

Ottawa, and was presented to some notable English people, visitors to Canada. It had come to these notable folk that Mr. Gaston Belward had relations at Ridley Court, and that of itself was enough to command courtesy. But presently, they who would be gracious for the family's sake, were gracious for the man's. He had that which compelled interest—a suggestive, personal, distinguished air. Jacques knew his master better than any one else knew him; and yet he knew little, for Belward was of those who seem to give much confidence, and yet give little—never more than he wished.

"Yes, monsieur, in sight of home," Jacques replied, with a dry cadence.

"Say 'sir,' not 'monsieur,' Brillon; and from the time we enter the Court yonder, look every day and every hour as you did when the judge asked you who killed Tom Daly."

Jacques winced, but nodded his head.

Belward continued:

"What you hear me tell is what you can speak of; otherwise you are blind and dumb. You understand?"

Jacques's face was sombre, but he said quickly:

"Yes—sir."

He straightened himself on his horse, as if to put himself into discipline at once—as lead to the back of a racer.

Belward read the look. He drew his horse close up. Then he ran an arm over the other's shoulder.

"See here, Jacques. This is a game that's got to be played up to the hilt. A cat has nine lives, and most men have two. We have. Now listen. You never knew me mess things, did you? Well, I play for keeps in this; no monkeying. I've had the life of Ur of the