

She looked very pretty to Charles McDonald's loving eyes, as she re-appeared in the doorway, holding her mother's hand and saying some happy words of farewell. Personally she looked much the same as her sisters, all Canada through, who are the offspring of red and white parentage, olive complexioned, grey eyed, black haired, with figure slight and delicate, and the wistful unfathomable expression in her whole face that turns one so heart-sick as they glance at the young Indians of to-day—it is the forerunner too frequently of "The White-man's disease" — consumption — but McDonald was pathetically in love, and thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life.

There had not been much of a wedding ceremony. The priest had cantered through the service in Latin—pronounced the benediction in English, and congratulated the "happy couple" in Indian as a compliment to the assembled tribe in the little amateur structure that did service at the Post as a sanctuary.

But the knot was tied as firmly and indissolubly as if all Charlie McDonald's swell city friends had crushed themselves up against the chancel to congratulate him, and in his heart he was deeply thankful to escape the flower pelting, white gloves, rice-throwing, and ponderous stupidity of a breakfast, and indeed all the regulation gim-cracks of the usual marriage celebrations, and it was with a hand trembling with absolute happiness that he assisted his little Indian wife into the old muddy buck-board, that, hitched to an under-bred looking pony, was to convey them over the first stages of their journey. Then came more adieus, some hand-clasping, old Jimmy Robinson looking very serious just at the last, Mrs. Jimmy, stout, stolid, betraying nothing of visible emotion, and then the pony roughshod and shaggy trudged on, while mutual hand waves were kept up until the old Hudson Bay Post dropped out of sight, and the buck-board with its light-some load of hearts, deliriously happy, jogged on over the uneven trail.

She was "all the rage" that winter at the Provincial Capital. The men called her a "deuced fine little woman." The ladies said she was "just the sweetest wildflower——" Whereas she was really but an ordinary, pale dark girl who spoke

slowly and with a strong accent, who danced fairly well, sang acceptably, and never stirred outside the door without her husband.

Charlie was proud of her, he was proud that she had "taken" so well among his friends, proud that she bore herself so complacently in the drawing-rooms of the wives of pompous Government officials, but doubly proud of her almost abject devotion to him. If ever human being was worshipped that being was Charlie McDonald; it could scarcely have been otherwise, for the almost Godlike strength of his passion for that little wife of his would have mastered and melted a far more invincible citadel than an already affectionate woman's heart.

Favourites socially, McDonald and his wife went everywhere. In fashionable circles she was "new" a potent charm to acquire popularity, and the little velvet clad figure was always the centre of interest among all the women in the room. She always dressed in velvet. No woman in Canada, has she but the faintest dash of native blood in her veins, but loves velvets and silks. As beef to the Englishman, wine to the Frenchman, fads to the Yankee, so are velvet and silk to the Indian girl, be she wild as prairie grass, be she on the borders of civilization, or having stepped within its boundary, mounted the steps of culture even under its superficial heights.

"Such a 'dolling little appil' blossom," said the wife of a local M. P., who brushed up her etiquette and English once a year at Ottawa. "Does she always laugh so sweetly, and gobble you up with those great big grey eyes of hers, when you are together at home, Mr. McDonald? If so I should think youah pooh brothah would feel himself terribly de trop."

He laughed lightly—"yes, Mrs. Stuart, there are not two of Christie, she is the same at home and abroad, and as for Joe, he does'nt mind us a bit, he's no end fond of her."

"I'm very glad he is, I always fancied he did not careh for her, d'you know."

If ever a blunt woman existed it was Mrs. Stuart. She really meant nothing, but her remark bothered Charlie. He was fond of his brother, and jealous for Christie's popularity. So that night when he and Joe were having a pipe he said:

"I've never asked you yet what you thought of her, Joe." A brief pause, then