

a round and drink a cup over the bar.

gain." "Hear you, hear you! These villages are called Aylward, breathing hard and hard. Did you hear them, Simon?" A woman for a keek of appeal! And she, the girl of Normandy. Surely she can land tomorrow and burn all these villages. "Nay, Sir Robert will waste time or strength ere he reach Brittany." "Sure I am that if my little man Squall could not sound Simon, I would free every woman on this island would be free ere another day had passed." "Nay, I cannot," said Simon. "He is one who makes an idol of women after the manner of those crazy knight-errants, and he will never be a true soldier and hath only his purse for a reward." "Nay," said Aylward, "the light is not overgord and the place is cramm'd for sword-play, but if you will step out into the open I will teach you whether your master be a true soldier or not." "Tut, man! you are as foolish as your master. Simon, here we are with our work in hand, and yet you must needs fall out with me on our way to the castle. I will not be so easily mislead. I save that he hath the way of his fellows who dream and fancies. But knowles lacks neither to right nor left, and I will let you go, for I would let us on, for the time passes." "Simon, your words are neither good nor true. I will not be at a ship-board we will speak further of this matter. Now lead on, I pray you, and I will see some more of this ten-den'd island."

For half a mile Simon led the way to the castle. Aylward, who had stood by itself. Peering at it from the edge of the cutting, Aylward could see that it was made from the wreckage of a ship, and that at the prow a ship's prow was thrust out. Lights blazed within, and there came the sound of a strong wind. "I have seen this place was taken up by a dozen others in the chorus."

"It is well, lad," whispered Simon in great delight. "That is the voice of the King. It is the very song he used to sing. 'Les deux villes de Pierre.' The sound of it. Here we will wait until his company take their leave."

Simon and Aylward stood in the peat-cutting, listening to the noisy songs of the revelers within, some of them shouting and shouting, some fouler and less articulate as the night wore on. Once a quarrel broke out and the clamor rose as the captain and his men were feeding time. Then the

health was drunk and there was much stamping and cheering.

Then the cheering vigil broken. A woman came forth from the house and walked up and down, with her face pale as death, her hair long and slender, but her features could not be seen for a wimple over her head. She bowed back and dragging steps. Once only they saw her throw her two hands up and call for help as if beyond human aid. Then she passed slowly into the house again. A moment later the door was flung open, and a shouting stumbling throng came crowding forth, with a woman in the lead, her arms outstretched, linking arms and striking up a chorus, they marched past the post-cutting men, and the men, with their arms raised, they made for their homes.

"Now, Samkin, now!" cried Samkin, "jump!"

Samkin jumped. He was in a bad place. He made for the door. It had not yet been fastened. The two comrades sprang into the street. The two bolts so that none might interrupt them.

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and John lay before them. It was lit up by a line of torches, which flickered and smoked in their sockets. The man was seated. His head rested upon his two hands, as if he were befuddled with grief. The sound of the rattling and snapping bolts he raised his face and looked angrily around him. It was a dark, shaggy like a lion's, with a tangled beard and a large harsh nose, bloated with grief. With a sudden gesture the newcomers entered, thinking that two of his boon companions had returned. He stared hard and he passed his hand over his eyes like one who thinks he has been deceived.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried. "Who are you and whence come you at this hour of the night?"

"We are your wayward brothers," Simon approached up one side of the table and Aylmer came up the other.

"Welcome to the King, the Mantel-at-arms pulled a torch from his socket and held it high above his head. He turned back with a cry, as he

[illegible]

see you," said the King, cringing away from the fierce eyes of the sadist.
"We were good friends," he said, "and I cannot call to mind that I have ever done you injury. When you made your way to England by swimming to the coast, the captain there was none more friendly in heart than I."
"If I cared to doff my doubtlet I could show you the marks of what your friendship has done for me in my past life," said Simon. "It is printed on my back as clearly as on my memory. Why, you foul dog, there are the scars of the lash which I have borne for my hapless subjects, fastened, and there the stains upon the boards on which my blood has dripped! It is not so, you King of beasts!"
The pirate chief turned whiter still.
"It may be that life here was so wretched that rough, and I have made amends. What do you ask?"
(To be continued.)

only two years, but
denies that he was
The order-in-council
Vidal to succeed him

ice opposite 18-Mile
steamers sailed hence

Mr. Delmas expected to give a speech before the

C. P. R. BUREAU OF
Company, Organizing

Alfred Cuddy, of No