

the successful issue of his courtship and hoped that now they would be better friends than ever. Philip heard the story in silence, and without taking the hand that was held to him, turned abruptly into the woods. Charles, however, was too full of his own happiness to pay much attention to the moody demeanour of his old associate and comforted himself with the thought that a few months would soon bring Simond to a better frame of mind.

During the busy months that followed, neither saw much of the other, except when they assembled in the evening with the men at the shanty. Marston worked, perhaps more energetically than ever, for he had now additional stimulus; Philip, still moody and reserved, seemed to find only pleasure in the deep forests, but his associates had long since ceased to wonder at his manner as something entirely beyond their ken. It was, however, very evident to Charles, and much to his sorrow, that his foster-brother avoided him; but he felt that the fault was not his own and that he could not repair the mischief whilst Simond would not meet him half way.

Winter passed, and Marston saw Mary twice when he had occasion to make trips down the river for fresh supplies. The season had not been good for lumbering operations, the thaws having been unusually frequent and heavy snow-falls having occurred during February and March. Not only had it been difficult to get the timber down to the stream, but the season had been hard on the men, for fresh provisions towards the close of winter failed entirely and could not be supplemented by supplies from the settlements or by game which was scarce that winter. Under such circumstances you may be sure that all hailed the disappearance of the snow and the freeing of the rivers in April. Marston had worked hard all winter and had suffered perhaps as much as any of the others from the privations of the camp; but he bore it uncomplainingly, for he knew the effect of his example upon others.

The men now commenced to drive the timber, and Marston found it necessary to make a visit immediately to head quarters at Bytown. Whilst he was getting ready, to his surprise, Philip came to him and said that he would like to accompany him. Marston considered this as an attempt on the part of Simond to make up friends and resume their old relations towards each other, for they had always worked together in the past before Mary's pretty face came between them. Perhaps if Marston's mind had not been so much taken up with issuing orders and with the thought of seeing Mary after an absence of many weeks, he might have noticed, as others did at the time, I have heard, the strange manner of Simond, when he made the offer of accompanying him down the river. For some time those who had been working in the woods with Simond had noticed at times a strange, unusual, look in his eyes, which was undoubtedly the reflection of some strong feelings which were warring in his heart. If Marston noticed anything peculiar he attributed it to the same causes that affected the others—the hard winter which had caused a great deal of sickness in the camp.

The Ottawa was now rapidly filling up with the surplus waters of its numerous tributary streams, at the rate of seven or eight inches a day—