

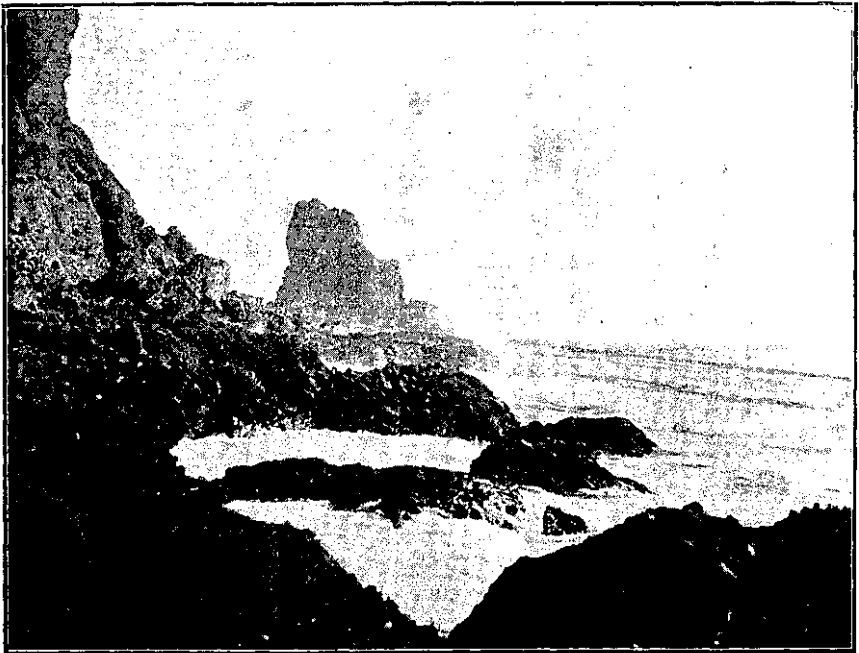
that wharf, and there is an engine in the lagoon, not to mention five or six trucks, which we can ill afford to lose! There'll be a fearful row about it!"

The little man smiled sardonically. "If the Board send special engineers out here to learn their business," he replied, "they can afford to pay for their mistakes. I've a notion that we shall rebuild the wharf without the advice and assistance of Mr Holme, Chief Engineer! I'm sorry about the engine, but I think we can lift her out and get her patched up again."

Woodward's conjecture proved correct. Soon after the Board received the report of Holme's fiasco, he was re-called, and departed by the first homeward bound steamer.

There is peace at the headquarters of the M'barra railway where Woodward now works the drivers and

firemen, fitters and machine men, after their kind, to the satisfaction of himself and the General Manager. The last time I saw him he told me he did not anticipate the arrival of any more Chief Engineers, as the process of cutting this one's comb had proved too expensive! I often think that had Holme refrained from using so objectionable an expression, my little friend would have saved him from disaster, because there is a strong streak of generosity in Woodward's nature. But, at the same time, he is the most stiff-necked and stubborn little official that ever I met, and his vanity would never allow him to forget the insult which he conceived Holme had put upon him. He always regretted the financial loss to the Company, but he considered the end—which meant the dismissal of Holme—fully justified the means.



E. A. E. O'Keefe,

Surf Scene, Anawhata, West Coast.

Photo.