

Doctor had finished. Desmond gazed at him in sympathetic wonder.

"He was your grandfather," said he. "Then you must be the son of the child that was born to Pamela when he was in prison?"

"Yes," said Doctor Clairmont. "The plantation was destroyed during the war. To me it seemed people with the ghosts of by-gone memories."

"Ah!" said Desmond. "It is indeed true that truth is stranger than fiction."

After a pause Desmond said: "The world is full of strange things."

"Yes, indeed," replied the doctor. "It is strange that a ship should be lying beneath the water at the mouth of this harbor. It is strange that three frame houses in a state of decay stood on the cape at the entrance of the harbor when the first French settlers came here. It is strange that Gervais has had so many queer dreams, and that Chetigne Island has been the home at different times of so many strange people. But see, m'sieur, the sun is coming out, the rain is over. Let us go for a stroll to the hilltop where we may look at the village from one end to the other, and far out to sea."

We did so. Standing on the hilltop where the sun was peeping out from behind a bank of clouds and gilding the spire of the village church, some lines of Longfellow's *Evangeline* came drifting into my mind.

"Then came the laborers home from
The field and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed.
Anon from the belfry
Slowly the angelus sounded, and over the
Roofs of the village,
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds
Of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes
Of peace and contentment
Thus dwelt together in love, those simple
Acadian farmers
Dwelt in the love of God and man."

I looked across at the little island. Tears arose to my eyes, as I thought of the tragedy of that life which Doctor had just revealed to us. Poor Clairmont!