

**THE RIVER MOTOR BOAT  
BOYS ON THE  
ST. LAWRENCE, OR,  
THE LOST CHANNEL**

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The River Motor Boat Boys on the St. Lawrence, or, The Lost Channel by Harry Gordon

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**HARRY GORDON**

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The wave caught the Rambler broadside, and in an instant she was beached high and dry on the bar.

*River Motor Bops on the St. Lawrence.*

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# The River Motor Boat Boys On the St. Lawrence

OR

The Lost Channel.

By HARRY GORDON

AUTHOR OF

"The River Motor Boat Boys on the Mississippi,"

"The River Motor Boat Boys on the Colorado,"

"The River Motor Boat Boys on the Amazon,"

"The River Motor Boat Boys on the Columbia,"

"The River Motor Boat Boys on the Ohio,"



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**THE SIX RIVER MOTOR BOYS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE**

# THE SIX RIVER MOTOR BOYS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

It was dark on the St. Lawrence river at nine o'clock that August night. There would be a moon later, but the clouds drifting in from the bay might or might not hold the landscape in darkness until morning. The tide was running in, and with it came a faint fog from the distant coast of Newfoundland.

Only one light showed on the dark surface of the river in the vicinity of St. Luce, and this came from the deck of a motor boat, anchored well out from the landing on the south side of the stream, fifty miles or more from Point des Montes, which is where the St. Lawrence widens out to the north to form the upper part of the bay of the same name.

The light on the motor boat came from an elec-



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tric lamp set at the prow, six feet above the deck. It showed as trim and powerful a craft as ever pushed her nose into those waters.

Those who have followed the adventures of the Six-River Motor-Boat Boys will not need to be told here of the strength, speed and perfect equipment of the Rambler. The motors were suitable for a sea-going tug, and the boat had all the conveniences known to modern shipbuilders. She had carried her present crew in safety up the Amazon to its source, down the Columbia from its headwaters, through the Colorado to the Grand Canyon, and down the Mississippi from its source to the Gulf of Mexico.

All these trips had been crowded with adventure, but both the boys and the boat had proved equal to every emergency. At the conclusion of the Mississippi journey, the boys of the Six-River Motor-Boat Club had decided to explore the St. Lawrence river from the Gulf to Lake Ontario.

The Rambler had been shipped by rail to a point on the coast of New Brunswick, and the remainder of the journey to St. Luce had been made by water along the treacherous coasts of New Brunswick and Quebec. A fresh supply of gasoline had been taken on just before night fell, and on the approach of daylight the boys would be on their way up the stream.

Although it was early August, the night was

decidedly cold, and Clayton Emmett, Alex. Smithwick, Julian Shafer, and Cornelius Witters, the four boys who had embarked on the trip, were sitting snugly around a coal fire in the cabin. They were sturdy, healthy, merry-hearted lads of about sixteen, all from Chicago, and all without family ties of any kind so far as they knew. They had been reared in the streets of the big city, and had become possessed of the Rambler by a series of adventures which the readers of the previous volumes of this series will readily recall.

The night grew darker as it grew older, and a strong wind came up from the bay, bobbing the Rambler about drunkenly. Clayton Emmett—always just "Clay" to his chums—arose from his chair after a particularly fierce blast from the wind and approached the cabin door.

"Don't open that door!" shouted Alex. Smithwick. "We'll be sent smashing through the back wall if you do. This night makes me think of a smiling summer day in Chicago harbor,—it's so different!"

"Company!" Clay answered, excitedly, "We're going to have company. Listen!"

"Yes," laughed Jule Shafer, "I've got a flashlight of any one rowing out to us to-night. The river is too rough for a rowboat."

"Now you look here, Captain Joe," Clay went on, "don't you go start anything!"

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This last remark was made to a white bulldog of sinister aspect which had arisen from a rug in a corner of the cabin and now stood at Clay's side, growling threateningly. Joe wagged a stumpy tail in acknowledgment of the advice, but dashed out, snarling, as Clay opened the door and gained the deck.

"All right; go to it!" Alex. laughed, as the door closed behind the two. "Stick out on deck a spell and the wind will do the rest."

Case Witters—he was never anything but "Case" to his friends—went to the door and looked out through the blurred glass, wiping the inside of the panel with his sleeve in order to get a clearer view.

"What's coming off?" demanded Jule.

"I hope we'll be able to get away on one trip without some one butting in," suggested Case.

"Say, now, look at Teddy," cried Jule, springing to his feet.

"Teddy" was a quarter-grown grizzly bear. He had been captured on the Columbia river, and had been a great pet of the boys ever since. He now rose from the rug which he had occupied in company with Captain Joe, the white bulldog, and shambled over to the door, against which he lifted a pair of capable paws in an effort to get a view of the deck.

"Rubberneck!" called Alex., digging the cub in the ribs.