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*"The Coming of the Pedlars"*

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tried to defend it, as if they had been so many school boys.

"You demand our title to possession? You want proofs that we hold this country? Eh? Bien! Voila! There's proof! Take it; but if you dare to go into the interior, there will be more than tents cut! Look out for your throats."

Totally ruined, Hervieux was compelled to go back to Montreal, where his master in vain sued the Nor'Westers. The Nor'Westers were not responsible. It was plain as day: they had not ordered those bullies to come out, and those bullies were a matter of three thousand miles away and could not be called as witnesses.

Determined not to be beaten, Rousseau attempted a second venture in 1806, this time two canoes under fearless fellows led by one Delorme, who knew the route to the interior. He instructed Delorme to avoid clashing with the Nor'Westers by skirting round their headquarters on Lake Superior, if necessary by traveling at night till beyond detection. Delorme was four days' march beyond Lake Superior when Donald McKay, a Nor'Wester, suddenly emerged from the underbrush leading a dozen wood-rovers. Not a word was said. No threats. No blustering. This was a no-man's-land where there was no law and everyone could do