recreating.' I am treading water now. Then follows the party. I suppose these people are all known to you. But what is this about 'Professor Hemstein, wonderful creature, carboniferous strata'?"

Again both girls went off into gales of laughter.

"Professor Hemstein," cried Patty between her gasps, "is Aunt Annabel's special preserve. Dear soul, she is eternally optimistic."

"But," protested Tony, "what connection is there between Professor Hemstein, the wonderful creature, and 'the carboniferous strata'?"

"Oh dear, oh dear," cried Patty, "between Aunt Annabel and you, you will be the death of me. Don't you see? The wonderful creature is Professor Hemstein. He has

done a book or something on carboniferous strata. By the way, Di, hasn't he written something about this Province?"

Diana shook her head. "I know little about it," she said.

"The rest seems plain enough," continued Tony. "They are leaving to-day, that means yesterday, and they expect you to meet the car this afternoon at Morrin's, Spring Cove."

"Do you know where that is?" inquired Patty.

"Yes! I know all about it, a tricky entrance, but quite accessible." Again Tony turned his eyes upon the paper. "Once more I am frogging," he said. "What could this possibly mean, 'concentrating Diana refractory'?"

"Give that to me," cried Diana, holding out her hand for the wire.

Again Patty was helpless. "Oh, give it to her," she said. "It is something quite private, she will explain."

But Diana crumpled the wire in her hand. "I will do nothing of the sort," she said, her face a fiery red, "and you are quite absurd."

"Who is Ernest?" asked Tony suddenly.

"Better ask Di that," said Patty with a malicious smile.

Diana made a face.

"Now, Di," remonstrated Patty, "you know quite well that he is a very fine man. Think how handsome he is, and of his millions, and his hunters. He hates yachts, more's the pity, but——"

"Oh, don't speak of him," said Di impatiently.

"But," said Patty doubtfully, "the question is: Will Merrick like it?"

"I fancy he will," smiled Diana. "The Taskers, Charley Hopps, and the Westlands, that will make it lovely for him, and Ruddy will be glad to see his brother. He is devoted to him."

At this point loud shouts were heard from the yacht. The girls looked at each other.

"Oh, Tony!" cried Patty, facing him, "there is no use, we have got to face it, we feel disgraced."

"Nonsense," said Tony, "boys get like that sometimes."

"I just hate to go off with them alone," said Patty.

"You are not!" said Tony.

"What?" said both girls together.

"I am going along," said Tony.

"Oh, Tony, are you really? What a darling you are, but I wonder what they will say, what will Ruddy say?" inquired Patty hastily.

"Does that matter?" inquired Tony calmly. "You are in my charge. Here boy!" he called to the message boy. "Take this!" He wrote rapidly and read:

"We arrive at Spring Cove Morrin's to-night.

"Patty."

"Is that all right? It's only about five hours' run in the lightest of winds."

Patty nodded. She was more deeply relieved than she cared to show.

"Come with me, boy," said Tony, "till I get some change."

Together they ran up to the cave.

"Oh! isn't he a peach?" said Patty. "No fuss, no nonsense. Quietly announces 'you are in my care.' I say, Di, I am no longer worrying."

"Worrying?" echoed Diana. "I never did worry. I knew he would look after us. Come along, let's have another dip. We have a jolly day before us now."

She ran down into the water and plunged headlong.

Patty looked after her with puzzled face. "Well I'm dashed!" she said. "How did she know—but she did! She understands Tony." She walked slowly toward the water, a curious little smile upon her lips. Before she plunged she stretched up her arms, and with a mocking grin said to herself: "Say chile, you-all mought as well quit right heah, you done hab no chance a-a-tall."

"Here you, children," she called aloud, "I have news for you."

Dale and Miriam came running.

"Well, Patty, is it good or bad?" asked Dale, grinning at her. "Remember my heart, and break it gently."

"Tell me," said Patty, "do you pine for your Long Island Home?"

"As the hart for the water-brooks—not," replied Dale irreverently. "Don't tell me we are not going. Miriam, be ready to catch me," he continued holding out his arms to her.

"The programme is changed," said Patty solemnly.

"Not the Adirondacks!" cried Dale excitedly. "Don't tell me that it's the mountains. I want the sea, I demand the sea, the sea I must have." His voice rose wailing.

"Shut up! baby," said Patty, "you are going to have the sea."

"Not this sea, this blessed Nova Scotia sea?" said Dale. "Miriam, your support! quick child!"

"Yes!" said Patty, "this 'ere blessed Nova Scotia sea. A few miles farther up the coast."

"Ah!" said Dale, "how many miles? Miriam, still your support!"

"About five hours' run in this wind," replied Patty.

"There isn't any," said Dale ecstatically, "and that means in a spanking breeze we shall arrive there in about half an hour. Miriam dear, hold me! It might be much worse!"

The girl made to hold him, but let him fall sprawling on the sand.

"Oh cold and cruel maid! Doesn't your heart play drumsticks on your ribs? No?—why? You ain't got none."

"Where is the place?" Miriam asked.

"Spring Cove," said Patty, her eyes resting keenly on the girl's face.

"Spring Cove? Pshaw! that's just a few miles beyond Langdenburg. I could run up any day."

"Blessed angel! You will. Won't you?"

"I could," said Miriam coolly.

"That's something!" said Dale.

"Let's have another swim," cried Miriam in disdain.

"Let's paddle." And off they ran, hand in hand.

"Clever kid!" said Patty to herself. "Where did she learn that stuff? From Old Mother Eve doubtless." She stood watching the youngsters till Tony joined her.

"Tony, I am most awfully glad you're coming; you know I'm ashamed, most heartily ashamed of Merrick. He has not been like this for ages, but besides that I am awfully glad you are coming. You are, aren't you?"

"Sure thing!" replied Tony, "you asked me."

"I haven't," said Patty, "but you're coming all the same. They——" she nodded toward the yacht whence sounds of vociferous melody wafted across the bay, "they may not like it of course."

"We will find a way," said Tony. "Never cross a bridge until you come to it."

"And Ruddy may cut up rough. He has an ugly temper at times."

"I feel he doesn't really love me," replied Tony. "I regret that deeply—more for his sake than mine, but the boy needs steadying."

Patty smiled at him. "At times he certainly does, but how are we to prevent trouble?"

Tony pointed out over the bay. "By the Lord Harry!" he cried, "you must have a line direct on Providence. There is your answer."

"What?" cried Patty. "Who is it? I believe it is Rory."

"Rory Ruagh and them's the first two letters of his name," said Tony, "and somebody with him, and Rory has a wonderful smack, a little primitive in its internal economy but thoroughly staunch and an excellent sailor; and besides Rory is a man of extraordinarily quick intelligence. I shall have a talk with Rory."

"Good Heavens! you mean you will——"

"Exactly, Rory is extremely fond of lively company. He leads a lonely life and a change will be good for him. Ah, I see he has caught sight of us and is coming in over the Fin. I think I shall just go out to meet him."

Patty sighed ecstatically. "Could anything be more lovely? Come, let us tell Di." For some moments they stood watching the *Dancing Nancy* nosing her way quietly through the spines of the Devil's Fin in the face of an ebbing tide. Then together they dashed into the water.

"I will come back for you," shouted Tony as hand over hand he made for the *Dancing Nancy*. He told Diana on his way. "Your friend, Rory Ruagh," he called to her as he passed. "Don't come out too far, I will bring him to you."

"Rory Ruagh!" cried Diana. "Oh! I am delighted. Do bring him."

Meantime the *Dancing Nancy* was drifting slowly with flapping sails toward the dock. A call from Tony arrested Rory's attention.

"Bless my soul!" cried Rory, "and is it yourself?"

"Hello, old sport!" said Tony as he reached for the gunwale of the *Dancing Nancy*. "Here! Pull me aboard."

"Well-a-well," said Rory, "and how is yourself?"

"Mighty fine, Rory, and mighty glad to see you," said Tony. "I was just wanting your help."

"Yiss, yiss I know-a."

"Well, Pete, how goes life with you?" asked Tony.

"Oh, all right," grunted Pete.

"Have you got a job, Pete?" inquired Tony.

"This is my job," said Pete, patting the mast of the *Dancing Nancy*.

"Oh! you are fixed up with Rory," said Tony. "That is fine! You will have a wonderful time this summer."

"Will he?" grunted Rory.

"Huh!" replied Pete.

"Well, Rory," continued Tony, "I want your help at this very minute," and he proceeded to set the facts of the situation before the old salt. "So we will just sit

tight, Rory, and watch developments. If these young gentlemen cut up rough—why! you have a comfortable little boat here, and you know the channel into Andy Morrin's wharf."

Rory sat staring at the speaker, dazed apparently at the proposal submitted. Gradually the light dawned upon him.

"Yiss, yiss!" he said. "It is deefficult especially in the dark, and we might be late in getting away from Langdenburg, and this boat is very quare at times, she is that slow."

Tony sat listening to him, amazed. "Slow! what the devil do you— Ah! you old whale! Ah—certainly—this boat needs careful handling, and of course, Rory, there are a number of channels into Spring Cove creek."

"Yiss, yiss I know-a," agreed Rory.

"Besides," continued Tony, "you know how I hate any noise in a boat, my nerves get shaken."

"And they will be telling me," said Rory without a quiver of an eyelash, "that the nerves can't stand much noise."

"Exactly!" said Tony solemnly. "Even Pete there, knows just how that is."

"Bet-cher boots!" grinned Pete. "I hates noise myself."

"Ever see a mermaid, Pete?" said Tony, as he saw the young ladies drawing near. "Here are a couple!"

"Aw git out!" said Pete, "I seen lots o' them at the Mahon Beach. But say! These here are some mermaids! Eh, Rory?"

"You will chust be keeping your eyes to yourself," growled Rory in a rumbling wheeze of indignation, "and your mouth shut, too, or I'll break your back to you, I will."

"Aw! who's lookin'?" said Pete, indignantly, turning his back upon the witchery of the mermaids.

"Throw out a line, Tony," cried Diana as she drew up to the boat.

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"Hello, Rory! How have you been? Isn't it lucky you came to-day, for we are just going away! How did you happen to know we wanted you badly?"

"Ma goash!" exclaimed Rory. "I was near to forgettin' what brought me. Where is it?" He began slapping his pockets and going from one to the other. "Where in the world is it? Could I loss it now?" His face grew more and more fiery. "Pete, did you see yon letter that the Captain gave me?"

"Down in your boots, is it?" said Pete whose feelings had been ruffled by Rory's remarks. "You might try the other end, it might be there, unless it is on fire by this time," continued Pete, knowing that in the presence of the ladies the old fisherman was ever on his best behaviour.

"Ma goash! you little divil!" said Rory. "Wait you, till I ketch you alone!" He took off his cap, extricated his bandanna handkerchief and extracted a letter. "There it is," said Rory, "and the old gentleman was very particular whateffer to give it into the hands of your own self."

Tony took the letter and glanced hastily over it. "When did you get this?" asked Tony.

"Last night," said Rory, "chust before he was leaving, and he was sayin'——"

Tony cut in sharply. "All right, Rory, this fits in perfectly. We must run into Langdenburg, but that will not interfere with the plans we have made."

Rory thought a moment. "It will do fery well, fery well indeed."

"Any news, Tony?" cried out Patty, who was hanging on to a rope end on the other side of the boat.

"Nothing very much, except that I must run into Langdenburg."

"Well, Pete," said Diana who had on more than one occasion gone out to the fishing fleet in the *Dancing Nancy* with Pete as a member of the crew, "how are you getting along?"

"Fine, miss. How's yourself?" answered Pete.

"Tip top! How is—how's everybody?" said Diana.

Pete went a violent red.

"Yes, Pete!" cried Patty from the other end of the boat. "How is everybody?"

Both young ladies had been previously enlightened by Tony upon the subject of Pete's tender affections.

"Aw, quit your kiddin'," said Pete.

"Oh, come on!" called Patty, "open up a bit!"

"You might tell us a little something," urged Diana.

"Say!" Pete burst forth, "I don't need to tell you how your own feller is!"

Pete's shot appeared to hit a vital spot, for Diana flung herself upon her face in an Australian crawl toward the beach.

"Got her that time!" chuckled Pete.

"Yiss, yiss, and that will be another whelting for you, young lad, whin I get you alone," wheezed Rory with some sulphurous expletives in the language of Eden.

"So long, Rory," said Tony, taking a header from the boat, "I will be with you in a jiffy. Run her to the dock and tie up there. We shall leave right after lunch."

He could easily have overtaken the others before they had gained the beach but Pete's shot lingered in his mind. "What did the cheeky young beggar mean anyway?" he said to himself. "I'll have to trim that little red-headed devil some." All the same he was conscious of an anxiously disturbing little thrill at his heart which he was unwilling to analyze.

CHAPTER XII.

FAREWELL TO PIRATE BAY HOUSE.

They said good-bye to Aunt Pheemie with expressions of real regret and affection. The silent, undemonstrative woman with her constant solicitude for their comfort, her self-effacing consideration for all others rather than self, had made her own place in their hearts. Even Ruddy was less self-centered and brusque than was his wont. But Aunt Pheemie received his farewell with a grave and dignified politeness that was in itself an expression of disapproval of that young man for his behaviour of the previous evening. She felt affronted, and, simple soul that she was, she had no art to conceal it. There was a very nice apportionment of disapproval of both the young men. With Merrick her manner conveyed disappointment and regret rather than reprobation.

But when the young ladies came to make their farewell her heart overflowed in motherly tenderness. She had confided to Tony long before this that "her very heart yearned over the poor motherless lambs."

She took them in her arms and, with tears flowing down her cheeks, kissed them again and again.

"You will come back some day to see a lonely old woman?" she said.

"Won't we then?" cried Patty, frankly and openly wiping her eyes.

"And never, never can I forget your kindness to Dale and me," said Diana as she held her in her arms. "We owe so much more than we can ever tell, much less repay."

"Och mo gheal, my darling, you have paid me a thousand times in your loving ways and in your kindness of heart."

"Good-bye, Aunt Pheemie," said Dale. "I'm going to kiss you, too. You can't escape me, no use trying."

"Indeed then, and I will not try," said Aunt Pheemie holding out her arms to him, her old cheeks flushing like a girl's.

With his arms round her neck Dale whispered some words to her. She thrust him from her a little space, looked into his eyes, then drew him quickly to her again.

"Och maidheil, my boy, my boy! God speed you, and keep you in his care. And indeed you need care, laddie. Indeed he does!" she said to Di, "and he is well off that he has you. Away with you all. You will draw the heart out of me," she cried, waving them off, and turning into the house.

"What has come to Aunt Pheemie?" said Tony. "In fifteen years I have never seen her tears flow before. You have bewitched her, between you all."

They were halfway down the steps to the dock when she appeared at the top, lugging a huge hamper.

"Heh, Tony!" she cried waving to him.

"Look at her, will you?" cried Dale, starting back.

"Hold up, Dale, let me!" said Tony, leaping up the steps to meet her.

"You were forgetting your tea. You may be late," she said, as he reached her.

"Aunt Pheemie, won't you say good-bye to me, too?" said Tony, looking at her with new eyes.

She gave a quick gasping sob, threw her arms about him with a swift, desperate hug, then shoved him from her. "I'm an old fool, that's what I am. And I know not what has come over me at all. Go away, and be careful of yourself, laddie." She turned and fairly ran into the house.

Tony stood looking after her till she had disappeared, then shouldering the hamper followed the party to the boats. "I can't understand what you've done to Aunt Pheemie," he said to Diana who was waiting for him.

"Don't you know what you've been doing, all of you,

to her these fifteen years?" she said with hot indignation. "You've been starving her. She is starving for love."

"By Jove!" said Tony, abashed, "I wonder."

"Oh, you men! You have much to answer for!" she said in a tone, low, tense, bitter.

And Tony stricken into silence could only stupidly wonder at the hot passion in her eyes. But through the afternoon there came to him, ever and anon, curious little heart throbs, as he recalled the thrill in her voice and the passion in her eyes.

It was a drifting match throughout the early part of the afternoon between the *Dancing Nancy* and the *White Wave*, desperately monotonous and wearisome. Dale and Miriam, however, in the smack, though exposed without shade to the pitiless sun, gave no sign of exhaustion or even discomfort. Their shouts of laughter proclaimed the completeness of their delight with themselves and their environment. The yacht party, on the contrary, appeared to have surrendered to the intense heat and the dragging monotony of the windless sea.

Patty was idly busy at the wheel. Beside her lounged Ruddy doing his best possible to reinstate himself in her good graces and finding it hard going.

"You can't deny the place is most infernally slow," he protested, "and what was a fellow to do?"

Patty was all sweetness. "Slow? Really I thought it a most delightful spot, and such charming people."

"Lot of hicks," grumbled Ruddy.

"Hicks? I'm sorry I've forgotten your University standing, Ruddy, and as for me I make no pretense of being a highbrow and so can't judge, but from such of the conversation in that household as I could reach up to, I confess at once, and frankly, a crudity and superficiality of intellectual furnishing as will keep me humble the rest of my days."

"Oh, I'm not talking about highbrow stuff. What do they know of life, and the world and people?"

"Oh come, Ruddy! Life and the world and people!"

I fancy you are just like the run of your set. What life do you know? Life about town, little athletics, you're all too lazy to work hard, the dance halls. What people? The sporting set, the theatre gang. Don't talk rot, Ruddy. Why I bet you Captain Mackinroy knows intimately some of the finest people in America and Europe—people you'd break your neck to know."

"What's got into you, Patty? You're going back on your own folks. You're throwing down your own people for these foreigners."

"Foreigners! my own people!" said Patty with something, it is to be feared, of a snort. "I tell you frankly I am a little sick of a lot of them. They've got all the things that money can buy. Their houses are so crowded with things gathered from all over the world that there isn't room to live in them. And they're so busy rushing about from one house to another, and from one rout to another, that they've got to spend half their time in sanitariums, resting up for the next fight."

"The people of the United States are the hardest worked people in the world," said Ruddy. "They're doing most of the big things in the world. They run most of the business of the world and——"

"Yes, and they admit, when pressed, that they are the most wonderful people in the world. You nauseate me, Ruddy. The only people who can equal them in modest self-appreciation are your friends, the Germans, with whom you are so keen to identify yourself these days."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ruddy, as if she had touched a secret spring, releasing a passion long pent-up. "You said something now! There is a people! And the day is coming, so my advices say, the day is here, when the world will recognize, will be forced to recognize the superiority of the German race. The day is here! This very day we may hear great things." He was declaiming with passionate vehemence.

"Oh, Ruddy, you weary me with your German heroics.

Tony, come here and talk to me," she called out. "Run away, Ruddy, and play with Di and Merrick over there, they need you."

"And you don't! All right, Miss Patty. All right! Some day perhaps! Some day!" He flung off on a deep underflow of mingled United States and German profanity.

"A little warm for so much energy, don't you think, Patty?" said Tony, pulling a deck chair to her side. "What is exciting our young friend?"

"Oh nothing in particular, only life, and the world and people," said Patty, in a weary voice.

"Only? Such trifles?"

"Oh, let us forget them and him, and let us talk, or better, you talk. You see I must steer."

"I see. What shall I talk about? Life, the world and people being excluded."

"Talk about the three most interesting objects in the Universe, Me, You and Love, in the order of interest."

"First 'You,' a mystery, fascinating, alluring, insoluble. Next 'Me,' an open book for all the world to read." He halted.

"And love?" said Patty smiling at him.

"Love? alas! To me an unknown sea, with uncharted rocks, fierce tides, furious tempests."

"But think of the Blessed Isles!"

Tony let his eyes wander along the rocky Nova Scotia coast. "I wonder, I wonder!" he mused, and sat silent.

At this the others came sauntering up, both seeming physically weary and, it must be confessed, bored with life generally.

"We will ask Diana," said Patty. "Out of wide experience she will utter words of wisdom. Diana darling, I have just sent Ruddy off to play himself into reasonable good humor. He is really rather difficult these days. And I have ordered Tony to discourse to me upon the only really interesting things in life, viz: me, him and love. The first two themes he exhausted in as many sen-

tences. Upon the third he remains silent, pleading ignorance."

"And terror of the unknown," interrupted Tony. "It were, perhaps, wise that we appeal to experts." He bowed low to both.

"Me!" said Merrick. "Yes, an expert and therefore silent."

"And Diana?" said Tony, watchfully observant under sleepy lids.

"Love?" said Diana.

"Yes, Di, I said to Tony, me, you and love," said Patty. "He balked at love, and shuffled it on you, a cowardly device, I call it."

"Love!" said Diana again. "Poor little naked god! How cruelly maligned, how shamefully caricatured!"

"She's away!" murmured Patty in a stage aside to Tony.

"Love! Ruthless, insatiable, devastating, selfish, like the Devil. Love! Divine, tender, compelling, sacrificial, like God. Love! Who that knows can ever tell of it? Who that knows it not can ever enter its mystery? Love! Devilish Love! Love! Divine Love! What do you mean? Whose? Aunt Pheemie's? Your father's? Your mother's?" she turned her eyes first on Tony, then on Merrick. "The love of the streets? The love of the cheap triangle novelist?"

"Yours, Di," said Patty daringly with a faint smile on her face.

"Mine! Mine? Yours?" The red rose slowly, warmly, in her face. "Talk of that? Can one?"

"God forbid!" ejaculated Tony with sudden emphasis.

"Me too, begad!" exclaimed Merrick with equal emphasis. "This is too infernally hot up here. Let's go below, Di."

"Thank God there's a breeze!" said Tony rising.

"I don't feel any," said Patty.

"Look!" said Tony, pointing toward the eastern

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horizon. "There she comes. I'll just take a look at that stay."

"Let's go, Di," pleaded Merrick.

"It will be cool here, Merrick, in a few minutes," said Diana, heedless of Patty's signalling eyes, "I think I shall wait that breeze."

"Oh, all right," said Merrick flinging off abruptly down the companion way.

"No use, Patty," said Diana aside. "I suppose I should go down with those boys, but really——"

"Oh, they can't take any harm," said Patty confidently. "There are plenty of soft drinks."

"What you——"

"Yes, I went through the lockers just after lunch. I am getting a bit sick of this kind of thing. Of course they'll be in a terrible wax over it."

"Oh that doesn't matter, does it?" said Diana.

"They'll try to get even some way, of course. At least Ruddy will," replied Patty.

"We can handle Ruddy all right. But I am really sorry for Merrick. He is a good boy."

"Yes, he is a good boy, poor Merry," said Patty, her eyes filling. "I wish he would get at something. That's his chief danger. Hush, here's Tony."

"We ought to make Langdenburg in an hour, with this breeze. And if you give me half an hour there to get off some wires, and see some people we should easily reach Spring Cove before dark. But this wind may blow up something after the heat. We might have to take shelter somewhere."

Tony's predictions proved correct. Within the hour the *White Wave* ran into Langdenburg, with the *Dancing Nancy* close on her heels.

"Hello, Rory! Bring up alongside here, will you?" called Tony.

"Ay, ay sir," replied Rory, swinging up to the lee side of the yacht. "Are you coming ashore?"

"Yes, I am, for half an hour. You need not drop

anchor," he said to Merrick. "There is good water everywhere in this bay, if you keep away from the islands out there."

"We are going in, thanks," said Merrick shortly.

"Oh why, Merrick?" said Patty. "Can't we cruise about?"

"We could, and we couldn't," he replied rudely. "The truth is, Miss Patty, we most particularly wish to go ashore. How is the landing there, Rory?"

"Oh there is a good landing——" he caught Tony's eye—"that is to say," he continued, "if you can secure a berth in the ship. It looks pretty full chust now, and the tide is pretty low. You might scrape in all right. I seen a man lose his bowsprit the other day. But he was not much of a sailor, I'm thinking."

"Better get in here, Miriam, you and Dale," said Tony. "Rory will run me in, and I shall be back in less than half an hour."

"All right, Rory, you can take us along, too," said Ruddy, with a laugh. "The girls and Dale can cruise about for a bit, eh, Merrick old boy?"

"Most assuredly they can," answered Merrick. "Pile in here Dale. Allow me, Miss Miriam. There you are." He helped Miriam aboard and dropped over into the *Dancing Nancy*, followed by Ruddy. Tony waited behind for a word with Dale.

"Dale, this is all good water from here out to sea. Keep away from the Islands. If the wind rises run down into the cove at the bottom of the bay. But you won't need to do that. I shall be here in the *Dancing Nancy* within half an hour."

"Coming, Tony?" cried Merrick, "or will Rory come back for you? I am in a hurry for shore, eh, Ruddy?"

"Pressing business, Merry," assented Ruddy. "Can't wait. The longer you wait the more pressing the business, eh, Merry?"

Tony went over to Patty. "Don't worry, I shall be back in half an hour anyway."

"All right, Tony, I won't worry," she said quietly. "It is rotten to bother you this way."

"Nonsense," said Tony, "this is my job."

"Are you coming or not, Tony?" cried Ruddy impatiently.

"You will be back in half an hour, Merrick?" said Patty, leaning over the yacht toward him.

"Half an hour or thereabouts. But if you get tired cruising, why drop anchor and make all snug," replied Merrick.

"Don't make any mistake!" flared the girl, "we shall not wait indefinitely for you boys."

"Oh ho! and Ah ha!" jeered Ruddy. "So long, farewell."

"Beastly cad!" muttered Patty.

"What's come over Ruddy I can't imagine," said Dale, as the *Dancing Nancy* slipped away toward the town. "He is completely changed these last days."

"It was always inside him," said Patty. "Something is bringing it out. He is different since yesterday at lunch."

"It is the war," said Miriam with decision.

The girls looked at her in surprise.

"The war? what war? what are you talking about?" said Patty.

"The war Uncle Mackinroy was talking about. The war with Germany. Ruddy knows and Uncle Mackinroy knows." The child spoke with quiet assurance.

"Nonsense child! what are you talking about?" said Dale. "How do you know anyway?"

"Germany is afraid of Russia. The Chancellor said so in the German Parliament. Don't you remember what he said about Slaventum against Germanentum? And Uncle says that means all Russia and her allies, against Germany and her allies. And the German papers have been talking against Russia an awful lot for the last three weeks."

"Good Lord! what is the infant saying?" ejaculated

Dale. "Tell me, where do you get all that stuff, Miriam?"

"Oh, I read 'The Times' every day. The last few weeks there have been long articles about Germany and Russia. They're true, too. Uncle Mackinroy says so. And that's what's the matter with Ruddy. He's a German. He says he is. He hates Britain and he hates Canada. I saw his eyes yesterday."

They looked at each other in amazement.

"Tell us about those articles, Miriam," said Diana, drawing the girl down on the rail seat beside her. And Miriam did, with a wealth of argument backed by statistical detail, that left them speechless. Not till they had made a complete circuit of the bay did Miriam, who was desperately in earnest over the whole subject, cease her discourse. It is safe to say that not one of these young people had ever in their lives heard so complete and so able a presentation of the Balkan problem, and its international bearings. The child was possessed of a marvelously tenacious memory. She had listened, and to some purpose, to the daily arguments between her Uncle Mackinroy and Tony, siding invariably with the former. She was a fierce jingoist, and was thoroughly suspicious of Germany's Welt-politik. As they completed their second round of the bay they saw Rory in the *Dancing Nancy* approaching. Hailing him, they learned that the young men were in the Royal Hotel and were not inclined to join the yacht for some time. Tony was with them, however, and would do what he could to bring them in a few minutes, possibly before they had made a second turn of the bay. The whole party were much disgusted.

"When Tony comes we will not wait a minute," said Patty. "We will go round once again, Rory."

"All right, miss, but I'm thinking the young chentlemen will not be for coming yet awhile."

Rory, however, proved a false prophet upon this point, for, before the *White Wave* had made the circuit com-

plete, they saw the *Dancing Nancy* returning with the whole party on board, and heard, long before the smack came within hailing distance, singing and shouting of a character that proclaimed the hilarious condition of the young men of the yacht party.

As the smack drew near Ruddy could be seen standing on the foredeck, holding by the mast, swaying and waving a paper over his head. He was singing with the full power of his lungs the German national air reminiscent of the military glories of the Empire in its last great European war of 1870, "Die Wacht am Rhine."

Rory was at the wheel.

"Stand by there, *White Wave*," sang out Tony. "Keep her off, Dale. Don't throw her into the wind."

"Let me take that, Dale," said Patty, springing for the wheel.

"All right, Tony," she cried, "come on."

At a nod from Tony, Rory brought the *Dancing Nancy* neatly alongside the yacht, and as Tony leaped aboard swung her off again leaving a broad space of blue water between.

"Oh! poor work there!" exclaimed Merrick. "Bring her round Rory! Stand by to make fast, Dale!" he shouted, with a line in his hand ready to fling. But at a sign from Tony, Rory kept at a distance waiting further instructions.

"What about a little race to break the monotony, Patty?" suggested Tony.

"Oh, splendid," cried Patty, throwing the *White Wave* full into the wind. "Say Merrick, we'll race you to the Cove."

"Oh, quit that nonsense, kid," said Merrick, in a loud voice.

But Patty gleefully ignoring his shouts let the *White Wave* have her full head, while Rory threw the *Dancing Nancy* into the wind and held her stalled in the doldrums for some moments.

"Get after them," roared Ruddy with an oath.

"What, then, are you not going into the town?" inquired Rory innocently.

Ruddy fell upon him with a storm of vituperative profanity. "Get after that yacht," he yelled, pointing after the receding *White Wave*.

"Och, certainly! that is quite simple," said Rory, swinging the *Dancing Nancy* so as to catch the full weight of the wind, now risen to a smart breeze, while Merrick continued waving vigorously and shouting madly to the yacht party not far in the lead.

"Iss it the Spring Cove you will be going to?" asked Rory. "Because there is a short cut through the islands here, I'm thinking. Iss it not so Peter?"

"No, there ain't no——" began Pete but, catching the look on Rory's face, he halted—"where do you mean?"

"To the Cove, the Spring Cove, I'm saying, you blockhead."

"Oh, the Spring Cove, you mean the *Spring Cove*?" said Pete with sudden enlightenment. "Yes! sure thing! You'll cut a mile off that way, a mile anyway."

"Will there be water enough, think you?" inquired Rory anxiously, "with this tide?"

"Sure thing!" declared Pete. "But say, Rory, look at them clouds, will you?"

"Ay, there will be a big pour out, I'm thinking. Perhaps you would like to run for a boathouse?" inquired Rory of Ruddy.

"Can't we catch them by this cut-off?" asked Merry.

"Sure thing," said Pete, "but what about the rain?"

But Ruddy cursed the rain, the country, the yacht crew, the smack, its crew and everything immediately present to his mind.

The rain, the country, the yacht, the smack and their crews continued to exist and perform their various functions undisturbed in their secular relations by Ruddy's denunciatory objurgations.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PERFECT DAY WITH A PERFECT ENDING.

Meantime the yacht was humming along at a spanking rate with Tony at the wheel. Beside him both young ladies stood enjoying to the full the results of the ruse they had played. Tony, however, stood like a figure in bronze, his eyes glowing as with a hot fire, his lips set in a thin, straight line.

"Why, Tony!" cried Miriam, "your cheek is bleeding."

"Chut!" said Tony glaring at her. "It's nothing."

"But it is, Tony," said Diana, "and it is bruised."

"It's nothing, nothing at all," he said, "a little accident. I hit it—hit it against something. Look at those clouds. We had better run for shelter."

"Shall we reef?" said Dale.

"No, I think we can just make it. We will get behind that island. I know a fine shelter. Let her go. All hands watch out for that boom. Now!" The *White Wave* whipped round on to the starboard tack, and tearing through the water made the promised shelter just as the big rain-drops began to pound the deck.

"All hands below!" shouted Tony. "Everybody! Get down, Dale!" His voice rang out in tones so compelling that all fled below. All but Diana.

Under Tony's handling the *White Wave* slid into a little nook of deep water hard up against a lofty bluff.

"Hello, aren't you gone below?" he shouted as his eyes lit on Diana.

"Going to tie her up?" asked Diana coolly. "Let me throw you this line. Quick, Tony, no use getting wet."

"Right you are!" cried Tony, leaping on a slanting rock where he caught the line flung by Diana.

"Pretty fine work!" he said, making fast, and scrambling back on to the yacht with Diana's aid.

"Thank you, Di!" he added. "Now let's slip below. We are absolutely safe here unless the wind shifts."

"Tell me the truth. What hurt your cheek?" The glow of color faded out from Tony's face. His lips came together in a line. His eyes began to gleam. But he stood silent.

"Was it Merry? Oh, was it Merry?" cried Diana, her hands clutching him.

"Merry? No!" said Tony between his teeth. "No, not Merry. Please don't speak of it. It's not worth while."

But Di still held him fast.

"Do you mean to say—Oh Tony! And you stood that?"

Tony drew a long, deep breath and stood perfectly rigid. Then suddenly he relaxed and said in a voice free from any sign of emotion, "Yes—I—stood—that—and—I could—break him—in two."

"And for me—for us?" Diana's voice broke with passion and the tears ran down her cheeks. "Oh, what a shame! Oh Tony, I can't bear to think of your doing this. How could you?"

"I had to. It was for you," he said.

"Then never again, Tony, for me, never again. He is nothing to me. What do I care for any of them? Nothing, nothing!" She stood very near to him. Her face was radiant with a passionate emotion, her blue eyes shining with warm, tender light. Her hands he could feel trembling on his arm.

"Do you understand, Tony?" she whispered. "You are never to suffer like this for me." She touched his bleeding cheek with her handkerchief, shuddering as she did so.

Tony caught her hands in his. "No, never again!" he said quietly. "Some day we shall wipe this out," he touched his cheek, "but I'm not sorry, Diana, because

I——” he paused, his hands tightening on hers. In his eyes she saw the fires begin to flame—“because I——” again he paused like a man on the edge of a leap.

“Where are you people? Don’t you know it’s raining?” Dale’s voice rang up from below.

Tony sprang back. “All right, Dale,” he shouted. “Keep down there.”

“But can’t I help any?” Dale inquired coming up on deck. “How is she lying? All right and snug, eh? Some storm blowing up there,” he continued, scanning the immense volumes of blue-black clouds rolling up from the southeast. Wonder where the *Dancing Nancy* is?”

“Don’t worry about her. She’s got the finest sailor on the North Atlantic aboard. Get down! Get down! here she comes!” With a roar, a crash, and gleams of vivid, darting fire the storm broke upon them.

“Come along, Di,” shouted Tony, catching her round the waist and swinging her into shelter. “Saved you that time, Di,” he said in a low voice as they crowded together down the steps.

“Saved me?” she flashed up at him.

“Dale did, I mean.”

“Oh, Dale? Brothers are terrible at times,” she whispered hurriedly.

“Oh, here you are!” cried Patty, coming to meet them. “We were quite anxious about you in that gale.”

“We were in no danger,” said Diana.

“Quite safe,” echoed Tony.

“Won’t the others get a soaking?” said Patty.

“The rain is really quite warm and it will soon be over,” said Dale. “Meantime what about Aunt Pheemie’s hamper?”

“Oh, let us get it,” cried Miriam, “I’m awfully hungry.”

They all professed like condition, and while outside it poured the conventional cats and dogs—though why cats and dogs it is impossible to say—they feasted upon Aunt Pheemie’s good things, toasting her in various brews. When Miriam and Dale had cleared away and

neatly repacked the hamper they discovered that Nova Scotia had become once more its own genial summer self, and was radiantly glorious in earth, and sky, and sea.

When they arrived on deck they found a new-washed ship, and a new-washed world, with a cool life-bringing breeze skipping over the white caps, and a blue sky over all, except on the far south horizon where the blue-black masses of clouds, shot through with lances of livid lightning, were still piled high. The wind was dead ahead and the chances of making Spring Cove before dark were rather faint. But, after all, what was there to render it imperative that they should arrive at Spring Cove before dark? True the channel was tricky, but Tony was aboard the yacht and everything would be all right. It was quite wonderful how completely the presence of Tony appeared to relieve the whole party of all sense of responsibility. At first the breeze was whipping up the waves to quite a choppiness, so that it was necessary that Tony should give his mind to the wheel; but gradually there was such a cessation of wind that any one of the party was quite competent to keep the *White Wave* on her course. There was no sign of the *Dancing Nancy* anywhere. This gave none of them any concern for all knew the reputation of Rory as a sailor and of the *Dancing Nancy* as a staunch little craft. Hence they each took their trick at the wheel, thus affording abundance of time and opportunity for such other interests and occupations as the yacht afforded. What to do with these was no problem to the females of the party, nor to young Dale.

To Tony the matter was something quite other. He enjoyed the yacht itself, its swift response to sail and wheel, its smooth dauntlessness of attack upon the oncoming white-crested waves, its bird-like glide from one crest to the next. But the presence of the young ladies imposed obligations upon him which he could not neglect, nor did he desire to neglect them. The emotional turmoil of three weeks ago, from which he had been almost entirely free for the past few days, was renewed within him.

Patty delighted, fascinated, enchanted him, but left him quite master of his faculties and of his nervous organism. With Diana it was different. His father's open and decided preference for her stamped her as something quite unique among women. Then, too, his father had solemnly entrusted her to his care. In yesterday's letter he had definitely intimated that the girl was something of special value to him, and was, therefore, to be specially guarded and cared for. Just what his father meant he did not quite understand. A sentence in the letter helped him little. "Show this letter to Diana. I specially desire that she should know its contents." The contents were chiefly political, and had to do with the war, which his father considered imminent and inevitable. Not till now had he opportunity of following his father's injunction. With Patty at the wheel, and Dale and Miriam in close attendance, came the opportunity to hand the letter to Diana.

"Read it!" he said briefly. "My father asks you to." And sitting near he allowed his eyes to wander ever and again to her face, noting the rising glow of excitement in her eyes as she read.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Isn't he wonderful? What a grasp of things! What knowledge! and what a spirit! Oh, Tony, it is terrible, but what a glorious thing that there are such men in the world!"

"I can not really get myself to accept the possibility of war."

"But, Tony, he makes it so clear! And he knows so much more than any of us!" she cried.

"He is an old Navy man," said Tony, "a man of a different age from ours. He belongs with Lords Roberts and Charley Beresford, and Kitchener, all specialists in war; not with Haldane and Asquith and Lloyd George."

"All politicians, aren't they, Tony, and specialists in peace? But he thinks so, Tony. And isn't it splendid of him that without waiting for a call even, here he is leaving everything and everyone and, on his own, preparing for war? Oh, that is wonderful!"

"By Jove! Diana, one would think you were for war!"

"No, no! I don't know anything about war. I hate it. But he is wonderful all the same."

"And he wants me to look after you," said Tony with a curious intonation in his voice.

A quick hot flush swept her face. "He is such a dear," she replied turning from him.

"And it looks as if he counted you in with us if war should come."

"And wouldn't I—wouldn't we? Can you imagine the United States being with any other nation? We are so much the same in ideals and all that. We both hate war. We both want peace. War is so silly, so medieval. All that military business. I've been in Germany, you know, and I've seen all their military display, their stupid officers, their manœuvres, and all that. To us, as to you, the whole thing seems wicked, preposterous nonsense. Oh, it would be terrible to be opposed in war to you."

"What about Ruddy?"

She made a gesture of disgust. "He is German," she said. "I am afraid there are not a few like him."

"But your people don't love Britain," said Tony.

"No, I'm afraid not. At least a great many of them don't. Oh, Tony, it would be dreadful," she cried. "I want to be on your father's side and—and——" she paused abruptly. "By the way, did you get the papers?"

"No, I didn't bother. As a matter of fact, I am really not much interested. This war scare is a periodic thing with those people over there. They will have conversations, conferences of diplomats, and that will be the last of it. But I am glad he asked me to look after you, and do you know he really appears to take you into our councils?"

"But, Tony, I want to be," she said. "If war comes, and you are involved, I couldn't bear to be against you."

Tony's face took on the look of a man about to leap, but held back by some hidden restraining power. What that power was he hardly knew himself. He was almost

irresistibly impelled to sweep her into his arms, to pour out the passion of his heart upon her. A strange fear held him back. What was this thing in him that surged like a tide, threatening his self-control, his sanity almost? He feared to entrust himself to that tide. Where would it land him? And again, what would be the effect upon this girl, facing him here, with her wonderful, glowing eyes, her frankly passionate face? What would her reaction be? But more than all he was ever harking back to the same question, was he sure of himself? Was he prepared to offer her, then and there, once and for all his heart, his life, everything he held dear, for all time? For that was the way the books all put it. That she appeared immensely desirable, that she moved him as no other living soul had ever moved him, that it thrilled him to the secret depths of body and soul to think of holding that girl in his arms, he was keenly, passionately, aware. But was this the real thing, the *grande passion*? And ever there came this chilling question, what would she say or do? Some dim reflection of these questionings must have appeared upon his face. Indeed he had little art to conceal them.

To Diana, with her greater sophistication and knowledge of the ways of the human heart in such situations, the perplexities and hesitations of the young man were as an open book. In her ears there sounded the pleading voice: "Give my boy a chance." She wanted to. She acknowledged as much to herself. But what to do with this reserved young man she knew not—with his reticences, his old-world reverence for womanhood, his lack of assurance, his repulsion from anything that savoured of unmaidenly forwardness. He was unlike any of the men she had ever known. They knew what they wanted and they needed neither invitation nor encouragement. They were quick to snatch at what they desired with hardly a by-your-leave. Pursuit of woman was a common form of sport with them, in which the woman had need of all the wariness and swift elusiveness of weak things, haunted by

the predatory strong. But this lad, with his as yet unanalysed and unrecognised emotions, registering themselves in his candid face and straight-looking eyes, was of another breed. No hunter he, at least not as yet. The day would come, she well know, when he would demand his own, and fight for his own, with all the passionate fierceness of the splendid male animal he was. But that day was not yet. What could she do but leave him to ripen, furnishing in the meantime such genial sunshine as she could.

"Oh, let's forget the war, Tony," she cried, "and let us enjoy the evening. Did you ever see such an evening for beauty and coolness, and general heavenliness. Come along, we will take a turn on this slanting deck, if we can."

Now a slanting deck, in any weather, and with any kind of sea, to two young persons of the opposite sex with instincts for mutual exploration, offers possibilities not to be despised. So they walked and ran, short slanting runs, and caromed into each other, and clutched each other for mutual support while the *White Wave* leaped and pitched from crest to crest in her racing zig-zag course toward Spring Cove. Tony took his trick at the wheel with the others; sang them the ancient songs of his mother's people; taught them the old weird, haunting chanty choruses of the Nova Scotia coast, "Blow the man down," "Hi-lo John," and the rest of them; yarned to them Morgan and Kidd bloody tales of buccaneering days; lured Miriam into her Highland Fling and Sword Dance for which he "diddled" the music, her bare feet twinkling through the mazes of those ancient reels like little brown mice, till poor Dale was near driven to madness with desire of her and all with a certain mingling of shy boyishness and manly masterfulness so that he held them all tranced. But always Tony was intensely and increasingly conscious of the girl in gold and blue, ever within touch of him, the flashes of whose blue eyes were like lances in his heart, the touches of whose fingers set his nerves a-tingling—as it was her deliberate and shameless

purpose they should—till, with all his reserve and all his power of cool control, his pulses were throbbing, his imagination setting the slow burning fires within him aflame with passion that only waited opportunity to sweep away all power of inhibition.

At length with the fall of night the wind died to a faint breath, the moon came up red over the darkening hills, the *White Wave*, settled to an even keel soundless and ghostly as a wraith, glided up and over the long ground swell. With Miriam at the wheel and Tony conning by a tricky channel, she found her way into a deep creek of black, still water, sprinkled with stars, through which they went moving gently to their mooring.

"Oh, Tony, what a wonderful day," sighed Diana with her hand on his arm as they stood close together far up in the bow, leaning over the rail. She had definitely signalled Patty that she desired no intrusion, and Patty had loyally obeyed, keeping the other two with her while drop by drop she drained her cup of renunciation.

"Huh, huh!" grunted Tony, his every nerve aware of that light pressure on his arm but his tongue absolutely tied in his head.

"Never have I had such a day, and such an evening."

"But you've sailed many seas, Di?" he said with difficulty commanding his voice.

"Yes, many seas, Tony."

"And with many different men, Di?"

"Yes with many men, Tony, and you with many girls, eh?"

"No!" cried Tony, with passionate fervour, "never! Never once!" He laid his hand over hers.

"Poor Tony, you don't know what you've missed!" she chaffed lightly.

The boy stiffened drawing away his hand. "But you, Di, you know it all!" he replied with a bite in his tone and a shake in his voice. "You have been through it all?"

"Through what, Tony?" she asked, innocently looking

up at him with eyes that rivalled the stars in the dark still water of the Cove.

"Through—you know what," he said, breathless as if from a race. "Through—through this!" Suddenly he put his arm round her and drew her fiercely to him.

"Oh, Tony, do we go to port or starboard here?" It was Miriam's shrill voice, and it was Miriam's swift feet that came running down the deck.

"Oh, Tony, don't! not now—not here," breathed Diana, slipping free from his grasp.

"Port, you little idiot!" cried out Tony. "Can't you see the channel?"

"No! I can't," said Miriam crossly, "how can I see Morrin's from the wheel? And you won't tell me. Port, Patty, port!"

"Come and take your wheel, Miriam!" Patty called, loyal to her friend.

But the spell was gone. There were still a few sharp turns for the *White Wave* to take before she could lie up against the dock.

"By Jove! there's the *Dancing Nancy*!" cried Tony with a spring for the wheel. He was just in time to avoid a crash, but without a touch he brought the *White Wave* into her berth.

"Hello, Merrick, take this line," said Patty. "You beat us after all."

"By about half an hour," replied Merrick whose wrath had quite evaporated.

"Merrick is all right, eh?" said Tony in a low voice.

"Why of course he is—Merrick when—when he is normal is a thoroughly good chap. But look out for Ruddy."

"I will," said Tony grimly. "Had a good sail, Merrick?"

"Number one. Wouldn't have missed it for anything. That old boy of yours is a regular sea dog, and the *Dancing Nancy* is a pippin. Together they make a combination not often found even in these waters. I want

him to sail my yacht in the fall regatta, but he is doubtful. Has something else on, he says."

"He is a good one, Merrick. It is an education to see him take a boat through a gale."

"Boy, you have uttered a whole mouthful," said Merrick with solemn emphasis. "I shall never settle down to a quiet life till I have him take the *White Wave* through a rip snorting gale."

"I'll see you get him, Merrick," replied Tony.

"Oh, Merry, dear, old kid, you are an angel not to be wrathful," said Patty, coming up and putting her arm round him.

"Why, baby, you are ruining my reputation by such suggestive talk."

"Merrick, I want to say too, you are a prince. I played you a shabby trick, but perhaps you can understand why——"

"Not another word, Tony boy. You did the only thing. But keep away from Ruddy."

"No, Merrick, keep him away, if you value him. One of this kind," he said touching his cheek, "is enough in a man's life."

"By gad! you are right, Tony," said Merrick, "I'll keep him off if I can, but, remember, you are under no bonds to any of my party. He has a devil of a temper. He is in the boat-house there with his brother who, by the way, is something of a knocker. Our car is waiting there and we will be slipping away as soon as we get our stuff off."

"Please don't hurry on my account, Merrick, only it would be good to get the young ladies into the car. Oh, here is Rory. He will give us a hand."

"And what is wanted?" asked Rory, approaching Tony. "The other young man iss in a fery bad humour indeed, Tony. I would be avoiding him."

"Not if we can get the young ladies and their baggage into their car before he heaves in sight, Rory. Get Pete and hurry!"

"Ay ay, sir," replied Rory, calling Pete.

In a very few minutes the baggage was stowed away in the car and the party stood ready to move off.

"You will come and see us soon, Tony," said Patty as she said good-bye. "We are not going to let you slip out of our lives. You have been too good to us for that. I feel we are going to be great friends."

Tony glanced at her in surprise. This was not the gay and rollicking Patty he had known these weeks. Her voice was gentle, her manner subdued.

"Great friends indeed, Patty," he replied earnestly as he shook hands. "It was a great day for me when you were hung upon the Devil's Fin. The greatest day in my life, Patty, a day I can never forget."

As he spoke the boat-house door was flung open and Ruddy followed by a big, handsome man strode out upon the dock.

"Oh, here you are at last," he shouted. "A nice trick to play on us."

"Oh, be a sport, Ruddy. You won your race," said Patty, laughing at him.

"It was a dirty trick," growled Ruddy, apparently unable to command his rage.

"I assume full responsibility," said Tony quietly.

"Yes, that's what I mean. It was a dirty trick," he shouted, quite beside himself.

"Shut up, Ruddy!" said Merrick sharply.

"I won't shut up. It was a dirty trick, and no one but a cad would have done it."

"Will you please take the young ladies to the car, Merrick?" said Tony, his voice clear but with an edge as of steel.

"No," said Patty sharply. "We stay here till Ruddy apologises to our friend, his host and ours."

"Apologise?" roared Ruddy, his face showing black with fury in the white moonlight.

Diana stepped to Tony's side.

"Don't mind us, Tony," she said, her eyes blazing fire, her cheeks aflame.

It was as if her words had released a spring in Tony's body. With a single leap he covered the distance separating him from Ruddy.

"Do you see this, Ruddy?" he said in a quiet voice, pointing to his cut cheek.

"Yes, would you like the other touched up too?" was the reply, with an insolent laugh.

"Ruddy, I have never struck a man in my life but now I am going to slap your face."

Ruddy threw up his hands but, quicker than the eye could follow the movement, Tony's hands shot out—left! right! left! slap! slap! slap! rattling the teeth in the man's head, and then, with a straight arm to his neck, he lifted the dazed and shaken youth clean off the dock into the black water.

"He will drown!" shouted his brother tearing off his coat, "he is unconscious!"

But, before the words were out of his mouth, Tony, saying quietly in a disgusted tone, "I'll have to get the beast," dived after his sinking foe and, drawing him along on his back, reached a low level dock where Rory and Merrick dragged them both to safety. In a few minutes Ruddy regained consciousness and was led off by Merry into the boat-house.

"Oh Tony!" cried Diana, running up to him with hands outstretched, "I am proud of you! Two splendid deeds in a minute's time!"

"You just bet we are!" echoed Patty. "Finest thing I ever saw."

"Excuse me, young ladies," said a deep voice. They turned and saw Ruddy's brother, Ernest.

"I have not the honor to know this gentleman, but he will, perhaps, accept my gratitude for rescuing my brother from what might easily have been his death." His voice grew hoarse with his emotion.

"Oh, that's all right!" grunted Tony, turning away.

“But will you let me also say,” he continued, “that if we were in a civilised country, such as that in which I have been trained, that blow would have to be atoned for with your heart’s blood.” The concentrated fury and hate that thickened his voice and choked his speech, words cannot describe.

“Oh, go away!” said Tony impatiently.

“Listen,” said Ernest, tapping Tony’s chest with his forefinger, “when next I meet you, in suitable circumstances, I shall ask the privilege of exacting sufficient—sufficient! hear me! punishment for that blow.”

“You listen to me!” replied Tony, speaking very deliberately, “I am tired of you both, and if you touch me with that fat finger of yours once more I will drop you in your tracks.”

“Some day! Some day!” muttered Ernest, chewing his words through his grinding teeth as he turned away.

“Too bad to end a wonderful, a perfect day, in this rude fashion, young ladies,” said Tony, in his father’s grandest manner. “I most deeply regret the necessity.”

“Oh rot!” cried Patty, “a wonderful ending to a wonderful day, say I.”

“And I too, Tony,” said Diana. “That cheek,” she lightly touched the wounded cheek, “does not hurt me so much now.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THEIR ONE GOLDEN DAY.

The Anglican church of quaint old stone structure, with bell tower and lofty gables, stood in the midst of its graveyard, overshadowed by ancient pine trees. Near it, in an enclosed garden filled with old-fashioned flowers, and rockeries, stood the rectory, also a stone building, half-covered with vines, its front windows choked with honeysuckle, and everything in its environment suggesting home and rest and quiet gladness. The congregation were gathered in groups about the church door, and throughout the graveyard. There was an air of repressed excitement visible upon their faces and in their conversation. As the bell ceased its chime for morning prayer, an automobile drove up with the party from Aldrich House, Diana, Dale, Miriam, who for the past week had made one of the house party, and Charley Hopps.

"What is all the excitement, I wonder," said Dale, as the party were alighting from the car.

"I know," said Miriam, "it is the war, I am sure there is some news." But the congregation had all passed within the door and Miriam's intense curiosity could not be gratified.

After the morning prayers, however, instead of proceeding with the sermon, the rector stood facing his people, with a grave and anxious face. For thirty years he had been their spiritual shepherd, exercising his godly ministry among them. A gentle heart he had, this Rev. Herbert Steele, but in the face of peril, with some steel-like quality in the soul of him that drew and held men's trust. "Dearly beloved brethren," he said, his fine features paler than

usual, his dreamy eyes brighter than usual, his voice tremulous with suppressed emotion, "we are assembled to worship Almighty God in this Holy Place, which is dedicated to His worship, but it is not unfitting that we should recognise and give heed to this solemn Voice of God, that speaks to us this morning. A few minutes ago this cable was put in my hands:

"The German armies at an early hour this morning entered Luxembourg in face of the protest of one of the ministers of state. This violation of Luxembourg neutrality would seem to presage a similar violation of Belgium. The results of this action of Germany are fraught with international issues of the gravest moment."

"You are also aware," continued the rector, "that on Friday last Germany was declared to be in a state of war, and that last evening she declared war upon Russia. It was further announced that two days ago the German armies had entered the territory of the Republic of France. God only knows what this may mean to us as an Empire; to Europe and to all the world. We are assured that Great Britain is making every effort to allay the conflicting passions of these nations, and to bring about peace. We can only hope and pray that if she fails in this she may herself be able to maintain peaceful relations with the nations of Europe, but only with honor." His spare form lifted itself up to its full height as he repeated, in a slightly deepened tone of voice, "but only with honor."

Charley Hopps nudged Diana at this point. "Great old boy," he said. "What a voice! What an eye!"

Dale sitting next to Miriam was paying but slight attention to the rector's words. He was wholly absorbed in watching the light and color ebb and flow in the brown eyes of the girl beside him, shining with their high lights, as they held the rector's face throughout his whole address. There was no sermon. A few brief sentences the rector spoke, his voice falling in grave musical cadences over his

people, solemn, portentous, but ringing with stern resolve and high courage. When he had finished Miriam allowed her breath to escape in a deep sigh. "Oh, if I were a man! If I were only a man!"

After a brief closing prayer the people with faces quiet and solemnized by what they had heard, passed out of the church, and with almost no conversation went their various ways.

As Dale and his party drove through the town they came upon a crowd of men, mostly fisher-folk, about the telegraph office.

"There is Tony!" cried Miriam, springing up, "and Rory and Pete and Tom and all the rest of them."

"Never jump from a moving car, Miriam," remonstrated Dale, "it is supposed to be bad form and also dangerous."

But Miriam sat down, ignoring him.

Tony was standing at the entrance to the telegraph office with several yellow sheets in his hand. About him pressed the crowd, waiting, apparently, news from him. Through the crowd came the rector, the people making way for him. "Any news to-day, Tony?" he enquired.

"You know, sir, that the German forces entered France on Friday, and that to-day they entered Luxembourg over the protest of the government."

"Yes, I know," replied the rector. "Anything further?"

Tony read from one of the sheets in his hand:

"Germany formally requests passage through Belgium, Belgium declines, asserting neutrality."

"What do you think, sir?" enquired Tony, "will Germany force a passage?"

"Who can tell?" replied the rector, shaking his head, "I am very much afraid she will."

"What about Britain?" said Tony, and a silence fell upon the crowd, waiting the rector's answer.

"Britain, with other European nations, is pledged to

support Belgium neutrality, but——” the rector paused, then added, who can say? It is a difficult problem.”

“But she promised!” It was Miriam’s voice, high and shrill above the crowd. The rector turned his eyes upon her. “Yes!” he said, “she promised.”

And again there was silence. Slowly it appeared to sink into the minds of that company about the telegraph office that they were up against something like bed-rock. Britain’s word had been passed. Would Britain have to fight to keep that word intact? The awful dilemma gradually emerged from the mists of diplomatic expediency and became a thing definite, ugly but unescapable, Britain’s word or war.

“Will Britain have to fight?” enquired a voice from the crowd, hesitatingly.

The rector faced swiftly about, his tall spare form rigid and erect. “Will Britain break her word?” he asked.

“No, by Goad!” It was Rory Ruagh’s voice, husky and fierce.

A sound something like a long sigh escaped from the crowd, as of relief from an intolerable suspense. Once more the rector faced swiftly about, toward the sturdy fishermen. “No, thank God!” he said, in a voice fervent with conviction. “Britain will not break her word!”

“Dear Mr. Steele!” exclaimed Miriam, tears in her eyes and in her voice.

“What about Canada?” cried another voice.

And again there was silence.

“What do you think, Tony?” said the rector, turning toward the young man.

Tony drew from his coat a pocketbook, and extracting a newspaper cutting, read aloud:

“‘Canada must do her part as an integral portion of the Empire, and assuredly must discharge the imperative first duty of self defence. When Britain is at war Canada is at war.’”

"What paper is that?" asked the rector, sharply.

"The 'Toronto Globe,' sir," answered Tony, "an opposition paper."

"Thank God again!" said the rector.

"Good old 'Globe'!" shouted a voice.

"And here's another," said Tony:

"There can be no question as to Canada's duty if the European war goes on. This country must do all it can to support the arms of Britain, and there needs to be an instant closing up of the ranks and a hearty support of the Borden government in all measures that will be taken to meet the situation."

"That, sir, is the 'Toronto Star.' These are both opposition papers, you know, sir."

"Good old 'Star'!" shouted another voice.

But there was no demonstration, no cheers. These Nova Scotia folk shrank from demonstration of the deepest passions of their souls. In the heat of political controversy they could cheer easily and with the best, but when it came to such fundamental sanctities as National Honour and Love of Country and the like, a certain reserve forbade unseemly demonstration. They knew little of patriotic celebrations. They could and would readily die for the flag, but never in their lives had they been guilty of cheering that jaunty rag.

"Like people, like priest." The rector, with difficulty broke into speech. In three sentences he bade the people take these matters to their hearts, lay them in prayer before God, and consider how they would perform what He made clear to them to be their duty.

Following his words the crowd quietly dispersed.

"Come with us, Tony," said Diana, as he drew near the car. But Tony shook his head.

"The coasts are all clear, Tony," she continued, with a smile, "Ruddy and Ernest were called away by important business. They seemed rather excited, indeed, and we're badly off for young men."

A deprecating cough from Charley Hopps interrupted her speech.

"Oh, of course, there is Charley here. Let me introduce Charley Hopps, journalist, artist, etc."

"I am very anxious to meet you," said Charley, cordially offering his hand. "I have certain things to discuss with you."

"Come along, then, Tony," cried Patty, "we want you."

But still Tony hesitated. "I have business with Rory and the men here," he said.

"Well, get it done," cried Patty, "and come along. We'll wait for you." She was supported by a chorus of invitations.

"All right," said Tony, and ran off to meet Rory, Tom and a group of fishermen, who were evidently waiting for him.

"Oh, I know Tony's doing something with those men," cried Miriam, in high excitement. "Oh, if I were only a man! I would go too!"

"Go too!" exclaimed Diana, "who is going?"

"Yes!" cried Dale. "Who is going? Why? When? Where? How? Who is going, Miriam?"

"Who do you think?" replied the girl, a fine scorn in her voice. "Uncle Mackinroy is gone. Do you think Tony would stay behind?"

"But," said Diana, her face quite pale, "surely there are plenty to go, why should Tony? Tony is needed at home. Who would look after Aunt Pheemie and you?"

"Aunt Pheemie!" laughed Miriam. "Aunt Pheemie! you've never seen our album. Oh, if I were only a man!"

Diana sat silent, her lips firmly together. She was out of all this. In this fight she had no part.

"But good Heavens, Miriam," exclaimed Dale, "Canadians don't have to go."

Scorn blazed in Miriam's eyes. "Have to go? No! Have you seen the papers? They are fighting to go already. Hundreds have started from British Columbia,

from Yukon, from Montreal and Quebec. Didn't you read that?" Her voice broken suddenly.

"But," argued Dale, "this is not Canada's war."

Miriam devastated him with a look. "Dale, I just despise you!"

"Right you are, little one," said Charley Hopps, "and by the Great Horn Spoon, I am with you! I'd like to take a hand in the thing myself. Would your government take me on and give me command of a battalion?"

"No!" said Miriam. "We don't need you! We don't need anyone in the world!"

"But," continued Charley Hopps, pitying the girl's almost uncontrollable emotion and seeking to ease the strain, "Britain will need all the sympathy and help she can get, and especially will she need the sympathy of America in this war, if war should come, which I can't believe, and by Gad, she ought to have it!" And Charley proceeded to chatter intelligently, and apparently from full knowledge about the racial, commercial and other bonds that should draw these branches of the Anglo-Keltic race together in such a crisis as this.

They waited half-an-hour, after which Tony returned, silent and grave, the boyish look gone completely out of his face. It seemed as if a heavy weight of responsibility had fallen upon him. There was little conversation in the back seat, but from the front seat there came snatches of talk between Dale and Miriam. Talk, of course, about the war, the certainty of which was a sure conviction in Miriam's mind.

At the Aldrich House during lunch, the possibility of war engrossed the conversation. The prevention of this terrible world catastrophe was to Aunt Annabel a matter of the utmost simplicity.

"Why doesn't our President step in," she complained, "and stop it? He is such a good man, and so clever! Why should he not just call them all together and talk it over? I am sure he could find a way out of the difficulty."

Professor Hemstein thoroughly agreed with her. "The

United States, through its President, might very properly intervene, and arrange an international conference, and once they were all together about a table, with the President in command, all difficulties could be adjusted, and peace restored. Germany is for peace, and why should she not be, peace is to her interest."

Miriam sat brimming with excited protest, but she had been too well trained by her Aunt Pheemie to break silence. She had thoroughly learned the lesson "that little girls were to be seen and not heard." Charley Hopps came to her rescue, taking up Professor Hemstein's argument.

"I find it difficult, Professor Hemstein," he said, "to be quite as certain as you are in regard to Germany's desire for peace. My studies in international politics, which I confess are not so profound as they might be, lead me to doubt the sincerity of the Kaiser's protestations in this regard. His 'mailed fist' and 'shining armour' utterances, the Morocco incident, ending with the Algeiras conference, and later the Agadir business, I confess leave me in doubt. The Kaiser may be a peace lover, but his methods are somewhat after Bret Harte's peace-loving citizen, who when a controversy had arisen over the Methodist graveyard in his burg, had waltzed in with a hand spike, and in a few minutes had achieved a lovely peace."

"Of course," said Professor Hemstein, with a gesture of impatience, "you apparently know little of Germany's international policies. Peace is her one desire and aim. It is essential to her commercial expansion, but naturally she resists any enveloping policy, which seeks to exclude her from the markets of the world."

"The old fool," exclaimed Miriam to Dale in an undertone. "He doesn't know about that enveloping policy."

"Tell him about it," urged Dale.

But Miriam's eyes were upon Tony and she kept silent.

"One can't help a certain amount of sympathy with Germany resisting anything like an enveloping policy," said Charley Hopps. "But there is evidence of something

more than a desire for trade security and expansion in Germany's naval policy. However, she has her chance now to show the extent and sincerity of her desire for peace."

"I do know," said Tony, "that England is putting forth every power she possesses to maintain peace. Her ministers are desperately striving to bring about a conference."

"Ah! How do you know that?" asked Professor Hemstein.

Tony hesitated, and then said frankly: "From my private correspondence."

"Indeed!" replied Professor Hemstein, with a keen glance, "your private correspondence."

Tony bowed.

"At any rate," said Charley Hopps, "Germany has the word now, but I cannot help feeling that her intervention will depend somewhat upon her bank account, and the preparedness of her navy."

"He knows," whispered Miriam to Dale, turning her brown eyes, warm with approval, upon Charley Hopps. "I could just hug him!"

"I could have said the same thing," muttered Dale.

"But of course it is all wrong," ejaculated Aunt Annabel, plaintively, "all these secret diplomacies, all this treaty-making in the dark, all these international jealousies. It is all wicked and wrong, and why should Britain get herself involved? Why not break away, and take the openly honest and straightforward course? Oh! I beg your pardon!" Aunt Annabel was covered with confusion. "I forgot for a moment. Pray sit down, little girl."

"Sit down, Miriam," said Tony, sharply.

But Patty came to the rescue. "But, Aunt Annabel," she exclaimed indignantly, "there are such things as treaties, and there is a treaty at this very minute, I understand, signed by half-a-dozen European nations, guaranteeing Belgium neutrality. I was reading all about it in the 'New York Times' last week. The 'Times' was very

straight on that. Of course, Professor somebody or other had a letter in the 'Times,' quite a furious letter regarding Belgium neutrality. He ridicules the idea that treaties are forever binding, and upholds the doctrine that treaties are conditioned by existing circumstances, and that when circumstances change nations are relieved of their treaty obligations, and that in any case national safety must be the first consideration of any government. But I cannot quite see that."

"But that is very sound, my dear young lady," said the Professor, "that is the basis of all treaty-making. Conditions are the essential part of every contract."

"That seems quite reasonable," said Aunt Annabel, beaming on the Professor. "It reminds me of Moses and the Amorites. I always thought it was unreasonable of Sihon, King of Heshbon, was he an Amorite?—at any rate, it was so unreasonable of him to refuse Moses' perfectly reasonable offer. Moses was such a wonderful man, a little stern of course, and severe. I always thought that his killing of the women of the Amorites was unnecessarily cruel, but then of course they were idolators and doomed to destruction."

"Ah, my dear Miss Lothrop, that is extremely interesting. You find that in the Bible. You will perhaps point it out to me."

"Oh, I shall find it for you, Professor. My dear mother had a wonderful Concordance, and when we were quite small, I remember so well, that on Sunday afternoons she would arrange games for us, such interesting games. Dear mamma was very careful about the Sabbath Day, and we would look up names. Let me see, this story would come up under the word Amorites, but I think I can find it without the Concordance."

"I know where it is," said Miriam to Dale in an undertone, "and I think Moses was terribly cruel and mean about that, to kill all the women, I mean."

"Not all the women, my dear," said Aunt Annabel. "I

mean to say," she said, hurriedly correcting herself, "only certain classes of women."

"Yes!" said Miriam, "only mothers and wives, just think of that, the mean old brute."

"My dear, my dear," remonstrated Aunt Annabel, in a shocked voice.

"Ah! Ah so!" exclaimed the Professor, "dear Miss Lothrop, you will find that for me, but believe me, Germany will be eminently fair, she will exert her great power to preserve peace."

"Now," said Aunt Annabel, firmly, "let's put away all this war talk. It has nothing to do with us here."

"Why, Aunt Annabel," exclaimed Patty, "what can you mean? We are in Canada, and Canada is part of the British Empire."

"Oh dear! I keep forgetting," exclaimed Aunt Annabel, in a distressed voice, "it always seems to me as if Canada were part of the United States, and after all we are really pretty much the same, are we not?" she added, smiling benignly upon Tony.

"Tony," cried Miriam, flinging to the winds all regard for conventional restraints, "just read them those telegrams you read to-day."

But Tony ignored her request. "I think I agree with Miss Lothrop. Let's drop this war talk, it doesn't get us anywhere anyway."

"Yes! Let us!" cried Aunt Annabel, rising. "You gentlemen would like to have your smoke in the garden, and perhaps a little later we may all go for a drive. There are such lovely drives in this country. Diana, what are you doing?"

"Miriam and I are going off on an exploring expedition," replied Diana. "Come along, Miriam. Care to come, Patty?" she added, turning to her friend.

"Patty is coming with me," said Charley Hopps. "We are going up over the back of the pasture, there is a wonderful view of the Bay from there, which I have promised to show her."

"Oh!" said Patty, raising her eyebrows, "I hadn't remembered. But," she added, with a shrug of her shoulders, "come along, let's go."

Diana carried Miriam off to the garden, which was simply an enclosed space of rocky ledges sloping to the woods, with grassy lawns between the ledges and shady nooks under the great trees.

"And so you would like to be a man, and go to the war," said Diana, when they had got away from the others.

Miriam's reply was an emphatic nod.

"But why, Miriam? War is so horrid. You only think of the soldiers marching and bands playing. You don't think of the fighting and the killing, and the horrible wounding, and the soldiers dying alone." Diana's voice trembled.

"I know, I know!" cried Miriam, passionately. "I know all about it, at least I have read all about it. But what difference does that make? Men must fight for their country. Our men have always fought for their country." The tears could not dim the blazing fires of passion in her eyes.

"Your men, Miriam, what do you mean? Your men have never had a war."

"We have had six wars in Canada," said Miriam proudly, "and we have won every one of them."

"Six wars?"

"Yes! The French in 1759, the Americans in 1776, oh, I forgot, but we did fight the Americans, and again in 1812 we beat them back."

"Did you?" enquired Diana.

"Yes!" answered Miriam, emphatically, "and we held part of their country for almost two years, and we beat back the Fenians in 1866, and then our two rebellions in 1870 and 1885."

"Well, you do know your Canadian history," said Diana, in an admiring tone.

"That part I do," said Miriam, "and besides, my father's people and Tony's have fought for the Empire

all over the world. You should have seen our soldiers' album at home."

"You will show it to me some day," said Diana. "But your father's people and Tony's lived over in Europe. They, of course, would fight for Great Britain. But you are here in Canada."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miriam, desperate weariness in her voice, "can't you see, we are all one people, one Empire, one King," her voice rose shrill in the intensity of her feeling.

"That's the stuff! One flag, one nation, indivisible!" It was Dale's voice coming through the underbrush. "Where are you, you little fire eater?"

In a moment or two Dale and Tony appeared.

"Tony says he must go and I am going to run him down to Langdenburg," said Dale.

"I am going too," cried Miriam, starting to her feet.

"Nonsense!" said Dale, "not to-day."

"Yes! Yes! I must go to-day, Tony! I want to go with you!"

"I am going to be awfully busy the next day or two," replied Tony, "I think you had better stay here a little longer."

"No, Tony! I want to go, I want to go with you! You will be going off. I won't stop!" Her voice rose in passionate protest.

"Nonsense, Miriam!" said Tony, impatiently. "I am not going off, not for many a day, perhaps not at all. All this war scare may come to nothing. I will come for you in a couple of days or whenever I know how things go."

"But, Tony——" protested Miriam, her voice trembling and her lips quivering.

"Miriam, stay with me, I want you," pleaded Diana, "these are terrible days for us all. I want you," her voice, too, was shaking.

"In two days I will come for you, Miriam," said Tony. "It is a promise!" he lifted his hand, as in affirmation, a

sign understood between them. "You girls had better come down for a run with us."

"Wait for me, Miriam!" cried Dale, as Miriam bounded off like a deer, "I'll go with you."

The other two were left facing each other both acutely conscious that it was a moment of crisis. There was no fencing with either of them.

"You will go, Tony," said Diana, in a low voice, "if the war comes?"

"Of course, what other can I do?"

"Yes! I never really saw why till Miriam showed me. Your people—your race——"

"No! blood, race, that sort of thing could not drag me in. It is myself. War is a horrible thing. I have no illusions about it. To me the whole thing is highly absurd. I hate it, but my country, the Empire, and what it stands for—there is something really there. Three weeks ago I should have smiled at my present state of mind. Now—yes, if war comes, I must go!"

"Yes! you must go, Tony, you must go," and her voice faltered.

Tony came nearer to her. She did not shrink from him, or repel him. They had both moved into a realm of simple sincerity. They were dealing with primal realities. For some moments they stood in silence, their eyes averted from each other. Then in a voice gravely controlled, Tony said, "Diana, do you know? You must know that I love you."

She lifted her eyes all glowing and steadily looked into his. "Yes, Tony, I know." Her voice, like his, was grave and quiet.

"I am not asking you anything, Diana."

"Why not, Tony?" said Diana.

"I have no right, I have nothing to offer you. Wait! Please listen to me! And were it not for this war I think I would not have spoken till I had something. I believe I could have done something worth while, but this thing has changed everything. If war comes I shall go away.

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It is already arranged. My father tells me that I am going into special service."

"Oh, Tony!" cried Diana, her self-control all shattered, "don't stand there talking like that. How can you do it? Don't you see you are breaking my heart? I want—— oh Tony! Tony, you make me say it! I want you to hold me in your arms before you tell me any more."

Tony came to her and grasping her arms held her at arm's length. "Is this true, Diana? It can't be true, that you really love me."

"Oh, Tony, you blind and foolish boy, can you not see?" she lifted her arms toward him.

With a swift movement he swept her to him.

"Diana," he whispered, "this is wild folly."

"What? To love you, Tony?"

"No, but that I should let you know my madness."

With her hands clasped about his neck Diana allowed herself to sink into his arms. "Madness," she sighed, "perhaps, but oh, Tony," she lifted her eyes to him, smiling with parted lips, "what matters anything now?"

For one long ecstatic moment her lips held his, her heart against his, the soft curves of her body fitting themselves into his embrace.

"Diana, how can I ever let you go now?" he said.

"You can't, Tony," she murmured. "I won't let you. How can I?" Her arms tightened about him. "How can I? Tell me that!"

"Oh, this damnable thing," cried Tony, "how I hate this war and the fools that made it."

In the distance they heard Dale's voice.

"There's Dale," said Tony, hurriedly loosing his arms.

"Oh, Tony," said Diana, "does it matter? I am quite shameless! But oh! I am so happy! I never guessed there could be such happiness in the world. There! there! there! Now go, you proper youth!"

"Proper!" exclaimed Tony, indignantly. "Give me a chance. Some day I will show you."

"When? where?" asked Diana, breathlessly.

"Here to-morrow, at sunrise!"

"You can't!"

"Here at sunrise," repeated Tony in a firm voice.

Together they turned to meet the others on their way to the car. "Let them go on," whispered Tony.

"I have left something at the house," he cried after Dale.

"All right, Tony, get it, we'll wait for you at the car," called Dale.

"What have you left, Tony?" enquired Diana.

"I don't know," said Tony. "I am going to find something. Wait here for me."

It was some minutes, some blissful minutes, before they reached the car.

"Tony," said Diana, "don't let them see your eyes. Your eyes will tell them everything."

In almost complete silence they followed the winding road that led to Langdenburg. In the front seat Dale chattered to Miriam and chaffed her, meeting, however, no response from his companion. The two in the rear seat sat voiceless, making no pretence at conversation, knowing well how poor and futile were words to carry the messages brimming at their eyes and tingling at their finger tips.

As the car reached the brow of the hill overlooking the town, Tony said: "Diana, don't wait at Langdenburg, and don't say good-bye. Get right away. My arms are aching for you."

"I know, Tony," she answered. "Don't I know!"

"And don't look at me like that!" he ordered, "or I shall break through."

"Oh, Tony, I should love to have you break through," she said, with a daring glance at him.

"You heartless girl, but to-morrow morning I will show you."

"Will you, Tony?" she whispered, leaning toward him.

At Langdenburg they parted with a wave of the hand and a brief farewell, and went their several ways. But

it was a new world in which these two found themselves. A world in which things familiar, the trees, the streets, the houses were limned as in an unfamiliar light, a light not of the summer evening, but soft and tender as from the gates of heaven itself.

Left to himself Tony walked down to the Bay to meet Rory Ruagh and his friends, with whom he had serious business in hand. As he thought over this business and what it meant to him his heart sank within him. "And now what have you done?" he asked himself in scornful reproach, "and what is the next thing?" In vain he tried to think calmly over the situation into which he had plunged himself. "The logical result of the afternoon's happenings, is, of course, marriage," he said, and laughed bitterly. These were the days before war weddings had become the vogue. "Marry her and go off to the war," he continued. "Tie her up to a man doomed to death, or worse, to a cripple." This time he did not laugh, but cursed deeply as he walked toward the Bay. In a few minutes, however, the hard and bitter lines upon his face softened. "To-morrow at sunrise," the words sang in his heart like the refrain of an old and well-loved song. He glanced at his watch. It was nearly eight o'clock. He calculated he had nine hours to finish his work, to prepare the *Snylph* for a cruise, to pack a hamper, and snatch a little sleep. "Sleep!" he cried to himself, and again he laughed aloud, but this time there was no bitterness, only a joyous scorn in his laugh. "Sleep to-night? With the sunrise before me? Let come what may, nothing can ever take from me those minutes in the garden, nothing! Not wounds, not death." He could still feel her arms holding him, the soft yielding of her body, the pressure of her lips on his. Mad fool he might be, but so much, at least, of life's finest nectar he had drained. To-morrow at sunrise he would hold her in his arms again. Through the long day, he would sail away with her alone. One day they would have together, one golden day to drink long and deep of this new, rich, wonderful wine of life.

Later they would take and drink whatever cup fate might offer, and without repining.

On the morrow, an hour before the sun had warmed the grey of the sea into rose and gold, the *Snylph* glided with a little land breeze into Spring Cove, and without a sound, or flap of sail, came to rest at Morin's dock. Running swiftly he climbed the hill, then on along the road he went rounding the Bay head and again climbed to higher levels, till he reached the main road, overhung by the wide-spreading branches of the great trees. Off from the main road he turned into a little by-path that led to Aldrich House, ran a few paces and there, silent, motionless in the dim grey light, now getting warmer every moment, he caught sight of her waiting for him. It was not yet the hour set for his coming, but there she stood waiting. The sight of her there, tall, slender, in all the fresh loveliness of her beauty, halted him in his stride. He darted behind a thick spruce, and there stood drinking anew his cup of joy, striving to order into quietness the tumult of his heart. A waking squirrel emerged from his hollow tree, caught sight of his intruder and broke into indignant protest. With a startled movement she turned, facing in his direction. With one leap he was out upon the road in full view.

"Tony," she cried, softly, her hands lifted to her breast.

A few breathless moments and she was in his arms. Upon the topmost branches of the tall pines, the golden touch of the "rosy-fingered daughter of morn" proclaimed the sunrise. Their one golden day had dawned.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PATROL OF THE DEVIL'S FIN.

Charley Hopps, artist and free-lance journalist, looking fit, hard and bronzed, entered the editor's office of the "Post-Express" of New York and received a shout of welcome from his chief.

"Hello Charley, my young bucko, back again. Have a little one. In the cupboard there. What, off it? Well perhaps you are right. Something of the romantic has departed from your languishing eyes, and the ivory palor from your vulgarly bronzed cheek, but on the whole, it suits you. Sit down and set forth your tale. How has life been with you, anyway?"

"Life it is, Martyrson!" said Charley. "For the first time in my life's pilgrimage I have touched the real thing."

"Your stories tell me that. Good stuff, Charley. Incidentally, though you don't need it, your salary has gone up fifty per cent., and the Big Ones are hot foot on your trail. We will be sorry to lose you, but you are a free man."

"That stuff," said Charley, "you may promptly can. You had your own time with me, Martyrson. When I leave the 'Post-Express' it will be when I am fired, but I have seen things that I should like you and your readers to know."

"Tell us about them," said Martyrson.

Charley Hopps leaned forward, his elbows on the table, his attitude, his face, his brilliant eyes all indicating the intensity of his feeling. "Martyrson," he said, "you will think me a fool, but I want to say something to you, as

editor of a great American paper, before I tell my story. Yesterday I fell over young Brentwood Hale in Wall Street. I used to envy Brentwood, elegant, dilettante, stock-broking plunger, with a gift for coming out right side up. Yesterday, by the Lord, I pitied him as a successful money grubber, damn him!"

"Steady, Charley, my son. Why damn him? I can't say I admire Brenty unduly, but is he worse than thousands of his class in this and other cities of America?"

"You've said it, Martyrson! You've said it! No worse than hundreds of thousands of young Americans, with possibilities of greatness in them, spending their splendid energies in the perfectly futile occupation of piling up money, which they don't need, and don't really want. Now hear me, Martyrson, for the good of your own soul, then fire me if you like. Tell me, before God, why should a man break his neck piling up money that he neither needs nor wants, when there are so many more things really worth doing in the world?"

"Socialism, Charley?"

"Look here, Martyrson, I am off all profanity and superlatives for ordinary conversation. I am saving them up for the really big things, such as I have been seeing, and of which I have been some small part. Do you get me? You people here haven't begun to get the meaning of this war business, you haven't got the world point of view. You are fiddling away here, making money and spending it in perfectly inane occupations while civilization is preparing for its final holocaust."

"Oh, come down, Charley! Come down! Keep your feet on the ground! That is the trouble with you artistic souls. Remember, it is only a few weeks ago that you were busy, not even making money, but just slushing it round on doubtful ones, for their injury and your own, rolling up your languishing eyes, touching lightly the Hawaiian lute, eating terrapin and drinking champagne."

"Yes!" said Charley, "and I am telling you that twelve weeks ago I was a fool and on the way to become a damned

fool. But let me tell you what I've seen. I can't hope to give you the world view point, but I can tell you a few things that have passed before my eyes. I have been up North in that country where men have forgotten what it means to give their souls and bodies to the making of money. They are flinging their money about like dirt, for things that they've come to think worth living for. Yes! and worth dying for. I have seen men standing in long lines fighting to get a chance to die for something that makes money look like mud. Remember, they have no fool notions about military glory or national aggrandisement. Believe me, they have caught sight of something shining in their sky beyond the brightness of the sun. Don't you grin at me, or by the Lord, I shall proceed to beat you up, with all your two hundred pounds of bone and sinew."

"By Jove, you look as if you might, too. Do go on, Charley! I am not grinning at you. That was a registration of mingled amazement, admiration and envy. You have certainly changed. Go on, tell me what you've seen."

"I've seen," said Charley in deepened tone, "a young nation stripping itself for war, and preparing to plunge into that flaming hell across the sea, whither I too am going, under your auspices, Martyrson, if you say so; if you don't, on my own. I have seen women, hundreds of them, send their men away,—and by this time they are beginning to know that it means wounds and death,—send them away dry-eyed and with a smile. I saw one dear little old lady put her arms round the necks of two tall young Canadians, kiss them good-bye, stand back and wave them farewell without a tear. These Canadians are not professional soldiers remember, but soldiers they are, lean, lank, clean capable fellows. By gad, when they get behind a bayonet I want to be anywhere but in front. I am an American, Martyrson, as you know, my people are of the old stock on both sides, but I found myself envying those Canadians. One day I went mad over them. Went to their Grand Mogul, who was visiting their big camp, to

ask him for a job. Say!" Charley threw himself back in his chair and began to laugh. "Talk of Old Nap! There sat this old boy, his coat off, dictating to three stenogs at once, issuing commands to orderlies, despatching wires and having a whale of a time. I humbly told him my errand. That I was an American, that I wanted to fight, and I should like a commission in his army. 'Commission,' he yelled, 'do you know, young man, I have ten thousand of your lads wanting a place in the ranks? And fighting devils they look, too. I should love to have 'em. We will have 'em, too,' he declared, smashing his fist down on the table, 'when the Red Tape lizards get through their funny antics.' An extraordinary old boy he is. There is no doubt he hates himself with a bitter hatred, only you don't see it. All the same when he got going things began to move. As for instance, at 8.30 p. m. August 4th the Canadian Government was informed that Britain was at war with Germany. Parliament met on August 18th. On September 22nd seven weeks after the declaration of war, and exactly five weeks after the meeting of Parliament, thirty thousand men embarked at Quebec, fully equipped and partially trained for war service."

"J-rrupiter!" exclaimed the editor, "I missed that. You must write that up. That is simply unparalleled."

"Oh, that is only the beginning," said Charley. "It is a big thing. Not only that, but it is part of the biggest thing in history. Now get that, Martyrson! The American revolution was a big thing. It was a new birth for the world, but in this we are seeing either the beginning of the destruction of civilisation or its rebirth. And think of it, Martyrson, the American people are looking on from the side lines, and making bets on the issue, and raking in the profits."

"Oh, come, Charley! That is a bit strong. After all, a little spanking won't do England any harm."

"A little spanking," cried Charley. "Have you read the story of that retreat from Mons? No, you haven't, I can see that, or you wouldn't be sitting there looking at me

as you are. And what of France and Belgium? Have you seen the reports of the German method? My God, Martyrson! What sort of a man are you?"

"But after all, Charley—sit down man, sit down—after all this is not our funeral."

"That's just the point!" said Charley, throwing himself in his chair, and making an effort to speak calmly, "that's just the point! Are you sure it is not our funeral? However, I didn't come here to talk this stuff. I came to arrange with you to run a series of articles. I have some corking stuff for you, if you care to hear about it."

"All right, Charley, shoot."

"Now, Martyrson," said Charley, controlling himself with a mighty effort, "everything will depend on how keen you are, and how keen the 'Post-Express' is. Frankly, I want to tell you I am no neutral, not even 'neutral in thought,' thank God!"

"Well, Charley, we're neutral all right, but we *are* neutral, I am no—" Martyrson's adjectives were lurid and highly sulphurous—"hyphenated neutral, nor am I any hyphenated American. I am plain American, first, last, always, and so is the 'Post-Express,' no more, no less. Now spit it out!"

"Well, my story weaves itself round the personality of a young fellow whom I came to know up there. The son of an old R.N.R. man."

"R.N.R.!" echoed Martyrson.

"Oh, confound it, Martyrson! You ought to get over your insularity. R.N.R. stands for Royal Naval Reserve, and it means that there is a bunch of old boys, who have got past the age of active service in the British Navy, but who hate to be banished from the Service, and so are kept in reserve. At the present moment these old boys, from seventy years old and downward, are tumbling over each other, bombarding the Admiralty for a job, as I happen to know. Well, this chap's father, is an old R.N.R., who a week before war was actually declared disappeared and

has not turned up since. His address, however, is the British Admiralty. His son, a young chap of twenty-one or two, University man, scientist, athlete, sailor, immediately on declaration of war disappeared with a bunch of fishermen and a University athletic comrade in his father's oil-burning yacht, which the old chap had built like a gun-boat, evidently with the possibility of war in his mind. Well, the young chap has been patrolling the seas ever since, from Florida to Halifax, dodging in and out of our harbours in his little thirty-knot gun-boat yacht, on which he has mounted a three-inch gun or two, and which he calls the *Devil's Fin*, by the way. He has succeeded in hounding a few of the enemy ships into the jaws of British cruisers, by Jove! They say he took a liner, armed with three guns, and literally drove her before him, like a dog driving sheep, into Halifax Harbour. He is a furious young devil, and the enemy do everything but love him. Two weeks ago—no last week it was, he ran into this harbour here when a dozen or so of the crew of one of the enemy liners dropped in on the *Devil's Fin*. Well, he wouldn't let them go. He ran out of the harbour with them still on board. What happened I don't know, but one only floated in on a plank with a broken jaw, and a lurid story of a raging devil that uses gun, sword and jaw-cracker with equal dexterity and deadliness. Oh! he is a proper pirate."

"Charley Hopps," said Martyrson solemnly, when the tale was done, "go and shut yourself up in the cosiest hostelry that you can find, order what you will in the way of drinkables and comestibles on the 'Post-Express,' but stir not thence until you have completed these gory tales."

The first three hectic months of the great war had gone and thoughtful observers, who at the first had set the end of the year as the date which would see the end of the strife, were gradually beginning to entertain the conviction that the war might drag on for an additional six months, possibly even for a year. On the Western front

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the contending armies had settled down to trench warfare; on the Eastern the Russians were driving everything before them; in the South, Turkey had come in on the side of the Central Powers. The other European nations were feverishly preparing for war, and watchfully estimating the probabilities of the issue.

The great British War Secretary had issued his call for a million men, and from every city, town and hamlet men were on the march in answer to his call. The Dominions overseas all round the world owing allegiance to the Empire were beginning to realize that not the Empire alone, but the principles and ideals which it represented in the world were in grave peril of destruction and were girding themselves for their defence.

On the sea the British Navy, in spite of losses, still rode supreme, commanding the highways of commerce, and effectively blocking the enemy ports. The enemy, their battleship line driven from the high seas, were finding an outlet from their Naval activity in underseas warfare, and with not inconsiderable success. And as a counter to this new menace, the British Admiralty was setting itself, with concentrated energy to build up flotillas of destroyers, submarine chasers, mine sweepers and kindred craft. There was little glory attached to this form of sea-fighting. There was nothing spectacular, no "flaming clouds of glory," attendant upon the lonely patrol of the destroyer, the swift rush of the submarine chaser upon the hidden foe, and that deadly desperate quest of the death-dealing bomb by the mine sweeper. But no form of naval warfare in the glorious history of the British Navy had ever called for loftier courage, or more complete devotion, than that demanded of these lonely fighters, who carrying their lives in their hands every minute of the day and of the night, saved from destruction, by their cool daring and resourcefulness, the fleet that saved the Empire.

The personnel for this Musquito Fleet was made up largely of volunteers from the ranks of the humble, hardy

fisher-folk of Great Britain and the Overseas Dominions. It was dirty work and dangerous and without reprieve. No winter cold, no storm of rain or sleet could drive these tiny insignificant fighting craft from the open seas. Armed with their pop-gun artillery, they defended themselves as best they could, or dodging between the big waves, skimming over shoals, nipping into creeks, or slipping behind headlands they made escape, if their luck was good. Their life was singularly free from boredom, and never lacking movement or color, as day by day and night by night, and every day and every night they dived with death, looking him in the eye without a quiver, but ever with the gambler's sure instinct for the moment in which to stake all upon the throw.

It was Mackinroy himself that selected this service for his son, for he well knew that the boy possessed just those qualities of individual initiative and resource, which in addition to the ordinary attributes of the British sailor would make for success. With his commission as sub-lieutenant, Tony was granted a free hand in the choice of his craft and his crew. His father had only two instructions for him. "Take the yacht, she is stoutly built and will carry a 3-inch gun with ease, and take Levi Kedge as your gunner. In his day there was none better than Levi in the British Navy."

Hating war though Tony did, yet feeling the categorical compulsion of conscience, he eagerly welcomed the opportunity of getting into this type of sea fighting. He had no difficulty in selecting a crew. From among the fishermen of Langdenburg alone he could have had a hundred men for the asking. A half dozen were enough for him to begin with. Rory Ruagh, without asking permission transferred his kit at once from the *Dancing Nancy* to the *Devil's Fin*. He was followed by Pete, who with tears besought Tony for a place.

"What about Verna?" Tony asked.

"She sent me first thing to you. There she is herself!" Tony beckoned to the girl. "Verna, have you agreed

that Pete should ship with me? I warn you it is no safe job, Verna, in a little boat like this."

"Huh! If it was," she said scornfully, "you wouldn't be the one that would be taking it. I want Pete to be with you. He is just a kid, and he wants looking after," added this wise woman of sixteen years' maturity.

"All right, Pete, you can come. But remember I look after no man. Every man that sails with me must look after himself, and all of us must look after the boat."

"All right, sir," cried Pete jubilant at the decision. "That suits me fine!"

Tom Westerman, a scion of one of Langdenburg's original seagoing families, learning of Pete's adventurous act, would not be denied a place in the crew. It would have been intolerable for the elder of the Hurn girls to have her lover remain at home, while her sister's sailed off to the wars.

Levi Kedge made a fourth. For a fifth Tony's desire eagerly turned to one friend he had made in his University days, his rival in the running race, Mackenzie Ross. After graduation in arts Ross had taken up the study of theology, and came to be regarded by the ultra-orthodox as a dangerous heretic. Tony recognizing in him a kindred spirit, wrote him a brief word. "There is a place for you in my crew, Mack, but though I want you I am not asking you. It will be dirty work from the first, and when we go over there, I fancy we will find it no cushy job." Of course this settled it for Mack.

They were all new to war. They had no knowledge of the technique necessary to fight a ship. Tony, with the rank of sub-lieutenant was in command. Ross was his first officer.

Tony's initial instructions to his crew were few and brief. "You don't know this game, nor do I. We will all learn to do everything there is to do, from cooking to gunnery, and to do it as it ought to be done. You take your orders from me, but every man is responsible for every other man, and must do, without regard to conse-

quences, the thing he sees to be done. That is all there is to it."

From a cruiser in Halifax Harbour they secured a three-inch gun, which Levi Kedge fondled as a mother would a baby. "She is a beauty," he said, patting the grey barrel. "She will do beautiful work, I guess." Later on a second gun was added.

From Halifax to Newport News they patrolled the coast, day and night, keeping close guard on the enemy's ships lying doggo in the American harbours, and keeping British cruisers on the North Atlantic station informed of their movements.

Tony made Langdenburg his headquarters for supplies, an arrangement which made it necessary for him to visit that port once a week. Every week, too, he made it a point of duty to call in at Pirate Bay House, for in the absence of the men of the household Aunt Pheemie and Miriam found life dull enough. By a happy chance, in one of his visits to Langdenburg, Tony ran across Mrs. Mallon and her little girl, and after consultation with Aunt Pheemie and Miriam it was decided to the satisfaction of all parties, that these two should take up their headquarters in Pirate Bay House, till the end of the war. This arrangement brought into Miriam's life a new joy and brightness for it fell to her lot to keep the child amused and occupied, while the women were engaged with the duties of the household.

But in spite of this the days were full of anxiety and weariness to Aunt Pheemie, and very especially to Miriam. The girl would indeed have been sorely off had it not been for the frequent visitations of the people from Aldrich House, and her occasional visits to Patty, for whom she had formed an affection amounting to passion.

Throughout August and September the Aldrich House was always full, the wonderful Nova Scotian air, the simple unconventional life, the variety of interests on land and sea, combined to offer an outing unusually attractive to New York friends, weary of the social functions of the

fashionable watering-places of the Atlantic coast. The *White Wave* party formed the nucleus round which the members of their social sets came and went. Ruddy, however, was an exception in this regard. For one week end he came, then came no more. Patty saw to that. His brother Ernest possessed of a greater self-confidence born of his growing millions, and of a greater persistence due to his blood strain, could not so easily be dismissed. He made no secret of his object in coming. He openly devoted himself to Diana, trying to interest her in his expanding financial operations enormously increased by the war. Diana received him with a courteous aloofness, that at once allured and enraged him.

Among all the visitors to the Aldrich House, however, Professor Hemstein remained a permanent fixture. His standing with Aunt Annabel assured his position in the household, but apart from Aunt Annabel's backing, his extraordinary personal charm would have made for him an undeniable place with every member of the house party. He was a master musician, a rare raconteur, a witty and fascinating conversationalist, but in addition to these latter accomplishments his sound scientific attainments, his keen interest in life in its every form and environment made him an interesting and desirable companion in every expedition undertaken by land or water. His chief interest lay in the study of the Nova Scotia coast line, to which he had already given special attention. In the prosecution of this research he would fain had enlisted Tony's aid, had this been possible; but Tony had no leisure for him, he had other matters in hand. Failing Tony, he had pressed into his service Dale and Miriam, who took him for trips in the *Snylph*, the fishermen of Langdenburg and the sailors of that port, and any one and every one, who was possessed of knowledge of the east-coast of Nova Scotia. All knowledge thus acquired, with charts, maps and photographs, he packed into a commodious portfolio, as material for his forthcoming book.

"My book will be a most authoritative work upon the rock forms of this Province of Nova Scotia. And," he would always add, with his charming smile, to those who aided him in his work of research, "your assistance will receive due recognition."

At the end of September, following a week's fog and rain, the Aldrich House party was broken up, and the American tourists returned to their several homes in New York. Their stay in Canada and their experience of the war activities of the Canadians had won them to enthusiastic and open devotion to the Allied cause. The young ladies and their male relatives at once became interested in Red Cross work in France, and in the work of Belgian relief to which the whole American people, with their accustomed and praiseworthy devotion to every cause appealing for world pity, gave themselves with enthusiastic eagerness and generous sympathy.

Tony's duty frequently brought him to New York, and after the closing up of the Aldrich House he found it convenient to transfer much of his patronage in the way of purchasing supplies from Langdenburg to that city.

International regulations in regard to war vessels, in which classification the *Devil's Fin* had a place, forbade a stay in New York Harbour of more than twenty-four hours at a time. This regulation Tony was most careful to observe, for in this connection, not only his own, but his country's honour was concerned. One occasion, however, his margin of safety he ran dangerously fine. He had fallen in with Professor Hemstein, and was persuaded by him to visit his laboratory, which was situated a few blocks from the flat in which Diana and Dale had their home. So entirely absorbed did he become in the Professor's quite remarkable collection of fossils and minerals, that he found it necessary to rush his car beyond the limit of speed allowed by the New York police department to reach his boat in time. Arrived at the dock he found to his dismay that two of the crew, Rory Ruagh and Pete had not returned. In a fever of rage and anxiety he

waited their appearance to the very last minute of safety, and was finally forced to depart without them. Rory's explanation was that he had fallen in with a company of admiring and enthusiastic Scottish friends, whose generous hospitality had proved overwhelming, and whose friendly proffers of personal convoy had resulted in his turning up at the hour of sailing a mile away from the dock. The penalties endured by these members of the crew, severe though they were, were nothing compared with their sense of humiliation and self-abasement consequent upon their failure in duty. Never again, while in the Port of New York, did any member of the crew leave the boat side, except when in company with the commander, or of his First Officer.

The work of patrolling the Nova Scotian coast line was enlivened, as the war progressed, and as the demand for war supplies became increasingly insistent on the part of Germany, by incidents similar to that referred to by Charley Hopps, in his interview with the editor of the "Post-Express." The story of that particular adventure, however, which resulted in the shepherding by the *Devil's Fin* of an enemy vessel into Halifax Harbour, would have proved of greater interest had some rather amusing details been furnished. The story as told by Charley Hopps, like all stories that pass from lip to lip, departed from exact truth in some unimportant details. As a matter of fact the vessel in question was not an armed liner, but a small tramp steamer, which, having determined to run the gauntlet of the British cruiser patrol, had slipped out from the New York harbour, had taken shelter in one of the coves of the Jersey coast, and after a day or two in hiding had unostentatiously set out on her trans-Atlantic homeward way. As ill luck would have it, for the success of her journey, Tony, on his way up from his southward patrol caught sight of her, as she was emerging beyond the three-mile limit. Rushing upon her at a thirty-knot clip, he threw a shot across her bows, and ordered her to stand by. The astonished Teuton captain, peering

down over his bows, upon the insignificant fifty-footer, demanded an explanation of this audacious proceeding. The instructions given him were laconic, but sufficiently clear. He was ordered forthwith to steer a course north-west by north, till further orders, and to be quick about it. The guttural oaths which rained down upon the impudent upturned face of the youthful commander of this Musquito craft, if their weight had been in proportion to their damnatory violence, would have sunk the *Devil's Fin* with its crew a hundred fathoms deep. This stream of guttural profanity ended with the indignant interrogation, "And whom do you represent, pray?"

"The British Navy," replied Tony, pointing to the flag, "and I give you warning, and three minutes to change your course." With which answer he scuttled off in a wildly zig-zag course.

In three minutes exactly a 3-inch shell dropped on the deck of the steamer, and in exactly one minute more a second shell ripped wide open one of her funnels. After much fumbling the steamer made vague reply with one of her three guns. The shell dropped half-a-mile beyond the target.

"Can you find that gun, Levi?" cried Tony, who was at the wheel.

"Ay, ay sir, that is no trick at all," said Levi.

The next shell got the enemy gun and put it out of commission, while the steamer, the smoke of her furnace belching in a black cloud from her funnels, lumbered off in a general direction toward the continent of Europe. Before she could get under way, however, another shell tore a hole in her stern, just at the water-line. From the steamer came a second shot in reply, which struck somewhere on the horizon. Levi's answering shell got the bridge, after which a white flag fluttered up to the steamer's masthead. Once more the *Devil's Fin* zig-zagged to within hailing distance.

"Send a boat here at once with your Chief Officer, and be quick about it," was Tony's order.

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In due time the boat arrived with the enraged and perplexed First Officer in command.

The interview was brief, the orders distinct and unmistakable.

"Tell your Captain," said the commander of the *Devil's Fin*, as a parting injunction, "that I have here a dozen shells and one of the best gunners in the British Navy. I can sink you with six shells in fifteen minutes. Your course is north-west by north, till further orders, any material deviation will bring a shell. Fly your German flag. Good day."

In due time the tramp steamer came to anchor in the inner basin of Halifax Harbour, flying before the astonished eyes of the Admiral in command at that station, the German flag, and with the *Devil's Fin* in close attendance. The incident for Admiralty reasons was not exploited, but in due course, Sub-Lieutenant Mackinroy received his commission as full lieutenant, with orders to report to the Admiral of the Mine Sweeping Fleet at the Rosyth Naval Base by the end of November.

Following hard upon this incident came the other referred to by Charley Hopps. But in the telling of this tale the journalist had availed himself of the reporter's license, or had been unfortunate in his authority. The attack made upon the *Devil's Fin* was not made, as a matter of fact, by members of an enemy's liner crew. The perpetrators of the outrage, as it turned out, were representative of an organization that gave to the incident a significance almost international in character. After lunching with Professor Hemstein at the University Club, Tony had spent the afternoon in the company of Diana, dining with her and Dale at Sherry's. Allowing himself ample time in which to make his exit from the harbour, within the limit prescribed by law, he arrived at his dock to find the crew in a state of mild excitement occasioned by the visit of the American authorities, making enquiry as to the time of their departure. "I confess I didn't like the look of the man in charge," said Ross, in making

his report, "he didn't look like an American, and he seemed altogether too inquisitive."

"We shall have to change our berth," said Tony, "I am not satisfied with the appearance of things. You remember that gasoline that we got last trip, turning out to be quite useless? This harbour is becoming a little unfriendly. We shall have to do our buying elsewhere."

The *Devil's Fin* was slipping out of the harbour with a single light showing on her bow, with muffled exhaust, and running at slow speed, when from behind an anchored liner a tug burst forth, and came, head on and at full speed straight at the yacht. It was well that Rory was at the wheel, for it was by inches only that the yacht escaped. From the tug as she passed, there came a volley of gun shots, by which every member of the crew was wounded, though none dangerously.

"After her!" shouted Tony. "Levi, your gun!"

Like a hound on a deer trail, the yacht was after the tug, which by this time had gained a lead of two hundred yards or so. After five minutes the distance was cut in two, and the tug became plainly visible. With ease the *Devil's Fin* trailed the tug, heading her out from the harbour, and forcing her toward the open sea. After twenty minutes run, both vessels had reached the open water, the tug doing her best to shake off her pursuer.

"Now then, Levi, we shall close up a little. Get your aim low."

"Ay, ay sir, waterline it is!" replied Levi grimly.

"My God, Tony, what are you going to do?" cried Ross in horror.

"Then let her have it," said Tony.

The shell tore through the hull of the tug, fair on the waterline. In a few minutes the *Devil's Fin* came up and found a floating wreck, fast filling up, which soon sank.

"Great Heaven, Tony, that is a terrible thing to do!"

"That is war!" said Tony, sternly, "and those are my orders."

But all through that night Tony sat alone with wide

staring eyes, alone, silent except for a shuddering groan from his closed lips, and a muttered curse, "Oh damn this war, and those who brought it on us."

One wounded man was picked up, cared for, and landed on the coast further north.

For some mysterious reason the incident escaped the attention of the press, but the rumor of the terrific vengeance of the *Devil's Fin* upon the attacking tug, went through the waterfront among the enemy underworld, with the result that for some time the yacht was free from molestation.

Tony reported the affair to headquarters.

The following week a letter arrived from Hector Mackinroy couched in language, restrained and devoid of emotion, but which nevertheless breathed in every line the pride and satisfaction of the writer in the achievements of his son.

Anticipating Tony's transfer to the scene of active conflict, his father strenuously insisted that the marriage, which from the very first he had so eagerly desired, should be consummated forthwith, before Tony's departure overseas.

"This is what I regard," said the letter, "as your simple duty to your country, as well as to your family and to the lady of your choice. I may tell you that here in Britain, this is coming to be recognized by those who have the highest right to judge, as the right and patriotic thing for our British youth to do. I have written Diana in similar terms, and I feel sure that she will offer no insuperable objection. Your attitude to this question, which does credit to your personal feelings in the matter, can no longer be defended either upon personal, family or national grounds. I must therefore ask you to arrange for the consummation of this marriage which we all so earnestly desire, without further delay. It is a matter of deep regret that it will be impossible for me to leave my duty in order to be present. You will both understand how keen is my disappointment in this matter, but this

disappointment is mitigated by my expectation of welcoming you both upon your arrival in this country, for I take it that both you and my beloved daughter-in-law soon to be, will desire to take up your quarters somewhere in these islands."

CHAPTER XVI.

GOD AND WOMEN.

The announcement of the marriage fell like a bomb on the social set in which Diana moved. That a man had been found who could break through that barrier of reserve and self-sufficiency, which had characterized that young lady up till the present, was in itself a cause of wonder. That the young man himself was an unsophisticated youth, bred in the wilds of Nova Scotia, away from the big things, from the big people, from the big businesses, from the big opportunities, from the big achievements, all this awakened enquiry, not to say disappointment. It was said to be a love match. If so, what sort of a man must this be, that could sweep Diana from her proud poise of indifference to all male human beings, Diana the peerless, the proud, Diana of the invulnerable heart, Diana before whose feet the choice of the youth of two continents had vainly flung their hearts, and their fortunes.

How came this marvel to pass? From those who knew best varying answers came. Ruddy's answer was simple: "Every girl," he said, "has her fool hour, and Diana had hers when we went on that cursed *Devil's Fin*." Merrick's explanation came from a heart made bitter by disappointment, chagrin, and unreturned love. "Oh, it is easy enough to understand," he said, "she was in desperate need, he came along and just fitted in, contiguity and isolation did the rest." Merrick was fair enough to add, however, "Not but that he is a regular fellow, one of the best, I'll say." To her girl friends, exclaiming and protesting over the mystery of Diana's extraordinary sur-

render, Patty's answer came, hot from her heart, "Mystery!" she exclaimed, "where's the mystery? Look him over, girls. He will give you all a heart ache. He is a man, and he is white to the heart of him, and Diana had the sense to see it, and a darned lucky girl she is, that's all." Dale was overjoyed and proclaimed his satisfaction everywhere. But, with Miriam, Patty had a day, which left her emotionally exhausted. Somehow the girl drew to Patty, as to no other of the new American friends. But, even to Patty, Miriam was unready with confidences.

"But you like Diana," Patty remonstrated, looking with dismay upon Miriam's grief-stricken face, when the news of the wedding first came to her.

"Yes! I like Diana," said Miriam, sullenly, "but not—not—not that way. I don't like her for Tony."

"But why Miriam? Don't you think she's good enough for Tony?"

"Indeed she is not!" cried the girl. "Nobody's good enough for Tony. Why did she come here at all? We did not want her. We were so happy before she came."

"But Miriam, dear child," said Patty, putting her arms round the girl, desperately resolved that she would not break down, "Tony was bound to find some girl some day."

The feeling of Patty's arms round her was the final touch that broke poor Miriam's self-control. "No, no!" she cried. "He would not, he didn't want any girl, he never looked at a girl, he never cared for a girl. Lots of girls tried to get him, the mean cats, but he wouldn't look at one of them. We used to have such good times, but now we'll never have them any more—never any more. Oh, Patty!" cried Miriam, "I've lost Tony for ever, that—that girl will always be there with him. Oh, I could just kill her, I could just kill her dead!"

Fury, rage, the agony of a lost love never to be replaced tore the child's heart asunder. Patty could only hold her in her arms. Well Patty knew that for that grief there was no comfort. A grief it was that might

have been Patty's own, had not her experience of life warned her against the folly of letting her heart go where there was no hope of return. So wisely Patty let her weep till the first passionate outbreak had passed. Then she took her severely in hand.

"But Miriam, this is just nonsense, sheer nonsense in a little girl like you. What would Tony think, if he knew you felt like that?"

With a swift thrust of her sinewy arms Miriam flung Patty from her. "But he won't," she cried, dashing the tears from her eyes. "How could he know? No one knows but you, and you——"

"Hush Miriam, you know well I wouldn't tell him. But you yourself will tell him, your face, your eyes, he will read you like a book. And just think how terrible he will feel and how ashamed you would be." It was a deep stab.

Miriam flung her hands up over her face. "Oh, he must never know, I would rather go away, and never come back again."

"Then in that event he would know, Miriam," said Patty in a quiet matter of fact tone. "And you would spoil all his joy. And that I think, you would hate to do."

"Oh, no, I don't want to do that," cried Miriam, "I won't do that. Oh, tell me what to do!"

"Poor little girl," said Patty, "you have much to learn yet, and life is a cruel teacher, but you must just be a brave little girl. You're too good stuff to give yourself away, and you're too unselfish to spoil Tony's last days at home."

This latter alternative was too dreadful for thought. Miriam drew a deep breath, straightened back her shoulders and said very quietly, "No! I will not do that! Let me go, Patty. You needn't be afraid of me, I'll not do that." She wiped her face carefully, clearing off all trace of tears, and walked quietly from the room.

"God in Heaven," moaned Patty, lifting her hands high above her head, "why did you make women so?"

Patty was a wise friend, with a wisdom learned from experience, and there is none other. She knew better than to make light of Miriam's hurt. Her heart was a woman's heart, and with all the agony that a woman's heart can hold. "Poor kid, she must find her way out, but she is surely young for this thing to come to her."

That afternoon Miriam was not to be found. In a remote and secluded nook of the woods, a mile away from Aldrich House, she spent the long hours. But when the evening fell she came dancing in gay as a lark, full of her experiences with a family of wood chucks, with whom she had spent the afternoon, and Patty knew that she had conquered, and that Tony's last days at home would not be shadowed by any solicitous anxiety for Miriam. Some subtle change had fallen upon the girl. In some mysterious way, known only to woman and to God, she had entered upon a new phase of life. A child she was still, and a child she would continue to be. She was much too sensible for anything other. But never again would she be the care-free heart-free girl she had been.

Patty saw to it that the small group, which had returned to Aldrich House after the announcement of the engagement, should spend a lively evening. They should all be children together, should appear in children's garb, play children's games, and forget all the cares and responsibilities and interests that the years lay upon grown-up folks. And in the wildest, maddest romps of the evening, Miriam and she vied with each other for leadership.

The time for the wedding was fixed for the middle of November, the place Aldrich House, which was kindly loaned by Aunt Annabel's dear friend, Mrs. Alden P. Aldrich. Aunt Annabel herself, was all for having the wedding in New York, and offered her splendid mansion for the event. But Diana would have none of it. In Aldrich House, and no place else, the wedding was to be.

"Let her have her way," said Patty to her Aunt Annabel, "after all it is Diana's wedding. When you pull off yours it will be in New York, of course, and attended by

all the gorgeous, barbarous and inhuman monstrosities considered necessary for the people of our set."

So it was settled that in the third week of November in Aldrich House, Diana's marriage was to be. It was settled, too, that Mr. Murdoch was to officiate. Hearing which Aunt Annabel made another stand, backed by all her friends. But again Diana was like adamant.

"It will be Mr. Murdoch, or no one," she declared. "He is the only clergyman I ever had."

"Why, Diana," Aunt Annabel protested, horrified.

"I mean he is the only clergyman that was a clergyman to me," declared Diana. And once more her will prevailed.

Of course Diana's large circle of friends were acutely disappointed, as indeed they had a right to be. After all why should society be deprived of all the thrills attendant upon a wedding within that select and sacred circle. They were, very properly, disappointed. They were cheated of their rights. "She thinks nothing of us, she thinks nothing of her friends," exclaimed Aunt Annabel to a company of those who came to condole with her.

"Why should she?" cried Patty. "She has got a man to think of, and that is the trouble with all of you, you are all consumed with envy." To this, strangely enough, from the assembled females there was no reply.

By all these arrangements Tony was immensely relieved, and more than ever amazed at his own good luck. Mackenzie Ross was to attend him at the ceremony. Patty was to be bridesmaid. And after the wedding the happy pair were to sail at once for England, and upon a British cruiser, *The Ariadne*. That was the final touch of glory. The crew of the *Devil's Fin* were to sail the yacht across the Atlantic, with Ross in command; a risky business, it is true, but the Admiralty were evidently of the opinion that for such a vessel a place might be found in the Musquito Fleet across the sea.

"They evidently think this little scow is some boat," said Ross.

“Sure thing,” said Pete. “They know!”

Another event of importance to the community of which Bell Cove was the centre, was the organisation of a battalion of kilties for the Second Contingent, which was soon to depart for the theatre of the war. To this battalion Bell Cove district had contributed a hundred men, as its quota, by reason of which the heart of Bell Cove was swollen with pride, and with quite sufficient cause. Before its departure, the quota were to muster for a parade service in the country church, which most of them since childhood had attended, and on that day the Reverend James Murdoch was to administer Holy Sacrament to such of the men, and to their friends, as were members of the church “in good and regular standing.”

This celebration of the Holy Sacrament was sufficient in itself to constitute that Sabbath a High Day, and for this solemn event, “all intending communicants” were expected to make diligent preparation, with due searching of heart. To the Scotsman, and more especially to the Highlander, the Communion Service represents the Holy of Holies in his religious experience. Not lightly, and not without a most rigid self-examination, as to the soundness of his faith, and sincerity of his motive, would he venture “to go forward.” For the candidate about to make his first Communion the primary step was that he should interview his minister, whose duty was to “deal faithfully” with him, after which, if recommended by the minister, he would appear before The Session for further examination. The great event with its attendant pomp and circumstance, was an experience of appalling solemnity and one never to be forgotten throughout the whole after-life.

Neither Tony nor Miriam had ever partaken of the Sacrament. Miriam was considered “just young enough,” at least there was no hurry about her. That Tony had reached his present age without making public profession of his faith, was regarded by the religious community as a gross dereliction of duty. This failure in duty was

due, in part, to his preoccupation with his University work, but perhaps more to the fact that there was no one whose business it was to face him definitely up to his duty. As the day of his departure from home, for the purpose of entering upon active service, drew near, Tony with that thoroughgoing conscientiousness characteristic of him set himself to the cleaning up of all duties incumbent upon him. Hence he resolved that in regard to this matter of the Holy Communion he should at least face the thing out with his minister. So upon an appointed day they two met, and once more, as some three and a half months before, discussed the deep matters of God and Providence and duty. But how vastly different were both men to-day. The matter had ceased to be academic. It had become a thing of solemn and stern reality.

"You are going overseas, Anthony?" said the minister, opening the conversation.

"Yes, Mr. Murdoch, I go next week."

"Ay, I well knew you would be going. You are your father's son, and you are a man, and you have a conscience in you," said the old man, his eye kindling as it rested upon the youth.

"I would like to Commune, next Sabbath, with the rest of the boys, if you think I am fit," replied Tony, going straight to the question at issue.

"Fit? Who of us is fit to sit at the Table with Himself?" came the sharp reply. "The fitness for this ordinance lies not with us, Anthony." In ordinary circumstances the minister would have proceeded to "deal faithfully with him," in regard to his knowledge, the soundness of his doctrine, his daily life and conversation. But to-day the old man, with the wisdom of forty years' experience to guide him, went straight to the heart of the matter. "Many things I will pass over, Anthony, but one question I must ask you: Do you love your Lord?"

Tony was startled. He had not expected this sudden thrust into the very arcana of his spirit. "That I can hardly answer, Mr. Murdoch," he said after some mo-

ments' silence. "I am not clear in my mind, I confess. I should have attended to this matter long before now. I deeply regret my neglect. And now all is in turmoil with me. I am not a good Christian, Mr. Murdoch, I know well I have many faults and shortcomings." Four months ago the minister would have been ready with his answer, summoning him to repentance and renewal of life; but to-day as he looked upon the young man before him, looking so handsome in his naval uniform, but withal so modest, so humble, so straightforward in his speech, and so intensely in earnest, and as he remembered that this lad—Tony was still a lad to him—was very soon to be in the very gates of hell, contending for that which Mr. Murdoch believed to be the cause of God, and of righteousness, the old man's heart grew pitiful and tender.

"Anthony, my son, well I know you have no foolish notions in going to this war. You hate war."

"With all my heart and soul," cried Tony.

"And what then is your motive in going?"

"My judgment and my conscience tell me it is my duty."

"You believe in God, Anthony?" asked the old man, anxiety trembling in his voice.

For an instant Tony hesitated, then slowly made reply. "Yes, Mr. Murdoch, I can say to-day, I believe in God. But," he continued, "I must be honest with you, so that you may tell me what I should do on Sunday."

"By God's grace I will, my son. Tell me what is in your heart."

For some moments Tony remained, as if ordering his thought into simple and straightforward speech, then answered slowly in the immemorial words of the greatest creed known to the Christian faith, "'I believe in God the Father Almighty,'" he began, then halted.

"And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord," prompted Mr. Murdoch, seeking to aid him.

"There, Mr. Murdoch, I am not sure, and perhaps you will forbid me 'coming forward.' But I don't know what

those words mean, 'Jesus Christ His only Son.' I don't understand what they mean," Tony said, with a pitiful appeal in his straight-looking brown eyes, waiting as in fear for the words that might ban him from the "communion of the saints." "I can't understand," he repeated, as Mr. Murdoch waited in silence for him, "I can't understand just what it means that Jesus is the Son of God."

"Nor can I," said Mr. Murdoch. "Listen, boy," and the minister leaned toward him, his voice trembling with tenderness and anxiety. "Never have I spoken this into the ears of any but God Himself, but between you and me this day, Anthony, there must be nothing but the truth. We are facing the supreme mystery of our holy religion. We are using human words to express Divine realities. Who or what Jesus Christ is, who of us can clearly say? Hear me now, Anthony boy, I am a sinful man and ignorant, but before God though that mystery of the Incarnation and of the Holy Trinity may elude the limits of our human speech, yet there is so much of reality there that if Jesus of Nazareth were to come this road to-day, and say to me 'James Murdoch, will you follow me?' quick would I give Him the answer: 'Yes, Lord, I will follow Thee to death.'"

"And so would I," cried Tony, with impetuous response, the tears starting in his eyes, "and so would I!"

Then the minister rose to his feet and with tones vibrating with the authoritative solemnity of a Priest of God, put the question "Anthony Mackinroy, as God hears you, sinner as you are and ignorant as you are, will you this day pledge yourself to follow Jesus Christ as your Lord and Master, as God and your conscience shall make clear to you?"

Tony rose to his feet, stood silent for a few moments, then with his hand uplifted, as he stood when swearing allegiance to his King, in tones steady and clear, made his vow, "I do this day pledge myself, so help me God."

"Then in His Name," said the minister, in a voice

trembling with emotion but ringing with triumphant confidence, "I bid you go forward to His Table."

There was much conversation to follow. Together they peered into the Holy Mysteries, not as minister and candidate, not as priest and penitent, but on terms of equality before God. When Tony took his farewell that evening he went forth from the minister's presence a humbler man, and with a new respect for this simple-minded man of God, and a new wonder at the wisdom that dwells with the humble in heart.

Aunt Pheemie was eager to have Miriam take her place beside Tony, and take her first Communion with him. "You are old enough, Miriam," she said, "and Tony would be glad to have you beside him."

"Beside him! He wouldn't know whether I was beside him or not, with her on the other side of him," said Miriam bitterly, and she hurried away.

Nor would she discuss the matter with the minister to whom Aunt Pheemie sent her.

"Leave her alone," was the minister's advice, after he had talked with the girl, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

But on the day of Communion it was Patty who remembered Miriam; and leaving Diana at the church door went and sat with her in the gallery of the church.

"Why not sit with us, Patty dear?" said Diana. "Dale is coming and Tony would love to have you there."

But Patty kissed her, with a tenderness not usual with her. "This is not my day, Diana dear, it is yours and Tony's. And I don't think Dale will be with you," she added.

"What nonsense are you talking, Patty? Why should not you and Dale come and sit with us?"

Then Patty's reply came from lips that quivered a bit as they smiled: "I am not in this, Diana. This is chiefly for those who are dedicating themselves to a High and Holy Cause."

That was an ever memorable day to the people of Bell

Cove. War had made all things new in the world. Men were thinking new thoughts, and estimating life values upon new standards. The non-essentials, the externals, the mere things of life were being weighed in eternal balances and were being discovered to be lighter than vanity. The discovery was being made that man shall not live by bread alone. In all this revaluation of life religion could not escape. The formal, the temporary were being thrust aside to make place for the Eternal and the Divine.

So it was in Bell Cove on that memorable Sabbath Day. The old church with bare walls and uncurtained and unstained windows was radiant with warmth and color; the service, usually austere and severe, was rich in harmonies, not of earth; and the ancient memorial feast was palpitating with tenderness and compassion, as on the day of its institution. The plain, bare, ugly, old church building of Bell Cove became for the time the very Gate of Heaven.

The centre seats were as usual reserved for the communicants, among whom, toward the rear, sat Tony and Diana. On one side of the church sat the soldiers, on the other the non-communing portion of the congregation, looking on, as the service proceeded, with ever-growing astonishment. In the gallery, with other onlookers were Patty, Dale and Miriam, the girl with a face rigid with bitter grief.

Like all else the Order of the Service for the day was changed. There was no sermon. Even the time-honoured custom of "fencing the tables" was abandoned. The minister realizing how great was the occasion was taking a new path, deliberately breaking every rule and custom, which for forty years he had followed.

At the proper moment, after the opening services of praise and prayer, where it was the custom to invite such communicants as were not already seated at the Table, to take their place there, a number of the soldiers rose from their places among their comrades, and seated themselves in the centre pews.

The minister waited until these had taken their places, then speaking as a father might to his children, he said to those left behind:

“Lads, it grieves me to the heart, and I believe it grieves you to the heart, that so many of you are not with those who this day are about to remember the Lord Jesus, Who gave Himself for us. I am about to do what I have never done in all the forty years of my ministry. But this with you, and with all of us is a solemn duty. You are leaving us for the place of war. You have not come to minister or Session to be formally received as communicants at this time. You have neglected this duty, or because of your duties as soldiers you have been unable to attend to it. But I cannot forget that this Table of Remembrance is a place for sinners. For sinners who know their need of a Saviour, and who are willing to accept this day the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and to pledge their lives to Him as their Master. There is no room for you at the place set apart as The Table for Communicants, but there is room for you in the heart of the Saviour of us all. Therefore, in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I do now lovingly invite such of you, as would desire this day, to remember in love and trust your Lord, to signify this desire by rising in your place, and we will serve you where you are.”

The old man's face was aglow with the light of Divine love and pity, his voice trembling with the earnestness of his entreaty, his hands stretched out in appeal. A silence overwhelming in its intensity fell upon the company, then a soldier rose and stood alone, then two, three, half-a-dozen, and so on till the full quota of officers, non-commissioned officers and men were standing in their places, as if waiting orders. On every side women were in tears, and men who for all their lives had scorned to shed a tear where other men could see, were seen with unheeded tears running down their cheeks.

In the gallery Miriam, with heart deeply moved, had followed this extraordinary scene, and as she saw the

soldiers rise one by one, and then by whole ranks, she put her face down in her hands and began to sob. Patty drew the girl to her.

"Hush, Miriam dear, people will see you," she said, her own tears flowing freely.

"I want to go, too," sobbed the girl, "I want to go, too. Oh, may I go too?"

"Why certainly," said Patty rising. "Come we will all go."

They found a place in the rear of the centre pews, immediately behind Tony and Diana.

Looking over his shoulder Tony caught sight of the girl's tear-stained face. Quickly he rose and followed by Diana slipped into the seat beside her. There was a new quick rush of tears to the girl's eyes as Tony sat beside her and took her hand in his.

And thus it came that in the "distribution of the elements" it was Miriam's joy to receive her first Communion from the hands of Tony himself.

The Sunday afternoon following the Communion Tony spent quietly at Pirate Bay House with his own people. And never did Pirate Bay more conspicuously don its Sunday garb. It was a glorious day. One of those rare autumn days that come to the Maritimes, frost in the air to give it a nip, blue sky and cloudless sun lighting up the sea and the hills with a sense of warmth. The Bay at its best with the thick evergreens fringing it to the water's edge, and the bare elms and birches showing through the green, and the quiet water reflecting all the enviroing loveliness. After lunch Tony slipped the canoe into the water and called Miriam.

"Want to come across to the Cave, Miriam?"

Did she? Did her heart choke her so that for some moments she could make no answer?

"Oh, perhaps you don't feel like it," said Tony, a new gentleness in his voice. The memory of the girl's tear-stained face at the Communion Table remained with him. At that moment he had seen a new Miriam. The deep ser-

iousness of her eyes, the pain too, the brooding yearning startled him. It came to him with a shock that Miriam was something more than a mere child.

"I'm coming," she called when she had found her voice. "Wait till I tell Mrs. Mallon."

In silence they paddled across the bay. They lifted with their usual care the canoe above the high-water mark, and climbed to the cave. Tony was busy with his new thoughts of Miriam, and Miriam hardening like steel her nerves against any silly exhibition of the pain that was gnawing at her heart. She sat quietly in one of the cosy chairs of Tony's study room, while he got his fire a-blaze with pine knots and dry drift wood. Somehow she could not bear to help him as she was wont. That would bring her near him, they would be rubbing shoulders, touching hands and that, she knew she could not endure. If she was to behave as she had resolved she would behave, she must be on guard every moment. So, sitting in her chair she watched him at his fire lighting, watched him as he got his pipe a-going, watched, and waited, and wondered what he would say first. It was a joy to watch him. His clever fingers never fumbled, never missed. His hands were beautiful, and so strong. She knew well how strong they were, a thousand times she had seen him do things, break things apart, and hold things together, often, how often she had felt him grip her and hold her so easily. At length he was settled in his deep chair, and looking into the many coloured flames leaping from the salt drift-wood.

"Well this is something like. This *is* a cosy spot. Miriam, I'll never see a cosier spot in the world than this old cave."

"It's all right," grunted Miriam, drawing her chair nearer the blaze and out of the direct line of his vision. "It is a good old spot," she added, feeling ashamed of her own abruptness. Tony sat silent, smoking. She wished she could do something. A man smoking has a girl, with nothing in her hands, at a terrible disadvantage. He can

stay silent as long as he wants to, without any sense of embarrassment. To her, every silent minute is an age.

"I was glad you came to the Communion to-day, Miriam," he said, glancing at her profile. "I was glad to be there myself, and would have been sorry if you had not come. It was right to come, Miriam."

She could not mislead him. "I came because you were there," she said, hurrying her words. She was on dangerous ground, but she had to be truthful in a case like this.

"Not altogether, Miriam?" asked Tony.

"No! not altogether, Tony. But when I saw those boys stand up—it was so brave of them—and when dear old Mr. Murdoch said it was not for good people but for sinners, I just had to go."

"And you did right, and it made me feel very happy, Miriam."

"Did it, Tony?" she said softly. "Then I'm glad I went."

This did not seem quite sound to Tony. He smoked, silent for a minute or two, then said:

"After all it was a great sacrifice we were remembering. It was His whole life He was giving. It was wonderful!"

"And that's what those boys are giving," replied Miriam hastily, "and that's what you are giving, Tony."

"Yes, but—it is very different. We have got to do it. It is for our country, our people. We can't help it, can we?"

"Neither could He, Tony. It was for His country, His people."

"Yes, I suppose you are right, Miriam. It is all a mystery to me. I can't make it out the way Mr. Murdoch does. I can't see it as he sees it."

"Of course not. How could you? You are a lot smarter than he is. Better educated I mean—more modern in your thinking," said Miriam impatiently.

"No, Miriam, I know nothing about this business. I

wish I had time to work it out. I will, too, when I have time. He is a great old boy. He has what I have not."

"Huh! What?" enquired Miriam.

"Experience. He has tested out his religion."

To this Miriam had nothing to say.

"Well, I'll have my chance. And I am going to try it out as best I can," added Tony. "But it is a fierce business this."

"What?"

"This mixing up religion and war I mean. This killing men."

"I don't see why," cried Miriam. "Don't you think it's right to kill that Kaiser? I wish I had the chance. Think of him and his fool son, just for their own glory dragging these boys away from their homes to get killed. They weren't hurting him. They don't want war. Oh, I wish I were a man!" She suddenly turned her face toward him. "Oh, Tony, I saw in the papers that there are a lot of English girls going out to the Front as nurses. Couldn't I go? Don't say no yet. I am strong and tough, and I can do a lot of things. Oh, I'm going, Tony! You needn't look so!" She was standing now and facing him, her brown eyes alight, her face aflame. "I have thought this out, Tony," she added more quietly. "Kitchener is asking for a million men, and he is asking for women too. I am as strong as any woman round here. I have no one to keep me. No one needs me——" her voice shook a little, but again she quickly got herself in hand. "I have made up my mind, Tony. Kitchener says the war will last three years. Uncle Mackinroy thought so too. Lord Roberts says so. And in two years I shall be eighteen, going on nineteen."

Eighteen! Going on nineteen! Once more Tony was startled at the dawning womanhood of her. It was this that made him answer gravely.

"But you are not eighteen now, Miriam. You are only a child—why, look at your skirts!"

"I can easily let them down, Tony," she smiled.

"And there's Aunt Pheemie!" he added rather weakly. Again she smiled.

"Aunt Pheemie? She doesn't need me. And besides there's Mrs. Mallon. Tony, I can do everything a woman can do. Think of the cleaning, and carrying, and cooking, and bed-making to be done. I can do all those things as well—except the cooking perhaps—as Aunt Pheemie, and the cooking I could learn. Oh, I'm going, Tony!"

Tony had a swift vision of her, a young unsophisticated girl among those rough soldiers. And she was going to be beautiful too. He never saw that till now.

"Sit down Miriam! Let me talk to you. This is impossible! Sheer nonsense! I wouldn't have my sister——"

"But I'm not your sister, Tony," she interrupted quietly.

"Well, my cousin then, you are just like my sister," replied Tony impatiently.

"But I am not even your cousin, Tony," she answered, looking him straight in the eye, while the red blood slowly rose in her face.

Again Tony had a shock. This girl, tall almost as Diana, strong, self-reliant, capable, fearless as a man, standing up to him there, was neither sister nor cousin.

"No, by Jove! you are not, Miriam, neither sister nor cousin. All the same I am not going to let you go loose among a lot of soldiers."

Again she smiled.

"They won't hurt me, Tony."

"How do you know?"

"I won't let them. If a man hurts a woman it's her own fault."

Where did this girl learn this wisdom? There came over him a feeling of indignant horror that she should be exposed to the roughness, the coarseness of camp life, to think of nothing worse. Yet well he knew the iron will of her. How could he prevent her going? And after all, what right had he to order her life? She was nothing

to him. But was she nothing to him? For fifteen years they had been pals together, on sea and shore, in long tramps, over rocky ridges, and through wild woods. They were comrades and in the deepest sense friends. It came to him that these days were gone, and forever gone. That to-day this loyal-hearted, generous, fearless chum of his was to go out of his life. She would make other friends. To some other man, some day she would give all that she had given to him, and more, all that he had taken without a thought of the wealth, the richness of the gift. A flood of tender feeling filled his heart. He must still care for her.

"Miriam," he said gently, "I have no right to tell you what or what not to do." She clenched her hands hard. "But I want you to promise me that you will not leave home here for one year at least, unless you get permission from my father."

"A whole year, Tony?" The blank dismay in her face smote Tony to the heart, but he was none the less resolved.

"Yes, one year at least, Miriam," he replied.

"A whole year!" she said, as if to herself. "Can I bear it for a whole year?"

"I want you to promise me, Miriam."

"Don't make me promise, Tony," she besought him piteously. "Remember I'll be all alone here!"

"There's Aunt Pheemie——" began Tony, but at the look in her face he stopped abruptly.

"There will be no one here! You will be gone, Tony! What can I do here all alone?" Her lips were pressed hard together. She would not break down. He made no pretense of not understanding her. He put his pipe on the table beside him.

"Miriam, let me tell you something. Sit down there before the fire." His voice was quiet and kind. "You are only a little girl, but you have the sense of a grown woman in many ways. We have been great pals. I have never had a friend like you. I will never have another like you." She had set herself down in her big chair,

and with her elbows on her knees, nursing her cheeks in her hands, she leaned forward toward the fire so that he could not see her eyes.

"And no one will I ever trust more completely. You are going to be lonely, very lonely. But I'm going to tell you about a woman I saw three weeks ago in Halifax. She was a widow and had two boys. The week the war broke out the older of the two boys could not wait but went off to join his uncle's regiment, the Black Watch. He was in time for the Mons retreat, that glorious retreat you know."

"I know, I know," she whispered, drawing in her breath sharply.

"He was shot dead the first day he was in the line. I was in her house the night when the cable came in. She read it, white as the dinner table cloth, passed it to her younger son. 'Ian,' she said quietly, when he had read the message, 'your brother has done his duty. I have only one son left but——' The boy just nineteen, mind you, rose from his seat and said:

"'Yes, mother, you have only one son left, and he too, please God, will do his duty.'

"'Come to me, my boy,' she said lifting up her arms. 'I thought I knew you!' He sailed with the First Contingent. Miriam I learned that night how like God Himself a woman can be when she gives up her only son." Tony rose from his chair, and lifted her up to her feet. With wide-open frightened eyes she gazed at him. He put his arms round her shoulders and drew the girl to him. "Miriam, I won't ask you to promise anything. But I know I can trust you to do what thousands of Canadian women have done, and many thousands more will do before this war is done, give up those they love for the sake of the thing we believe to be right."

Stiff, rigid, white, she stood unyielding to the pressure of his arms.

"Miriam, dear little pal, the best a chap ever had, within an hour I must leave for New York. We may not have

a chance again to say good-bye. Remember no man ever loved a sister more than I love you. I will never forget you never, never!" Resistance was beyond her. All her fine courage and womanly pride were swept away as a dam before a spring torrent. She flung herself upon him, and with her arms clinging about his neck sobbed her heart's grief out in his arms.

"Oh Tony—I can't help myself—there's no one here to see me——let me cry."

"Cry away, little girl," said Tony, his own tears falling fast, while he held her close to him.

She was only a little girl after all in the first great sorrow of her young life. But she, too, like other Canadian women, was drinking the cup of sacrifice slowly to the dregs as she gave up for her country the man that took away with him all her heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PERILS OF THE PATROL.

"You wired me?" said Tony to Charley Hopps. They were sitting in the editorial room of the "Post-Express."

"Yes! I wired you!"

"And why?" enquired Tony.

"News and suspicions mostly. Allow me to be paragraphic. First, my news. After spending a lot of time, and a vast amount of valuable grey matter in the preparation of a series of articles dealing with Canadian war activity in general, and your operations in particular."

"My operations!" exclaimed Tony aghast. "You don't mean to say——"

"Never mind, Tony, no harm done, and please don't interrupt; the minutes are precious. After expending a vast amount of grey matter on the aforesaid articles, at the request of my chief, I found them declined with regrets. My chief informs me they are not acceptable to some of the directors. First paragraph. Next, I make the discovery that a series of articles, together with heavy advertising contracts have been offered and accepted by the 'Post-Express,' said articles the product of experts in their way, edited by our friend Professor Hemstein. The advertising contracts offer to the American public, shares in a new German-American chemical manufacturing company, with one hundred million dollars capitalisation, guaranteed by European and American banks of undoubted standing. The articles and the advertising contracts parts of the same deal. Here are the articles, the chief was good enough to turn them over to me for inspection. You have not time to look at them, but their

general lines I can easily give you. Three main series, and three articles in each series. First, Pacifist Series (a) *War, anti-Christian*; by a distinguished American divine. (b) *War, anti-Social*; by an equally distinguished American social worker. (c) *War, the Product of the Capitalistic System*; by one of the greatest American labour leaders. You need not bother with these. The usual stuff. You know it. With much of it, we both would agree. The application of most of it to the Allied cause in the present war, we would decline to accept. Then, second. There is the Economic Series. (a) *The Economic Loss in War*. (b) *Trade Dislocation by War*. (c) *War and Economic Progress*. The same remarks apply to this series as to the first. Then, third. The Political Series, and this is a corker. These are first, *The Freedom of the Seas*; by a distinguished professor in one of the great American Universities. This article works in the history of the American Navy, the Alabama dispute, the War of 1812, the whole brought up to date by reference to the outrage of searching American ships to-day for contraband of war. The second deals with the British Navy, and the Declaration of London. This, by a mid-west American senator, whose chief outdoor sport is twisting the lion's tail, and believe me, he does some tail-twisting in this article. The third deals with the Rights of Neutrals upon the high seas, and furiously protests against the British blockade of German ports, and touches lightly upon the iniquity of the submarine campaign. And the devil of all this is, that it is all worked in as part of the propaganda for the next presidential campaign. Now, you can't stop to read all this stuff. You will have to take my word for it, but it is diabolically clever, appealing as it does to the two great American passions, first the passion for Big Trade, and secondly, the passion for Old Glory. So much for the news.

"Now for the suspicions. These gather round two distinguished American friends of yours, to wit, your scien-

tific confrère Professor Hemstein. He is the editorial supervisor for this big American-German chemical company, with millions behind it."

"I don't think you need take time with Professor Hemstein," said Tony. "I have an idea that our people here, the Admiralty Secret Service, I mean, will give me all I need this evening to deal finally with him."

"All right," said Charley. "If you are sure of that I will pass him up. Then there is your other playmate and college chum, the beloved Ernest, who loves you with the same intensity as he loves a rattlesnake. Say, boy! that man is nutty on you. He is possessed with a devil, and a murdering devil at that. I have tried him out on several occasions, and always with the same result. At the mention of your name he goes white, his hands shake, he becomes incoherent in speech. The last time I led him on quite a bit, retailing your noble qualities, and dwelling upon your happy fortune and deserved good luck in the woman you have selected for your wife. Jer-rusalem! the man threw seventeen kinds of a cat fit, he swore by the gods of Walhalla that never-never-never would that marriage come off. If I could have stopped you coming down this time I should have done so, but knowing that you had business that couldn't be postponed I did the next best thing. Now, Tony, I am talking seriously, and I want you to get that look off your face. Pay attention. You don't know this man, you don't know his mad frenzy, and you don't know the underworld of this city. Why, man, do you know that with a few thousand dollars you can buy the life of any living soul in New York? If this crazy fool knew that you were in this office, your life would not be safe for an hour. I know something of the gang he will work with, it is my business to know; and my advice to you, and I am serious in this, Tony, is to get out of New York. I don't care so much for you, but when I think of that little girl trying on her wedding dress, well, my hair is getting grey at the temples and

my weight is running down. What have you got to do this evening?"

"I have to see some of our people. We have to exchange a few notes in regard to some matters."

"Is there any one I could summon to bodyguard you?"

"Oh, don't talk rot," said Tony. "When I need a bodyguard I will quit the job I am in."

"Well then," said Charley Hopps in a tone of weary resignation, "I see my work lined out for me this evening."

"What do you mean?" said Tony.

"What else could I mean?" said Charley indignantly.

"You are such an infernally stubborn, self-conceited, self-opinionated ass, that I must trail with you this evening."

And in this determination, notwithstanding Tony's protestations Charley persisted throughout the evening. Together they visited the headquarters of the Admiralty's Secret Service, where Charley took opportunity to confide to an official his anxiety in regard to Tony while the latter was busy with the chief of the service inside. Together they dined in a quiet restaurant, and together they arrived at the dock an hour later than the time set for sailing.

"Well, thank all the gods!" exclaimed Charley, as they boarded the *Devil's Fin*, and found the crew in readiness to sail.

"A gentleman here to see you," announced Ross.

"To see me?" said Tony. "Ah, Mr. Brown! Delighted to see you! Anything up?"

"Yes! a letter the chief was especially anxious you should have. There is no hurry about it. You can read it at your leisure."

Mr. Brown was a mild-looking quietly dressed gentleman with greying hair, and a gentle blue eye. He had every appearance of a well-disciplined, thoroughly competent, and thoroughly reliable upper servant. But Tony presented him to his friends as a gentleman, whom it was a privilege to know. His presence was to Charley

Hopps at once a matter of profound relief, and as well, a testimony to the efficiency of the Admiralty Secret Service.

"We have had visitors, a lady and gentleman, this evening for you, Tony," said Ross, with a smile. "They were much disappointed at not seeing you. The gentleman brought a message from Professor Hemstein, and left a parcel."

"A parcel," said Mr. Brown sharply. "Excuse me, Tony, may I see it?"

Ross took out of his pocket a small parcel, done up in the elegant wrappings affected by high-class jewellers.

"Don't open it," said Mr. Brown.

"As a matter of fact," laughed Ross, "I don't need to, for the gentleman himself opened it, and showed it to me. Something worth seeing too. He left a letter also down in the cabin."

They all went down together, Mr. Brown leading the way.

They found a letter lying on Tony's writing-desk. Mr. Brown picked it up, turned it over, and handed it to Tony, who read it and passed it over to Charley Hopps. "Read it," he said.

"My dear Tony (if I may venture to call you so):

This little gift I send you by a good friend of mine, Dr. H. J. Bergmann, for the lady of your heart's desire. With it go my warm congratulations, and my very best wishes for a happy life for you both.

KARL HEMSTEIN.

P. S. Of course I expect to see you at the ceremony on Friday.

K. H.'"

"And that is the gift you have in your hand, Tony," said Ross.

Tony opened the box, and displayed a beautiful and evidently very costly diamond pendant.

"There was a lady with the doctor," said Ross.

"A lady?" asked Mr. Brown quickly.

"Yes! A little dark lady, with brilliant black eyes, big hat, plume, and altogether quite fascinating."

"What was the man like?" enquired Mr. Brown.

"Oh, a large somewhat heavy, upstanding fellow, very fair hair, blue eyes, and ruddy complexion. He seemed a very decent chap. The lady was tremendously interested in the yacht and its appointments."

"Did she go over it?"

"No," said Ross, "we don't show visitors over the yacht."

"They both came down to the cabin here?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Yes," said Ross, apparently somewhat surprised at Brown's question.

"Were they alone here any time?"

"No—that is—let me see—Perhaps for five minutes while I was getting refreshments."

"How long ago is this?"

"About an hour and a half. Let me see," replied Ross, looking at his watch, "exactly an hour and twenty minutes."

"Tony," said Brown, "I don't like it. We are all taking a chance of our lives at this minute. Will you go through your drawers here, or will you strike for shore at once? Speak quick. Seconds are precious. You go any of you that want."

"You mean a bomb, Brown?" replied Tony. "Charley, Ross, get out of this! Get on shore! Get the boys off!"

"You go to the devil," said Charley.

"So say I," said Ross.

In the mean time Brown was pulling open drawers and cabinets, making a thorough search of the cabin.

"Was the lady interested in anything specially?"

"No," said Ross who was desperately turning things upside down. "Yes! Let me see. She was interested in

the workmanship of this cabinet," pointing to a small enclosed bookcase screwed to the wall.

Tony started for the cabinet indicated.

"Let me do that, Tony," said Brown. "Get back all of you! I wish to God you would leave the boat and——"

"Shut up Brown! Go on with your work," said Tony impatiently.

Brown opened the cabinet with great care. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I thought so! Open that porthole, Tony! This is an old friend," he said. "Now this is a matter of seconds." He took down from the cabinet shelf a small black cylindrical-looking object, which immediately as he touched it gave forth a slight whirring sound. "There! Damn you! and those who made you!" exclaimed Brown, as he hurled the thing through the open porthole. Almost immediately there was a terrific explosion. A mass of water was hurled high into the air, and the yacht flung over on her side.

"Tony, get away from this dock quick! We don't want any policemen about."

In less than three minutes' time the yacht began to move, and was soon out of sight of the dock, and after a ten-minute run landed at a dock further along the shore. Together they made their plans for capturing the gang that had attempted the outrage.

"I think you can leave them safely to me," said Brown. "We have them all under observation, and at any time we can lay hands upon them."

But Tony would not hear of this. "The others you can get if you choose, but Hemstein I will attend to myself. He intends to be at Aldrich House on Friday. I shall get him then, if not before."

"It will be awkward for you," said Charley. "You can hardly play, with any degree of success, the double role of policeman and bridegroom. Better let Mr. Brown handle him."

But Tony was in a cold fury. He, and no one else, should deal with Hemstein. "We have shown him every

kindness," he said, "and now he has tried to murder me and my men. Nothing under heaven can keep me from getting him. If I thought he was in New York to-night I would go back now, and take him out of his bed."

"He is not there," said Brown. "You will find him somewhere in the North."

"Then he will be at Langdenburg," said Tony, "and if he is there I shall get him." And from this resolve neither Charley Hopps nor Brown could shake him.

The next evening found Tony and his crew slipping into Langdenburg harbor, their plans already made. Ross was to proceed in a car to Aldrich House and find out whether Hemstein was still making his headquarters there. Tom and Pete were to go through the docks, and discover whether Hemstein had made an appearance in Langdenburg during the day. Tony was to search, first the Royal Hotel, and then the Empire, where they were all to converge as soon as possible.

Before they parted Ross approached Tony with some hesitation.

"Tony," he ventured, "you must not kill Hemstein yourself. That's not quite the thing you know, we British folk give every man a fair trial. Besides we want to get that whole gang. We want Hemstein to tell us the whole story."

"You are right, Ross. I feel like killing the beast," replied Tony, "but you are right. I will keep myself in hand. I know my temper. I won't kill him I promise you, unless I have to."

With this Ross was forced to be content.

Tony proceeded to the Royal Hotel, but found no trace of his man there. The search of the Empire Hotel register was equally fruitless. Thereupon he settled himself in a corner of the entrance hall of the hotel, where hidden by his newspaper he could keep a watchful eye upon all who might enter.

He had waited less than half an hour when a big fair man and a little lady with a large hat entered and pro-

ceeded to the desk to register. The combination of a big fair man and a little lady with a large hat arrested Tony's interest. They had just come in from the south on the night train. The big man, after securing his accommodation proceeded to make some enquiries from the clerk. The answer was apparently satisfactory, and the strangers were shown to their room. Tony sauntered to the desk, glanced at the register and discovered the names of the strangers to be Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Bergmann.

"Dr. Bergmann did not ask for me?" asked Tony of the hotel clerk.

"No," replied the clerk, "but he asked for the same man that you are looking for, Professor Hemstein," he added.

"Oh, indeed, and they are expecting to meet Professor Hemstein here, are they?"

"Do you want to see them?" asked the clerk.

"No, not particularly, I am expecting some people. I shall just wait here. If any of my men come you can tell them that I shall be in the smoking-room. If Professor Hemstein calls don't mention my name. Remember, I don't want him to know that I am here!"

"All right, Captain." To all the fisher-folk, and the hotel people of Langdenburg Tony was already a captain in the Royal Navy.

For another twenty minutes he waited, then, approaching the clerk once more, enquired if Professor Hemstein had called.

"Yes! about fifteen minutes ago. He has taken a room, No. 27. He went upstairs right away. Shall I call him?"

"No!" said Tony, "I shall go up. If any of my men call tell them where I am, and remember this is important!"

"All right, I will tell 'em, never fear, Captain!"

Arrived at the door of No. 27 Tony heard voices and paused to listen. One voice he recognised as that of Pro-

fessor Hemstein. He turned the handle of the door and walked quietly in.

"Hello, Professor Hemstein," he cried out in a cheery voice. "I am glad to see you."

Hemstein rose slowly, white, shaking, speechless.

"How are you feeling, Hemstein?" enquired Tony pleasantly.

"Mackinroy!" gasped Hemstein. "How did you come? You came by train?"

"Oh, no," said Tony.

"But—you—were—in—New York."

"Who told you that?" enquired Tony.

"I forget—someone—I understood—you were in New York yesterday," said Hemstein, desperately struggling to regain his calm.

"Well, you are quite right, I was there yesterday."

"And—you came—by train?"

"No, in my own little craft, Professor Hemstein," replied Tony with a gay laugh. "Catch me travelling in a dirty train, when my own little boat is available."

"Not—your—yacht!"

"Why not? What is the matter, Professor? You don't look well."

"I am—tired—I have—had a hard day," he said, then with a great effort he stretched out his hand. "I am glad to see you. Ah, forgive me, I am forgetting." He turned to Dr. and Mrs. Bergmann. "Let me introduce to you my dear friend Lieutenant Mackinroy."

Dr. Bergmann started to his feet, his face also going white.

"Lieutenant Mackinroy!" he said, "Lieutenant Mackinroy! I am—glad to meet you," he bowed low, and remained standing, his eyes glancing from one to the other, his hands in his coat pockets.

"So glad to meet you, Lieutenant Mackinroy," said the little lady sweetly, also bowing low. "I have heard much of you from mutual friends." There was no tremor in her voice.

Tony bowed in reply, eyeing her as she fumbled with her bag and drew out a handkerchief, leaving the bag open before her.

"You had a pleasant journey, Lieutenant?" said the lady, smiling brightly.

"I was tired. I have been losing sleep the last few days," replied Tony. "I must have slept most of the day. The sea was extraordinarily calm, just like the harbor here, not a ripple, and my little boat rides beautifully. But of course, you saw her, Mrs. Bergmann, I was very sorry to miss you when you called. Oh! Professor Hemstein," he continued, "I ought to have acknowledged your beautiful gift. Miss Farrer will be delighted, as she will tell you herself when opportunity offers."

"Oh, a mere trifle," said Hemstein. "So glad you like it, worthy neither of the lady, nor of the occasion. But a poor Professor, you know——" he laughed deprecatingly.

Tony turned to Dr. Bergmann. "You are visiting in Langdenburg?"

"No," said Professor Hemstein. "Dr. Bergmann is an old friend. He is interested in the study of tidal water-power. He is an electrical engineer. He, like yourself, is a great scientist. His specialty, however, is the study of the chemistry of electricity. Quite a new line." Hemstein was getting himself under control, and talking against time.

"Ah!" replied Tony, "that is very interesting. We have some very interesting tidal phenomena on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, Dr. Bergmann. Where have you studied tidal water-power?"

"Oh, mostly in Europe," said the Doctor, "in Denmark and Holland. I am very much interested in your Nova Scotia water-powers. I hope to see you later," he said, "I must now be going. To-morrow I rise early to begin my investigations."

Tony glanced at his watch. His men should be arriving in a few minutes now. At all costs, he must prevent this party from breaking up. "It is quite early yet, Doc-

tor," he said genially. "Have you heard much of the Bay of Fundy tides on the Nova Scotia coast, and especially on the New Brunswick coast? I claim to know a little about this country."

The Doctor shook his head. "No, I have studied nothing as yet about the Bay of Fundy tides."

"You will find them exceedingly interesting," said Tony. "Our rivers exhibit quite remarkable phenomena in regard to tides." And then he proceeded to discourse fascinatingly, upon the subject of tidal water-power, of the experiments already made in seeking to harness the tides of the various rivers that empty into the Bay of Fundy. "You have heard of the Moncton bore, I suppose?"

"Boar? A pig?" enquired the Doctor.

"No, no!" replied Tony with a laugh. "We always catch strangers with that bore. The Moncton bore! It is a most wonderful thing. That is the local name given to the tide that rushes up the river past the City of Moncton in New Brunswick. I think even a lady," he said, smiling at Mrs. Bergmann and moving over to her side, "I think even a lady would be interested in seeing that quite remarkable rush of water. This is how it goes," and sitting beside her he proceeded to draw a map of the Bay of Fundy coast line, showing the various river mouths, and to illustrate by diagrams the phenomenal tidal rush up these rivers.

The little lady professing intense interest in Tony's discourse and illustrations, leaned over his map in the most confidential manner, but all the while Tony was aware of a cold and wary eye watching him, studying, not so much his maps, as himself.

Hemstein was delighted with the turn in the talk, and did what he could to sustain the conversation, backing up Tony's fascinatingly interesting description of the tidal phenomena of the world-famous Bay, with such information as he possessed. But even the Bay of Fundy and its remarkable phenomena could be exhausted, and

once more Dr. Bergmann and his charming wife, pleading weariness and anxiety to retire, began to make their adieux.

"But your specialty, Dr. Bergmann," said Tony, desperate in his anxiety to delay their going, "is the chemistry of electricity, I understand."

Dr. Bergmann bowed.

"That is a subject of which I am entirely ignorant. Of chemistry I know something, of electricity a little less, but of the chemistry of electricity I must confess, I know nothing at all. Just what is involved in that special line of investigation?" Tony was turning over in his mind his plan of operations, should he be forced to proceed to extreme measures. The presence of the lady seriously embarrassed him. Strike her he could not, kill her he would not, and yet he greatly distrusted the look of her open hand-bag, and more, the cold wariness of her brilliant black eyes. She had a gun there, he guessed, and she would not hesitate to use it. The beads of perspiration were beginning to start under the curls clustering on his forehead. With every artifice available to him he sought to lure Dr. Bergmann to begin a dissertation upon the special subject of his research, straining his ear, in the meantime, to catch the sound of a footfall upon the stairs.

But Dr. Bergmann was not to be enticed and after a few sentences he and his wife rose, with the purpose of leaving the room.

"Oh, Dr. Bergmann," said Professor Hemstein, "you will not forget your portfolio. Those slides are most interesting. I wish you could see them, Mr. Mackinroy."

"Slides!" said Tony. "What slides?" fervently thanking Hemstein for his opening.

"Some microscopic photographic work, which the Doctor is preparing," said the Professor. But again Dr. Bergmann refused to be delayed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADMIRALTY ORDERS.

The strain upon Tony's nerves was becoming intolerable. He was resolved that at any cost neither Dr. Bergmann, nor the black portfolio should leave the room. He finally made up his mind to draw upon the company, take his chance, and shoot the thing out. In despair, and as a last measure, he turned the conversation to the subject of the war, more particularly the new Canadian Army, their training in gunnery, in rifle practice, and in the use of small arms.

Dr. Bergmann was at once interested. This was familiar ground to him.

"I have heard about your Canadian Army. It was a wonderful achievement of Canada to raise so large a force in those few weeks," he said.

"Yes," answered Tony, enthusiastically. "It was an extraordinary achievement, and it is remarkable how quickly our men picked up their training. Of course, they are not to be compared with professional soldiers. But you know every Canadian is familiar with the use of a gun and rifle. Every farmer's son, every schoolboy, when he has a holiday takes a gun and goes to the woods. But in things military they are very ignorant. Still it is wonderful how soon our officers pick things up. Take for instance, revolver practice. Some of them indeed," he continued in growing enthusiasm, "became quite expert. For instance, I myself have won quite a reputation in trick work with the revolver. Let me exemplify. You see those three bottles on that side table. Well, it would be easy for me to snip off two, if not three of the

necks before you can count one, two, three. Like this," he cried, flashing his revolver from his pocket.

At that instant a timid tap sounded on the door. A death-like silence fell on the company.

"Well!" called out Professor Hemstein. "Who is it?"

"Allow me," said Tony, intercepting the Professor and springing to the door.

"Oh, hello, Rory!" he cried. "What the deuce——" he turned to Professor Hemstein. "One of my men, Professor Hemstein, do you mind? Come in Rory," he said sharply, "don't stand there in the doorway!"

Rory came in looking very sheepish.

"And Pete! Well, well! and Tom! What does this mean? Come in, come in, don't stand gawking at the door. Now what in thunder do you all want here?"

The three men came in and stood like burglars detected in the prosecution of their art.

"This is rather a singular coincidence," Tony continued, closing the door and motioning to Tom, who took his place behind his commanding officer at the door. "Quite a coincidence. I was just saying I could snip off two, if not three, of the necks of those bottles before you could count three, like this, one, two, three." The three necks flew in splinters. "Four!" cried Tony, closing his hand down on the lady's hand-bag. The three conspirators started to their feet.

"Sit down!" said Tony sternly.

The lady sat down quietly. The men remained standing for a moment, then slowly subsided into their chairs.

"Rory," said Tony, "could you do that?"

"Och! That is easy enough," said Rory, drawing his gun.

"Hold on!" said Tony. "Pete, have you your gun?"

"Sure!" said Pete, snapping his from his hip.

"Never mind yours, Tom," said Tony. Then silently he stood looking at the three, one by one, in succession, for a full minute.

"Pete!"

"Sir!"

"Where have you seen this lady and gentleman before?"

"Last night, sir, on the *Devil's Fin* at the dock in New York."

Again came a tap at the door.

"Open the door, Tom! No! don't move, Dr. Bergmann! Take your hands out of your pockets."

"Oh! come in, Johnston! You heard a noise, I presume. I must apologise. We were having a little demonstration of gun play, that's all. Shut the door, Tom! Johnston!" said Tony in a voice out of which all pleasantries had gone, "as an officer of His Majesty's Navy I am arresting these three guests of yours, the lady and these two gentlemen, on charge of attempted murder."

"Gosh Almighty, Captain! You don't say!" exclaimed the astounded landlord.

"If one of you moves, without orders," said Tony in a voice deadly cold, "I won't kill you, but I shall shoot an arm off the one that moves, without any hesitation. Hemstein! Get up and hold up your hands!"

"Mr. Johnston," exclaimed Hemstein in pitiful appeal, "I protest against this barefaced and brutal assault, and appeal to you for protection."

"I guess the Captain's runnin' this show," advised the landlord coolly. "You'd better obey orders. The Cap's a holy terror when he gets goin'. You'd better not monkey with him, or he'll sure shoot hell out of you."

"Hemstein, get up! and get your hands up! That's your last warning," said Tony.

Hemstein rose and held up his hands.

"Rory, get everything out of his pockets, and put it on the table."

Rory's clever, sailor fingers made quick work of Professor Hemstein's belongings. In a very few minutes they were neatly piled on the table.

"Sit down, Hemstein," said Tony.

Hemstein looked about vaguely for a chair.

"Will ye not sit down when yer told?" said Rory im-

patiently, deftly knocking his feet from under him, and depositing Hemstein, with a thump upon the floor.

"Now, Bergmann, stand up, and up with your hands!"

"This is an outrage," shouted Bergmann. "I protest! I am an American citizen."

Rory stepped behind him. "American citizen. Well-a-well!" he said in a disgusted voice. "I am thinking no decent American would be owning you for a citizen. They are fery respectable people whateffer. Will you not be lifting yourself up?" He laid his hand on the Doctor's collar.

For a single instant Bergmann hesitated, glancing desperately at the men about him. He saw no mercy in the faces of those he had so recently doomed to death. With a deep oath he rose to his feet.

"You will pay for this, sir," he said. "I shall demand from our government ample restitution."

"Have no fear, Bergmann, you will get all that you deserve," replied Tony. "I only wish to God I could give it to you myself."

The search of Dr. Bergmann's person revealed a number of interesting articles. A fat pocketbook, with a thousand dollars in new American bills of varying denominations, a revolver found in his coat pocket, correspondence, which, as it turned out, implicated Professor Hemstein as being acquainted with the murder plot, and which proved of distinct value to the Admiralty Secret Service. In the black portfolio was found a receipt made out to Professor Hemstein from Dr. Bergmann for one thousand dollars for services rendered, a series of photographs, maps and plans covering the Nova Scotia coast line, including the harbors, from Halifax to the Chignecto basin, with soundings, lighthouses, and other landmarks carefully indicated, accompanied by such annotations as proved abundantly sufficient to convict the Professor of espionage. The lady was allowed to depart, minus her handbag. With the utmost *sang-froid* she bade Lieutenant Mackinroy farewell, giving him one of her sweetest smiles,

but with a look in her cold, black eye which was calculated as Pete said "to give a feller the shivers. She makes me feel like 'sif she'd run a knife in under my shoulder, and keep atwisting of it there, jist for the fun of seeing the blood run out over the blade."

The landlord was for turning them over to the local police, but Tony would have none of that. Within an hour they were afloat on the *Devil's Fin* to Halifax, where in the early morning they were delivered into the keeping of the military authorities at that port.

"Now, Ross, we shall just run up and report to the Admiralty," said Tony. "That's one beastly job done."

"A beastly job it is," replied Ross, "and I am mighty thankful to be done with it. Say, old man! You handled that very smoothly indeed."

"Jove!" exclaimed Tony, "when I saw them first I wanted to beat them up, but now I'm mighty glad I didn't."

The Chief of Staff in the Admiralty office received them with enthusiastic welcome.

"Ah ha, Mackinroy," he cried when Tony entered the office, "that is what I call prompt action, very prompt action indeed. When did you get our wire?"

"I received no wire," replied Tony, "we came in on our own. We had rather important business." And Tony proceeded to make a report of the happenings of the last two days.

"Jove! What luck!" cried the Chief of Staff, "and very smart work indeed. You will of course make a full report. But I am glad you came in, Mackinroy. We sail in three hours."

Tony and Ross looked at him in amazement, and then at each other.

"But sir," said Ross. "Lieutenant Mackinroy is to be married on Friday."

"Ah! most unfortunate. But of course you see the Admiralty didn't know that," said the Chief of Staff with a smile.

"What hour exactly do you sail?" enquired Tony, striving to get his voice steady.

"Let me have the orders," said the Chief to one of his clerks. "As a matter of fact," he said, "we sail exactly at 3.15, which is five hours from the present moment. I see it is very awkward for you, Mackinroy. Can we do anything? Can we get the lady to meet you anywhere? No? Sorry, very sorry indeed. Of course we shall send any wires you may require, and that sort of thing. Wait a moment. Let me speak to the Admiral." He went into the inner office and came back with the Admiral himself.

"Sorry to hear this, Mackinroy," said the Admiral. "Most unfortunate, but I am afraid nothing can be done. Orders are orders."

"No, of course not," replied Tony. "Will it do for me to be here at three o'clock?"

"Oh yes, that will suit admirably. We cannot do anything for you, can we?" said the Admiral.

"No, I think not," said Tony. "It is all right, sir."

"That's the spirit, my boy. I may say we are much pleased with your work, as no doubt, you will hear in due time. By the way, perhaps you will permit me to send a note of explanation to the young lady."

"Thank you, sir, I am sure she would appreciate it."

The Admiral passed into his office, and returned in a few moments with a note in his hand.

"That is the right address, I believe," he said, handing it to Tony.

"Yes, sir, it is," said Tony, "and thank you very much."

"All right, you are on your own now till three o'clock. Good-bye."

Thus it came that Diana on her return that evening from her final flying visit to her friends in New York found Mackenzie Ross waiting her at the Aldrich House.

"Oh, Mr. Ross," she cried, running to him with hands

outstretched. "It is good to see you. How are you? And how are the crew?"

"Very sad, very sad, quite depressed, the crew especially," replied Ross, with a very woebegone look on his face.

"Indeed, that is quite unkind of them," said Diana, "considering what is coming to them."

"We are seriously considering a mutiny. We hate the Admiralty with a perfect hatred."

At this point Patty came running in, followed by Aunt Annabel.

"Why, what is this I hear? And from a British officer?" she cried as she shook hands with Ross.

"Read that!" said Ross, as he handed Diana the Admiral's note.

With a face growing white Diana took it from him. As she read the brief note her face flushed red.

"What is up?" cried Patty.

Silently Diana put the note in her hand.

"Well, if that isn't the darndest luck!"

"Patty," said Aunt Annabel, "I wish you would not use such rude words."

"And there is my new dress, a perfectly adorable creation it is. Oh, hang it! Aunt Annabel, read that," and she thrust the Admiral's note into her aunt's hand.

"Why, what does the man mean? Tony sailing? Why, there can't be any wedding! Well, I do think he might have waited. What difference could a day or two make anyway? Most inconsiderate I call it."

"But, Aunt Annabel, those are the orders of the British Admiralty," said Patty.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Aunt Annabel, with indignant scorn of the British Admiralty. "And the breakfast all ordered, and Rivault himself coming to take charge. Oh, it is most distressing! I do think it is extremely careless. Tony might have arranged it differently."

"Tony careless?" said Diana. "Why, Aunt Annabel,

he is a British officer, and is under orders. Careless? How can he help it, poor boy?" and in spite of her fine command her lips quivered.

"And this is Wednesday. When does he sail?" cried Aunt Annabel, who found it difficult to assimilate the facts.

"He sailed to-day at three o'clock," replied Ross.

"Sailed at three! Actually sailed!" cried, almost shrieked, Aunt Annabel. "With never a good-bye to you, Diana, my poor girl! Why didn't he come yesterday? Really I am surprised!"

With flashing eyes Diana turned upon her.

"We know he couldn't come, Aunt Annabel, or he would have been here."

"He was on duty till ten this morning," said Ross a little stiffly. "The boat sailed at three. He tried every possible plan to make it, and failing, sent me off immediately with the Admiral's message, and with this letter to you, Miss Diana."

Diana seized the letter, tore it open. As she read the first sentence her face flushed, her eyes lit up. "Of course, I knew he couldn't!"

"But what does he say, Diana?" queried Aunt Annabel.

"Aunt Annabel!" exclaimed Patty horrified. "Think what you are asking!"

"I mean what explanation of this extraordinary thing, you silly girl."

"Explanation!" said Diana quickly. "What explanation is needed? The orders came for him to sail this afternoon. That is all! A British officer asks no explanation." Her head went up proudly. "He only obeys. Thank you, Mr. Ross," she said, giving him her hand. "It was considerate of you to come."

"My chief's orders, Miss Diana," he said. "He asked me to explain fully. His time for writing was very short."

"Well," exclaimed Aunt Annabel with a deep sigh. "I

do think the whole thing is very badly arranged. Here we must cancel all the orders at once."

"If you will allow me," said Ross, "I am instructed to attend to everything for you."

"Well, well," replied Aunt Annabel, "I must have a few minutes to think things over, I am terribly upset. You will stay for dinner I hope, Mr. Ross," she added, as she was leaving the room.

"Oh, thank you," said Ross, "I shall be pleased."

"Do," cried Patty. "We shall have such a lot of eating to do. I say, I am all for having the guests anyhow, Charley Hopps and Merrick, and the other boys are coming to-morrow, and Professor Hemstein."

"Not Professor Hemstein," said Ross. "He is otherwise engaged. You will want to read your letter," he said, turning to Diana. "Perhaps Miss Patty will entertain me for a few minutes."

"Are you difficult to entertain?" enquired Patty. "Of course I have been preparing for the ordeal for the past fortnight. I knew I should have you on my hands, after the wedding anyhow."

"I am considered rather difficult," replied Ross, "but under the present circumstances I should say you will not need to exert yourself in the very slightest degree, so long as the visibility remains what it is."

"Very pretty, very pretty, indeed," said Patty. "Run away, Diana, my dear, to your letter now. I have a premonition that we shall not miss you for the next few minutes," said Patty, flashing a deadly smile at the young man.

Patty's premonition proved correct, for when after half an hour Diana, cool and calm, rejoined them, she was met by the exclamation, "My dear, what a short letter? He might have done better than that it seems to me."

"He had only a very little time," explained Ross.

But Diana only smiled at them.

"Any plans, Di?" continued Patty. "Can we help in any way?"

"Tony suggests that I sail almost immediately and meet him in London, where we are to be married."

"How splendid!" cried Patty. "That is much better."

"You will need a bridesmaid of course," suggested Ross.

"Oh, of course, how very thoughtful of you," cried Patty.

"I always think of things like that," replied Ross. "I can't help it in the present case."

"It is not so very terrible after all," said Diana. "There will only be a delay of a week or two. By the way, we must tell Miriam at once."

"Naturally," cried Patty. "I will order the car. You can come with us, Mack, and give us your story at Pirate Bay House."

Touching somewhat lightly the attempt to blow up the *Devil's Fin* and her crew, Ross gave a detailed account of Professor Hemstein's activities, as agent of the enemy government, associated with him, his friends Dr. and Mrs. Bergmann. Amazement, horror, disgust, rage, filled the minds of his hearers, according to their various dispositions and training.

With Miriam, however, one emotion predominated all others. Tony was gone, she would see him no more. Her grief reduced her to stricken silence. But closely allied with her grief there was, in her heart, a new and poignant sympathy with Diana in her disappointment. She went to her, put her arms round her and whispered to her: "You must not mind too much, Diana, dear. You will go at once, won't you? And besides think how terribly Tony is feeling to-day."

Diana put her arms about the girl and drew her close. "Yes, that is just what I am thinking of. You will come home with me for a week, Miriam, for Tony's sake you know," she added.

But that arrangement was not carried out immediately. Patty was determined that there were to be no sackcloth and ashes in connection with the postponement of the

marriage. "We can't have all the frills in the absence of the bridegroom of course, but we have still much. We have the eats."

"Oh, Patty," cried Aunt Annabel with a shudder of disgust. "That is a horrible expression. I do wish you would give it up."

"What I do mean is, we shall have the breakfast and the company. Your pals, some of the best of your pals, will be up, and Merrick and Charley Hopps, and some of the others of the boys, and in a week, perhaps, we shall be afloat upon the bounding main, so why lament and break our hearts?"

"Right you are," said Ross, gazing at her with frank admiration. "And after all London is not a bad place to be married in. Really I should prefer it myself." Then he added soberly. "Think of all the girls in Canada, who have sent away their boys, with little chance of seeing them for the Lord knows how long."

"You are right, Mr. Ross," said Diana quietly. "It would be a shame to make any fuss about our disappointment."

But that night she came into Patty's room after she had prepared for bed.

"Oh, Patty," she cried in a breaking voice. "I am afraid, I am awfully afraid. He will be right into the midst of that awful work, among the submarines and the mines. Mind you," she said dashing her tears away and steadying her voice, "I would not have had him stay, not even for an hour, and he wouldn't stay, not even for me. But, Patty, I have an awful fear, I cannot rid myself of it. Oh, Patty!" she cried, breaking into sobs as her friend put her arms about her. "I may never see him again! Oh, if I had only known a day sooner, a few hours sooner, I'd have gone with him, I wouldn't have cared what they said, I'd have gone anyway."

"Sure you would!" said Patty. "But don't worry, dear. You will go right away, and if you want me I shall go with you."

“Thank you, Patty, thank God I have a friend like you. What do the girls do, up in Canada here, who know that there is little chance of seeing their boys again? When I think of them I am ashamed to cry, and I won’t cry, Patty,” she said, releasing herself from her friend’s arms and resolutely drying her tears. “I will never cry, Patty, at least where any Canadian can see me.”

CHAPTER XIX.

WEDDINGS WITH AND WITHOUT GROOMS.

The Aldrich House wedding festival was a brilliant series of successes. The feasting was princely, M. Rivault entering into the bitter disappointment of Aunt Annabel, outdid himself in his culinary creations.

The company was congenial, established upon a sound footing of common friendliness. In addition to the ordinary household of Aldrich House, among whom Charley Hopps would consider himself a member, there were of men, Ross, who had just received his commission as Sub-Lieutenant in the British Navy; Martyrson, and Dr. Phelps, a young and brilliant member of the Johns Hopkins' medical staff; both men invited at the earnest suggestion of Charley Hopps, for purposes of his own. Of ladies there was added to the Aldrich House company Miss Rose Tripp, a rising member of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, a dainty creature, much in evidence in the illustrated journals, who owed her photographic triumphs quite as much to her bewitching airs and graces as to her entrancing soprano voice.

At the earnest entreaty of Diana, and backed by the combined demand of the whole household, both Miriam and Aunt Pheemie joined the party.

Not only was the party congenial in its personnel, the feasting sumptuous, but the weather was superb, which meant winter sports in all their exhilarating variety. Enough snow had fallen to make sleighing of the best upon the country roads, and tobogganing upon the hills dangerously exciting. There was skating upon the pond, a sport in which Miriam and Ross excelled, executing

their curves and figures with bewildering grace. Then there were evenings before the open fire, with old songs and folk-lore, in which Aunt Pheemie with her ghost stories, and every one of them true, took a leading part. Then in the big living-room there were dances, the new jazz steps, and the old-fashioned square and figure dances, with Scottish reels and Highland flings for which Aunt Pheemie "diddled" the music, to Charley Hopps' accompaniment on his Hawaiian guitar.

Oh never had there been such a wedding feast in the memory of any of them, never such a week-end of frolicking and feasting and fun!

"It only goes to show," said Patty, heartlessly, as they sat about the fire, in the post-prandial hour set apart for song and story, "it only goes to show the truth of what I have always held, that a bridegroom is after all only a mere incident at a wedding. Poor dear, he just hangs about and tags on."

"Yet an essential," murmured Ross. "You know you really couldn't do without him."

"Oh, quite so! Essential, but merely incidental. Of course one is speaking in the abstract, Diana dear, for Tony is such a wonder we do miss him. What a darling he is to send us a wireless. But in the abstract, now, I have always pitied the unhappy, nervous and apologetic bridegroom."

"And yet," interposed Ross, "far and away he is the most wonderful thing there."

"And why, pray?" enquired Patty.

"It is quite obvious," said Ross, "in that he carries off the priceless jewel, the most splendid thing of the whole show. And she loves to have it so."

"Pooh, pooh, and puff, puff! That's all you poor men creatures know about it. All the same we have had a wonderful wedding."

With this everybody agreed.

But Charley Hopps had serious business on hand when he organized the wedding party. Day by day in his

business, he was forced to face the terrible facts of the war, and to force them upon the attention of his fellow countrymen.

“Now when this quadrennial madness is over we shall get some sane thinking by our people again.”

“Meaning what?” asked Diana.

“Oh, when we have got our President in the chair again, and when we can cease for a few months to be crazy mad partisans, and look out upon the world with open eyes and balanced minds.”

“Tell us the news, Charley, do,” said Patty, snuggling down among a heap of cushions on the floor.

“You ought to know the news,” said Charley severely, “there are daily papers you know. I bet you young Miriam there knows every move of the armies for the last week. Why! She is terribly keen. She knows the fate of this country is at stake—of the world perhaps.”

“Oh come, Charley, a little strong!” said Merrick.

“Strong? Ask Martyrson! Strong? Oh, Merrick, you exasperate me! You are a type! To-day a truly ghastly tale has got through, of the condition of the Medical Hospital Service in the French Army. No conception of the magnitude of the sudden demand. The medical officers dropping down after thirty-six to forty-eight hours on duty, no sleep, nurses one to two hundred and fifty wounded men. Medical appliances exhausted. Service terribly defective. Attendants, orderlies wanted. Here thousands of girls would be glad to help. Tell them, Phelps, for God’s sake. I can’t get the picture out of my mind. Phelps knows, followed the thing from the first, going across on his own.”

Phelps told his tale, and as he told, ghastly pictures of wounded, broken, crushed, groaning, dying men and boys passed before their eyes, as they gazed into the flames horror-stricken.

“Can’t something be done?” asked Diana.

“Yes! Can’t something be done?” said Merrick. “What say, Martyrson?”

"The Belgian relief shows what American organized sympathy can do in one department of need."

"Why not an American army of doctors and nurses? Can we get them? Is there anything in the way?" cried Diana.

"A lot of damnable apathy, a little red tape, but that can be cut with a sharp pair of scissors. And you have the scissors," continued Charley, looking at Martyrson, "and know how to use them."

"I say, let us do it," said Diana, "oh, let us do it. We could do something, and you would all help. Mr. Martyrson and Charley with their paper. Dr. Phelps, you will come with us?"

The result of the fireside talk was the organization of a Hospital Unit.

"Mr. Ross, you'll come in?" said Aunt Annabel who was keenly interested. "Oh, but you can't, I forgot."

"When I get wounded I shall insist upon going to the Diana Farrer Hospital. I won't take any substitute."

"The British Medical Service is better organized," said Patty.

"It is well organized, but the sudden demand on the Medical Department has never been so overwhelming. But thousands of women have volunteered, and scores of homes offered in England and Scotland as temporary hospitals. Units are being organized in Canada here. Every province is offering."

"We'll go," cried Patty.

"And me too!" cried Miriam's shrill voice.

There was a dead silence. All eyes turned on the eager face.

"Why not?" said Dale.

"Miriam!" exclaimed Aunt Pheemie. "What would Tony say?"

The light died out of Miriam's face. Diana touched her arm.

"I think we can manage something," she said.

Miriam turned to her, caught her arm with a passionate eagerness too deep for words.

"Now another dance, Miriam," cried Dale. "*a pas seul* and in bare feet. The sand is better, but this carpet isn't too bad. She has her Highland dress too."

"Bare feet," cried Charley Hopps. "Ah, wonderful! So dance the fairies, the nymphs and all such delightful people."

Aunt Pheemie was doubtful. Aunt Annabel did not help much by casually remarking that it was done by very nice people in New York. But when Diana urged it she consented. Nay more, she did the "diddling" for Miriam's Sword Dance, and for a duo by Ross and Miriam in the Highland Fling. And having got on to the ice she went skating, taking part in a Scotch Reel, with Ross and Miriam and Patty, whom Ross had undertaken to pilot through the intricacies of that ancient and fascinating dance.

The hospital scheme was a fact. On the last night together and before the party broke up the organisation was announced as complete. Merrick was to be manager. Charley Hopps, publicity agent, Dr. Phelps was to be medical officer in chief, and was to pick his staff, so that every medical and surgical department should be fully equipped.

"Aren't you sorry you aren't in it?" asked Patty of Ross next day, as they went off for a final tramp through the woods in their snowshoes, in the use of which Patty under Ross's tuition had become an expert.

"Perhaps I may be in it some day."

"I know what you mean, but I wish you wouldn't talk like that."

"But why not? We have all to face that. My mother, my sister—I am the only boy you know—they have found that. We are in for a desperate fight. We are going to win, but you must pay the price of victory."

"I know," said Patty with a grave face.

"But we have to-day, and a glorious day, before us, a

splendid climb over mountains and down craggy slopes, and with wonderful views everywhere. So let us get the best of it. Eh, Patty?"

They had only known each other somewhat casually for about eight weeks, but Patty had Tony's picture of Mackenzie Ross in her mind during those weeks. The picture, colored by Tony's affection and admiration for his only man friend, had made its own impression. In the close intimacy of the last week, and especially of the last weekend, the fever of war with its terrible and tragic possibilities, had carried them both farther along the deliciously dangerous pathway of love, than either of them knew. They only needed the slightest breath upon the smouldering embers of passion to set them wildly ablaze. And so intricably are the commonplace and the magically idyllic interwoven, that the breath came, as ever in a perfectly natural and ordinary manner. A smooth slope, covered with encrusted snow, with balsam trees here and there interspersed, invited an entrancing glide.

"Sit well back on your snowshoes, like this," cried Ross, and away he went, whizzing over the smooth shining surface, to end up in a glorious drift of fleecy snow.

Patty gaily adventuring the slope lost her balance half-way over, pitched sideways into a balsam tree trunk, and lay motionless.

In a dozen strides Ross was at her side, and had her in his arms, seeking to revive her from a brief insensibility. When she revived, she felt the pressure of his strong arm about her, as he held her up from the chill of the snow, heard his protestations of solicitude, his ejaculations of self-condemnation in terms hardly suitable to a divinity student, half raised herself, opened her eyes and looked into the blue eyes gazing in strained terror into hers. Just for a moment or two she looked, then closed her eyes and with a little sigh sank down again into his strong encircling arms. Only one result could follow.

It was quite fifteen minutes when they were on their way again, but in a world transformed.

"It was your fault," said Ross, as they tramped along hand in hand.

"I like that, who suggested the slide?"

"But when I saw your adorable eyes look into mine, and then close again—I—I—well, I confess I lost my head."

"Of course you would. I should have been horribly disappointed and indignant if you hadn't."

"I feel like a cad. You have such a beastly lot of money, and I am a mere student with nothing before me but what you would call poverty," said Ross ruefully.

"Rubbish! Book rubbish! It won't do with me. And we are not going to make any mistake like Di and Tony. We'll get married right away."

"When?" gasped Ross.

"This week. They'll all be horrified, but it will be wonderful, and all the girls will be so furious and jealous. So, Mack dear, just get the certificate or whatever you call it, and we'll have dear old Mr. Murdoch do it, and get Rivault to stay over a few days. Oh! and my bridesmaid's dress will do! And you'll wear your Highland kilt, and Miriam can be bridesmaid, and Dale will be best man. Of course Charley—poor Charley—he is such a dear, I am very fond of Charley, but I can't marry both, can I?"

"Not if I know it," said Ross with sudden indignation.

"Oh, you are so delightfully jealous. I do hope you will always be so. I love people to get jealous over me. So that's all right, and of course Di will be bridesmaid too—poor Di, how silly they were to wait. Oh, Ross, think how heavenly it will be!"

And of course Ross was forced to take her in his arms and kiss her again and again, till she was quite breathless.

"Oh, Ross, you do it beautifully. You must have had a lot of practice."

"Never did!"

"But I don't care—not a scrap. You never loved any girl before, I know that quite well by the way you go about it. You are so deliciously shy and awkward."

The marriage did not take place however within a week. Tony's first letter settled that. It brought the information that he was on a six weeks' course of special training in submarine-chasing. His crew would not be called for till after New Year, so that Ross would keep on his patrol work with the *Devil's Fin* till further orders, having his headquarters at St. John and making New York as before one of his bases of supply. During the Christmas week, however, the marriage did take place, and a truly gorgeous affair it was, carried out in all the barbaric splendor with which modern society sees fit to associate the ancient and solemn rite.

"It will be worth all the fuss, darling," said Patty to her lover, "just to give all the poor dears who were so horribly disappointed over Diana's wedding a chance to show their clothes and to see you in your wonderful new uniform. Then there's Aunt Annabel. She is quite pleased and she has been very sweet about everything."

The honeymoon was cut short by a cable message from the Admiralty summoning Ross and his crew for active patrol duty in the North Sea.

"My poor dear," wailed Aunt Annabel, "to think of your going off to that horrible war, and having to live among strangers and so far from home!"

"Far from home, Aunt Annabel!" exclaimed Patty, winking hard to keep back the tears. "Why! My home is where my husband is."

"Oh, you lucky girl, I wish some one would marry me and give me a chance to get across," was Miriam's comment as she kissed Patty good-bye.

"We will soon be with you, Patty," said Diana, "and you are a lucky girl! Remember you are pledged to the Unit you know."

"As if I could forget that!" said the loyal-hearted Patty.

So they sailed away to the war supremely careless of what might come.

"Are we doing the wise thing, Patty darling?" asked

her husband as their boat moved out of Halifax Harbour.

"Wise or not wise," said Patty, "it's the thing we want to do most of all things in life just now."

"But, darling, you soon may be left a widow."

"Yes! but I will know what it is to have been your wife, Mack," she said holding her arm hard to her breast.

"You will be lonely when I am off at sea."

"Of course I will, but no more lonely as wife than as maid. And Diana and the Unit will soon be over."

CHAPTER XX.

FOR ONE SOLDIER, PEACE.

But the Hospital Unit demanded time for its organization and equipment. There was also a vast amount of red tape to be untied and cut before the arrangements for its actual establishment in France could be completed, so that not before the early spring operations on the Western Front were again in full swing could Diana and her company get themselves in place and at work.

In addition to her work connected with her Hospital Unit, Diana was deeply engrossed with a matter which engaged her even more completely than the Hospital.

Tony's experience in his patrol work in the English Channel revealed the fact that in spite of her wonderful achievements, the *Devil's Fin* was not entirely suited to the work involved. She had the speed, but she had neither the strength necessary to battle with the tempestuous waters of the North Sea, nor the weight to carry the guns needed to cope with the new type of enemy submarine, nor with the destroyers which on occasion she, with advantage, might have taken on.

"They have chased our fishing fleet clear off the Dogger grounds, and we have lost millions of tons of food necessary to our people," Tony had written.

His word fell like good seed into fertile soil.

"Why could we not equip a boat suitable to that work?" she said to Charley Hopps. "We surely have good ship-builders here in America."

"The best in the world," replied Charley, "but it will cost something, Diana!"

"Cost? What matters cost, Charley, if we can get the boat. Oh, Charley, let's think of it."

"We will! I'm with you," cried Charley. "I know the man. But we must have the specifications and plans."

"I know," cried Diana. "My—I mean Mr. Mackinroy—He built the *Devil's Fin*, and he knows what's wanted. I will write him."

Diana's letter enlisted Hector Mackinroy's enthusiastic aid. He secured leave for Tony for a few days, and together they discussed plans with the Admiralty experts. The result was a design for a submarine chaser, stronger, heavier and just as fast as the *Devil's Fin*, a boat that fulfilled Tony's ideal.

Diana herself went with Charley Hopps to his builder, interested him personally in the new boat, and by keeping in close personal touch with the workers got the very best possible boat that money, brains and good-will could produce.

By the end of March the boat was given its trial run and exceeded all the hopes of its builder and of its owner. A crew from Nova Scotia was found to sail her across. In due time she was turned over to the Admiralty authorities at Woolwich for outfitting with the very newest thing in guns and other war gear. When completed she was launched without ceremony, being christened at Tony's suggestion *The Diana*, and "huntress" she proved during her short, but brilliant, career as a unit in the Musquito Fleet of the British Navy. The only representative of the donor was Hector Mackinroy, who was sent especially by the Admiralty to formally receive and commission the boat. The terms of the letter of acknowledgment received by Diana from the Admiralty had a suggestion of the courtly and dignified style of Mackinroy, who sent an accompanying letter breathing to an unusual degree pride, affection and gratitude.

"It is a beautiful and touching act of yours, my beloved Diana, worthy of your own high and noble heart. Nothing that you could have done could bring to myself, and I am sure to my son, a greater pride and joy in one who is so greatly loved by us both."

The northern coast of France is as near to the English Channel as is England, at least Mackenzie Ross found it so. His chief had been called to the Admiralty in London, and he had taken advantage of the leave to run over to Boulogne, and thence out to the Hospital Base where the American Unit had been established and was at work, for a few weeks. He came in like a breeze from the North Sea, fresh, exhilarating, and eager to see his wife, from whom he had been separated for an interminable length of days, more than a month at least. He was met at the Headquarters Tent by a charming English girl.

"My name is Ross. Is the matron busy?" he enquired.

"Mr. Ross? Oh, I fancy you really want to see Patty, don't you? Oh, you see I know you. Will you sit down? I shall find her."

As she ran away Ross followed her with his eyes.

"English, by Jove," he said to himself, "and a little blue-eyed wonder. And what a colour! Some poor chap out there is chewing his buttons." His eyes were out over the sand dunes upon the sea. "He's a sailor, I bet. Patty will know. I'll ask her."

But when Patty came running poor Ross forgot all else but the girl who came flying to his arms.

"Oh Mack, you darling boy!" she cried, standing back to look upon him. "How wonderful you look. No wonder Ethelwyn was so excited about you. Poor darling!"

"Ethelwyn? Oh, that little English peach. Ah! she knows."

"Of course she knows, you vain creature. She has a man of her own, poor girl."

"Why poor? Aren't they both awfully lucky?"

"Not with our luck, Mack," said Patty, shyly. "He was called off, like Tony, just when they were to be married. He is away in the Mediterranean."

Ross glanced at her. The flush deepened on Patty's cheek.

"No, by Jove! Poor girl, they haven't our luck, have

they? Just think of the poor devil out there on his lonely watch!"

"I'll be leaving this Unit in another month, Mack."

Mack gazed at her a few moments, a tender reverence in his eyes, and then took her gently in his arms.

"Oh, Patty, it is all so wonderful! God keep you, sweetheart, for me."

"And you, Mack, for us both," she whispered. "We can't do without you now, Mack darling."

"He will. Surely He will!" said Ross.

"Now tell me about Tony, and the boys. But no, wait till I get Diana."

"Oh, don't hurry like this!"

"But, you silly boy, you will have—we will have another chance together. And poor Diana is just wearing her heart out. I'll get her!"

"But Patty, what's all the rush?"

"Well, I'll give you another five minutes!"

"Five minutes! and I haven't seen you for——" he looked at his wrist watch, "exactly 726 hours and 27 minutes."

"I thought it was a thousand at least," cried Patty. "But now let me go. I feel so mean in not letting Di know."

When Diana came Ross regarded her with amazement. He had expected hollow cheeks, weary eyes and worn face. He beheld a girl in blooming health and beauty, calm, serene and superbly in command of herself. For an hour he talked of Tony and the crew, of their exploits and their daring.

"And you know Tony is different a bit!" he said.

"He is worn out, I know," said Diana, "but he is not ill?"

"Never a bit. He never was in such form physically and indeed every way. But he is different. You know he is not so savage a fighter."

"Savage?" Diana resented the word.

"I can't explain. For instance you remember that in-

cident when Hemstein and that gang tried to blow him up. I was in dread that Tony would simply kill them that night with his own hands. He could, too. Never saw such a man with his hands, with a gun, in every way he is a terrific fighter. He has a reputation along the Channel. But now he is more humane. That's not quite it either. I mean when he has beaten an enemy he is more eager to save him. I've seen him go in after a Hun and haul him aboard to safety. He has seen so much of killing, I think, that he is sick of it."

"But Tony was always like that," said Diana.

"Oh, you haven't got me," said Ross in distress.

"I know," said Patty. "He used to fight to kill the enemy, now he fights to save his country."

"You've got it exactly, Patty, and somehow it makes him really a better officer. His men would, one by one, go straight into death's jaws for him. Take Levi Kedge now. You know he saved Levi at the risk of his life."

"No, we don't know. How should we know?" enquired Patty severely. "You never tell us anything."

"We'd like to tell you a lot. But why should we add to the joy of the censor? He gets enough out of us."

"About Levi?" said Patty.

"Oh, it was a little thing. A shell from a submarine, U No. 117, one of the new ones and a regular devil fish it is—we are all out to get that submarine some day—well, a shell came uncomfortably close, heaved us about and flung Levi, who was attending to his gun, right into the drink. Levi, like a lot of sailors, is a mighty poor swimmer, and the submarine was coming on at us. But Tony, cool as ice cream, shouted to me, 'Give him that gun, Ross,' and was over after Levi, right in the path of the submarine. We staved the beggar off and hauled them both in. And Levi ever since, though he says little, just watches Tony with dog's eyes. But the boys are all fine. We have had wonderful luck, our record's not so bad."

"Not so bad," cried Patty. "Oh, we know something about that. But here comes an ambulance, must be Dale."

"What! Dale driving an ambulance?" said Ross. "That is wonderful."

"We could not keep Dale back. The hospital duties wore on his nerves terribly. He wanted to get nearer the fighting. So we let him meet the Hospital trains. He declares he is going up the line soon. He is well, but he is very weary at times."

When Ross saw Dale, he was shocked at his appearance. He had a hunted look in his eyes.

"That boy is in a bad way," he said to Patty. "You want to get him away from here soon."

"I know, but he is awfully stubborn about it. He is horribly mortified that America has not come in yet. After the first submarine sinking of neutral vessels he nearly went mad. He wrote all his friends, he wrote the great Teddy, he even wrote the President. His cry was, 'Come and see for God's sake and humanity's sake! come and look into this thing!' He got a great letter from Teddy, and, yes, a very nice letter from the President. We are going in, Mack, some day soon, thank God! But poor Dale. This ghastly job is getting onto his nerves."

"I don't wonder. It would kill me. How does Diana stand it and look so?"

"Mack, frankly I don't know. There are mysteries in this war beyond us all. You have heard of the Mons' 'angels.' Well, my explanation is, there are other angels about us, and there is a special guard assigned to Diana. She has her dreadful hours, of course, but then she comes out with a face like the morning sky. She beats me, Mack. Oh, if only her marriage had gone through. They are planning it for Tony's first leave, if possible. That is why Ethelwyn is here. When Di gets off, and I am away she wants some one to take her place, and this little English girl is really a wonderful manager, almost up to Diana herself."

"Well, I hope they get a move on, for I have it on the best authority that our base is to be changed."

"Changed?" said Patty with wide open eyes.

"Oh, a cushy job, in the Mediterranean. Not nearly so exciting," said Ross, with easy indifference.

"Ross, we have played straight with each other so far," said Patty.

"And I am playing straight now, Patty," replied Ross. "Besides I am only giving you rumor. 'The Colonel's batman, you know, told the cook, and the cook told the Canteen Sergeant.' But the Mediterranean, though it will be hell for the fighting men on the peninsula will not be so bad for us. We are detailed to hunt down some special submarines there. Our old submarine friend of the Channel U 117 is there I believe, an additional reason why we want the change. But it will be more difficult to get leave and hence the marriage ought to be brought on before the change is made."

"And may I tell Diana?"

"Certainly, that's one reason why I am here. You don't think this could be put into a letter?"

The limitations in correspondence made it difficult to fix times and plans for any private affairs. The only safe thing to do was to seize the opportunity as it arrived, and take full advantage of it before it had sped. This was the plan arranged for Diana's marriage. But again fate and the exigencies of war intervened, and once more the date for the event was postponed. The cause was Dale's sudden and serious breakdown. The only hope for him lay in his being immediately transferred to some spot remote from the war area and from the nerve-wrecking scenes that were the daily experience of those attached to the Army Medical Service.

"Send me home, Di, if I must go," pleaded Dale. "Don't come with me. I won't have you away when Tony gets his leave. Put me on board ship. Lots of chaps are going across. They will look after me."

But it was Tony who settled the matter.

"Take the boy home, Di," Tony wrote. "Take him to dear old Pirate Bay House. Would God I could go with you to that old spot of heavenly memories. Miriam will look after him. Tell Dale I am asking you to do this, and hurry back to me. I shall be waiting for you."

This message was brought to Dale in a special despatch bag, and touched the young man deeply.

"Diana, you have a good man in that chap," he said, the tears standing in his eyes. "He is good enough for you, and that's saying the most. Take me home, Di. Take me to Pirate Bay House. I'll sleep there all night long."

But summer had gone before the change could be effected. Diana still hesitated. She hated to leave her job. Arrangements were difficult to perfect. Merrick, still the manager, was anxious to get Dale, for whom he had a real affection, away from the war. He went seriously at the business of persuading Diana as to her duty.

"You must not think you are absolutely essential, Di, to the French Medical Service, and especially to this Unit. Naturally we appreciate you. But you have a fine Medical Staff here. Dr. Phelps has more than made good, and with one or two changes, we shall be the ace of the French Army Medical Services. Then, as to the nursing end, your little English friend is a marvel for efficiency. And more, she has a special gift for keeping the youthful M. O.'s in their places, and believe me, some of them require some keeping, notably, that clever young devil Shadwell. Then, too, that chum of hers, recently joined from England seems on to her job."

"Janet Ackland is a fine nurse, and a dependable girl. We were most fortunate in getting her," said Diana thoughtfully.

"Dependable is a good word," laughed Merrick. "That young French medico wanted to kiss her hand the other day preparatory, doubtless, to further operations. The maiden calmly excused herself a moment, wiped her hands carefully, and passed him one. 'There, Dr. Moulin,'

she said, pleasantly, 'that will be quite sanitary now, I think.' It was 'priceless' as her little Ethelwyn friend would say. Oh, your Hospital Unit in its nursing end is quite all right. But seriously, Diana, you ought to go really, and at once. Dale will soon be on his feet if you are with him. Give him a couple of months at Pirate Bay House, with young Miriam in charge, and he will be fit as a trivet, whatever a trivet may be."

"I hate to go and leave you all here," said Diana.

"Of course you mean Tony," replied Merrick. "Naturally I am delighted that you should put the ocean between you and that young officer. I want to marry you myself, as I have often told you. And really, it is against my own interests I am urging you to get Dale away. But the sooner you get him right away, the sooner you are back again to that interfering young man, who has so effectually spiked my gun."

"No, Merrick, I never could have really loved you. Never that way. I like you awfully. You have been perfectly splendid in this work but——"

"That will do, Diana, spare me the rest. I know you regard me as a brother and all that, but don't rub it in. My brotherly capacities are marked and varied. Ask Ethelwyn, or her black-eyed comrade, Janet Ackland. As for you I utterly decline the rôle. But 'nuff said.' As your manager I demand immediate action."

With many and solemn adjurations Diana committed "her family of wounded boys" to the care of her staff.

"Ethelwyn, I am so thankful you are here to take over. You will not make any change—I mean you will remain in charge till my return."

"I know what you mean, darling," replied Ethelwyn, a rueful smile setting her dimples into dangerous activity, "but I know jolly well right there won't be the slightest chance of a change for me."

"Oh! of course I wouldn't think of interfering with you, with your——"

"Darling, don't worry! you couldn't!" cried Ethelwyn

with emphasis. "Let me assure you, if the opportunity would only turn up, which alas! there is not the faintest chance of its doing, you wouldn't see my heels for dust, as your own charming countrywoman here would say. No! here we be, and here we stay for the duration, unless Janet here, of course, succumbs to the undying passion of M. le docteur Moulin."

"No chance," sniffed Janet, "I can't bear his spiked moustaches."

"Oh, Janet, how do you know? What *do* you mean?"

But Janet only grinned complacently at her.

"Don't worry, Diana," she said. "Ethelwyn will look after your *soldats blessés*, and I shall look after her."

One blissful day was theirs before Diana and Tony said good-bye to each other. The submarine pressure was growing heavier every day, and it was increasingly difficult to get leave. But Tony secured a day off.

"I've never asked leave before, sir," said Tony to his chief. "She's the girl I was to have married two days after I was ordered to sail from Canada."

"Bless my soul, Mackinroy, you don't say so. Then for God's sake and the country's why don't you get married now?"

"We will whenever she comes back from America. Can't I run over to Boulogne for a day?"

"You can. You have earned your leave. Only wish we could spare you to go to America with her."

"I couldn't go at present. There are too many of them getting out now as it is."

"Yes, damn 'em, but we'll get 'em yet. But go on take whatever time you want, the Lord knows it's coming to you."

The *Diana* never made better time than when she ran up the coast from Dunkirk to Boulogne, and never were the crew in cheerier mood than when they ran into port for a day off, while Tony and Ross took Diana and Patty for a day's run into the country. The fields were in the full glory of harvest. The grain fields spangled with

poppies, the orchards bending to the ground with early apples, the long rows of well-kept vegetables, the trim cosy farmsteads, all lying bathed in the glorious August sun, made a series of pictures so widely remote from scenes of war, that, forgetting all else, they gave themselves up to the full delight of that measure of love and joy, the happy hours might bring. But like all days, that day came to an end, and night brought farewell.

"Are we ever going to be married, Tony?" said Diana, as he sought to stay the passionate torrent of her tears. "Oh, if I had only known! I do so envy Patty her months of happiness, such happiness, and now she will have her baby in a few weeks."

"Don't, Diana," groaned Tony, "suppose anything did happen Ross, would that not be worse for Patty?"

"No! a thousand times no! They have had eight happy months—not even death can take that from her, and then there will be her little baby."

"I thought it would be rather selfish of me, Di darling, to marry you, then go away and leave you alone. But let us not talk of it. You have been with me every waking hour, and every dream hour, and it has been pure joy, from that wonderful first day. Nothing can ever take that from me."

"Nor from me, Tony! Oh, I am so foolish about you, Tony," cried Diana smiling through her tears.

"Foolish! I am quite mad! crazy! when I see your writing my eyes go dizzy for a moment."

After the parting Ross and Patty took Tony away from the dock, sick, blind with grief. Grief for his past disappointment, grief for the present separation, grief for the unknown possibilities of the future. Tony was sick to the soul, and the warm joy and hope of the two beside him only deepened his soul sickness within him.

"Shall I ever see her again, Patty?" he asked, standing still to look after the fading lights of the boat. "I have strange forebodings, I am dreadfully afraid. What does this mean? I am my father's son, and he has his visions.

Oh, God keep us both! Will He? How many have gone away and never come back!"

"Come, Tony! this won't do!" said Patty. "Let the worst come that the war can bring. It can bring death, but it can't kill love."

"No. It can't kill love, Patty. Love is stronger than death! No! It can't kill love. I shall always love Diana, and Diana will always love me. Isn't that wonderful? Death can't kill that. Come on, Ross, we will go now."

"No! Tony no! no! one hour yet! What have you done to me, Tony? I am afraid," cried Patty in sudden fear.

"No need to be afraid, Patty. Death can't touch love."

"And there is always God," said Ross, reverently and simply as a child.

"Oh! I forgot!" Tony said, "I'm afraid I often forget. Yes! surely God! Yes! true enough God! thank you, Ross, that is the right word. There is God, Patty, no matter what comes. That quiets one somehow."

"Yes, Tony, I shall think of that often these days," said Patty, her voice subdued to a whisper.

And indeed a strange quietness fell on them. They had their hour together. They put Patty on the Folkestone boat, and then once more took up the bitter burden of the war.

Through the closing days of the year the gloom deepened for the world. The end of the war was pushed forward another year. One by one, the nations took their places on the fighting line. Deeper grew the perplexity in the souls of God-fearing men. More earnestly prayed the good, and more recklessly cursed the bad. But good and bad fought on, they hardly knew for what, but only that they dared not quit for their lives, and for the lives of those dear to them, and for the things dearer than life.

At Pirate Bay House Dale lay fighting death on his

own, with Diana and all in the house to aid him, with nursing and feeding and mothering, and with Miriam to laugh at him and with him, scold him out of his bad tempers and despondencies, and comfort him when scolding failed and when he was like to die from sheer weariness of his fight.

The slow progress of the Allies irked him horribly. It irked him worse that he could have no part in the great struggle and most of all it irked him that because of him Diana was kept from the work that held her heart, and from the land which her lover was helping to defend. And by reason of this fever within him, his strength could not return. The poor enfeebled heart that beat in his body was not equal to the task of sustaining the gallant spirit that longed with passionate, but vain longing, for high adventure.

In his blackest hours Miriam alone could rest him. Her voice in reading the old child-tales which he had first heard from her—how very long ago now it seemed to them all!—would bring steadiness to the racing heart, and soothing to the frayed nerves. But not even Miriam could rebuild the weakened heart structure, nor restore the exhausted vital forces spent in his heroic war service, and when spring days came again, they all, and last of all he himself, knew and faced the knowledge with resignation that his warfare was over, and that for him peace was near.

“You will be a soldier to the last, my lad,” said the old minister, Mr. Murdoch, who through the weary months had been to him friend and comrade as well as minister, “and a soldier never gives orders or insists upon plans. He takes his orders, accepts the plans made for him, and does his best to carry on.”

“I have been a poor soldier——” began Dale.

“Hut tut! I will not listen to that. It is easy to fight when you are fit, but to fight on when you would fain quit and lie down, that calls for the hero, lad. And I have heard of you and your work.”

"I have tried at least——"

"That you have, lad—and now, all you have to do is wait for further orders."

"Yes sir, I understand. You made me understand that long ago."

For Diana the last days were full of comfort and of peace. The brother and sister had grown to be each a part of the other. Diana had given to him the best of her girlhood's years, given without grudging and without stint. They needed no words to tell each other the fullness of their heart's tenderness.

"What a brick you've been, Diana, sister, chum, mother all in one, and all of the very best," Dale said in one of their quiet talks, and Diana found in his eyes a sufficient return for her years of care.

But at the very last it was Miriam's warm firm hand that held his all trembling and cold, and to Miriam it was that his eyes turned.

"You have been a darling to me, Miriam," he said as he lay quiet on his last evening, a sweet June evening, his eyes resting on the bay below, his heart steady, and his breath coming lightly as a babe's. "A good pal, and more than pal. You little beggar, you have got all the best part of my heart, the part that loves. Do you understand what I mean, you—you—little sweet-heart?"

"Yes, Dale, I know. I've known a long time," she said without blush or stammer.

"Oh, you have, eh? Then darling kiss me and put me to sleep."

She leaned over and kissed him. His eyes looked up into hers, a tender smile on his lips.

"Good night," he whispered, and closed his eyes. A quiet little sigh, and his poor fluttering heart was still. For him, the war was over.

They laid him where he wanted to lie, under the pines in the old Langdenburg church-yard, near to the Mackinroy plot.

“That’s where you will lie, Diana, I know, and that’s where I would like to lie, somewhere in this lovely land, where I met those I love the best.”

And there he sleeps to this day.

CHAPTER XXI.

A FITTING END.

Before Diana returned to her home in New York, Miriam came to her and with the quiet confidence of a grown woman said:

“Diana, you will take me back with you when you go. I want to take up Dale’s work. I have learned to drive a Ford. And I am very strong, and I am nearly seventeen now, you know.”

Diana looked at her, straight, slim, wiry, and with steady, fearless eyes.

“Yes, Miriam, I have been thinking the matter over. In some ways you are still a child I am glad to say, but in others you are a woman, with a woman’s sense and a woman’s strength.”

And thus, to her infinite joy Miriam found the one passionate desire of her heart granted.

There were many things requiring Diana’s attention in connection with the family estate. She was in much demand, too, by the Red Cross, Belgian Relief, and other organisations, by means of which the heart of America was finding relief from its passionate sense of humiliation imposed upon it by the attitude of the government of the country. So that, with all her anxiety to return to her Unit it was late in the autumn before she found herself in France again.

The Unit she found intact, and, with one or two exceptions, unchanged. The base had been moved nearer the front line, and was therefore more within the danger area. They had had a few aeroplane raids, but with no casualties. So warm a welcome from the whole staff

greeted Diana, that she declared that France was more home to her than New York, or even Nova Scotia.

There was more recent word of Tony through Patty's correspondence than from her own.

He was still in the Mediterranean. He and Ross had paid a short visit to the Unit just before the transfer had been made. They were delighted with the change of base, except for the matter of leave. But as far as the crew of the *Diana* was concerned the matter of leave made little difference.

"And you, Ethelwyn, you are looking fagged," Diana said, as they sat alone in the Headquarters tent.

"What is it, dear? Oh, Ethelwyn! My dear! My dear! what does this mean?" She touched a narrow band of black on the girl's arm. "Has it come to you, too?"

The girl put her head down in Diana's lap.

"Let me cry a little," she whispered. "I have had no one to—to—cry to."

"Cry away, you poor child," said Diana, lifting her up into her lap as if she had been a little child. There was nothing to tell. The Admiralty telegram was brief, but sufficient. He had died doing his duty. A letter had come from his commanding officer, and from the ship's chaplain. The letters had helped some, but nothing could really help. And she was ashamed to cry when so many had suffered so much greater losses. She would not cry again, but when she saw Diana she could not really bear up. Now that was all. She had something to do.

But Diana kept her with her while she told her how Dale had died. Then she told her of Miriam. How dear she had been to Dale, and how she had helped him. And how keen she was to take Dale's place driving the ambulance.

"They want a driver just now, too," said Ethelwyn. "What a brick she must be. I know I shall love her."

And so with no opportunity to indulge the luxury of sorrow they once more fell into the routine of their duty.

Merrick was against the idea of Miriam driving an ambulance.

"She will be along with a lot of cursing Tommies and leering Frenchies," he protested.

But Miriam only laughed at him and said, "Let me try a trip or two."

One trip established her in her rank as driver, to her infinite joy, and to the entire satisfaction of the French sergeant in charge of the ambulance fleet.

"She ess scare notting, dat Mamselle. De shell she come z-z-z-e-e-m-m-m—Poof! Dat Mamselle she mak notting a-t-all, sacré nom de nom, she ess one soldat le plus brave!"

The sergeant's approval decided the matter as far as Miriam was concerned.

And so through the black winter the Allies carried on along the Western Front, as on the others of the five battle Fronts, sending up lines of youths fresh from their mothers, their wives, their sweethearts, gaily marching to their first experience of the Great Adventure, and bringing them back grey-faced and stern, marching wearily to their rest camps, or borne in ambulances, sodden with mud and blood to the merciful tenderness of skilled hands, and the delicious respite of clean sheets and bandages—such as could march, that is, or be carried. There were others, but those they left in rows, under their rounded rest billets, wrapped in their grey blankets, holding the line. Month by month the lines grew thin, two hundred and fifty men where one thousand should be, till even the bravest began to ask: "How long?" and the godliest to ask, "God, where art Thou?" Then a new day dawned for the world when in April, 1917, the thirty-third month of the war America threw her mighty sword into the scales of destiny, and victory was assured for the Allied cause.

In April the *Diana* was recalled to the North Sea. The war more than ever, centred upon the ability of the British Navy to conserve the food supplies of the nation,

and keep open the ways of commerce to and from Allied ports. It had been no slight humiliation to the enemy, that, largely owing to the work of the destroyers and the chasers, the fishing upon the Dogger Bank had been restored to a great extent. Now, as an offset to the entry of America into the war, the enemy was putting forth a climactic effort to block the channel ports. And for this he relied upon the underseas boat. The Naval war thus became largely a contest between the chaser and the submarine. It was a guessing contest between the two. Each had its special advantage over the other. The U boat like a thief in the night, stole upon its victim till within striking distance. Secrecy was its great advantage. The chaser had an immense advantage in its mobility and its speed. It had the further advantage, only recently adopted, of being able to employ the smoke-screen to the baffling of the foe.

There were other chasers than the *Diana*, American built and of great speed and mobility, but such was the perfect handling of the *Diana*, so remarkable the accuracy of her gun-fire, and such was the dare-devil spirit of her commander and crew, that she became the envy and admiration of all the chasers, and the dread and hatred of the enemy underseas force, among whom it was universally agreed that the blue ribbon of the service would go to the crew that would compass the destruction of that detested craft.

Tony was a natural fighter. Never was he so gay, as when entering into an exchange of polemic courtesies with U No. 117, or when in rough weather, with low visibility, he would slip in on a destroyer, place two or three shells where they would do most service, and behind a smoke-screen scuttle off to safety.

There was one joyous misty night that lived long in the memory of the crew when, sighting a raiding cruiser making for the English coast on a baby-killing expedition, the *Diana* crept up in her wake, delivered three shells with bewildering rapidity, putting her temporarily out of

action, and then happily zig-zagged away behind a smoke-screen to bring word to the nearest friendly destroyer.

It was high sport but a perilous, this "singeing of the Death's whiskers," as Ross was wont to say. But it served to keep at the highest the fighting spirit of the chasers and to produce a corresponding depression and nerve-wracking uncertainty in the enemy.

Now a slightly new departure was contemplated. There was a conference between the Admiralty strategy experts and the fighters of the various departments of naval activity. There was a proposal to make use of boats of the Monitor type, boats of very light draught, heavily armed, but vulnerable in their immobility, for purposes of bombardment of coast defences. There was also and very specially under consideration a plan for an attack from the coast upon the rear of the enemy lines. This attack was to be on a grand scale with battleships, cruisers, destroyers, chasers all playing their several rôles.

The duty of the chasers was to protect from submarine attack and to furnish a smoke-screen for the bigger craft.

"Can the chasers have a place in this raid at all?" enquired an old Admiralty Lord.

"Why not?" asked the secretary of the navy, himself a fighting Irishman of a fighting family, and with a fine sense of humor. "Ask that young fire-eater there, Lieutenant Mackinroy."

"What is the difficulty in the way?" enquired Tony.

"They are so small, so insignificant," said the Admiralty Lord impatiently. "They will clutter up things."

"They can make a lot of smoke," said Tony modestly.

There was a general ripple of laughter from all the fighting men who knew the record of the Musquito Fleet generally, of the *Diana* in particular, and of its captain and its crew.

The whole movement was considered with the greatest care down to the utmost minutiae of detail. Finally plans were perfected, and all concerned were on tip-toe of expectation for what would have proved one of the thrilling

events of the war. But some one leaked. The landing beach was criss-crossed with a hidden net-work of barbed wire entanglements reaching far out into the sea, and far inland, with guns trained upon the spot. Fortunately a chaser nosing along the coast observed signs of activity among the enemy. Investigation revealed the preparations, the raid was cancelled, and a ghastly disaster for British sailors happily prevented.

But week after week the patrol of the Channel coast line went on with unremitting zeal, and a continuous harassment by the Monitor ships was carried on under the smoke-screen of the chasers.

After the entrance of America into the war the Hospital Unit was disbanded. Merrick joined up and was given a battalion. The medical officers whose training made them especially valuable were assigned important positions in the Medical Service of their own army. Diana, however, with Patty, Ethelwyn, Janet and all British and Canadian orderlies, chauffeurs and attendants were determined to attach themselves to the Canadian Army, and very readily found a base of operations. It was decided that a hospital should be established near London for Canadian and American convalescents. A large manor house was found near Dulwich, and by hard work and through lavish expenditure of money was equipped in a very few weeks.

Diana was so fully occupied with this new enterprise that she had little time for the indulging of anxious fears for Tony, now more deeply involved than ever in his submarine hunt, and more than ever keen in his determination to end the activity of the submarine U No. 117.

"I don't like this kind of war you are in," said Diana, when saying farewell to Tony, who had run in for a day. "You take too much unnecessary risk, just for the—I don't know what you call it, the sport of it. I have a haunting fear they will get you some day."

"Not unless I am asleep, Diana. Never fear, darl-

ing," replied Tony, comforting her in the way he knew best. "They won't get me."

"Then there are those destroyers, you really have no business to touch them," protested Diana.

"They are rather nasty, but we always run away when we get pushed."

"Some day you won't be able to run, Tony. I have some bad nights over you."

"Sleep well, darling. You would be the last to have me play the coward," said Tony, looking proudly into her eyes as he said good-bye.

"You would never do that, Tony," she said clinging to him. "Oh, what can women say or do? We dread to have you fight, we would rather die than hold you back. We can only give you into God's keeping, sweetheart."

"That is best after all, darling. Good-bye." He went hurriedly away from her leaving her standing at the door. He turned, saw her standing there, ran swiftly back, took her in his arms again and kissed her.

"Darling," he whispered, "my love for you will make a coward of me, I fear."

"Never fear that, Tony. You will never put me before your duty, nor would I have you do so, nor would God."

"Right you are, darling, as ever," and on a run he made for his waiting car, as if fearing for the strength of his resolution.

A week later, by special messenger from the Admiralty came the word which all women of the war waited for by day and by night in anxious dread, a message appallingly awful in its tragic simplicity and brevity:

"The Admiralty deeply regrets to inform you that yesterday Lieutenant Mackinroy was killed in action, while performing an act of singular courage and humanity. The Admiralty respectfully offers sincere sympathy in the loss of so gallant an officer, who had served his country with such distinguished devotion and ability."

"The body is——?" Diana's lips could scarcely form the question.

"The body was not found. It was a shell from a destroyer, I believe," said the messenger, "the boat was completely destroyed."

"The crew?" enquired Diana with dry, white lips.

"There are two survivors only—Lieutenant Ross."

"Ah——" A long low cry came from her lips. "He is spared."

"Lieutenant Ross dangerously wounded, and the gunner who is shocked but otherwise apparently unhurt."

"Ah, Levi Kedge spared too!" again the cry from her lips.

"Wait here," she said to the messenger, "and thank you for your kindness in coming. I shall write the Lords of the Admiralty in due time."

Then she went out and sent Patty in to the man. But she herself saw no one that day.

The next day but one Hector Mackinroy came, stricken as if to death, but standing very straight and speaking with harsh, hoarse voice.

"My dear, a fitting end to a not ignoble life. There are those who would make this an occasion for lamentation, but for us this is an occasion of pride and gratitude. We will be worthy of the boy and of his end."

He held out his arms. She came slowly to him, placed her hands on his shoulders and kissed him.

"Father Mackinroy I have tried to weep for two nights, but no tears will come. I have often wept for smaller grief; but I have no tears for this. Tony did only what we both expected him to do. Why should we weep?"

"My dear child, you speak as if you were my own daughter, my own flesh and blood. You are like my son, you are worthy of him. But I grieve for you, for your loss. For me it matters little. My days are few. I have known grief, bitter grief—grief such as yours, and for that there is no help. Would I could bear it for you!"

"Yes, there is help, Father Mackinroy, even for this." She looked at him with quiet eyes.

"You have found help?" he asked in a voice of wonder, of awe.

"Yes! Tony gave me into God's keeping, before he went from me. I can not dishonour his trust."

The old man stood wondering at her.

"I have brought Levi Kedge with me," he said after a silence. "You need not see him unless you wish."

"Oh yes, I would like to see him," she said eagerly. "But you will let me kiss you again."

A spasm distorted the old man's face.

"Come, my daughter. Help me! I have none other!"

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"You, too, will find help. Tony would want this for you. You know how he loved you."

"Stop!" cried the old man in a harsh voice. "You must not speak so to me. It is more than I can bear. We will have Levi in."

He strode up and down the room drawing deep breaths, then stepped to the door.

"Levi, come in!" he ordered.

Diana met the gunner with both hands out.

"You have lost a friend, Levi," she said in a voice full of tender kindness.

"Yes, ma'am," said Levi, and stood without awkwardness before her. His grief lent him dignity. "And you, too, ma'am. And you, sir."

"Will you tell us? Can you tell us how—how——"

"Yes, ma'am," said Levi. "It was this way——"

"Sit down, Levi," she said.

"If you please, ma'am," said the gunner remaining on his feet.

"Go on, Levi," ordered Mr. Mackinroy curtly.

"Yes, sir. We was along the shores of Holland, or thereabouts, quite close in, toward evening, and the visibility low, there was quite a bank of fog comin' up from the south, and we heard guns to the south. 'Full steam

ahead!' ordered the Captain. That was always his way, always for the guns, and off we went, and in about twenty minutes we seen a steamer, a Norwegian she was, ma'am a carryin'——"

"Get on with it, Levi."

"Yes sir, and she was hit, and was lyin' to, and beyond her and quite near we seen the U 117, a submarine, ma'am. We missed her first shot, the visibility was rather low, sir, and she kept a pepperin' at us, but zig-zaggin' as we was she couldn't do nothin' to us. The Captain was waitin' his time, manœuvrin' about, and with that the steamer began shootin', but them gunners on the steamers they ain't much, they——"

"Get on with it, Levi!"

"Yes sir, and there was quite a bank of mist on, and we was dodgin' round. The Captain, he wanted to make sure I guess, when up out of the fog comes tearin' an enemy destroyer. 'We'll run for it,' said Rory, he was at the wheel.

"'Not yet. We'll settle this thing right here,' said the Captain. 'Full at him, Rory!' and away we went, and let him have one and got him.

"'Better run for it now, sir,' said Rory.

"'We will pick up that poor devil first. He's a good sport,' said the Captain. I was agin the idee, and said so. I said so, sir——"

"And a piece of damned impudence on your part too. Get on!"

"Yes, sir. We ran straight for the U boat, the destroyer comin' right at us, and droppin' shells round us. And them gunners are good gunners, too, but——"

"Go on, will you, Levi—for God's sake!"

"But we was ziggin' about too much for 'em, and the visibility low. We managed to put a couple into the enemy destroyer. You see she was quite near and——"

"Oh, get on!"

"Well, sir, we rather checked her speed. We got somewhere near her steerin' gear."

“Excellent, Levi.”

“And she went fumblin’ round. When we got near the U boat, we couldn’t see nothin’, the visibility bein’ low, and we was all for gettin’ away. But then the Captain shouts out: ‘I see ’im! Give me the wheel, Rory.’ And he takes the wheel and runs straight on to him before he knew, and past him. He flings out a preserver. ‘Take the wheel!’ he shouts, and out he goes overboard and gets the Hun officer. I’d a seen him to hell first.” Levi burst into a sudden rage.

“Quite right, Levi.”

“Yes sir, but the Captain wasn’t like that. He gets ’im and we heaves ’em both on board, and was gettin’ away when he got us.”

“What? Who? Be coherent, if you can.”

“The destroyer, a fair hit, and we was all in the water. I didn’t know nothin’ more, except that I saw the Captain, a minute, he was hangin’ on somethin’, and he was driftin’ in toward shore.”

Levi stopped abruptly, and sat down as if overcome with sudden weakness.

“And then, Levi.”

“Then they say there was another destroyer came up out of the fog, one of ours, and the Hun destroyer made off, but ours got ’im, I understand. And one of the steamer boats, which was out on the water before, came and picked us up. But I didn’t know nothin’ about it.”

Levi sat looking straight before him.

“We’d a got away but for that Hun officer,” he continued. “I’d a seen him to hell first. But that wasn’t the Captain’s way, ma’am. He was saved, too, ma’am, that Hun was, but I’d a let him go to hell, ma’am. They say the boats hunted round for hours that night, and next day, but they couldn’t find nothin’. But I dunno, I dunno——”

“What, Levi?” asked Diana.

“I seen him hangin’ on to somethin’, and he was an awful good man in the water, and—I dunno——”

"Don't be a damned fool," said Mr. Mackinroy harshly.

"No, sir," said Levi.

"I've seen the Norwegian captain, Diana, and the boat's crew," said Mackinroy. "They searched every foot of the coast line. They found nothing."

"But he *would* fight that U boat, sir," said Levi, "and he got 'im too. He said he would and he did. He was a real fighter. He would a got away too if——"

"That will do, Levi."

"Yes, sir," said Levi and sat looking straight into space.

"He'd a got that destroyer, too," Levi began again, "for he was fumblin' round, his steerin' gear was on the bum, and he'd a got that destroyer, if he hadn't gone after——"

"For God's sake, Levi, that will do!"

"Yes, sir. But that's what I feel, and I wish to God he'd let 'im go—where he was a goin'," and Levi put his knotted hands together and wrung them till his knuckle joints cracked, as if the bones were breaking.

"Oh, thank you, Levi," said Diana in a low voice vibrant with emotion. "I am so thankful for what you have told me. You will have some refreshment now before you go."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Levi rising to his feet, "but I don't seem to care no more for anythin'. Drink don't seem to be the same to me any more. I've tried, but it don't taste right, nor my vittles either. Thank you all the same, ma'am. You see the Cap," he paused a moment, "was a very particular good friend to his men. He was awful careful of his men. If he hadn't been so——"

"There, there, Levi," said Mr. Mackinroy, patting him on the shoulder, "that will do now. Report to me tomorrow."

"Yes, sir, good-bye, sir," he touched his forelock.

"Good-bye, Levi. You will come and see me, too. Won't you?"

"Sure, ma'am," said Levi. "I don't seem to have no one else now."

"Well, you have me, Levi, now and always."

"Yes, ma'am, I know that."

"Report to me to-morrow, Levi," said Mr. Mackinroy, opening the door for him. "Good-bye, Levi, we will all stick together now."

"Yes sir, all that's left of us."

And with grey face and a dazed look in his eyes, the old gunner swayed off down the gravel walk.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALIVE FROM THE DEAD.

The great war was over, had been over indeed as far as the fighting was concerned for nine months. The various armies had been slowly repatriated, and were more slowly being absorbed in the various peace pursuits from which they had been summoned. Already the phase of national hero worship was beginning to pall. The problem of rehabilitation was being slowly worked out. Loyal-hearted and patriotic employers of labor were doing their utmost to find employment for wounded soldiers. The masters of the world's diplomacy were still struggling with the intricacies of the various problems called into existence by the Treaty of Versailles. All the world was still hoping and believing that the Golden Age was about to dawn, but already pessimists were prophesying disillusionment and scorning the fervid declarations of post-war orators that all things were to become new.

From enemy countries soldiers classed as missing continued to turn up, with marvellous and tragic tales of their sufferings and their deliverances. Meantime the business and pleasure, the work and play of mankind were settling down into the routine grooves of pre-war days. The births, marriages and deaths continued to be chronicled in the proper columns in the newspaper press.

In Patty's beautiful New York home, whither she had carried her husband when he could be removed from Diana's convalescent hospital, life was moving smoothly and happily, notwithstanding an undertone of pathetic memory that survived to keep her humble and sympathetic with the very great multitude for whom life would

never be as it had been, but who must live in the shadow of overwhelming sorrow and tragic loss. With her husband, whose miraculous recovery had left him minus a leg and incapacitated as to his voice from pursuing his vocation, she gave herself with all her splendid powers of organisation and efficient management to the service of the soldiers who had returned crippled and would for ever remain a trust to their country's grateful love, a first charge upon their country's care.

It was with Patty a frequent asseveration:

"I feel as if I should never again utter a word of complaint or make any moan over any sorrow that life may bring to me or mine."

It was therefore with no small amazement that her husband, returning one afternoon in August from a public meeting in the interests of blind soldiers, found his wife lying prostrate with grief.

"Oh, Mack, I am all in! Never in my mortal life have I spent such an hour. Never witnessed such a scene of agony. Oh, my dear, nothing so terribly tragic in my life has ever happened, not even Tony's death. The poor souls! I simply cannot endure to think of them," said Patty, sobbing her heart out in her husband's arms.

"What is it, Patty dear? What has happened? This is not like you, Patty. Do compose yourself and tell me what has happened. What are you talking about? Who are you talking about?"

"Tony and——"

"Tony!" shouted Ross. "Merrick you mean——"

"No, Tony! He is alive! Didn't I tell you? He is back again! Came back to-day! And, never having heard of her marriage, went straight to Diana. He is just come from Holland, where dear old Levi Kedge found him only a few weeks ago after two years' search. He is just recovering from a terrible illness."

"My dear Patty," said Ross, lifting her up and settling her in a chair. "Now do sit there and tell me in some coherent way, what you are talking about."

"Coherent? How can I be coherent, Mack? How can you sit there and ask me to be coherent? Coherent! indeed——"

"But, Patty my dear, first of all tell me is Tony actually alive?"

"Oh, dear, haven't I been telling you? Oh, Mack dear, you are so stupid at times."

"Tony alive!" cried Ross. "Oh, wonderful! and where is the dear old boy? Where is he? Why didn't you bring him with you? Where is he?"

"Where? Oh, I don't know. Don't shout and don't stride about that way. Yes, he is at his hotel, the Waldorf-Astoria, I suppose. But does it matter where he is, Mack? Oh, men! men! They are so aggravating."

"But I must go and look him up at once," said Ross.

"Of course, why that's just the very thing, poor boy. God only knows what he may do. He may kill himself."

"Kill himself? Nonsense, Tony isn't the kind of man to kill himself. He may kill other people, but not himself. Now, Patty, please stop. Why don't you begin at the beginning and tell me all about it? And do stay on the rails."

"Mack, you are really most trying at times. You will have me in raving hysterics if you don't let me tell my story."

"Let you tell your story? Go on! Go on! For Heaven's sake go on, Patty."

"Well, you needn't shout at me that way. And those two dears with their world in ruins about them."

"What two? Tony and Di, I suppose."

"Oh," shrieked Patty, "listen to the man! Yes! Yes! Yes! Tony and Di. Now do you know?"

"Really, Patty, I am very sorry. I shall not worry you. I can see you have had a terrible time."

"Oh, Mack dear, please forgive me and take me in your arms again, and let me cry."

"Cry away, darling. I gather you were with Di when Tony appeared. It must have been a terrible scene. But

think of it, Patty, the boy is home! and alive! Why weep? Oh, I want to see him! The best chap God ever made. Dear old Tony. I must get away to the Waldorf-Astoria."

"But, Mack, don't you see Tony's situation? He would have been better dead a thousand times."

"No! no! never! What are you saying? The boy is here! thank God. Better dead? Think what you are saying."

"But the girl he loves is the wife of another man, whom she doesn't pretend to love. And you know the kind she is. She is so terribly good, a saint, if God ever made one. And she won't do what nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand women out of a million would in the same case."

"What?"

"In Heaven's name, need you ask? What would I do if I were married to a man I didn't love and you turned up, Mack?"

"What?"

"Go away and get your car! I have no patience with you. But no, I had better tell you some more or you will be talking a lot of darned fool nonsense when you see him. Oh, my dear, will I ever get out of my mind the look on his face when he came up the walk from his car, with his quick running step. He was passing up to the door, when Di who was sitting with me on the side of the tennis courts, you know, caught sight of him, gave a wild shriek, 'Tony! Tony! Tony! My love! My dear love! My own dear love!' and raced to him like the wind. Oh, Mack, they forgot about me, about Merrick, about everything in earth or in Heaven either for that matter, just stood holding each other laughing, sobbing, kissing each other, stopped and began all over. And there on the steps, fifty yards away, stood Merrick looking at them. Well, I will say he behaved well, at the first anyway—poor chap—What will he do? Oh, what will they all do?"

“And then?”

“Then, why Tony caught sight of Merrick and shouted: ‘Hello! If there isn’t Merrick! dear old Merrick!’

“‘Merrick!’ shrieked Diana. I give you my word, Mack, the girl had utterly forgotten she was a married woman. She had forgotten there was such a being as Merrick in the world. It was Tony, Tony, Tony, only Tony! And I don’t wonder!”

“And then?”

“Then Merrick came down to meet him, crying out, ‘Tony by all the gods! It can’t be Tony! Well, dear old boy, can it be possible? How splendid!’ and all that sort of thing, and then he stretched out his hand to Di, you know how he depends so terribly on Di, absurd I call it and terribly selfish. He made some motion for her, and said: ‘But my love, let us bring Tony in and have something——’

“Then all at once Di uttered a wild cry, a shriek indeed of terror, agony, an unearthly sound. Oh such a cry! I hear it yet, and shall for many a day. ‘No! No! Tony take me!’ Oh, Mack dear, may I never pass through another half hour like that which followed.

“Tony, with his arm around Di, stood there white, gasping like a man who has got a death blow. When he could command his voice he said quietly:

“‘What is it, Di? Hush, dear, no one shall touch you. What does all this mean? What does it mean, Merrick?’

“Merrick looked sick enough.

“‘It means, Tony,’ he said, just like a judge pronouncing sentence: ‘You are holding in your arms my wife.’

“Do you know, Mack, the poor chap had been waiting for it, but when it came he really staggered back as if he would fall, and poor Di, holding him up, crying like as if her heart was breaking. I never heard anyone sob like that, Mack. I think all the tears she should have shed for the last two years, she was pouring

forth then. You know she has never cried much for Tony. And there she was holding the poor boy up and crying over him and kissing him like a mother over a child.

"Then Tony said, looking straight at Merrick: 'Merrick, she's mine! Before God she is mine! You know she's mine! She loves me! Look at her, Merrick, she is breaking her heart for me!'

" 'She may be, Tony,' said Merrick, 'she loves you, I know, but she is my wife.'

" 'Then you must give her up,' said Tony.

" 'I would—I think—I would—give her up,' said Merrick. 'But how, Tony?'

"And, oh, Mack, I felt sorry for Merrick. He *is* selfish. —This long sickness of his has made him selfish. He has never been right since his terrible wound. And he does treat Di shamefully. But he spoke like a man to-day, Mack.

" 'How can it be done?' he repeated.

"And then he went on with a lot of argument about the law and separation and divorce and that sort of thing, Tony paying little attention to him.

"All this time I was standing at the side making a fool of myself. What could I do? But I saw that this thing must stop. So I ran right in and cried out:

" 'Hello, Tony! won't you let me get a chance to welcome you back?'

"Then I kissed him and hugged him, too, all I could. He was very very nice to me but he never let go of Di. Then Merrick came near and said:

" 'Come, Diana, this must end. Come, let us go into the house.' He was going to take her arm, but with a snarl like a wild beast's Tony said:

" 'Don't touch her, Merrick. Do you want me to kill you right there? No one shall touch this girl.' He was white, his eyes bloodshot, his hands trembling. I was terrified for a moment or two. I swear if Merrick had moved toward Diana Tony would have torn him to pieces.

That's the feeling I had. So I just rushed at Merrick and shook him and said:

“Look here, Merrick! This is a nice way to treat a boy just home from the war, back from the dead. All this will take time to think out. Meantime let us give the boy a drink of something. Look at him. He is deadly ill. Let us hear his story. How did he get here? There's so much to hear. Di, get that poor boy in out of the sun. Come along, Tony!” Oh, I just rattled at them, talking like mad. But I got them moving, thank Heaven, and then I got Tony away. He is at his hotel. And if ever a man needed a friend he needs one now. So go to him, Mack dear. You are the one man who can help him. You won't preach to him. And bring him back to dinner. I'll get Charley and Martyrson, and we shall have a quiet little party.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

MIRIAM.

The afternoon had been one of heart-wracking agony to Patty. She was now awaiting word from her husband. Would he be able to persuade Tony to come to dinner? Would Tony be able to come? For she could easily see that though apparently physically fit, his nerves were frayed to the point of snapping.

In the short recital of his life since he had disappeared from the sight of them all, she had learned of his long and dreary struggle back to life in a small hospital in Holland, of his discovery by Levi Kedge, of his operation by surgeons sent specially by the Admiralty, of his marvellously rapid recovery of memory, and of his trip homeward, speeded by the Admiralty. All this in barest outline she had heard told by Tony in the sketchiest way, and told under terrific nerve strain. The problem which lay before Tony and Diana was the problem of all his friends. With a very sure instinct Patty felt that what was wanted was open-air treatment. The thing was to be faced frankly with fearlessness, common sense, and an infinite patience and kindness.

Tony must be made to feel that his friends were about him, desiring to be helpful, and were relying with complete confidence upon his sound judgment as to the wise and right thing to be done. She had invited to dinner Charley Hopps, who had continued her firm friend and ally in all her many works of mercy, and Martyrson the editor of the "Post-Express." An informal little dinner was obviously the first thing. Would Tony come? He would shrink from what would be to him an ordeal, she

knew well, but she had come to depend upon the powers of persuasion lying in the solid strength and generous humanity of her husband.

"Mack will bring him I know, if any one can," she said to Charley, "and if he can't, then he will spend the evening with him."

"What about Miriam?" asked Charley who was first to arrive. "She will be wild to see him."

"Miriam? I couldn't get hold of Miriam. Do you know I am worried about Miriam, ever since Tony's death—I mean his supposed death—she has never been the same girl, she has been hard, bitter, reckless. She does her work for the soldiers in the most amazing way. They simply adore her, and she never, never tires. But she's so awfully sure of herself, that I am anxious about her at times. I wish Dale had not left all that money to her. She has between three and four thousand dollars a year, besides something which she has from her Uncle Mackinroy's estate."

"But what's wrong with her? I don't see anything that she does out of the way," said Charley.

"Well, perhaps not very much. She has her cigarettes and her cocktails as if she were a man. She is a desperate little flirt. She has half-a-dozen men quite crazy about her."

"Half-a-dozen men! Well, I like that from you, Patty Olivant."

"Oh, it's more an attitude than anything she does. She doesn't care for any law of God or man. Does what she likes. Says what she thinks. I really am anxious, Charley."

"She will get over that. After all she's only a kid. And the war has left its mark on her, as on so many of our nicest girls."

"Yes, if she doesn't make a slip. There is one beautiful thing about her I will say, and that is her devotion to Diana. She used to like me better than Di, but the very day when we thought Tony was gone she simply gave

herself to Di, and ever since has almost mothered her. She is the only one that can set Merrick in his place. She will not stand for Merrick's bullying his wife. He really does bully her, you know."

"I know. It is quite disgusting," said Charley.

"But Miriam will not stand for it. And a good thing for him, too. For instance, one day she was driving me home in her car. Merrick was in front with her. She was driving——"

"Like the devil. I know her driving," said Charley. "Half the traffic cops in the city know her. They have given up arresting her. The way she leans out of her car and talks to the cop is really something to make an article about. But sorry! Go on!"

"Well, Merrick was beside her, shouting warnings, directions, clutching her arm and that sort of thing. She remonstrated for a while. Then after rather a close shave she stopped, ordered Merrick into the back seat. Made him go too. She was furious.

"'You'll kill yourself some day,' she said, 'which wouldn't matter so much, but you'll kill Diana too, with your silly interfering.' And Merrick took it like a child. He adores her really. But I don't know what to say about her."

"Don't worry, Patty. It will be interesting to see what will happen now that Tony is back," said Charley.

"There again I am anxious. She has no regard for conventions. Laws and customs are nothing to her. She is intensely individualistic in her ethics, so Mack says."

"Well, we shall see what we shall see. I do hope Tony will come."

"I doubt it. He must be terribly used up. He ought to be in bed under a doctor's care."

"No. For the immediate present he needs some human friends with sense, and lots of love and petting."

"You are not having Diana and Merrick," said Charley.

"Heavens above, Charley! No! We must give these

two a little time to get their nerves settled and their minds thinking sanely."

"Quite right, of course."

"Ah, here's Martyrson. So glad you could come on such short notice! Isn't it wonderful! To think that Tony is actually to dine with us to-night, alive! But remember no demonstration, no shouting and tears and fussing. I won't have it."

Patty's confidence in her husband was justified. It was long after the dinner hour, but Tony finally did come, ushered in by Mack, in tones of joyous but subdued triumph. There was no noisy demonstration of welcome. They all crowded about him. The men, when Patty had done kissing and weeping over him, kept calling him by name, with queer croaky voices, patting him on the shoulder, their eyes the while wet with tears which after the manner of their race they hated and which they secretly wiped away.

"Now you all just stop this," said Patty at length, when they had somewhat recovered. "I said there was to be no demonstration, no tears, no fussing, and here you are like a lot of girls, breaking the boy's heart."

"I'll cry if I want to," said Charley wiping his eyes, "and for two cents I'd boo-hoo right out loud. I never felt like this in my life, and I never will again."

"There! You've set me quite off, Charley," exclaimed Patty indignantly. "Oh, why can't I stop crying? This is no way to welcome you, dear Tony. And I warned them all too."

Among them all Tony stood, quiet, voiceless, tearless. After some moments he spoke:

"Dear Patty, forgive me! I can't somehow say anything. But oh, it is good to be with you all again, with one's own folks." He looked about upon them as if searching for an absent face then asked:

"Miriam? She is not——" he faltered.

"No, no—nothing has happened," cried Patty hurrying her reply. "I could not get into touch with her just now,

she is very much occupied with a lot of soldier work to which she is devoted. I left word for her to come to dinner. She may be along later. Meantime dinner is waiting."

The dinner as a festal gathering could hardly be deemed a success. Patty was proud of her chef, but there was little heed paid to the food, good as it was. The emotional strain was much too great to allow the guests any savoring of the dishes set before them.

There was so much to hear, so much to tell on both sides, that there was scant opportunity for anything but talk. The main events of the war, since the day of the tragic destruction of the *Diana*, Tony had gathered since his operation. But of the thousand and one details of the final phases of the war, all the personal narratives, the happenings to friends and comrades, of all these he was ignorant.

Then on the other side they must hear the accounts of the wonderful events that had happened to Tony. But as far as Tony's narrative was concerned it was for the most part conjecture. His last clear memory was, that with the captain of U No. 117, he had been hauled aboard the *Diana*. The rest was a blank till he had wakened in a small naval hospital in Rotterdam after his operation. How he had got there he knew not. Later he learned that he had been brought by Levi Kedge who, after placing him in the care of the superintendent with many solemn adjurations, had brought all the way from London a great surgeon, who had performed a wonderful operation with unqualified success. Levi's story they must get from himself. It was worth while too. A story of a patient unavailing search of the hospitals in the towns and villages along the seacoast of Holland for a sick man. But the fact was that Tony recovered his physical strength very soon after the disaster to the *Diana*, though with a complete loss of memory, and was discharged from hospital supervision. He spent the two years wandering about among the seaports of Holland,

working at odd jobs for a living, suffering periodic collapses of strength, with attendant agonizing pains in the head. It was the old rhythmic swing of his back and hips that caught Levi's eye one day. Following him up Levi found himself gazing at a bearded man, who gazed back at him in blank ignorance of whom or what he was.

A day or two later one of his periodic collapses overtook him, during which Levi had him brought to the hospital and placed in the charge of the superintendent, till he could communicate with the Admiralty. This he did in person, called upon the Secretary who, remembering the tragic circumstances of the blowing up of the *Diana*, immediately without parley or delay, sent London's best surgeon to investigate. The result, Tony there in the flesh restored to his friends.

Point by point the tale was retold with new details in the telling and new wonder in the hearing, but ever in the background of their minds the spectre of the tragedy of Tony and Diana stalked waiting recognition. But not to-night, was the resolve of everyone at the dinner table. Sometime later that spectre must be faced and dealt with, but to-night only kindly things and warm living things must be discussed.

Then, without warning, burst in upon them Miriam shouting her apologies and greetings.

"Hello, Patty old dear, didn't get your life-and-death message till half an hour ago at my flat. Didn't do so badly since then, what? Three cops tried to stop me but I waved them off. They will probably summon me tomorrow, poor old things, but I really couldn't be bothered. How is everybody? What's the sudden S. O. S. call? What's the——"

Her eye fell upon Tony. Her speech was cut off as by a hand clapped upon her mouth. The blood flowed from her vivid cheeks leaving them a ghastly white. Her breath came choking her utterance:

"Patty," she gasped in a whisper, "am I?—My God,

is it Tony? Tony! No, it cannot be Tony!" They were all standing now.

Patty rushed to her.

"Dear Miriam, forgive me! I tried to get you. I was on the lookout for you. Oh, what a terrible shock for you!"

But Miriam heeded her not at all. With her brown eyes wide open and staring she stood transfixed.

"It is Tony!" she said in a low awe-stricken voice. "Tony back from the dead!" As if paralysed from all movement she stood.

"Oh, Tony, it is you?" at length she cried softly.

"Yes, dear Miriam, it is I," said Tony, deeply moved as he drew her to him and kissed her.

"Tony, Tony, dear, dear Tony," she murmured, her arms clinging about his neck.

Then springing back from him she cried:

"Where's Diana? Why is Diana not here? But of course you have seen Diana?"

Tony nodded, his face as pale as her own.

"Sit down, Miriam," said Patty, "sit down, dear child. Tony has been telling us the most wonderful story. Sit down, won't you?"

But Miriam remained standing.

"Some one ought to be with Diana," she said resolutely. "I must go to her."

Tony stepped close to her again.

"Oh, thank you, Miriam. Will you go, dear?" he said eagerly. "It would be so good of you."

"No, Miriam," said Patty firmly, "do you imagine that if she could have seen any one to-night I would not have had her here, or would have been with her myself? No! Diana must be alone to-night, poor dear. She begged that no one should see her. We talked it all over. Sit down, Miriam, Tony wants to look at you, to see how you have grown, you were only a child when he saw you last."

Miriam sat down, still in a dazed condition, her eyes fixed on Tony.

"Now Tony will have to tell us all over again his wonderful story," said Patty. "I want to hear it myself once more, I can't grasp it yet. Begin, Tony. Where did Levi find you first?" continued Patty, seeking to set Tony off again on his story. But Miriam rose abruptly from the table.

"Excuse me, Patty," she said, "I am really all in. I must have a drink." She went to the sideboard and mixed herself a drink.

"Sit down, Miriam," said Patty, "and Tony will tell us his story."

"Poor Tony, how terrible that would be," said Miriam. "No, he must not. You can tell me later, Patty. And after all, what does it matter? What does anything matter? He is here! And he is looking fagged to death. He ought to be in bed. Can't you see?"

Her vivid personality dominated the room. Her forceful intensity dismissed all opposition.

"But you have not dined, Miriam. Do sit down and have some dinner," entreated Patty.

"Dinner!" laughed Miriam. "Dinner! As if I could take dinner to-night. I'll sit down and look at Tony, till he is ready to go home. By the way, where is he staying? Here?"

"No," said Tony, whose face as he looked her over carried a puzzled look, "at the Waldorf-Astoria. And, Patty, I think if you will excuse me I will get away now. I am rather used up."

"All right, Tony," said Ross, "whenever you are ready I can take you."

"No, I'll take him," cried Charley.

"No, I am just going his way," said Martyrson.

"I am taking Tony home, so none of you need concern yourselves," said Miriam in a tone that put an end to controversy, "but first, Patty, I wish you would phone

Diana and find out how she is, and if I might come to her to-night."

"But, my dear," remonstrated Patty, "out to the Berkshires to-night! That road!"

"Oh nonsense," said Miriam brusquely, "just phone, will you, like a dear?"

"Yes do," said Ross, "Miriam is right. As for the road Miriam knows it like the palm of her hand."

Reluctantly Patty consented and left the room, while Miriam made trivial but fascinating conversation with Charley Hopps and Martyrson.

"No! Diana would not think of your coming out to-night. She is quite well, and will be glad to see you to-morrow," said Patty, re-entering the room, her tone suggesting the absurdity of Miriam's proposal.

"Thank you, Patty dear. Then let us get away, Tony. I am a nurse you know, and I know when a patient needs his nighties."

In a few minutes she had the company moving, cutting short their good-byes, declining the company of Ross, or any other of the men who were offering their services.

"Not that you need any man to take care of you," said Charley, "more's the pity."

"Good-night, don't miss your beauty sleep, Charley, dear boy. You know you can't afford that," she replied saucily. "Good-night, Patty darling. How wonderful it all is! I won't let myself think of it just now. Come along, Tony."

Not knowing how it had been managed but none the less grateful for her energetic curtailment of the farewells, Tony found himself sitting beside the young girl and filled with amazement at the vigorous efficiency which marked her handling of a situation which would have proved extremely trying to his jangling nerves.

"Don't speak a word to me, please, Tony!" she said as she threw in her clutch. "If you do I shall cry, and I can't cry and drive at the same time. But oh, Tony, if you don't mind would you put your arm around me—

just around me—you needn't hug me—I want to be quite, quite sure you are really there.”

Tony without a word did what he was bid.

Throughout the drive she kept up a continuous chatter about her work, her soldiers, her difficulties, her fun, anything and everything that had no relation whatever to themselves or their own circumstances, waiting for no reply from Tony, and receiving none.

“No, I'm coming in with you, Tony,” she said, as he would have said good-night at the hotel entrance. “You don't imagine I can say good-night to you in the presence of these gawking bellhops.”

They passed into the rotunda.

“I'm going to your room, Tony. What matters if any silly fool is shocked? And hurry, Tony dear. I really am at my strength's end.”

Greatly puzzled and very unsure as to this new, self-assured, energetic, managing, but very fascinating and lovely Miriam, Tony led the way to his room.

The moment the door was closed behind them Miriam fell on her knees, covered her face with her hands and remained there some moments; Tony meanwhile, lost in amazement, stood waiting her next move.

“I am just confessing my sins to God, Tony,” she said as she rose to her feet. “I haven't said a prayer since you were blown up. I couldn't believe there was a God who would fool us so terribly. To-night I see I was a fool. I ought to have known better.”

All the dashing, devil-may-care, reckless, self-assurance that had so strongly marked her manner and bearing during the evening fell from her like a cloak, and she stood forth a woman, a humble, fascinating and lovely woman, but modest and simple as a child.

“Tony, there must be a God. No one but God could have done this for us. Oh, it is a new life for me—for us. I couldn't bear their chatter there to-night. Dear people they are, but I should have gone screaming mad if I had remained another half hour. I don't want to

hear your story. What difference how you got here, by aeroplane, submarine or wireless telegraph? You are here! You are actually here, Tony, I am awfully afraid I'm going to go bubbling over and make a mess of my face, and oh, you will never know, never! never! and I can never tell you what my heart feels like, only God knows that, and I guess He does. Just think, Tony, this morning you weren't in the world, and I didn't care a hoot what happened to me, to-night there you really are, Tony, I can touch you. Oh, I could lie down on the floor and kiss your boots. I would too, only I'd look like an idiot."

Still Tony stood silently wondering at this child-woman, so strong, so fearless, so frank and yet so simple, so child-like, and withal with such marvellous charm.

"You are thinking me as Aunt Pheemie would say 'a barefaced impident hussy' and I feel a little like that too, but really deep in my heart I feel like the day I took Communion sitting beside you—do you remember?"

Tony groaned aloud.

"Oh God, oh God, do I remember?"

"There, there what a fool I am," she said, patting his shoulder as if she were his mother, "I really came in to tell you about Pirate Bay House, and all—all—our people. Our own dear people, Tony."

She pushed him back into an easy chair, pulled up another and sat opposite him.

"Dear Aunt Pheemie is gone. She died very soon after your—your explosion. Poor Aunt Pheemie she couldn't understand the war. It was all one great horrible black nightmare from which she couldn't escape night or day. She lost almost every man person she loved,—seventeen nephews I counted up—and then you. That was too much for her." She paused:

"Then your father—Tony, that is one thing you will never know, how wonderful a man your father was. I mean what a wonderful heart he had, how kind, how tender! I was always afraid of your father, and so were

you. But after your disappearance he became different. He grieved terribly, though he let no one see that, but he was never bitter. He was so proud of you. He was working for the Admiralty on steel. I have all his papers on his experiments. He was after a new lining for the guns, and he did get a wonderful steel, but not what he wanted. Well, after the Italian debacle at Caporetto—ah, you don't know that—it was late in 1917, he begged to be sent with the British Naval Brigade that went to Italy to see how the new steel worked. He was right up in the fighting line, got a slight wound, came back, fell ill, went back to Pirate Bay House. I went back with him."

"Ah," said Tony with a deep sobbing breath, "that was good of you, Miriam."

"He did not live long. Mrs. Mallon did more for him than I. She is one of God's good women, just like——" she caught herself, then went on quietly—"just like Diana. I found out about Luke Mallon, Tony. He must have been a splendid fellow, a gentleman. He was a naval officer. He fell in love with your mother, but she preferred your father. She would not allow them to quarrel over her. She made them promise to stand by each other. And when your father fought and killed her Italian lover, a Count something, Luke Mallon kept his friends off till your father and he could escape. Your father said a beautiful thing in telling me this tale:

"'Luke was a fine gentleman, my dear. A gentleman thinks first and always of the lady he loves.'

"Isn't that a beautiful word?"

"That's right, a beautiful word," said Tony.

"And Mrs. Mallon. It was she that made him feel right about God. Even dear Mr. Murdoch couldn't help. He, too, has died since, poor dear. He lost every nephew he had too, and so many of his people. They are putting the names up in the church. But it was Mrs. Mallon helped your father. And you helped him too, Tony. He

had an idea you expected to meet him and he wasn't going to disappoint you."

And again Tony groaned.

"Well, that's all I can tell you to-night. He lies up there beside your mother. The Admiral came down in a cruiser from Halifax. There was a great band of naval men, and all the people of the country round about.

"There's a lot about the steel and business papers which we can talk over again. Oh, he was a dear, dear, dear man, and Mrs. Mallon was——"

A knock came at the door, the knob was turned and there stood Diana, beautifully dressed, pale but with an exalted look upon her face. Seeing two people in the room she shrank back, but Miriam ran to her, drew her into the room, closed the door, then caught her in her arms crying:

"You poor dear! you poor dear thing! Come sit down and quiet yourself, then I will go. I have been telling Tony. Oh, isn't it wonderful that we can see him sitting there? I have been telling him about Aunt Pheemie and his father. Now, darling, shall I leave you? I shall wait for you downstairs."

"No, Miriam, I don't mind you. You will know anyway. And I want you here, if Tony doesn't mind. I want Tony to take me away with him! I am going back to Merrick no more. It would be a wrong—a sin!"

"Diana!" exclaimed Tony.

"Oh, isn't she wonderful, Tony!" cried Miriam.

"Yes. I have been thinking it over. To live with a man, as his wife, whom you do not love is a wrong against him, against yourself, against God. Man and wife are a sacred unity, and love is the only bond that can make them one. It is a greater sin for a man and woman without love to live as man and wife than for a man and woman with love to live together as man and wife without the marriage bond. I cannot live any longer with Merrick as his wife since I know I do not and cannot love him. That is an outrage of the divine marriage

ordinance. I never should have consented to marry him. I told him I did not love him. But my heart was dead. I thought it would not matter. And Merrick was really so very, very good and kind all through the war, and all through my sorrow. But it was wrong, a sin. I must suffer for my sin. I cannot go back to Merrick, Tony."

"No," said Tony. "Oh Diana, how wonderful you are!"

"And now there is you, Tony. You are here and alive, and, oh Tony, only to-day did I realize how dear a thing it is to love you."

"Darling," murmured Tony.

"How could I go to any man when my heart was all yours? Could I allow any man to take me in his arms, when my heart and body were longing to lie in your arms? Could I, Tony?"

"No, no, darling, no!" groaned Tony.

"And then I thought of your dear, dear face, as I saw it to-day, Tony. The awful agony in it. And you have suffered so much. And, by my own heart, I knew how terribly you wanted me. And so I came. I am here, Tony. I want to stay with you. Never to leave you. If you ask me to come. And you do want me, Tony?" The beautiful face with its luminous eyes was lifted to him in childlike appeal.

"My God, oh my God, do I not?" moaned Tony.

"I know I cannot be divorced without breaking the marriage law, and even then Merrick would not divorce me. He says so. We talked this over. And without divorce I shall, we shall lose all our friends."

"Not me, Diana darling," cried Miriam, "nor any who truly know you. Why you are one of God's own saints."

"No, Miriam. I do not deceive myself. We shall lose many of our friends. But Tony, what matters that? If you ask me to come I am ready to lose them all if I can give you any joy, if I can save you any pain."

She rose from her chair and opened her arms to him.

"Oh, Diana! was there ever a woman like you, so brave, so splendidly brave?" said Tony.

"You want me?" said Diana. "Shall I come?"

"Want you? Yes, soul and body, I want you with all my body and soul. You are mine before God." His voice was harsh and strained, his face white and set, his hands were trembling. After a pause he said: "But shall I ask you to come? Have I the right to accept this sacrifice from a woman like you? That I must think out. What was it, Miriam, that my father said about Luke Mallon? Tell Diana what you told me about him."

"Diana knows all about it. I told her everything. He loved you, Diana."

"Yes, oh yes, yes, he loved me, Tony," said Diana.

"And he was a gentleman."

"Ah, a fine gentleman, one of the great gentlemen I have met," said Diana.

"And a good man," said Miriam, her heart full of tender memory.

"Oh yes, a good man and a fine gentleman, a noble gentleman," said Diana.

"You ask me about Luke Mallon, Tony. You know Luke Mallon was a fine gentleman too, and they both wanted Tony's mother. She loved Tony's father best but she would not let these two friends quarrel. It was then that Luke Mallon said to Tony's father: 'A gentleman thinks first and always of the lady he loves.'"

"That's it, Diana," said Tony, "that is what father would do. He was a fine gentleman. He would think first of the lady he loved. I must think first and always of you. You are thinking first and only of me, Diana dear. I had forgotten my father this morning. Miriam has made me think. It is not enough that my heart cries out for you, Diana. Shall I ask you to come? Ah, that is another thing. I must think first of you. To ask you to come away with me, would this dishonor your name, your beautiful name, and your splendid record among all who know and love you? I am not thinking of the con-

ventions or of man's laws; you would accept all this burden of the world's contempt, the contempt of good people, should I allow you to do this?" He was thinking aloud. "I was mad this morning, too mad to think sanely. I would have said come and let all the world, let all Heaven and earth go. To-night my father is near me. I see his face. Shall I say 'come'? Diana, I must think of you. Such trust as yours cannot be lightly accepted. No, not to-night. Miriam will take you home. If I come for you it will be in the broad light of day, and before the eyes of all the world. I must talk with Merrick. Good-night, sweetheart, you have trusted me with your life, your honor. Trust me a little longer, for to-night. Take her to her own home, Miriam. I shall come to-morrow."

"Oh, Tony, you are right, I thank God for you, I am proud of you, that you are such a man," cried Diana weeping. "I too, was mad, quite mad. And we will help each other to do the thing that God and good people will honor. Good-night, beloved. What you say I will do. Now, Miriam, take me home."

Miriam slipped from the room and waited outside the door. When Diana came out her face was drawn and white. She knew what Tony would do.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ROYAL PATHWAY OF THE CROSS.

It was still early in the morning when Miriam came demanding breakfast at the hands of Patty and her husband, still lingering over their morning meal, and discussing the all-absorbing event of Tony's return as from the dead and its consequences to the whole circle of his friends.

"Well, you do look fagged, Miriam, my dear," cried Patty. "What will you have? We have just sat down. And of course we want your news."

"News?" said Miriam, as she sat down with a weary sigh.

"About the dear boy. How did you leave him last night? What a terrific day for him in his weakened state! Poor boy! What time did you leave him? Do let us know something. Where have you come from this morning? Your flat? But never mind, not a word, child, till you have eaten."

"Yes, I am faint and famished and heartsick, and life is a burden and horrible mix-up and mistake. And yet, after all, perhaps not. For Tony is here with us again and nothing can be quite as bad and awful as it was. I have been horrible to you, Patty dear, and to you all. I am ashamed and penitent. I confessed my sins last night to God, and I want to do the same to you. I have been a beast. You see with Tony dead and Uncle Mackinroy and all of them, as I thought, I was very wicked and bad to all you dear people—and—oh, I am tired—but I am very thankful——" She paused abruptly, leaning her head on her hands.

"Not a word till you have had your breakfast," said Patty firmly. "I have a lot to say to you—or perhaps I have not—but now breakfast. There! drink that coffee. Poor dear! You are done in!"

"Now, Patty, don't you go mothering me or I shall weep into my coffee, a disgusting thing to do. You and Mack go on talking. Tell me what you have been saying all night, and I shall get on with my food."

"We have talked all night, but we don't seem to have come to any finding on the question. I mean the question of Tony and Diana," said Ross, who was mainly anxious that their guest should be kept out of all conversation till she had recuperated her strength with food. "The fact is that we have concreted here before us one of the fundamental problems of American social ethics, and we make the discovery that academic theories and conclusions are somehow rudely shaken when faced in the concrete. As you know, I have always held strong views on the whole question of the marriage relation, and all its ethical implications. Right is easy when viewed absolutely, but in actual life how different. After all, can right ever be viewed absolutely?"

"That's just the question," cried Patty in a distracted voice. "I thought I could settle the matter offhand in the cases of Smith, Jones and Robinson, people for whom I don't care a button, and people who have behaved in a disgustingly immoral way, with their beastly triangle complications and divorce court episodes and all that rotten, loathsome sex depravity. But here you have two perfectly fine, pure-hearted people, sound to the core, loving each other with a pure and holy love, torn asunder by no act of their own, and—oh, I am just sick at heart over it all—and—Mack of course is a Puritan in his ancestry and training. But do go on with your breakfast."

"I am," said Miriam. "But meantime you needn't worry. These two people can be trusted. They are none of your decadents, whose moral sense is more or less a purely sex function."

"Miriam child! that sounds rather——"

"I know, Patty, rather beastly," said Miriam quietly, as she munched her bacon and toast. "I am not such a child but that I have seen enough of those perverts who substitute animal instincts for virtues, and call them by heroic names. If it were I now, God knows what I would do."

"Nonsense, Miriam!" said Ross, speaking rather more sharply than he was wont. "I won't listen to you malign yourself, nor will I listen to you at all. Get on with your breakfast, then we will really go into the matter. Patty, you have some things to do, and I want to open a letter or two, and then Miriam will be ready. No! not a word! Don't bother me, please."

In a few minutes Miriam had finished her breakfast and was ready for further talk.

"Now I am going to tell you something that will render unnecessary much of your wise argumentation, Mack."

Then to her amazed hearers she gave an account of Diana's visit to the Waldorf-Astoria.

"And then I took her home, poor dear! hoping to get her quietly to bed, but there was Merrick, and at his worst. My dead Patty, he is your brother I know——"

"Oh, cut that out!" interrupted Patty. "I have no illusions about Merrick. Go on."

"Well, Merrick began raving. 'You've been to Tony! You needn't deny it!' and all that. But he didn't get far. In five sentences Diana settled him. Told him everything that had happened, as I have told you.

"Then she said: 'But Tony would not take me, Merrick. I was mad to think he would, even for a moment. He is coming to-morrow to see me, and you, too. But I know Tony, he is coming to tell me that he cannot take me away with him.'

"'Thank Heaven, you will stay with me,' Merrick said.

"'That depends on Tony and on you,' she said. And really I felt sorry for Merrick. Of course he raved and sobbed. Oh, I know he is a nervous wreck and all that

but—well—as far as Diana is concerned the question is settled.”

“And Tony?” queried Patty.

“Tony? Did you ever doubt Tony? Yesterday he was knocked clean off his feet. To-day he will be himself again. I know Tony—or I did.”

Ross nodded gravely. “I do think you are right, Miriam. I said so to Patty. Tony was born and bred in old Nova Scotia, you must remember, where men fear God and little else.”

“Yes, and Tony knows how to suffer,” added Miriam.

“Poor Tony,” sighed Patty.

“For Heaven’s sake don’t pity him,” snapped Miriam. “Sorry, Patty, I apologize,” she added quickly, “I am rather frayed this morning.”

For answer Patty put her arms around her and kissed her.

“I am going to put you to bed this very minute, and keep you there if I have to sit on you.”

“The telephone, please, ma’am,” a maid announced.

In a few moments Patty returned. Immediately Miriam and Ross, at the look on her face, were on their feet.

“What is it, darling?” Ross came quickly to her.

“Diana! something has happened to her!”

“Diana! she hasn’t——? She is alive?”

“No! no! she has met with an accident. She was driving Merrick in! At that bad hill just outside their own gate the car upset—the chauffeur badly hurt—Diana carried back to the house insensible——”

“And Merrick?”

“Unhurt! It was his fault. He would get his hand on the wheel.”

“Oh God!” groaned Ross.

“God?” echoed Miriam.

“What shall we do?” cried Patty wringing her hands. “Dear, dear, Di! Miriam, your car is there! we will go.”

“No! I’m going to Tony!” said Miriam in a low, agon-

ized voice. "Mack, you will come with me," she went on hurriedly. "Di will want him. You, Patty, go at once, dear. We will bring Tony. That is best—if you can——"

"Yes, yes! that is best," cried Patty. "Go! go, Mack, with Miriam! I shall tell her you are coming."

As they were pushing their way through the crowding traffic, Miriam said to Ross: "Don't hurry too much, Mack. Let us have a few minutes. Tony will not leave his hotel this morning. He will have arranged to go out this afternoon to Merrick's."

Ross slowed down his speed, detoured into quieter streets, and began to talk to Miriam in a steady, even voice about Diana, about her wonderful spirit, her patient courage, her saintliness, her simple trust in God.

"And this is what she gets," muttered Miriam, her hands tightly locked, her face white and strained.

"Miriam," said Ross in grave earnestness, "try to think rightly. You must, if you are to help them to-day. God does not reward saintliness, saintliness is its own reward; its power to bless is its blessing. Think of her life during these terrible years. There are hundreds of soldiers to-day whose hospital memory will be, not of pain and operations, but of a woman whose touch brought rest and whose very shadow lifted other shadows from their spirits. And since the war, in that convalescent home of hers, haven't you seen those boys forget their maimed and tortured bodies as she talked with them?"

"Oh, Mack, you are right! I know and feel you are right. But somehow I can't understand it all, I do want for them a little happiness. They have waited so long." Miriam's voice was very humble and broken.

"Happiness? Ah, Miriam, dear child, you surely have learned by your experience in the war and since, that happiness is not a gift handed down straight from heaven, but is a by-product of fine living, an addition to life rather than an end in life."

"It seems hard, hard, hard," breathed Miriam.

"It is the Royal Pathway of the Holy Cross," quoted

Ross, and said no more till they reached their destination.

They found Tony in his room busy writing.

"Let me finish. Give me five minutes," he said, after greeting them, too absorbed to observe their faces.

They sat down and waited till he had laid down his pen.

"I am writing Diana," he said. "I was rather overdone last night. Miriam has told you, Mack?"

Ross nodded. "She told me Diana was here. But Tony——"

"Wait, Mack. I have thought the thing through. Miriam helped me: 'A gentleman will think first and always of the lady he loves.' That was the word she gave me from Luke Mallon, endorsed by my father, two very fine gentlemen. I have been thinking of Diana. She wants to come with me, and God knows how I want her!"

"But Tony——" Ross began.

"Wait, Mack. Hear me first. I wanted her more than I wanted Heaven, but could I ask her to step down from her lofty plane of life for me? She would be willing, I know, to step down, yes! to hell for me!—and it would be hell—for her, and for me too, to see her do it. But thank God, I can't and won't do that. No! No! No!" He paused a moment or two, regained his quiet tone and continued. "This is my good-bye." His finger touched his letter. "I am going—away—in an hour."

"No, Tony, you are not going away," said Ross, his voice vibrating with infinite sadness, "you are coming with us, Diana needs you; she has met with a grievous accident."

"Accident? Merrick?" Tony was on his feet, white, trembling.

"No, a motor accident. They were driving into town."

"She is——" He leaned hard upon the table.

"She is alive. She wants you. She needs you."

"Come! Don't wait!" he said hoarsely, and strode to the door.

They followed him, Miriam picking up his hat as she went.

"Step on it, Miriam, for God's sake," Tony implored.

Ross and he took their places in the rear seat. Ordinarily it was a drive of about an hour and a half, according to the congestion of the traffic in the city, but it was a few minutes over the hour when Miriam drew up at the door of Summit View, the Olivant's summer house.

The house was filled with the silence that ever falls where the shadow of death creeps near. At the door the doctor met them.

"How is she, Arnot?" enquired Ross.

"Suffering?" Tony's voice was barely audible.

"Suffering? Not at all. She is very comfortable, quite conscious and able to see you," replied the doctor, as he drew them into the library. "Of course, you will understand we are keeping the patient quiet, very quiet."

"Is there any——?" Tony's voice died away, but his eyes asked the question.

The doctor was a wise man, and had learned to know men in the dressing stations of the war.

"You are a soldier, sir?" he said.

"Commander Mackinroy of His Majesty's Royal Navy," said Ross quietly.

The doctor bowed, hesitated, then said sadly: "Then, sir, nothing but the truth will do. There is no hope, none whatever."

"How long, Arnot?" asked Ross.

"An hour, a few hours, possibly a day."

Tony remained utterly silent and motionless while the doctor discoursed to the others on the circumstances surrounding the accident, the nature of the accident, the effect of the accident upon the husband, on everything that might serve to prevent the intolerable burden of unbroken silence.

When his listeners had reached the extreme limit of their endurance, the door opened and Patty came in. Her eyes were swollen, her face worn and pale, but her manner was composed and her voice controlled.

In answer to her husband's question, she replied: "She

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is quite wonderful, Mack, not suffering, very calm and cheerful. She has asked for you, Tony, for you all indeed. Come! They may come, doctor?"

"Oh, yes, I can trust them, there is to be no scene. The patient is our first consideration." At that word Tony stretched out his hand.

"Ah! Thank you, doctor. You understand!"

At the bedroom door Patty paused.

"We must all be very quiet," she said. "I am terribly afraid of the effect upon her."

She had no need for fear. Diana lying propped up on her pillows was calm, even cheerful. She greeted them one by one, in a voice faint, but steady. Then she called Tony to her side.

"You did not mean to come for me," she said smiling up at him.

He shook his head, unable to trust his voice.

"I knew you would not come. You were going away."

Tony nodded, still unable to speak.

"I told you so, Patty," she said. "You see I know Tony," she added proudly.

"How good God is to me, Tony!"

Tony sank to his knees, put his face in the bed clothes and groaned.

"Good to you?" he said.

"Yes, Tony. Look at me," she said touching his hair.

"I want to see your face. And listen to me, dear, will you not?"

"Yes, yes, I will, Diana, I will." He lifted his head, shook his shoulders as if throwing off a heavy load, and, looking into her eyes, smiled a little.

"That's what I want, Tony," she said smiling back at him. "God is good to me. Listen, Tony dear. You see He knew it would have been more than I could do—not to love you—with all, all my heart, and not to want you dreadfully—all the time—and that would have been wrong you see." She was speaking very gently, as a mother might to her little child. "And it would have

been very hard for you, dear Tony, to stop loving me and to stop wanting me, wouldn't it, dear?"

"Yes, Diana, very, very hard," he answered, looking bravely into her eyes and still smiling a little.

"And this is so much easier, so much easier to go quite away. For I know I could never stop wanting you all, all for myself, and I never could stop wanting to give myself all, all to you."

The smile flickered a little on Tony's face.

"And so you see how good God is. For after—afterwards, I can love you all I want without hurting you—or—or—any one. Just as God loves you." Then she cried suddenly: "Oh, Tony! Is it not wonderful? How wonderful! It is a new love! a bigger love! I seem to love you more than I ever did, and yet I don't want to keep you all for myself."

Tony's tears were flowing quietly, but his smile was still illumining his face.

"Strange, isn't it? Last night my heart was breaking. To-day I am happy, so happy!"

"Happy, darling?" murmured Tony amazed.

"It must be the beginning!" she whispered in an awed voice. "They neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God—as the angels of God. That must be it, Tony, do you understand how that is?" Her face wore a puzzled look.

"No, but you do, darling. I shall later, perhaps."

"Yes, you will." She lay quietly with eyes closed.

From every eye the tears were flowing, but there was no demonstration of grief. "The patient was the first consideration," as the doctor put it, or in Tony's words, "A gentleman thinks first and always of the lady he loves."

"Then, there is Merrick," said Diana opening her eyes. "Poor Merrick! The doctor put him to sleep. It will be better for him. I could not have lived with him, Tony, while I loved you. How could I? That would have been wicked. That was my mistake, Tony. Oh, it was a sad

mistake. I didn't know. I thought service and care might take the place of love. But nothing can take love's place, nothing! nothing! We know that, Tony. Love is the best. Miriam, come darling, I want to see your face. You are very dear to me. You once thought——” Miriam's face went scarlet.

“Oh, Diana!” she cried pitifully.

“I know you love me now, dear. No one, not even Patty loves me better than you do—except, of course, Tony,” she glanced up at him, a swift glance of rapturous love. “But, Miriam, you will never give yourself to a man without love. And remember, love is not passion. Oh, something finer, more heavenly, more lasting than passion.” She began to breathe more quickly. The colour came into her cheeks, a light of unearthly brightness in her eyes. Her words came as if she were eager to finish what was in her heart to say. “Ah, yes! God is good, Tony! He gave you to me! You dear, dear Tony! You dear, dear boy! My boy! God gave you to me! And now—Heaven! Oh, Tony! Kiss me, Tony! Again! Ah! Tony. Hold me!—A little longer!—Only a little—Ah, God is good——” With her arms round his neck, holding him to her, she breathed once deeply, then once again. They waited, but there was no more. There was only Heaven.

CHAPTER XXV.

MIRIAM'S VENTURE.

Posthumous instructions have a pathetic fearlessness and sincerity about them. They give commands with perfect confidence that they will be obeyed. They reveal what living lips would shrivel rather than reveal. This comes not from the coward heart which knows that from behind the invincible ramparts of death it may utter what it may without reprisal, but rather from that instinctive confidence in the essential nobility of the human heart which is wont to accord only the kindest judgment to those who have passed beyond that bound where self-defence is possible, and where those heats of passion which confuse the mind and disturb the vision are allayed for ever by the cool hand of death.

The last will and testament of Diana made some few months after her marriage divided her entire fortune between the Convalescent Home for Wounded Soldiers, of which she was the Director, and similar institutions in the United States and Canada for the soldiers to whom she had given so freely during the war the wealth of her love and service. The document closed with a revealing and touching paragraph.

"I wish to lie, when I am dead, under the pines in the Langdenburg churchyard, beside my brother Dale, to whom of all men, but one, I gave my heart's best love, and near to Hector Mackinroy to whom above all men, but one, I gave honour and trust, there to await that morning of Resurrection and reunion in which, through the mercy of my Lord Jesus Christ, I most firmly hope."

Under the pines on that wind-swept headland, beaten

by incoming surges of the loud resounding sea, they laid her body down. There was no unseemly demonstration of lamentation. The wounded soldiers sent a wreath. From Tony's friends and hers at the Admiralty station at Halifax another came, and from her home friends, against public intimation to the contrary, came many similar tributes of affection and grief.

A friend of Charley Hopps, in command of a submarine chaser during the war, now in command of a U. S. destroyer, a comrade too of Tony's in the Channel patrol, got leave to offer his ship for the conveyance of the party to the place of burial. His offer Tony gratefully accepted.

The streets of the little old town of Langdenburg were thronged with people from far and near. A bodyguard of a hundred sailors from the fishing fleet had obtained permission to follow the bier. It was a funeral procession, but it was also Tony's welcome home, a tribute from his people to one whom they loved and longed to honour, and for whose sorrow their sympathy flowed forth in a silence deeper than tears. They, too, had suffered, and in their sorrow had learned the fine art of sympathy.

As the stately and moving words of the Service for the Dead, that enshrine at once the pathetic tragedies and mutabilities of Time's brief span of life, and the splendid certainties and ineffable satisfactions of the Life Immortal, rolled out over the assembled company, on the weather-beaten faces of those of his comrades in peace and in war, seamed by many suns and frosts, Tony could see the traces of their unheeded tears. At the sight he was deeply moved, and after the service he stood for a few moments looking them over, then said quietly:

"Friends and comrades, I know you are sorry for me, and I know, too, that all of you who knew her whom we have just laid in her grave are grieved that she has gone from us so soon. Your sympathy touches me more than I can tell, and it helps me too. I am very grateful to you all."

They would have crowded about him, but, urged by Miriam, Mack entreated their forbearance.

"Commander Mackinroy will want to see you all soon. To-day I know you will let him go quietly away."

Through all the trying scenes attendant upon the funeral, Tony maintained an attitude of grave courtesy, meeting all the demands upon his courage and self-control with the unfaltering steadfastness of a British officer on duty, till the very last. Then, on the following morning, when all had departed and left him at Pirate Bay House he went to his room and closed the door. Ross, Patty, Charley Hopps, Miriam, each had offered to remain with him for a week or so, but he was firm in declining. He wanted to be alone. He must be alone. He needed no one. Mrs. Mallon would do all that was necessary. At the very last moment Miriam signalled Levi Kedge:

"Take the *Snylph* outside The Headlands and wait me there," she ordered.

To Ross and Patty she said:

"I am not going to leave that boy alone in the state of mind and body in which he is at present. He has been under a terrific strain, following I don't know what sort of sickness. There may be a collapse any time. Mrs. Mallon is an excellent person, good housekeeper and all that, but Tony needs a nurse."

She caught the glance Patty threw to Ross.

"Oh, don't look like that, Patty, for God's sake," moaned Miriam. "You know me, Patty, you know my very heart. All that is now over and done with. Tony's heart lies now in that grave up there. But while Tony needs me, and he needs me now, I shall stay with him. The day he is fit and well will be my time to go."

"You are right, dear Miriam," said Ross, "and you are a brick to do it. Your place is here for the present."

"Yes, Miriam, you are needed here," added Patty, "and no one else can do what you can do. We are both glad you are going to stay. A wire will always bring me to you."

So Miriam dropped off the destroyer into the *Snylph* and made her way, without observation, into the house.

It was well for Tony that she did. For a full week he lay in a state approaching coma, eating nothing to speak of, opening his lips to no one, except to emit now and then a heart-breaking moan. To all callers he refused audience. Miriam's experience in the dressing-stations and hospitals of France and England taught her how to deal with wounds of the body, and with those more deadly wounds of the spirit. To the body first she saw that proper care was given. She supervised the cooking and sent in dainty meals by Mrs. Mallon's little daughter, a maiden of nine years, full of cheery and inquisitive prattle. At her instance Levi Kedge had the *Snylph* refitted, repainted and made as good as new, ready for the day when she might be required.

"He'd ought to have a regular chaser like the old *Devil's Fin* or the *Diana*," said Levi one day.

"But the war is over, Levi. He will not need a chaser any more."

"It would be a handy boat to run anywhere. His father used to run about a lot with her. There's a dandy lyin' up in Bedford Basin yonder."

"Well, we will see about it, Levi."

A letter from Miriam to the office at Halifax brought the assurance that the Government was selling off the chasers wherever they could find purchasers, but the Government would be glad to turn over to Commander Mackinroy the chaser which they had in port, in lieu of the *Diana* lost in service. This, however, Miriam knew would never do. She offered to buy the chaser at the Government's price. It required all Levi's finesse to present the scheme to his Commanding Officer in a proper light. But with careless consent Tony agreed to have the boat sent on approval and in due time the boat lay in the Pirate Bay boathouse for Levi to gloat over, and for service when required.

By the end of the month Tony would engage the little

maid, waiting on him, in friendly talk about the affairs of her little world, and would listen to her educational problems with grave interest. She had, he learned, one absorbing passion, to go a-sailing in a boat with sails. Her mother had hitherto refused to allow her to go with any one as she hated and dreaded the sea and all its ways.

"Some day, Ann, we shall go a-sailing."

"Mother won't let me," asserted Ann stoutly.

"Perhaps she will," replied Tony. "We shall ask her."

With overflowing gladness Miriam prompted the reply to Tony's request sent by the little maid.

"Mother says, some day, perhaps, I may go with you, Mr. Tony, because you are a great captain and know all about boats and the sea. Are you, Mr. Tony? Do you know all about boats?"

"Well, I know something," replied Tony.

But upon the day fixed when Tony came down to the dock, he suddenly turned back from the boat and the sea and went into his room, and shut the door for the rest of the day.

Miriam was thoroughly baffled. Physically her patient was fit enough. He ate well and slept longer hours each night. But soul tissue is slow in rebuilding.

"He has no interest in life," she confided to Mrs. Mallon.

"And yet there are many sad hearts and broken bodies needing help," replied Mrs. Mallon.

The word was a fruitful seed. It set Miriam a-thinking. If only Rory were here he would know how to draw out the interest of his friend. But the thought flashed into her mind: "What of Levi Kedge?" He knew all the overseas sailors, or he could very soon find them out. She found Levi in the boathouse, polishing at the new boat, going through her engines, repainting and refitting.

"Levi, are there any friends of your old boat crew anywhere about?" she enquired.

"Friends? Not as I know of."

"What about that girl of Pete's? She lived in Lang-

denburg, didn't she? What was her name again? Vernal or something? Or was it Verna? Yes, Verna. That's it. What about Verna?"

"Oh, her." Levi spat his contempt. "She ain't much good, I guess. I see her wheelin' her kid the other day."

"What? She's married?" exclaimed Miriam.

"Married? Oh, I guess she's married all right, if that'll hold her," said Levi, his tone suggesting a certain fragility in Verna's marriage bond.

"Well, what about Tom's young lady?"

"Well, I want to say, Miss Miriam, I wouldn't make no enquiries about that lot. The further you go the worse they get. They had too much money from them munitions, when their fellows were away fightin'. That's where the Government made a mess of things. They gave the soldiers a dollar ten a day to go into hell's belly, but they paid these kids and their squirts with flat feet, six and eight and ten times that to stay at home. No wonder the girls went bad, some of them I mean, not all by a long shot. They couldn't just help themselves. No! I wouldn't make no enquiries, Miss Miriam." Levi's tone was bitter.

"But, Levi, there must be many of Mr. Tony's old friends, or friends of the crew who need help or sympathy. He would not like them to think he had forgotten them, or that he was unwilling to help them."

"No fear of that, Miss," said Levi shortly, "they won't none of them think that, leastwise none that knows the Captain."

"Levi," cried Miriam in desperation, "I want to get the Commander out of the house, to get him interested in something, to get him doing something."

"You're right, Miss. It's the same thing as came to his father. It just about killed his father. It may run in the family. He's awful like what the old gentleman was."

"Nonsense, Levi," replied Miriam, with unnecessary sharpness, the truth being that the same fear had knocked

at her heart. "Things like that don't run in families. But we must get him doing something."

"Yes, but what?" asked Levi. "I've been thinkin' a lot."

"Have you, Levi? I might have known that."

"I'm awful anxious about the Captain. You see he was terrible sick in Holland not so long ago, and he's had a terrible hard time since he came home. He's took that hard, Miss. He wasn't a man that talked much, but he was taken up somethin', somethin' fierce with that young lady. It was hard lines for him. It was damned hard lines, beggin' your pardon, and that I will say."

Levi's tone was a definite challenge to Fate, or to whatever power was responsible for his Captain's hard luck.

There was a quick rush of tears to Miriam's eyes. She held out her hand to Levi.

"You are right, Levi. It *was* hard lines, I agree with you. And so together we must plan something for him."

"Thank you, Miss," said Levi, taking her hand. "You see we are the only two he's got—of his own, like—and we've just got to stick to him."

"But what can we do, Levi?" said Miriam, unable to control her tears. "We must do something."

"I dunno. We must just keep on bein' awful good to him till we can find somethin'," said Levi anxiously. "Don't you cry, and don't you lose your nerve, Miss Miriam. You've got a lot of nerve, and you mustn't quit."

"Quit? Not while I live, Levi," said Miriam through her tears.

"No more will I," said Levi. "So help me."

They shook hands upon what they both considered a solemn and life-enduring compact, and felt the better for it.

"We must get him thinkin' of some one that's livin'," continued Levi, "that's what spoiled the old gentleman, as fine a man as God ever made, till she died. After that, the best of him was buried up there in that graveyard. He

wasn't any good after that. He's got to have somebody that'll draw him out of himself like. It's just plain hell, and worse than hell, to have nobody." Levi's voice shook a little. Miriam glanced keenly at him. His old hard face was working curiously. Once more she put out her hand.

"You'll always have me, Levi, and I'll always have you," she said her tears flowing again.

"Thank you, Miss. But me, I'm pretty well done with it all. But there's the Captain."

"Levi, take a run down to Langdenburg and see if you can find some one in whom he might be interested."

"There's Pete's mother," said Levi, "but she ain't much."

"The very thing. Go and see her, Levi. You simply must dig up some one."

Levi was exceedingly dubious. He had little interest in any one of the Langdenburg people. He had never made friends with any of them, except old Rory, and now Rory too was gone.

The day following Levi returned from his investigation, discouraged and wrathful. He found it difficult to order his language in such form as would be suitable for his young lady's ears.

"They're a bunch of poor fish, Miss Miriam," he reported, "the whole lot of them. But that Pete's mother, she's awful anxious to see the Captain."

"Tell him, Levi. Tell him she wants him badly. We must get him away from here. He has taken a bad turn again. He won't have a doctor or minister or anybody."

"Have you seen him yet, Miss?" enquired Levi.

Miriam hesitated. "No, not yet, I'm afraid he would send me away."

"You'd ought to see him, Miss, beggin' your pardon. You see he's none of his own left." Levi's voice was humbly apologetic, but his eye flashed a keen look at the girl's face.

"Oh, I'll see him of course pretty soon now," said Miriam hastily.

"All right, I'll make up somethin'," said Levi. "I guess he'd ought to see that old hen. She's cacklin' all over town about her son's pension, somethin' awful."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. HUDDY.

Next morning Levi was fully prepared when he came to make his daily report, which was elaborately spun out of meagre enough material and to get his instructions, which were few enough, for Tony had little interest in the ordering of his simple household. Mrs. Mallon was quite competent for all domestic affairs, and Levi for all that had to do with boats.

It was still early in the morning after the breakfast things had been cleared away, for the little maid had to be off for her nine o'clock school, when Levi appeared at the door.

"Good morning, sir!" he said, saluting with punctilious care.

"Morning, Levi!"

"It's a fair morning, sir, wind nor'east by east an' blowin' fresh, visibility, what you might say, medium, an' a promise o' fog." Levi, in his report had the habit of eliding all unnecessary consonants.

Tony grunted. Levi's reports possessed the advantage of requiring no reply.

"The boat, sir, she's running fine, except that her toon is hardly up to pitch." Levi was an engineer, as well as gunner. He was never quite happy over his engine when the "toon" was off pitch.

"She's sparkin' nice an' bright, an' hittin' em all right, but—It may be the ile, sir, we don't seem to get no good clean ile any more like we used."

"Tell Hagerson to give you good oil—the best."

"Yes, sir. An' the polishes ain't what they was. I

gave 'em an hour yesterday straight, but they don't come up as they used."

"Get them! get them! They are somewhere in the world. Get them."

"Yes, sir. She holds her varnish well. I took her through quite a drift yesterday an' she ain't got a blur on her. It's the old varnish, sir. I came across a big can the old gentleman, your father, sir, had in the stores. The old stuff's the best, sir."

"You're quite right there."

"Yes, sir. The old things an' the old men too, sir. There's old Mr. Steele, sir, he's lookin' thin and peekit. He was askin' for you, sir. He wanted to come an' see you, but I said you wasn't seein' any one, sir, yet."

Tony's grunt meant approval.

"He's bearin' up fine."

"Bearing up?"

"Lost his son Herbert, sir." Levi's voice dropped an octave.

"What? Young Bert? That kid? He was a mere child."

"He was so. When we went away only fourteen. But the day after he was eighteen he joined up, sir. They couldn't hold 'im, sir. And, of course, the old gentleman wouldn't keep 'im back. Went into the flyin' corps. Just got his wings, and got his first Hun, sir, when they got 'im, and just the week before the Armysties."

"Oh, my God! poor kid!"

"Yes, sir. His father said he didn't weigh more'n one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and not a hair on 'im."

"Poor old Steele! I remember——" Tony paused abruptly. He remembered that day—how long ago it seemed!—the day he had received the war telegrams and had read them out to the people, his eyes and his heart meantime with the group in the car.

"I must see him," Tony muttered. "But what's the use? What good could I do him?"

"He said he would like to come and see you just as soon as you were able, sir."

"Well! Let him!— But no! I won't! There are too many of them. And what's the use after all?"

"Oh, the old gentleman ain't grousin' any, not a whimper, sir, not like some o' them. There's that old Huddy woman! She's grousin' and whimperin' round the town."

"Huddy?"

"Huddy, sir. Pete's mother."

"Pete's mother?" Tony sat up straight in bed. "What the devil do you mean 'whimpering'? She has lost her son! As fine a man as ever sailed the seas. Your comrade and mine. Damn it! What do you mean criticising the mother of one of my men. Listen to me, sir. Go you in your boat and bring her here! Bring her here! Do you understand? And by gad, let her grouse if she wants to! She has a right! She has given her son! Go and get her! Now!"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Go!" thundered Tony——

"Yes, sir!" said Levi touching his forelock, and vanished.

Miriam who, outside the door, had heard, with shaking limbs, the outburst, followed Levi to the boathouse.

"Well?" she said. "The Captain seemed quite roused up."

"Oh, he's roused all right!" said Levi. "He's got me roused, too. Say! don't stop me, Miss."

"What's up?"

"Oh, nothin' much. He just about fired me out o' the room, that's all. He would, too, if I hadn't lit out."

"Splendid!" cried Miriam under her breath.

"Well, I've seen splendifer things in my time, nine point fives an' that sort. But I'm off."

He touched the self-starter, the engine began to purr softly.

"Where are you off to?" cried Miriam in high excitement.

"Where? Goin' to bring that damned old hen—that is—I mean the late Mr. Peter Huddy's respected lady mother."

"Oh, lovely, Levi!"

"She is!" growled Levi. "She's a bird, a regular bird o' paradise. You'd ought-a-hear her sing! Good-bye, Miss."

"Good-bye, Levi. You've made a great start."

"A great start? Mebbe. I'm thinkin' o' the finish," muttered Levi, as he backed out of the boathouse.

With Levi Kedge orders were orders, and to be obeyed instantly and to the letter. It was therefore the same afternoon when he appeared bringing with him Mrs. Huddy, who, very fat, very hot and very breathless, arrived at the door in Levi's charge.

"Let the lady sit down and refresh herself with a cup of tea," urged Mrs. Mallon. "After that she can go to the Captain."

"Mrs. Mallon, my orders is to bring her at once. It's not my fault that she ain't here two hours ago."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Huddy. "And him rushin' me off my feet. And if it wasn't for the Captain wantin' to see me special I wouldn't be here at all. But here I be, and like to die with the tearin' haste I'm in."

"Step this way, if you please, Mrs. Huddy," said Levi, marshalling her to Tony's door, at which he knocked. "Mrs. Huddy, sir, to see you," he said, opening the door in answer to his Captain's bidding.

Tony received her with his grandest air.

"Come in and be seated, Mrs. Huddy, please. Levi, set a chair for Mrs. Huddy, and ask Mrs. Mallon to step this way. Ah yes, Mrs. Mallon! Will you bring Mrs. Huddy a cup of tea? Now Mrs. Huddy, I was coming to see you, but have been a bit off color. I hope you don't mind my bringing you here. My reason for sending for you was that I understood you were in some trouble and——"

"Trouble!" exclaimed Mrs. Huddy. "You may say

that, Captain, and more'n trouble. Robbery! Robbery! and ingratitude, sir! There's my Pete, you know the kind of boy he was——"

"I do indeed, Mrs. Huddy," said Tony with emphasis. "And I never want to see a finer sailor or a more loyal subject of the King."

"Well, sir, if you'll believe me, not a cent have I got for him, and him givin' his life for King and country two years ago."

"No pension as yet, Mrs. Huddy! You amaze me! Have you any correspondence, any papers on the subject?"

"Papers? Yes! Heaps of papers! And letters! And questions! And oaths! And all the rest till I'm fair sick of it all. Huh! when they wanted men they didn't make all that fuss. You walked up and signed up and you were in uniform next day. But now—Oh, Captain Tony, they want to know if he is really dead, and that's why I thought perhaps you could write a word for me."

"Let me keep the papers," said Tony, his voice hard as steel, "and I give you my word, Mrs. Huddy, that you shall get your pension without further delay. I shall not rest till this matter is settled."

"Thank you, Captain Tony," said Mrs. Huddy, with tearful gratitude. "I always told Mr. Kedge how you would make them come through with it, if you only knowed, and other things too."

"Other things?" enquired Tony. "What do you mean, Mrs. Huddy?"

"Oh, I do hate to speak of it, Captain Tony, seein' it's a family affair."

"If I can do anything for you, Mrs. Huddy, believe me, I shall be only too glad to do it. Remember Pete was my friend and comrade and faithful to his duty."

"Well it's my Caleb."

"Caleb?"

"Yes, sir, my second son. You see, sir, them boys when they was left behind just growed up into men, and

took men's jobs and drew men's pay, when they was still kids."

"How old is Caleb now, Mrs. Huddy?"

"Just comin' sixteen. But he's that big and big feelin' and he's got to be treated like a man."

"What is his job?"

"He follers the fishin', but he don't work much at it, and he's got lots o' money, and goin' with a bad gang older'n himself. He ain't a bit like Pete was. Pete when he got a job worked stiddy and turned in his pay every week regular. And he sent back his pay, too, when he was with you, Captain Tony, regular as the clock."

"I know that, Mrs. Huddy," said Tony hastily. "Pete was a straight fellow. But where does Caleb get his money?"

"That's what I don't know, Captain Tony. But I'm awful afraid it's not in any good way. It's enough to make his father turn in his grave. He was an honest man, Captain Tony, and never a'scart to look any man in the face. He's the only boy I've got left now. If he'd agone to the war and never came back I could a bore it. I don't begrudge you comin' back safe and sound, Captain Tony, I don't indeed, I'd rather you'd a come than Pete, for you was that good to them all, and took such care o' them. Oh, many's the time Pete wrote me that in almost every letter, and Tom's mother told me the same. And I'll never forget it to you, and everybody says the same." Here Mrs. Huddy's sobs made her incoherent, and indeed Tony's tears were running down his cheeks, as he listened to her impassioned outburst of gratitude and devotion.

"I shall see Caleb, Mrs. Huddy," he said, patting her on the shoulder. "We will do what we can for him. Take my word for it."

Much comforted by Tony's word, and much cheered by Mrs. Mallon's cup of tea Mrs. Huddy went off, in convoy of Levi, to her home.

The next day Tony, boiling over with indignation, ordered Levi Kedge to have the boat ready for a trip to

Halifax. At headquarters he was received with such overwhelming welcome and acclaim that his wrath was dissipated like clouds before the sun. The mere mention of the Huddy case was all that was necessary to secure an immediate promise that the matter should be immediately put through.

"I have given my word to Mrs. Huddy that her son's pension shall be paid without delay," said Tony in a firm voice.

"Without delay it is," said the Chief Officer. "Mr. Cope, will you take these papers and see that this pension is put through at once? Send the first instalment at once."

"My dear Mackinroy, ask us something hard. What of your other men? Are their cases attended to?"

"I have brought you the names of my boat's crew, with all particulars," said Tony. "There are two Aberdeen men who joined up with me later. Will you take this up with the Admiralty?"

"Mr. Cope, you will see these all put through immediately."

"Of course you understand, or you don't understand, no one can who has not been through my experience here, that we have to be extremely rigid in investigation. It is perfectly appalling how many are the errors into which quite honest men will fall as to circumstantial evidence, regarding the most definite events. I have here in this office sworn statements from soldiers as to a casualty having taken place in their presence. They have been present at the burial of comrades who afterwards turned up very much alive and quite fit. Honest men, too, Mackinroy. It is perfectly amazing. Hence this office and the Head Office at Ottawa have been forced to take the utmost precautions against error. There are attempted frauds too, of course, but comparatively few, and I will say, very seldom by the men themselves, almost always by female friends interested in their financial solvency."

The prompt success attending Tony's efforts in Mrs.

Huddy's behalf involved him in a whole series of grievances, to which for some days he devoted his full strength, and almost his entire time. But he was not unmindful of his promise concerning Caleb. After many unsuccessful attempts to meet that young man, he went to Mrs. Huddy's home and deliberately sat down to await him there.

"He may be late to-night," said Mrs. Huddy cautiously. "And he may not be fit to talk to you when he does come."

"I shall take my chance, Mrs. Huddy," said Tony cheerfully, "and perhaps, you will give us a little supper when he comes."

"My sakes alive! I should be that proud, Captain Tony, if you could put up with our plain ways," said Mrs. Huddy, much flattered at the prospect of entertaining "the Captain."

It was late when Caleb with two companions arrived, all of them more or less in a state of exaltation.

Caleb greeted the Captain with a mixture of admiration and bravado, the latter due to the fact that his mother had made a practice of "holding the Captain over him" as a deterrent to his loose conduct. One result of the meeting was that Caleb and his friend promised to visit Captain Tony at Pirate Bay House the following week. Another result was that young Caleb was immensely taken with Captain Tony.

As a social event the evening proved a distinct success. Captain Tony talked of his boat and what a wonder she was, told stories of his crew and of their heroic exploits, and at last he set forth in vivid light the personal qualities of Caleb's own brother, till the young man's eyes were shining and his face alight with new and noble ambitions.

"What does young Caleb Huddy do for a living?" Captain Tony asked of Levi Kedge on the following day.

"Not much that's any good, sir," said Levi.

"Well, be specific, Levi."

"It's my opinion, sir, that that there kid is in with a bunch of rum-runners. Not that I can give you day and

date and chapter and verse, but that is the general opinion. And where you see smoke you generally git fire."

"Go on, Levi. Let me have all you know," ordered Tony.

When Levi had finished with his evidence, vague though it was, the Captain was ready for another war.

"And the worst of it is these kids make big money at it, till it's hard to get any of them to do a day's work at the fishin' or anythin' else."

"Well, Levi, we'll go after the big fellows. I don't care a hoot for their Prohibition Law. It is probably all right. But I am not going to sit by and see these young fellows tied hand and foot and given over to the Devil."

"Well, sir, we can't very well blow 'em up, as we used the subs."

"Not quite the same way, but by all the gods, we'll blow 'em up, Levi."

Levi's old heart was overflowing with joy to catch something of the old ring in his Captain's voice and something of the old flash in his eye.

"He's not dead yet, be gosh," said Levi to himself as he went to find Miriam and impart to her the good news.

"He's goin' to be all right," he said joyously. "He's not dead yet by a long chalk. I don't see much harm myself in runnin' a bit of Scotch to them poor fellows that can't get anythin' but pizen in their own country. But the Captain's agin it, and likewise so am I. An' sure thing it ain't doin' any good to that young galloot, Caleb. The Captain'll break somebody's neck before he's done with this. But I don't care so long as he's doin' somethin'."

So to Caleb and his two friends Tony proposed a partnership in a fishing schooner, he to find the money for ship and tackle, they to be the working partners with the privilege of buying him out when they wished.

The boys were delighted but declared that they couldn't begin immediate operations.

"Why not?" enquired Tony.

"Well, sir," said one of them, an older man, powerful of frame and with a jaw of iron, "we're kind of tied up with another party for a few weeks."

"A fishing man?" enquired Tony.

"Ye-s-s, sir." The man hesitated a bit in his answer.

"Look here! Let's see what's your name again?" said Tony.

"Hanson, sir, Jabez Hanson, Jabe they call me."

"Well, Jabe, I can arrange that all right," said Tony lightly. "I'll get him to let you off. By the way, who is he?"

"It's——" Jabe was horribly embarrassed. "He's—— he owns a lot of fishing schooners. It's a big company."

"Oh, a big company, eh?"

"Yes, sir, they own a lot of vessels." Jabe was greatly relieved that he had successfully covered up his employer in the big company.

"Well, that makes it easier. He's a Langdenburg man."

"No, sir, his headquarters are Halifax."

"Halifax, eh? That's quite simple. I shall be running up to Halifax in a day or so. Let's see, what did you say his address was?" Tony had his notebook out.

"Eh—its—the—what is it again, Sam?"

"Oh, The Nova Scotia something, isn't it?" replied Sam Westerman, Tom's younger brother.

"Yes, The Nova Scotia Fishing and Trading Company," prompted Caleb.

Jabe flung Caleb a black look.

"And his name? What's his name, did you say, Jabe?" enquired Tony, casually, waiting pencil in hand.

"His name—eh—that is—his name——"

"His name is Fenwick. Harry Fenwick," burst in Caleb, impatient at his friend's stupidity and failure in memory, for which he received another black look from Jabe.

"Harry Fenwick! You don't mean to tell me that he is your boss?" cried Captain Tony, astonishment and indignation in his voice. "Well, boys, let me tell you Mr.

Harry Fenwick will be a sick man before I have done with him. I happen to know him. A four-flusher and a slacker he is, made his money out of blood, went to war but never a smell of burnt powder did he get. You know that, Jabe. You were a soldier. And a good soldier, too, I understand, and yet you would run whiskey for a white-livered sucker like Harry Fenwick. He would send you out as pirates and lawbreakers, paying you a few hundred dollars, while he makes thousands. It is his old game. But by the great gods, he won't make any more in this part of the country, nor out of any of my friends and comrades."

"Say, Captain, you won't give us away," said Jabe. "He can put us in the coop."

"Not without going in himself first. You need not be afraid of him. He hasn't the guts of a louse. I'll have a talk with him." Tony's rage ran to a white heat. He turned again to the young men. "What do you say, boys? Are you game to come in with me? I'll take on Harry Fenwick, never fear."

"But we ain't said anythin'," said Jabe. "We ain't said anythin' about rum-runnin'."

"You don't need to, Jabe. And you listen to me, Jabe, if you don't want to come in with me, you can go to hell your own way. Do you come in, or do you go with your slacking profiteering four-flusher? Speak, and speak quick!"

"We're tied up for this month," grumbled Jabe.

"If it were honest fishing or any other honest business I say stay. But the sooner you quit being a pirate and a thief the better, Jabe. Will you quit him now? Say it."

"I dunno," said Jabe sullenly.

"There's the door. Get out," said Tony, rising and opening the door.

"I ain't ready, quite," said Jabez defiantly. "I want to talk to these boys. Say you fellers——"

"Not in this house," said Tony. "Will you go out, or will I throw you out?"

"Say, fellers, don't let him bluff you," cried Jabe, making a rush at Tony. It was a fatal move. Tony's hands made a lightning pass or two, and poor Jabe found himself pinned against the wall in a grip that rendered him unable to move, even at the expense of agony.

"Will you get out quickly, or do you want me to break your arm—like this?"

"Ouch!" yelled Jabe, "for God's sake, Captain, don't do that! I'll go quiet."

"All right, go," said Tony, releasing him.

Jabe stood rubbing his arms, gazing in bewilderment at Tony.

"Say, you fooled me!" he growled half in rage and half in admiration. "Where did you git that grip?"

"I could a told you that, you darn fool," said Caleb, who had greatly enjoyed the passage.

"Say, Captain, I'd like to work for you," said Jabe. "That old soak, Fenwick, he's only a damned blood-sucker after all. He makes thousands every trip. What does he give us? A couple a hundred or so, and hands it to you like a dog. Say, Captain, what d'ye say?"

Tony looked the man in the eye.

"You'll play straight, Jabe?"

"God may kill me on the spot if I don't," said Jabe.

"I'll take you. What about Caleb?"

"Sure thing," said Caleb in a delighted voice.

"Me too, Captain," said Sam.

Together they discussed plans for breaking up Fenwick's combination. It appeared that Fenwick, who conducted large fishing operations, had a number of crews engaged for the most part in running liquor to various American ports. The profits were immense, and the spice of hazard added only another attraction. The crews were, many of them, ex-service men, who, sick of unemployment, and disgusted with what they called the ingratitude of their country, took this method of getting even. As to the ethics of the business, that troubled them not at all. They

did not believe in the justice of the prohibition law. It was a law against the poor man. The rich could get all they wanted if they were willing to pay the price. Besides the bootlegger and home-brewer could not be put out of business. Why should they not have a little bit for themselves while the thing was going anyway? The argument was specious, and backed by a sense of injustice and by hard luck generally, it carried weight. A little plain and straightforward talk on Tony's part showed them the rottenness of the rum-runners' logic.

"I am not worried about the law, good or bad," continued Tony. "We went to war to maintain government by law in the world, and by the law I stick, but I am not going to sit down and see a fat-bellied profiteering slacker make money out of a bunch of my comrades and friends who lost all they had in the war, and who suffered and bled while he guzzled whiskey and slushed five-course dinners in some soft cushy job. Not if I know myself. I am going after Mr. Fenwick. Meanwhile not a word out of any of you till you hear from me."

To this they all solemnly swore agreement, and went their way discussing the wisdom or unwisdom of their new venture. Wise or unwise, however, it seemed as if there was nothing other open to them. Jabe summed the matter up in a single sentence, enriched by vivid and colorful expletives.

"What could a feller do? That there Captain he's a devil, a reg'lar devil he is. Say! He'd just as lief kill a feller as wink at him. By the jumpin' Jeerooslam crickets I'd like to see him after old Fatty Fenwick. Say, he'll scare the daylights out a old Fatty. No, I don't want to buck any such fire-eater as that cuss."

"I cud a told you that all right," said Caleb. "That's what Pete said in his letters. Pete said when he got fightin' he fit an' fit with every hair in his body. He fit like a hundred and fifty devils! That's what Pete said! Ain't it, Sam?"

"You bet cher!" avowed Sam. "Tom said the same in

his letters to Hilda. Hilda showed them to me. Say, he must ha' been like a kitchen full o' wild cats. Any way I don't want him on my back. No siree Bob! Won't it be a circus to see him on to Fatty's old red neck?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE UPWARD CLIMB.

“Pirate Bay House,
“August 27th, 1919.

“My dear Patty,

“Would to Heaven you were here, I can hardly bring myself to believe that it is only about thirty days since you left me. It might have been thirty weeks or months, for that matter. Never have I spent such a time, never have I experienced such a period of tense and fearful anxiety. I know exactly how people living on the edge of a volcano, that is rumbling and sputtering, feel.

“Well, my dear Patty, the volcano has exploded, and I am lying here on my couch a physical and nervous wreck, but with my heart singing psalms and hymns of ecstatic relief. I could not have borne the strain of secrecy and silence another day. Let me relieve your mind at once, by saying that Tony is definitely on the upward march as far as health and spirits are concerned.

“I told you in my last about Mrs. Huddy’s visit and its results, as far as her pension is concerned. But this week we have had another outburst of feverish activity occasioned by young Caleb Huddy’s ongoings. He, like other boys in Canada, whose fathers and big brothers were at the war, grew up into manhood and assumed all the privileges and rights of manhood, while declining a man’s responsibilities and obligations. He is a strapping youth, and of course he is quite beyond the disciplinary powers of his mother. He had been going with a bad gang and according to Levi Kedge he had got mixed up with a rum-running crew. Well, into the Captain’s ears Mrs.

Huddy poured her tale of woe, relative to this young hopeful of hers. Levi Kedge furnished some clues, Tony engineered an interview with young Caleb and his friends, captured their imagination and lured them into a partnership in a fishing schooner, Tony furnishing the capital, and young Huddy, Sam Westerman (who is a younger brother of Tom's) and another chap called Jabe, carrying on the work. In the interview, so Levi tells me, Tony extracted from them the information that their boss, who is engaged in fishing, was the head of a rum-running organization. Tony went up into the air, had a lively set to with Jabe, a husky chap who refused to quit his rum-running boss, and who tried to seduce his friends from their new allegiance to Tony's partnership. The upshot of the whole thing was that the three boys finally agreed to enter at once into partnership, and to break with the rum-running boss, who bears the euphonious title of 'Fatty Fenwick,' a man whose flat feet prevented him from going to the war, but not from reaping a rich harvest from various war contracts. Tony apparently had known him of old, had learned of some of his operations, and had no use for him.

"After his blow up with these youths, a very severe reaction set in, as is always the case with him. Physically Tony is as strong as ever almost, but he hasn't the staying power. And his nerves are still in a wretched condition. Well, he had a bad night. From room to room he wandered back and forth, I could hear him pacing about; and, listening at the head of the stairs, I could catch now and then great sighs that seemed to come from his very heart's depth. Sighs of utter weariness and heart sickness. Half-a-dozen times my feet were on the stairs to go to him, but I was afraid of what he might say or do. In my distress I went to Mrs. Mallon. My dear, there is a wonderful woman! We none of us know her. There are depths of wisdom and strength, and heights of sanctity and nobility of soul that none of us has ever explored. I begged her to do something for Tony, to make him a hot

drink of some kind or other. She rose at once and while she was dressing I stood there wringing my hands and bewailing my inability to do anything useful or to bring any help. In her quiet steady way she said: 'The wounded spirit knows only one Healer, Miss Miriam. We must bide His time and when His time is come we must be ready to speak His word and do His bidding.' Still wringing my hands, like a helpless idiot, I said, I am afraid with great impatience: 'Wait! haven't we been waiting here these thirty days?' 'It is hard to wait,' she said quietly, 'He found it hard.' Of course I knew what she meant. Not what she said, but her quiet steady voice and her steady self-confidence braced me up. Her religion is a kind that works every day.

"As she slipped down the back stairs, I heard the side door open and shut, I rushed to the window overlooking the entrance, and saw Tony. My dear Patty, I assure you I have never had, even in the war, so near an attack of heart failure. There was no moon, but a wonderful starlight. He went down the steps to the boathouse. I could bear it no longer, threw on a wrap, drew on my slippers and with all the caution in the world slipped out after him. I was in time to see him lift the canoe into the water—he has never been in a canoe since his return—and paddle across the bay toward the cave. Fortunately, some good fairy had suggested to me, some days ago, the propriety of house-cleaning the cave. I knew that everything would be in place, that the fire would be laid in the grate, that his old chair would be there, with the pipe and tobacco canister at hand. But I was horribly anxious. I know now how silly it was, but at the time I had the feeling that a man in Tony's condition might do any desperate deed. I had stuck up in their old places on the rack, his guns, and these guns being there drove me mad.

"I ran around the head of the bay on the rocks like a wild thing, climbed up a short cut to the door of the cave, with the idea of peeking in upon him. My foot caught a root

and I come crashing down, taking a small tree with me. Immediately, of course, Tony was out shouting: 'Who's there?' And I heard my own small trembling voice, weakly and meekly answer: 'It's me, Tony.' 'You,' he shouted, 'who the devil are you and what are you doing here?'

"With that he came down the rocks, hand over hand to where I lay. I couldn't rise, because I had twisted my ankle, so like a silly little child, caught in a mischievous prank, I looked up at him in terror and bleated: 'It's me, Miriam, I didn't go away.' You never saw a man more surprised in all your life. He was so thoroughly surprised that he had no room for any other emotion.

"'You didn't go,' he echoed. 'You've been here all this time. Where have you kept yourself, and what the——?' But what he was going to say, he didn't say, for after all Tony is a gentleman.

"'Don't be cross, Tony,' I miserably pleaded.

"'Cross,' he said, 'no, of course not.'

But I knew that as his amazement evaporated his rage was rising within him, so I poured out breathlessly and hurriedly my miserable story: That I couldn't bear to think of him being alone, sick, ill and wretched as he was, that I was wretched myself, that I was terribly lonely, that I had no place to go, and I don't know what else I said, but by the time I had finished, my silly voice broke down, my tears came gushing like water from a pump, and I myself must have appeared a miserable, helpless and altogether disgusting object.

"He ought to have slapped me but he didn't. He just put out his hand and said: 'Don't cry, Miriam, I think I know how you feel.' Then of course, I boo-hooed louder than ever, and begged him to let me stay, and swore that I had no other home, and not a friend in the world. That is just the way I felt at the time. I forgot you, Patty, dear, and all the dear friends near you there. It seemed to me that if Tony said 'Go' I would just throw myself over the rocks into the bay. It was a rotten feeling I

assure you. I knew at the time I was acting like a silly goose, but for my very soul's salvation I couldn't help it. And poor old Tony standing there looking so pitifully and so kindly at me didn't make it any better.

"Then of course, to make it worse, when I tried to rise I found my ankle had gone punk. So I stood there on one leg, more like a goose than ever, unable to take a single step. And, in spite of all I could do, didn't he pick me up and carry me down to the canoe. Of course, I ought to have been feeling wretched and miserable and mean, but I confess to you, Patty, what I would confess to no one in the world, that those few minutes were the best minutes in my life since before the war. If you ask me why, I can't for the life of me tell you, but I will tell you what I think. It was the relief after the long strain. It was the discovery that Tony could still be kind to me, and at any rate it gave him something to think about, for I do think he was at his wit's end. I do know that after we had Mrs. Mallon's warm drink, and a comfortable talk at the kitchen fire, Tony went to bed and slept the night through, and next morning we had the loveliest breakfast together.

"I don't know how things will be or how long I can stay here, but if Tony only keeps a little brighter and grows a little stronger in his nerves, and if only he will take up something that will interest him I don't care a hoot what happens to me. Meantime, here I stay awaiting developments.

"Tony is planning his campaign against Fatty Fenwick. What he would like to do I know, is to take Levi and his chaser—I believe they have actually discovered a number of live shells in the hold of her—he would like to take her out and put her on the trail of some of Fatty Fenwick's rum-runners. Of course, since the war is over that form of sport is denied him, but the next week or two, if I mistake not, will see some definite activity along the line of his old patrol. I am seeking to instil caution, and am reminding him that peace has been signed and

that we are back again into the old humdrum times when the law and not the gun must settle things.

"How often I wish you were here! A girl is in a desperate situation when she has no one upon whom she can open the flood gates of her soul. I want to talk as I never did in my life. To have a million things in your mind seeking utterance without any one upon whom you can let them loose is, as *you* can well understand, a situation impossible to endure. I shall keep you posted as to the trend of events.

"I am ever your distracted, disturbed but still very humble, grateful, and very happy and adoring chum,
"MIRIAM."

The story of the bearding of Fatty Fenwick as told by Levi Kedge to Miriam lost nothing in the telling.

"We was shown into the office by a wounded soldier. It's hard, Miss Miriam, what jobs those men have to take and what people they have to work for. And we was asked to sit down while he took our names to the boss. In a minute or two out he came. He's got the right name for the red face and the big stomach he has, but he slopped all over the Captain, you'd think he was his long-lost brother, and did everything but kiss him as the Frenchies used to do in Boulogne. But Captain Tony wasn't having any, so he just up and at him.

"'I came to see you, Mr. Fenwick,' says he, 'about some friends o' mine, who have got tied up in your rum-running business.'

"Of course, Miss, I can't give you the exact words, but it was just like that, straight from the shoulder.

"'Rum-runnin'?' says he, gaspin' like a fish out of water, openin' and closin' his hands and rubbin' them together. 'Rum-runnin'? Who told you such a thing as that?'

"An' Captain Tony up and told him that the thing was being done in his own town by his friends, war comrades and all that, and that the thing must stop. He could

bring half-a-dozen men to swear to bein' in his employ, and he could get a dozen more if he wanted to.

"Then Fatty began to smile, the kind o' smile that a snake gives when he goes to swallow a bird, or a cat after she's been lickin' the cream.

"'Affidavits are cheap, Captain,' says he.

"'I ain't agoin' to talk to you,' answers the Captain. 'You've got to quit rum-runnin' from Langdenburg, that's where most o' my friends live. A lot o' them were at the war. I'm not talkin' about the rights or the wrongs of this prohibition business, but this rum-runnin' is bad for the boys, and their mothers are breakin' their hearts over it. I'm not askin' you to quit, but I'm askin' you to change your base, and leave my friends alone. I want your promise for that, Mr. Fenwick.'

"Then Fatty got kinda mad. 'You don't ask much, do you?'

"'No! I don't ask much, and I don't ask more than I'm agoin' to git,' says Captain Tony.

"'You're a kind of uplifter, a kind of moral reformer, aren't ye?'

"I could hardly keep my fist from his mug.

"'Neither one nor the other,' says the Captain. 'But I want this business stopped as far as Langdenburg is concerned and my friends.'

"'Whose a touchin' your friends? Do your friends need a guardian?' says Fatty. 'This is a free country. I don't need to ask you what business I'll carry on, nor what base I operate from.'

"Then, Miss Miriam, Captain lost his head, and he went right up in the air. You know that's one of the things where the Captain's different from what he used to be. He hasn't got back to his old self yet. He flares up too quick. Anyway this time he flew right off the handle, jumps to his feet and says: 'Look at here, Fenwick, unless this thing stops, and stops mighty quick, when I meet you on the streets o' Halifax, or in the Pub, I don't care a——' I won't give you his exact words, and

Miriam— 'I'll slap your face till you can't see. I'd do it now for two cents.'

"By gosh, Miss Miriam, Fatty turned all the colours of a Paisley shawl, stammered and stuttered that he'd have the Captain arrested and all the rest of it. So I saw it was getting dangerous, and I steps in.

"'Captain, I wouldn't dirty my hands on him if I was you. He isn't worth it.'

"That kinda called the Captain back.

"'No, he isn't. I won't. That's my last word, Fenwick, and I will wait a week to hear from you.'

"Just at that point a door opened and one of the clerks comes in, a returned soldier, and I seen by his badge that he was one of the Cape Breton Highlanders, and a fine figure of a man he was too. He had a bunch of papers in his hand.

"Fatty turned to him like a drownding man clutchin' at a rope.

"'Oh, Sergeant Graham,' he says, stammerin' and stutterin' around, 'let me present you to Captain Mackinroy.'

"The Sergeant was mighty pleased to meet the Captain, fussed all over him, said all kinds of nice things about him. How he had heard about his fightin', and what a wonderful man he was, what a wonderful record he had built up, and he couldn't say too much, Miss Miriam, and keep to the truth. And he keeps on talkin' till Captain Tony cools right down. 'And I knew your father, sir,' the Sergeant goes on. 'I knew somethin' of his work in steel. I worked at Woolwich part of the time, they knew all about his steel there, sir. I was brought up to work with steel.'

"Captain Tony got interested at once.

"'Are you doin' anything at it now, Sergeant?' he says.

"'No,' says the Sergeant, 'I can't afford the time. I've got to make a livin'!'

"So they talked steel for ten or fifteen minutes.

Fatty sat listening all the time, pretending to look over

the papers that the Sergeant had brought in. I could see he was feelin' mean. Then he breaks in: 'Sergeant, you can take these papers along, I will look at them again.' And again the Sergeant slopped all over Tony saying good-bye to him. And I think it made Fatty feel awful mean to hear the Sergeant tell Captain Tony how proud Nova Scotia was of him, and what an honour it was to meet him and shake his hand, and he was right enough, too.

"When the Sergeant went out Fatty tried some soft stuff.

"'Look 'ere, Captain Mackinroy,' says he, 'I'm awful sorry about this trouble, I hate to do anything you don't like, and I guess we can fix it up. I'll write you in a day or two.'

"Then Captain Tony owned up that he had lost his temper, and that he was sorry for it and all that sort of thing. But he didn't weaken any in what he was after.

"'You know what I want, Fenwick,' says he, 'I am in dead earnest about this. This rum-runnin' business, as far as Langdenburg is concerned, must stop.'

"'Very well, Captain Mackinroy,' says Fatty, rubbin' his hands as if he was wipin' them on a towel. 'I want to oblige you, I will do my very best to please you. There are other fellers in it, but I'll let you know.'

"I felt mighty proud of the Captain, Miss Miriam, but the Captain felt awful mean and low.

"'You had him scared stiff, sir,' says I as we left the door.

"But the Captain grunted out: 'I'm not fit to go around without a keeper. I go up in the air for nothin' at all. To think that a man like Fatty Fenwick could throw me off my stride. I tell you, Levi, I'm sick of the whole business.'

"And not a word did he say the rest of the way home, but sat there lookin' at the sea. But he's not goin' to quit Fatty Fenwick till Fatty quits Langdenburg, and Fatty won't do that till he's got to. He's crooked, Miss. He's

crooked. He's that crooked he won't be able to lie straight in his coffin. He's plannin' some shenanigan this very minute, and we'll find that out before long."

Events proved the truth of Levi's prophecy. They were not through with Fatty Fenwick, not by any means. The business in which he was engaged was too profitable to be lightly given up. Fenwick had no intention of giving it up. He might have to change his base of operations, though he hated to do that. Langdenburg was a highly suitable base. It was a fishing centre, and his comings and goings were covered up by fishing operations. But he feared Tony. He feared to arouse the opposition of a man so popular in the country, and especially he feared to come into conflict with a man with Tony's reputation as a fighter. His partners scoffed at his timidity.

"I confess I *am* timid where that young fellow's concerned. I give you my word I almost had heart failure when he offered to slap my face. He's a fighter. They say he was a demon in the war. And he ain't got over it yet. No! I don't want to mix it up with him. We'll have to work something, somehow."

His partners laughed at him, but Fatty's opinion remained unshaken. He had no desire for meeting Captain Mackinroy on the streets of Halifax, if that young man should happen to be in a rage such as he had exhibited while in the office of the Nova Scotia Fishing and Trading Company. At least he must give the matter very full consideration. He had another reason for delay. A reason which Miriam hit upon the day following Fatty Fenwick's interview with Tony.

During Tony's visit to Halifax she, in company with little Ann, was refurbishing the cave quarters with hangings, rugs, easy chairs and other articles of furniture calculated to render the place more cosy. In her exploration the little maid, impelled by her enquiring mind, wandered from room to room, seeking some remnant of Captain Kidd's treasure which Miriam had told her had once upon a time been stored there.

After an absence of some time Ann came running back in high excitement crying:

"Aunt Miriam, Aunt Miriam, I've found it! I've found it!"

"What have you found, dear?" enquired Miriam, busy with her hangings.

"Captain Kidd's boxes!"

"Oh, indeed!" said Miriam absently.

"Yes, a lot of boxes and baskets!"

"What do you say, Ann? What are you talking about? Boxes and baskets?" Miriam was at length aroused.

"Yes, such a lot of boxes! Come and see! Come quick!"

Miriam followed the child through one chamber and into another. Then to her amazement she saw rows of boxes and cases. Examination disclosed the fact that she had come upon a rum-runner's cache. Whose? That was the question. At once her mind leaped to the conclusion, Fatty Fenwick's of course. If so, how immensely important a factor it would be in the negotiations with Fatty Fenwick.

And so Tony pronounced it when Miriam disclosed to him the wonderful find. Together they went carefully over the treasure, a hundred and ten cases of various kinds of liquor.

"There must be thousands of dollars worth of stuff there," said Tony.

"Deposited here when Pirate Bay House was empty for a few weeks early this summer," said Miriam. "What is to be done with it, Tony? To whom does it belong? The Government?"

"Depends upon circumstances. Possibly a distressed schooner or steamer on its way to Cuba or some other foreign port, was forced to put in here and unload," replied Tony. "Such things do occur, you know. But I rather think Fatty Fenwick, or some similar honest trader, may be able to explain. Meantime, in case of accidents we will take up our quarters in the cave."

“Better have Levi there,” said Miriam. “You are more frequently away from home, Levi is always here.”

“Quite right, Levi will enjoy it greatly. I’d hate to be the chaps that come for their cache. And my guess is that, before many days have gone, an attempt will be made to remove this stuff to safer storage.”

Tony’s guess proved correct. Within a week a fishing schooner appeared in the bay, proceeded to the cave end and made preparations for landing. Tony happened to be in the cave with Levi and sent him to enquire the business of the schooner.

In reply to Tony’s enquiry the captain of the schooner sent his compliments to Captain Mackinroy with the reply that, under stress of weather, a few weeks ago the schooner had placed a hundred cases or so of smoked cod, with some kegs of herring in the caves at the end of the bay. They desired to reload their property, and would be willing to pay any reasonable charge for storage. To the captain of the schooner Levi carried the compliments of Commander Mackinroy, and the information that he had thoroughly searched the caves and found no cases of fish nor kegs of herring, but that he was quite willing to go with the captain of the *Greenock* to have these facts verified.

To which the captain of the *Greenock* sent brief word that he would not trouble Captain Mackinroy, but would remove his property, which he had deposited in the caves a few weeks ago.

To which Captain Mackinroy made equally brief answer that he forbade any trespass upon his land, and that any passers attempting entry to his storerooms would be dealt with as common thieves and burglars.

To which the captain of the *Greenock* made reply that he much desired to have a few words conversation with Captain Mackinroy.

And to this Captain Mackinroy answered, certainly that he would be pleased to hear what the captain of the *Greenock* had to say. Whereupon the captain of the *Greenock* appeared in the outer room of the cave and

greeted Captain Mackinroy with all respect. The conversation began in curt phrases, but was carried on with the perfect good feeling and perfect courtesy, which might be expected from gentlemen of Highland ancestry.

The captain of the *Greenock* had been informed that his cargo, which he had temporarily deposited in the cave during a storm, was fish, but it might not have been fish. He did not personally examine the cases. His manifest said fish, and as fish he took it asking no questions. Yes! the weather was rough, quite rough. No! the schooner was not disabled. True enough the schooner might have waited in the bay, which offered perfectly good anchorage and shelter, without unloading any of the cargo, but he was in haste to get on with the rest of the ship's load. Yes! he could quite see Captain Mackinroy's difficulty in surrendering property found in his storehouse, so to speak, which did not correspond to the manifest. On the other hand he was prepared to give undertakings that these cases were certainly those discharged from his schooner. He could attest the markings. Of course the cases did not contain fish. Captain Mackinroy had demonstrated that on permission of the captain of the *Greenock*, by opening a case in his presence which was found to contain bottles, bottles which on being drawn and sampled by the captain of the *Greenock*, by Levi and by Captain Mackinroy were found, to the amazement of the whole company, and of none more than the captain of the *Greenock* himself, undeniably to contain Scotch whiskey of excellent quality. The more frequently the captain of the *Greenock* tested the sample produced, the more completely convinced he became that the cases contained not fish, certainly not the case opened. And it was reasonable to suppose that all the cases were similar in their contents.

After an hour's conversation, and sampling of the contents of the opened case, and after receiving Captain Mackinroy's emphatic assurance that he could not conscientiously bring himself to surrender the property discovered in his storehouse, and after being convinced by

actual inspection that the cave might easily prove a veritable strong point difficult, if not impossible, to capture, the captain of the *Greenock* was about to retire to his schooner when the chat turned on the war. Yes, the captain of the *Greenock* had been in the Service of the Merchant Marine, had been blown up twice, but would not have missed it for a fortune.

Captain Mackinroy had expressed the greatest admiration for that branch of the Service. No finer work was done in the war than that done by the Merchant Marine, under most trying circumstances too, and with no sort of equipment or armament. The feeling of friendliness and of mutual admiration was vastly increased by this phase of the conversation.

"Come again, I shall always be glad to see you," said Captain Mackinroy. "And if you are in any doubt as to the character of the cargo you might explore still further."

"It might be as well," said the captain of the *Greenock* without a change of feature. "One cannot be too sure in these days."

"Meantime when you see Mr. Fenwick——"

"Mr. Fenwick? I am not acquainted with the gentleman."

"You don't know the Nova Scotia Fishing and Trading Company?"

"Och, I would not go so far as to say that, but as for Mr. Fenwick I know nothing of him."

"Glad to hear it," said Captain Tony, "for to tell the truth I couldn't understand how a man like yourself, a man of the Service, could do Fenwick's dirty work."

The captain of the *Greenock* flushed a deep red.

"Sir, I do no man's dirty work. I run my ship where her owners order me and I ask no questions."

"I beg your pardon, Captain, but rum-running is after all no sort of business for a captain in the Merchant Marine, if you will let me say so."

"I will that, sir. But I got into this unbeknownst to

myself. I was offered a ship and a cargo in Glasgow when I was out of work, and had been on the streets for three months. I was just that desperate that I said I would take a cargo of dynamite to hell's port. I don't ask no questions but I got eyes in my head, and I was not born the day before yesterday."

"Well, Captain, I have no right to judge you, but I am glad you don't know the man you are working for. And I will not degrade you by sending a message through you to him. He has my terms. It is his move. But any-time you have time to spare, Captain, my house will be open to you."

"And it is myself would be the proud man to accept your invitation," said the captain of the *Greenock*, as he stepped aboard his boat waiting him at the shore. "And I will be saying something to Mr. Fenwick as well," he added as his men gave way at the oars.

Some one said something to Fenwick, for the rum-running base at Langdenburg was abandoned and the temptation to be rum-runners removed from the immediate neighbourhood of the youth of the town. As to the cache of one hundred cases of liquor in the cave, a schooner, not the *Greenock*, came when Captain Tony was conveniently away from home, and removed the lot, Levi looking on without protest.

The uprooting of the rum-running industry from Langdenburg on the whole brought little glory or thanks to Captain Tony. True, Mrs. Huddy was happier that Caleb was now engaged in an honest business and, though making much less money, was "behaving himself good," but there were others who considered the changing of the rum-runner's base as a loss to the town, and who resented the Captain's action in the matter.

These various excursions and alarums being over, Tony fell back into a state of indifference to life in general. His days were intolerably dull. Before the winter had come his physical health was thoroughly restored, his nerves were almost as steady and sure as in his boyhood days.

But his interest in life had departed. There was no reason for living. Why should a man work who had enough for his daily needs as he had?

For some weeks he had interested himself in the returned soldiers. But there was really comparatively little to do even for them. The Government was carrying on all sorts of activities in the way of training and rehabilitating the partially disabled. Patriotic employers were doing what they could to reinstate old employees and to place others in jobs. It was the fashionable thing for fine folk to fuss over wounded soldiers, who much preferred to be left alone. In this work Miriam was able to give wise guidance and aid. She knew soldiers, knew when to leave them alone, and when to lend a hand. She understood the psychology of the disabled or partially disabled man who longs for nothing in life as he longs for the power to be independent of everybody, to be on his own, to go where he likes, and stay there as long as he likes, to be free from petty rules and regulations, to feel that he is once more an ordinary citizen with the privilege of grouching if he feels grouchy, and of having a jollification if he feels jolly. Miriam carried on a continual, albeit unobserved, war against fuss and feathers, against red tape and regulations. She had a passion for freedom for herself and for her friends among the soldiers. Her main, her only, aim in life at present, however, was the well-being of Tony. She was continually arranging chance meetings with interesting people. She was making the discovery that an independently interesting person is a *rara avis*. It is not difficult to find one who will play shuttle-cock to your battle-dore, who will be flint to your steel, but to find one who can play a lone hand in an interesting manner, who can be entertaining and not boring, who can keep the light steady and bright without a reflector, he is as difficult to find as is a gold mine in a ledge abandoned by all the old prospectors.

The Reverend Herbert Steele, with his fine face like transparent ivory, his eyes through which shone a lumin-

ous soul, his minute and exact knowledge of the things which he ventured to talk about, as for instance the flora of the Maritime Provinces and Patristic Theology, the Reverend Herbert Steele was such a man. Miriam had known him from her childhood as a dear and good old man. Tony had discovered in him during the war, a hero with a heart of flame. But neither had known the scientist, the exact scholar, the fine soul, the saint in him.

Miriam met him at a soldier function and was at once charmed and captured.

"You must come to Pirate Bay House!" she exclaimed. "When will you come? Tony has rather a good museum of minerals and that sort of thing, though he hasn't looked at it since his return. He has not been very fit," she hastened to add. "He finds it difficult to take an interest in anything, of course except the soldiers. But he says the soldiers don't need him. The Government does all they need."

"But they do need him. These wounded and disabled men need just such a man as your cousin. No Government can supply that need. They need life, fuller life! Of course, that is a universal need, Miss Miriam, is it not?"

"What do you mean exactly?"

"I mean that with most people life sweeps too small a circle: 'God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more,'" he quoted. "The wounded man, the sick man, the nerve-wracked man suffers from self-absorption. Egoism is a pathological symptom. In an extreme case it becomes mania."

"Oh, do come and see Tony, see us, I mean."

"Could not Tony and you come to me, let me see," he referred to a little black book, "say to-morrow evening?"

Fortunately Tony was in a mood to accept the invitation. The old gentleman was a friend of old standing, his father's as well as his own. Then too, he had given his only son to his country and without repining. Tony shrank from the ordeal of condoling with him on his loss.

He had a morbid horror of any reference to losses wrought by war. Yet in this case the ordeal must be borne.

But ordeal there was none. The old gentleman received them in a frank, friendly, even cheery manner, in which there was a complete absence of strain, and which never faltered throughout the evening. Some years ago his wife had died. The only remaining member of his family was a young slip of a girl of fifteen, slender, golden-haired, delicate, and with beautiful manners.

They had hardly entered the room when he brought them a photograph of a tall, handsome youth in the uniform of the Flying Corps.

"That is my son, Herbert. You remember him, Tony?"

"Not like that," said Tony. "What a fine chap he had grown to be! No! I recall a very slim little chap going to school."

"Yes, that is what he was when the war broke, a school-boy of fourteen. But he grew fast. He was never anything but a slight youngster, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. He was very keen to go, and of course we wouldn't think of anything else. He had just gotten his wings. Very proud he was too. He was the youngest flyer in the corps. His officers had sent very satisfactory reports of him. He seems to have been rather quick in picking up the flying business. He only had two trips. The Armistice came the week after his death. We are very proud of his record," said the old gentleman, putting his arm round his daughter, who smiled back at him with a serene face.

"It was very hard lines, sir," said Tony, deeply touched by the fine courage of both father and daughter.

"Yes, but how much harder it might have been," said the old gentleman.

Then to Tony's astonished look he replied:

"Suppose he had shirked! Or suppose he had turned out badly. Suppose his family had grudged him to his country. That would have been insupportable."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WORTH OF LIFE.

Mr. Steele could not keep off the topic of Life. Life's purpose and meaning. The sacrificial aspect of life. That was the keynote of the evening's talk. Life reaches its full fruition in giving, not in getting. And when Tony demurred, the old gentleman maintained his thesis with an enthusiasm and vigour, borne not only of conviction, but of life-long experimentation. Wherever life was found in its full tide of strength there the principle was verified. He led Tony into his little sanctum where he kept his botanical treasures and demonstrated there the presence and the truth of his principle. In the animal kingdom, too, the principle was apparent.

"And, therefore, we are not surprised to discover that the principle holds in religion. The Infinite tastes infinite rapture in pouring forth life. I need not remind you how beautifully the Master set this forth in His teaching and in His living."

"Would you mind elaborating that a bit, sir? I fear I am very ignorant in these matters. And I confess life seems to me at the present rather futile."

"May I ask just what you mean? Don't speak unless you feel quite free to do so."

"But what's the use in it all? Miriam urges me to take up the research work in steel that my father began. But I ask why? To make better steel than the world has ever seen. But why? The steel of to-day is very good steel. Why make a tougher, cheaper steel? Fame? To have men talk about me? To have my face in the pictures? What use is that to any living soul? I don't want

to be talked about. To have my picture in the papers with the latest successful thief or pugilist?" Tony poured it all out hot, bitter, boyish and pathetic.

"Make money?" he continued. "But why? I don't want autos and yachts, houses and estates. Power? I don't want power, financial, political, social or any other kind. Over four hundred and sixty thousand men, mostly young men, went to war. Why? To save the world. So we were told. That I can understand. That was worth while, at least so we thought at the time, though from to-day's papers it looks as if we may have been fooled. But apart from all that, why not live quietly, simply and then die quietly and be buried? Why this fierce rush to get big money, to do big things, to win fame, when one does not care for any of these things? To come back, why make finer steel and cheaper?"

The old gentleman listened quietly, sympathetically, earnestly.

"Why make a better steel?" he said. "That is a big question. Why write a better book, paint a better picture? Why make a better world? Why civilisation? I could give you many reasons, social and economic, but I am going to give you only one. God is interested in us and in our world. We owe it to Him to do the best with, to make the best of, both. That may not appeal to you. If you rule God out, why it is difficult to give a thoroughly satisfactory reason for civilisation."

Tony nodded.

"You see, given God, you can understand a blade of grass, its exquisite finish, its perfection of beauty. God takes a pride in His work. He puts His best into it, that it may be worthy of Him. Without God nature seems an insoluble mystery."

"And making steel?" asked Tony.

"'We are co-workers with God,'" quoted Mr. Steele. "We are in the same enterprise, God, man and his world. Man and his world, with their intimate mutual reactions. In these God takes a pride. They are His and the releasing

of their hidden forces one by one, and the co-ordinating of these forces, this is God's triumph. The best steel and the best man, is the only steel and the only man that will content God, and that ought to content man. The best steel and the best man react on each other. And their reactions are necessary to their best. The Great Apostle glimpsed this when he said 'the whole creation waits with urgent yearning for the revealing of God's sons.' The creation sharing man's taint of corruption and death, yearns to share in man's emancipation from the doom of decay. The old Greek fathers went into this meticulously and metaphysically, but they were on the right track, the true fore-runners of the men of science of to-day."

"Of course you postulate God," said Tony.

"Most certainly. As I am entitled as a scientist—if I may very humbly call myself such—to do."

"I agree," said Tony. "The postulate settles more questions than it raises. But really, God and steel?"

"Yes. A good world does not make good men. But good men will be better men in a good world than in a bad world. There is something you know in environment. Read your rocks."

"*Noblesse oblige?*" said Tony.

"Yes, *noblesse oblige* partly and something even finer, warmer, more divine. But *noblesse oblige* is not enough. The truly Divine thing in God, in man, is the giving of Life. The giving out of the most precious thing God or man possesses. And that is the essential, the universal principle in human living. That is the essence of Love."

"Love?" Tony said in a low tone.

"Love! The essence of the Divine. The bloom, the fruit, crown of Life. He who gives love gives all."

"Yes," said Tony with a groan, "all! all!"

"Yes! I have found that," answered the old gentleman with a smile, "and life's supreme joy."

Tony sat silent, his face set and miserable.

"My boy, my boy!" said the old gentleman, "that is Life's final lesson, and this is a world needing nothing so

much as love. You spoke of the Government supplying the needs of the soldiers. True the Government is doing much, but this supreme need no Government, no committee, no organisation can supply. We are all so busy in giving *things*. What we ought to give is Life, and Life is Love."

"Love? You can't love to order, sir," said Tony.

"No! no! a thousand times no! Love is a living thing, a flaming thing, a product, the finest product of Life, full Life, abundant Life, Divine Life. Love is a result, a reaction. Think this over, Tony. I must not bore you. You have a clear mind. But our clearest thinking may be obscured by the miasma that rises from the foul swamps of selfishness. I am thinking of my own heart, Tony."

"Yours, sir?" asked Tony with a little scornful laugh.

"Yes, mine! It took me a long time to surrender my boy's young life without grudging. The Divine love in me was poisoned with the self love in me. Ah! That was a sad time! A terrible time!"

Tony sat silent and dumb. That in this saintly heroic soul, the same fierce bitter struggle had raged as had devastated his own, during these last months, was to him an appalling revelation.

"Let us go back to the young ladies," said Mr. Steele.

They found the young ladies waiting their return to share supper with them.

"Elaine, my dear, I fear we have neglected you. I ought to apologise, first to Tony for boring him with a sermon, and to you and Miss Miriam for deserting you in this shameful manner."

"But, darling, don't apologise and don't think we felt at all deserted or lonely. I took Miriam over to our class."

"Your class! Of course! This is Thursday evening! How stupid of me to forget. And this was the night I promised Miss Timmins to give the girls a talk on the Yeast plant. Really this is unpardonable!"

"Don't worry, papa darling, Miss Timmins never

missed you, nor did the girls. We had a lovely time! Oh, a perfectly scrummy time!"

"Elaine! Scrummy!"

"Pardon me, papa, you know what I mean, a perfectly splendid time!"

"Ah! I am glad Miss Timmins wasn't annoyed."

"Annoyed? I introduced Miriam and told Miss Timmins that she had a wonderful story to tell of her work in France. She had just been telling me about it."

"Wasn't it terrible of Elaine, Mr. Steele?" said Miriam, "without a word of warning, just announced this to Miss Timmins, if you please, and of course the poor thing had to put me on!"

"Yes," cried Elaine, "and you should have seen the girls, papa. For three quarters of an hour they sat glued to their seats, open-eyed and close-mouthed, never once did Miss Timmins have to say: 'Naow gyurls, I want a little less nawoise, please.' Even Beth Morrison sat absolutely nailed to her seat. And I don't wonder, papa, you must ask Miriam to tell your own big boys about it."

"I will! I do! And I now accept her promise at once and for next week. You back me up, Tony, don't you?" said Mr. Steele.

Tony hesitated. "I suppose so. I never heard Miriam at that kind of thing. Didn't know she did it."

"I don't!" exclaimed Miriam, "that is, only to my soldier boys. I try to yarn to them a bit. But I shall be glad to speak to your lads," she added, a little nettled at Tony's tone.

"What luck, papa! Then later we will have her at the Red Cross Society and——"

"Halt! Right about turn!" ordered Miriam. "That will be enough from you, Miss Elaine."

"Now supper!" said Elaine. "Since this is all fixed, Miriam will sit by me, Mr. Tony will sit next you, papa, so you can talk to him."

"Well! I like that. You mean your father can't talk

to me?" enquired Miriam. "Is your father to take that as a compliment or a criticism?"

"No, no!" replied Elaine, with a quick flush, "I mean men always like to talk to each other. I am sure papa isn't half done talking to Mr. Tony yet."

"Now what do you think of that, Miss Miriam? Is *that* a compliment or a criticism? But as a matter of fact we had not exhausted our subject, the greatest in the world."

"And what was that, if I might ask?" said Miriam, thinking of Tony.

"Why make a better thing than the thing that now is?" said Mr. Steele. "Steel, for instance?"

"Now we are away," said Miriam to herself and plunged gaily into the discussion which however soon became a monologue by Mr. Steele, simple, clear, convincing and in a modest but perfectly fascinating style.

As they reached home Tony said to Miriam casually.

"We shall take a look at the steel papers to-morrow."

"Fine," she said with laconic abruptness. But her heart was beating so as to threaten suffocation. Not only because he had said "we" but because he was beginning to work on steel.

That was the beginning of a winter's work of much terrific and concentrated intensity and at times Miriam was anxious for Tony's health. She herself working with him as assistant, recorder, secretary, and in many other capacities found the strain upon her splendid young vitality almost all she could stand. She knew nothing of steel, nothing or almost nothing of science. But she possessed an extraordinarily quick mind, a retentive memory, a shrewd sanity of judgment and an immense driving mental and physical force. She relieved Tony of a vast amount of slavish routine, in reading pamphlets and articles, and in doing his correspondence.

In addition Miriam came to be in great demand as a public speaker at functions of various sorts. Church organizations, Red Cross Societies, soldier functions from

far and wide sought her. Tony never went with her to any of her meetings. He disliked the idea of speaking himself, and he hated the thought of Miriam appearing on the platform. For this Miriam was profoundly thankful. She felt sure that Tony's presence would embarrass her terribly. Miriam was happy and content, at least so she assured her friend Patty in a letter written in the middle of April.

"Pirate Bay House, April 13th, 1920.

"My dearest love,

"This is a wonderful day! Are there April days like this anywhere else in the world, do you think? I know there are not. Sunlight like June, yet with the nip of winter in it, the breath of the sea stimulating like wine, the sap running, the May I can just hear pushing up under the wet leaves in the woods, and the glorious blue sky, and the air—the air, wine is the proper word I understand, but wine is flat and stale to this wonderful air of dear old Nova Scotia. Oh, I know well to-morrow may bring feet of snow or sleet, or rain, or fog, but that only makes this day the more golden. Or perhaps it is all because I am happy.

"No, no, my dear! no nonsense! none of your silly imaginings. No! dear old Tony is immersed in steel, hard stuff, and is simply neck deep in research. He has eaten, drank, slept, dreamed, breathed steel and is on *the eve*, I verily believe, on the *eve* of a great discovery that will make him world-famous. He sniffs at fame as his beloved old minister friend does too. But I am woman enough to want fame for him. He seems to have no personal ambitions, wealth, power, fame. He hates publicity. He could be a marvellous speaker. I heard him just once. My dear, he was tempestuous, cool, logical and passionate, humorous, and with it all as natural as if talking to a group of his old friends in Langdenburg. But he simply will not do it again. Unless some great cause seizes him he will never 'go on the stump,' but if that

should happen, let the enemy look out for squalls. He is fagged out with his winter's work: 'Faint,' like Gideon's men 'yet pursuing.' I am urging him to go West and see something of our great country. Visit steel plants, though they know nothing of steel, take a look at the mineral deposits in Canada. He may need them some day. He is wavering and so I feel sure he will go. If he does, then I shall come to you for a few weeks. Indeed I may go across the water. Ethelwyn Neville has written making me a splendid offer in connection with a big Government rehabilitation and training scheme, and if Tony improves, as I think he will, then I shall accept that offer or go in for something else I have in mind. It will be much better that I take my leave while he is away from home. But first, I must get some clothes. They want me here to go on a Red Cross campaign. I may go after Tony leaves. If so, I shall need clothes. I have positively nothing to wear except—etc., etc."

"You won't be interested in the rest, Mack dear," said Patty, "but isn't it just splendiferously jubillaceous!"

"Fine! The dear old boy is really on his feet again, and whether the steel comes to anything or not he will find his place and his work."

"Oh, steel be hanged, you dear old goose. Let me think. Tony and Diana knew each other, all told, only about six months. Of course Tony was quite mad about her. But after all they saw very little of each other, and during all those years of the war they were almost never together."

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"And they had but few points of contact. No common interests. The war was a terribly absorbing thing to a man like Tony. Diana never really became a part of his life. He loved her intensely, madly, but they never had a chance of growing together, if you know what I mean."

"I only know you are talking nonsense, my dear."

"And then one has to remember that for ten, no nearly fifteen years they grew up in the closest of all intimacies."

"Who grew up, for goodness sake?" cried Mack.

"Tony and Miriam of course, who else am I talking about?" said Patty. "They know each other thoroughly well. They absolutely trust each other. And—then—poor Miriam—she fancies she has put all thought of Tony out of her heart, but—oh! well! we shall see—Meantime isn't it perfectly and gloriously and jubilantly spiffing!"

"Tony is keen about steel. That's the one thing I see and that's good enough for me."

"Good enough for you, you fat—you know you are fat, dear—old middle-aged married man with an adoring wife and three bewitching babies. What if you had not got me, would steel or anything else be good enough for you?"

"Enough," cried Mack, making a leap at her with such agility as his wooden leg allowed him.

"What a bear you are, Mack! an old married man like you! Oh! stop! I must be getting fat, too! Do stop! No! no! I give in! Not enough! Apparently not! That will do, Mack! The maids might come in! Now be good! Do!"

Tony went on his western trip intending to be gone for six weeks, became entangled in mining operations, accepted a tempting offer to do some expert reporting on certain iron properties in Northern Quebec and in Northern Ontario, and did not return for nine months. During his absence he received regular and frequent reports from Miriam in reference to certain negotiations into which he had entered with steel men in Great Britain, in regard to laboratory tests which he was anxious to have made. She told him in a late letter of the offer which she had received from Great Britain and of her inclination to accept what was really a very fine appointment.

In return he kept Miriam informed fully as to any discoveries, hints or suggestions in regard to manufacture, which came to him from time to time on his travels. These Miriam was careful to record and upon these she made such comments as occurred to her.

"Your letters are always most welcome," he wrote in his last letter before his return. "I am a tremendous blue-nose. This Western Canada, especially the Far West, is wonderful in its achievement and beyond all imagination wonderful in its promise, but my heart is still in Nova Scotia. Your letters give me just the news I want. You answer my questions before they are asked. Your comments are extraordinarily acute and sane. What is this mysterious hint about a new job for you, an offer from Great Britain? I hate to think of your going away from me. I really would be lost without you. I could get no one who could just fit in with my way, my methods, put up with my tempers. And, just here I may say what I have wanted to say many times since coming on this trip. And even now I can't say it as I want to say it. For I can never repay what you have done for me since I came back from the war. You found me a nervous wreck, you stayed with me through a time of terrific trial. You helped me back to sanity, to peace of mind, to a regaining of my manhood.

"It was through you that I took up again the study of steel, and I verily believe that I have found the secret. I have superintended some testing here myself, but I am sending samples to England. The steel possesses wonderful qualities. Its tensility is amazing. I drew out cold a three-eighth inch wire to one-eighth inch. I have on my desk, as I write, the most wonderful cold chisel that I believe exists in the world. It is malleable, it can be shaped to an edge, any blacksmith can temper it so that it will cut cast steel without turning its edge. This one I drove a quarter of an inch into a solid block of cast steel, without leaving a mark upon its edge. But the most wonderful thing about the steel is its production. I use no expensive alloys, such as nickel, tungsten, molybdenum, which enhance the cost. I take, for instance, the nickel ore straight from the mine, I take iron ore straight from the mine, and in one single operation, in about twelve hours I have my steel.

"Then, in addition, I can handle all Canada's refractory ores. No matter what the kind of iron may be I handle it with equal ease. Furthermore the presence of sulphur disturbs me not at all. It is a wonderful steel and I believe the tests will show that it is equal to the finest Japanese steel, which costs, you will remember, about twelve hundred dollars a ton. I thought you would like to know this.

"It was through you I came into touch with that wise old saint, Herbert Steele, who helped me back to a working faith in God and in myself and showed me that life was worth while. When I think of myself and what I was fast becoming, a nervous, egoistic, self-centred, bad-tempered recluse, I feel that I can never make you know how deeply grateful I am, and how dear you are to me, Miriam. Of course, I have no right to stand between you and your success in life. I hear the most thrilling reports of your public meetings, and your splendid platform and organising gifts, and I shall not selfishly put forward any claim of mine. I would hope, however, that you will not go till I can see you again. Even this, however, I must not urge. You have already sacrificed too much for me. If you decide to go, then you will carry with you now and throughout my life my undying gratitude and my affectionate interest in all you do."

Miriam received this letter while visiting her New York friends during the Christmas holiday season. She showed the letter to her friend Patty, who insisted on reading it aloud to Mack.

"You won't mind, Mack, will you, dear? You know he is a wise old guy, and terribly fond of you. If I were not a saint I should not stand it."

"Dear old Mack," said Miriam, putting her arms round him and kissing him. "If ever a slave hugged his chains it is he. And if ever a tyrant exacted complete and abject and devoted service it is you. But go on. Read the letter. It is not true in spots. But Tony is all sound again, and that is what counts."

Patty read the letter without comment. When she had finished Mack asked:

"And what is not true, Miriam?"

"All that stuff about what I did for him."

"There is only one judge in a case of this kind and that is the patient. You saved Tony from a miserable and unhealthy condition. Some one else might have done it. Other environment might have effected the same cure. That, however, does not alter the fact that Tony owes his present soundness of mind and body to you."

"Oh, I helped a bit, I suppose," Miriam acknowledged.

"But you are both missing the whole point of the letter, its whole significance for Miriam."

"Which is?"

"Why ask me, Mack? You know quite well. It is this—what is Miriam to do? She has this wonderful offer from England. A great career is before her. She must decide, and quickly, what she is to do about it. Ethelwyn Neville is awfully keen on her accepting. What is there before her here? I do think it is a splendid opening."

Mack gazed at his wife in astonishment at this sudden *volte face* of hers. But he had learned that he must never imagine that he could safely predict what course this woman of his would take on any given question. He had also learned that when in doubt his wisdom was, as in the case of Providence, to wait for a lead. Hence he meekly acquiesced.

"It is a wonderful opening indeed."

"And of course Miriam is keen to go, aren't you, Miriam? There is nothing before a girl of ability in that pokey little place up in Nova Scotia."

"Nova Scotia!" Miriam flared up immediately. "There is work to do in Nova Scotia equal to any other in the world! When you save a Nova Scotian from any form of disability you have done something worth while."

"Quite right," said Mack with emphasis.

"How these blue-noses hate themselves," laughed Patty.

"But everyone will admit that the field of service in Britain will be immensely wider."

"Oh, I don't know, Nova Scotia offers——"

"Mack! will you quit your narrow stubborn provincialism and look at this thing sanely? Every one knows that the Nova Scotians are God's chosen People. They will freely admit that themselves. But, thank God, there are others in the world."

"We will grant, that, eh, Miriam?" said Mack soberly.

"Now put your Nova Scotian brain onto the problem in hand. What should Miriam do?"

"Is not that a question for Miriam herself?" asked Mack.

"Yes—I—suppose—so. And yet Miriam wants advice," said Patty doubtfully.

"What do you feel like doing, Miriam?" enquired Mack.

"I hardly know what I should do. I think on the whole it would be wiser to go. You see Tony won't need me any more. And why should I just hang around?"

"Apparently Tony values your assistance highly," said Mack.

"But Mack, is Miriam to be simply a secretary, filing and recording for Tony, and writing his letters? Who would be bothered with that kind of work?"

Again Miriam fired up. "It is splendid work and quite worth any girl's while," she said indignantly.

"Then why leave it?" said Patty.

"Oh, I don't know what I should do. Let's quit talking, I am sick of the thing." Miriam was quite distracted.

"Well, you might at least wait till Tony's return. He is quite keen about that," said Patty. "He is very grateful to you and——"

"Grateful! Who wants gratitude? Do you think I am going to wait for Tony just to have him tell me how grateful he is?" and Miriam turned and left them looking at each other. As the door shut upon her, Patty began dancing about the room.

"Gratitude! not much! Poor Miriam! It is not gratitude she wants. And by the same token it's not gratitude Tony wants to offer her either. Miriam is proud! and Tony does not know his own mind. But he will! he will! he will! when he sees her packing for England. Oh, this is most splendidous, Mack, dear!"

"Then why did you—— But I never can understand you."

"No, dear, you never can. So don't worry your darling old Nova Scotian brain. Good-bye. Everything is fine," cried Patty, dancing out of the room.

But she saw to it that while Miriam wrote to Tony deprecating any service she had rendered him, and pointing out that now that his steel business had reached a stage when he required the help of a thoroughly trained expert secretary, she also wrote Ethelwyn Neville a temporising letter asking a little longer time for consideration of so important a matter.

Immediately after the holiday season Miriam returned to Nova Scotia to complete her Red Cross tour which was to end in a great meeting in Halifax.

The night before her departure for Halifax, Miriam was sitting late at night with Mrs. Mallon beside the kitchen fire, the only spot of homelike comfort in the big house.

"It will be cold for you so early in the morning, Miss Miriam, and with this drifting it will be slow going. The road to the station will be heavy."

"I am sorry for Levi. He hates the driving. If it were the boat he would not care what sort of a day it was."

"You will have a great meeting, Miss Miriam, in the city the day after to-morrow. It will be a great opportunity."

"Yes, I do hope we shall have a thumping collection. It will give a good start to the drive."

"Yes, but it is not money the soldiers need most."

"No?"

"No, Miss Miriam. It is to experience the love of God.

You will be speaking to many ministers and Christian people. Ask them to make the soldiers feel that God cares for them and loves them. The boys, some of them think that nobody cares for them now that the war is over."

Miriam gazed at her with earnest eyes.

"I don't know if I can. You see I don't want to preach at people. But I know you are right. They do need that, but they need to feel, too, that people care."

"All people who believe that God cares will care too. And He does care. That is what helped Luke, Miss Miriam."

"I shall tell them," said Miriam.

"That is your last meeting before you cross the ocean, Miss Miriam?"

"It is my last meeting at any rate, Mrs. Mallon."

"Mr. Tony would like to hear you."

"No, I think not. He dislikes my doing it."

"He would like to hear you. It will be hard on him to have you go away."

"Oh, I think not, Mrs. Mallon. You will look after him, and he will be very busy with his work."

"He needs you, Miss Miriam. He will always need you."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Mallon," said Miriam hurriedly rising. "Now I must away to bed. Give me half-an-hour to get ready in."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE.

The Halifax meeting was a great meeting, exceeding all expectations. Haligonians, of all Canadians, know how to do a meeting, with dignity and propriety, and if the occasion is worthy, with befitting enthusiasm.

The Governor of the Province, cheery, witty, and very popular with his people, was in the chair. Supporting him upon the platform were leading dignitaries of church and state. The hall was crowded to its limits with people of every class.

As the Governor concluded his opening speech a young man, lean, brown, tall, came into the hall, flashed his black eyes about looking vainly for a seat. On a window ledge sat a soldier, his feet on the back of a seat before him.

"I say, Sergeant," said the young man, noting his stripes, "room for another up there?"

"Sure thing," said the Sergeant, offering his hand.

"Thank you," said the young man. "This is all right."

"Reserved seat," said the Sergeant with a grin.

"What's the meeting about, anyway?" asked the young man.

"Red Cross. You're a stranger, eh?"

"Just in from the West. Who is the big noise in this show?"

"Miriam!"

"And who may she be?"

"Say, were you across with the Nova Scotians?" said the soldier, suspicion in his voice.

"Sub chasing."

"Oh!" A certain respect came into his tone. "Hell-

of-a-job, eh? I was a gravel crusher myself, and that's how I come to know Miriam."

"Nurse, eh?"

"Nurse nothing! Nurse and a whole lot more. Ambulance driver. Drove in an' out o' hell. Wipers, I mean. From the Asylum, Menin Mill, Hell fire corner, later down in the Somme, Courcellette, Malmaison, right up to Cambria."

"A woman driver, eh?" The tone suggested criticism.

"No! a girl!" answered the soldier truculently and closed his mouth hard.

"I've met some of them," said the young man, and his tone indicated that his experience of girl ambulance drivers had not always been happy.

The soldier turned his shoulder on him and gave his undivided attention to the orchestra which was rendering a medley of patriotic airs. Nor did he pay the slightest attention to the stranger at his side while the various reports and resolutions were being presented. But when a lady, the wife of one of Halifax's most distinguished citizens, the daughter of a world-famous Scottish singer of a past generation, came forward to sing, the soldier's enthusiasm overcame his temper.

"Now we'll hear something," he said.

The song was the immortal fiery Jacobite war song, "Cam ye by Athol?" and was rendered in fine dramatic style and finish.

When the singer came to the verse that expresses better than anything in the language, passionate and abandoned devotion to a cause and to a leader:

"I hae but ay son, my brave young Donald,
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry,"

the soldier leaned over to the young man and growled in husky tones: "She gave her only son herself."

"Pretty fine, eh?" said the young man, his black eyes glowing, "and mighty good singing too."

The soldier nodded cordially, and joined wildly in the

demand for an encore, which brought in response that most moving of all laments, which the Highland pipes have wailed over dead soldiers in every land where the flag waves, "The Flowers of the Forest."

"Heard that on the pipes at Albert," said the soldier.

"It is heard round the world wherever Highlanders die for the Empire," said the young man, his black eyes gleaming with inner fire.

"You're all right, old chap," said the Sergeant, wiping all suspicion and resentment from his mind. It took some moments for the audience to express completely its sentiment in regard to both singer and song. Then the soldier said with tense expectation:

"She's comin' on now."

"Who?"

"Who? Miriam! Darn it all! Haven't you got no sense? This is her show."

"Oh," said the young man meekly. "I didn't know."

"Well, it is. And she is a peacherino! Believe me!"

As the soldier spoke the Governor rose, went to the back of the stage and led in a young girl dressed in black.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in his finest and most courtly manner, "you see before you a young lady of whom all Nova Scotian citizens are proud, and whom all Nova Scotian soldiers love. We all know her as Miss Miriam Lindsay, but to the boys, and to us all to-night, she is just Miriam." The audience, held in check up to this point by the Governor's uplifted hand, here broke loose, rose from their seats and with a tumult of cheers poured forth at the young girl's feet their passionate admiration.

"You know her service at the front as nurse, as ambulance driver, as everything that a soldier's pal could be. And since her return she has not forgotten, as some may have, her soldier friends, but is still serving them to the utmost of her power. Let me ask you to listen to what Miriam has to say about the Red Cross."

The soldier on the window ledge was choking, sputtering, swearing, while openly wiping his tears away.

“Oh, damn it all! I can’t help it! She’s the dandiest girl in this country! or any other country! I’m a damn fool, I can’t help it. But she took me out from the line at Malmaison, and she saved my leg at Contay. She wouldn’t let them cut it off, be gosh.”

“Aw shut up!” said a soldier in front of him. “She’s going to talk!”

“Sure I will,” said the soldier, choking back a final swear.

For a few moments the girl stood silently struggling with her feelings. Then fiercely she turned upon the Governor, shook her little fist at him and said:

“It’s all your fault! I can’t say a word!” at which the cheering broke forth again and continued till she had regained control of herself.

“Dear people,” she said, smiling her friendly smile, “His Honour has said something of my work in France driving an ambulance. As he spoke I could not help thinking of the work the boys had to do, and, true, I felt humiliated that any one should speak of work that I had done. I drove an ambulance. What of those who rode in the ambulance? Nothing we can ever do can repay them for what they endured for us. We are thinking of them to-night. I remember one rainy night, near Courcellette——” and with that she was away. With that first sentence she gripped her audience and for an hour she had them at her will.

From his seat on the window-sill Tony stared with wide-open, unbelieving eyes.

That young lady in her black chiffon velvet, showing her boylike shape in slim severity, yet with a woman’s soft curves; her piquant, eager, friendly face crowned with a shining aureole of gold hair, topped with a chic little black hat, set off with a red feather; her brown, hazel eyes, now with high lights, reflecting her excitement—fearless eyes they were, and kind—that exquisite young thing, richly, simply, elegantly dressed, standing there like a startled fawn ready for flight, could that be Miriam? The

picture of Miriam which he carried in his mind was that of a boylike girl with brown face, unruly golden hair, strong little brown hands, brown feet, but utterly lacking suggestion of elegance or daintiness, dressed in gingham, or in serviceable overalls, utterly reliable, uncertain in temper, but with a heart of gold. That was the permanent picture that Miriam's name called up to Tony's mind. This transformed Miriam now easily playing upon this audience and making it answer to her every mood was not the Miriam he knew. With a shock he at once perceived that the old relationship between them was done with. This young lady displaying these marvellous powers of charm and command could no longer be secretary or assistant of his. She was made for an altogether wider sphere and higher work. He had a devastating sense of the loneliness of a life without her. The thought of how he had accepted with hardly a word of acknowledgment her unwearied devotion, her numberless acts of service, overwhelmed him with humiliation. How he must have sickened her with his unmanly fretfulness, his tempers, his petulance. Small wonder she was anxious to leave him and to take up more congenial work.

He resolved that he would not lift a finger to prevent her going. He must learn to do without her. His work? The steel? With a sharp stab of disappointment he remembered the wonderful thing that he had achieved. He had actually made a new steel, a steel the like of which man never had known. With a sense of dismay he suddenly found that half the rapture of his discovery had somehow fled. He recalled that with the discovery his first thought had been of Miriam's joy. Well! that joy would still be hers. Why this bitter disappointment? He knew it was not so much her joy as her sharing of his joy. What was the use of his discovery after all? But no! He was not going to let himself slip back into that unwholesome slough of despond. He was done with that sort of thing. Life was a great and splendid adventure in which he must play the man. He had his steel and he

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would use it for the good of humanity. But it would be stern work, and hard work. But without Miriam something warm, and sweet and heart-satisfying had dropped out of his life. He checked himself sharply. Why was this? Why should Miriam's absence mean so much to him?

At this point in his self-communing he became subconsciously aware of a tensely of emotion gripping the audience. Of the speech he had heard only a few vagrant sentences, but now a phrase arrested him.

"We need your money, the soldiers need your money, your service, but may I be allowed to say something to you that a good and wise woman said to me two days ago, the wisest and best woman I know. She bade me ask the ministers, which of course I would not dare to do, to tell their people that what the wounded and broken soldiers most needed was not money nor gifts that money can buy, not service, but just plain love. 'Tell them,' she said, 'that the great and good Father cares because they suffer.' They need Love. God's love and man's. Love! love!" cried the speaker, throwing out her hands toward her audience, "that is the best thing, the only thing worth while. Gifts without love are bitter. Service without love humiliates. Without love no human heart can be happy, content, at rest. Give them love."

A deep silence fell upon her listeners. The passionate utterance of one of life's great and eternal truths rang a bell in every heart. For the moment every soul of them, no matter how enthralled with the feverish pursuit of mere things, knew that love and only love could content the heart. To Tony it came with startling directness. It was true for him. Love it was, not steel, not triumph, not achievement. Love it was that could content his heart. If so, then must he get on as best he could, with such things as he had, for love was not for him. His heart lay in the old kirk-yard under the pines.

After the close of the meeting Miriam became the centre of an admiring and congratulating throng. The

Governor and other dignitaries expressed their admiration and delight.

"Ain't she dandy?" said his soldier friend. "She's a bird, a hull flock of canaries. That's her young man, I guess."

"Which one?" enquired Tony, a sharp stab at his heart.

"That one behind the Governor, the fella that splits his head in the middle. Do you want to come up and see her? I know her," said the Sergeant, throwing out his chest.

"No! I think not," said Tony. "But perhaps you might take her a note from me, if you don't mind."

"Sure thing. I'll get it to her."

It took the Sergeant some time to make his way through the crowded aisle to the platform, and afterwards to get the opportunity to present his note. The gentleman with the head split in the middle would have taken the note, but the Sergeant would not have that. He was eager to have a word himself with his adored "Miriam," and he was intensely curious to observe the effects of the note upon her. He was abundantly rewarded.

"My dear Telfer, is that you?" exclaimed Miriam, as she caught sight of him, and brushed aside the man with the split head in her eagerness to reach him.

"Fine! Miss Miriam. You done fine to-night. And here's a note for you." He stood waiting, eagerly expectant.

She took the note and opened it carelessly. When her eyes fell upon the handwriting her face flamed red, and as she read, changed to white. This is what she saw:

"My dear Miriam,

"Congratulations on your magnificent reception and on your splendid speech.

"You are a wonderful girl, and a lovely girl.

"The English career is the only thing for you. Had thought we might work together on the steel, but I see, Miriam, how absurd that would be.

"By the way, I've got it! a wonderful steel! The English tests show it to be even more wonderful than I thought. Its name is to be the Hector-Miriam Steel, from those two who had most to do with its discovery.

"No! you are too wonderful, too lovely for anything like that. You are right, dear Miriam. Love is the best, the only thing. The best of luck!

"I return almost immediately to the West. You will perhaps run down to Pirate Bay House before you go.

"Again the best of luck, dear Miriam, and cheerio!

"I am feeling fine and ready for work, work, work.

"T."

"Oh, where is he, Telfer?" she cried, scanning the crowd slowly dispersing. "Is he gone?"

"I guess he's gone, Miss Miriam. He was awful sorry. Couldn't possibly wait. I offered to bring him up and introduce him, but he was real sorry. He had to go."

"Sergeant, will you see if you can get him? Ask for Captain Mackinroy. Do hurry like a good chap."

"I'll get him, if he ain't gone, Miss," and the soldier proceeded to bore through the crowd without ceremony.

In a few minutes he returned to confess failure.

"Wait a minute, Telfer," she said.

Her disappointment was so evident that the Governor said:

"What is it, Miriam? Can my aide do something for you?"

"Oh, yes! yes! If you please! But no! no! I think not—No! never mind! It will do to-morrow, thank you. Shall we go now? I am really rather tired you know." The light had gone from her eyes, the joy from her voice.

"Yes, come along, Miriam," said the Governor kindly. "You are worn out. Bed is the best place for you. A little supper, then bed, eh?" She was spending the night at Government House.

She apparently was in a state of distressing uncertainty.

She read the note again, came to a quick resolve. She wrapped herself in her furs.

"My dear Governor, my cousin has just come in to town and is going off immediately to the West. If you will allow me I shall taxi down to his hotel and catch him before he goes."

"Certainly, my dear. Let me send you down!" said the Governor.

"Let me go with you!" urged the man with the split head.

"Please don't trouble. Telfer will get me a taxi."

"Certainly," said Telfer springing into action.

"No! not at all!" said the Governor. "My car will take you down and wait for you. Telfer, you can accompany Miss Miriam."

"This way, Miss Miriam," said Telfer, taking command.

"To the Imperial Hotel, Telfer, please."

Enquiry at the Imperial Hotel brought the information that Captain Mackinroy and his man had gone fifteen minutes ago, where, he had not said.

"His man with him!" cried Miriam. "Then he has come by boat." It was an open winter, and the harbor was clear of ice.

She gave the location of the wharf at which she knew Tony always landed.

"Tell him to hurry, please."

"Make that snappy, please," ordered the Sergeant. "We have to get a boat."

The lordly chauffeur made no response.

"Will you do your best, please?" entreated Miriam, leaning out of the window and smiling at him.

"Yes, Miss, surely Miss," said the chauffeur, touching his cap.

Through the slippery, slushy streets the car rushed, breaking all speed rules.

Arrived at the dock, Miriam sprang from the car.

"Wait me here, Sergeant, please," she said and ran swiftly over the wet and slippery wharf.

There lay the boat, the little step-ladder still in place. She stood a full minute striving to get her heart to stop its racing, and her breath from coming in gasps. She ran up the steps, and sprang lightly down upon the deck. Stooping, she crept down the companion way to the door of the tiny cabin bright with electric light, and looked in.

With his back to the door, seated at a table, his head leaning on his hand, sat Tony, his whole attitude suggesting dejection and weariness. On the table before him were papers and drawings, but his eyes saw nothing.

The girl stood a moment as if terrified at being there, glanced back over her shoulder as if planning flight. With a little catch in her voice she spoke gently.

"I'm here, Tony."

With a leap he was on his feet and facing the door.

There she stood, her wraps thrown back, with a timorous little smile on her lovely face, and a frightened look in her shining eyes.

"Miriam?" he said in a low, startled voice.

"Tony," she said, "it's me," her lips parted, her smile faltering a bit.

"You! You, Miriam!" He moved slowly toward her, put his arms round her and drew her to him.

"I am going to kiss you, Miriam," he said in a voice of deliberate recklessness.

The lovely face flushed deep red, but the brown eyes never wavered as they looked into his.

"Oh, Tony! do!" she breathed. "If you don't I think I shall die."

It was quite fifteen minutes when they heard a deprecating cough outside.