Askew, I cannot advise you to consid-

Hilary. "But I suppose something can be done with the wood. There are

umber conditions in this province

Hilary leaned forward in his chair.

em grow up, and thin them out, and

"So I've decided to take hold of that

"I understand how you feel, Mr. As-

kew," he said. "What you want is a

nice little tract of a few hundred acres, not far from Quebec. A place

with a little trout lake on it, to build

your camp beside, ten acres freehold and the rest leased. You'll enjoy that,

and"—he paused and scrutinized him with his fox look—"I think I may be

able to dispose of the Rosny white ele-

Hilary returned no answer, and

到圖

Monsieur Lamartine could not decide

Monaleur Lamartine Gould Not De-cide Whether It Was a Sign of

hether it was a sign of strength or

of weakness. Still he was sure that a man who loved trees apart from their

"They would pay forty-five thousand lollars, cash," said the notary. "And

think the matter over for a while," he

said. "Mr. Merris, the manager, is away on business. He should be in

Quebec tomorrow, and perhaps he can arrange to take you up there."

my decision I shall let you know,

dal value was a dreamer and

have a real forest in bearing.

caller's frankness.

phant for you."

"Monsieur Lamartine," he said, "I'll

could dream of pulling out even."

er your uncle's legacy seriously."

CHAPTER I.

The Rosny White Elep The effice in Quebec which Georges Amartine, the notary, occupied was ocated inconspicuously in a small ocated inconspicuously in a small milding in an old part of the Lower ail, wiry, black-haired with an air of unconvincing plausibility about him, Monsieur Lamartine was seated at his desk, drumming his fingers, staring out of the window, and turning again to look at a letter signed Hilary Askew, when his boy bron him a card with the same name upon

it. Monsieur Lamartine frowned.
"Tell Monsieur Askew that I am busy with an important court case," he said. "Ask him to call at this time

The netary considered. "Well, tell him I'll see him in a few minutes," he

When the boy was gone he took down the telephone receiver and gave sieur Hilary Askew has turned

There was a sputtering at the other end of the line which made the notary

"I can't say. I haven't seen him yet," said Monsieur Lamartine, in an-swer. "But if I can't send him home with a smile on his lips and a check in his pocket I shall try to keep him in Quebec until I have seen you. And you'd better try to get Morris by long distance and warn him. Good-by." He hung up the receiver, rang for the boy and told him to admit Mr. Then he rose to receive his

He looked at Hilary keenly as he shook hands with him. The young man was different from what he had expected. He was about as big, and he had the same air of American energy; but he appeared more determined, he looked like one of those uncomfortable noked like one or these under the have the knack of disentangling themselves from sephistries. However, Hilary looked good-natured. And he was certainly inexperienced.

Monsieur Lamartine gave him a chair and looked very plausible indeed. "Your visit has followed very close upon your letter, Mr. Askew," he said. Perhaps you did not get mine, advising you to wait before coming to Que

"No," said Hilary, "but I would have come anyway. I want to get this mat-

"The American haste," said the no-tary looking almost ingenuous. "But the law is not to be taken by storm. least of all in Quebec. It is only a month since your uncle died. Perhaps it will be months before we can turn over the property to you. I understand that you were not in close touch with your uncle during his latter years?"

"I hadn't seen him since I was a boy That was what made the legacy a surprising one. He had not shown any interest in me. I had a hard fight to get through my ferestry course. So when I heard that I had become the owner of a tract of a hundred square miles it seemed like an intervention of Providence. That is almost a king dom, sir."

"Ten miles by ten?" inquired the notary, smiling. "Well, I suppose it does seem a large territory to you, al-though the Rosny seigniory was one of the smallest of the old feudal grants It is almost the last on the north shere of the St. Lawrence that remains the hands of the original family."

"Four hundred thousand dollars ms a big sum for my uncle to have paid for it," said Hilary.

"Your uncle," said Monsieur Lama: tine, beginning to drum softly, "made this investment against the advice of a good many people. The Rosny tim-ber rights are practically valueless, be-cause the wood is principally balsam stead of pine and spruce.' The notary sighed. "Well, at least

He noted that Hilary only watched him instead of answering, and he began to feel that he would not be dis-posed of as easily as he had antici-

pay its way," continued Monsieur La-martine. "Your uncle paid three hundred and fifty thousand for the cutting against the law which places a lim on the size of trees. Seven inches for ick, or swamp sprace, I believe; tweive for white spruce; tweive or thirteen for pine. And nearly all the trees on the Rosny limits that aren't der the legal size. Your uncle sank half his fortune in it. He was excuse me eccentric. This is the case: the timber cannot be cut except at a loss, on account of its sparseness and the high cost of transpertation. The balsam fir is too gummy to make any but inferior paper, below the standard even of the newspapers. It occupies the greater portion of the tract, together with second growth birch, which is, of course, of use only for firewood. The expenses offer. Will you let me have the pa-pers, Monsieur Lamsrtine, including the last half-yearly statement and the map of the limits?"

But it is entirely irregular, Mr. As-

kew, Beally—"
"Let me have the papers, please,"
said Hilary, smiling. "And you need
have no fear that you will be held reright there as Mr. Morris."
"Of course, if that is your decision.

there is nothing more to any," answered the other brusquety. He pulled out a drawer and removed an envelope containing some documents. "You will find the statement here," he said. "Mr. Morris has the books and the map of St. Boniface. I wish you a pleasant journey, sir. You wish me

Hilary, "But I suppose some be done with the wood. There are uses besides pulp-wood to which the timber can be put?"

Monsieur Lamartine drummed his fingers for quite a while before answering.

"A company with a large capital starts for St. Boniface tomorrow merning, in spite of all my representations."

"A company with a large capital might find it commercially profitable to develop your tract," he said presently. "But no man without an ample fortune and a thorough knowledge of

came over the wire. It was well into the afternoon when in," said Hilary. "I'm pleased to have met you, Mr. Coanell." wall tri-weekly mall boat. For fity "Wait a minute," said the foreman

tell you how I view the matter. I didn't build any extravagant hopes upon my uscle's legacy. I'm not constructed that way. What I want prinor sixty miles below Quebec the country, sparsely inhabited though it is, and primitive, contains settlements with shingled houses, hotels, tourists in season; and it was not until the St. Lawrence widened into the Gulf that Hilary realised, almost with surprise, that the ship was sailing into a testithat the ship was sailing into a temptory as primitive as it had been a some of years after Jacques Cartier landed. Something of the pointwell nature of the land entered Hillsey's heart and gripped it. He had never known what it was he wanted. But he know now; it was to take held of a virgin land and tame it, to granule with the new it. "I'm tired of hunting a job here and a job there to tend somebody else's trees. I'm tired of other people's trees. I want my own trees. I want to see St. Boniface tract and see what I can make of it. I'm going to show my uncle, Monsieur Lamartine, that he sized me up wrong."

Monsieur Lamartine smiled at his lag the deck of the little ship, he felt that his desires hed come to light as that his desires had come to light at the moment when their fulfillment had

He looked about him with app when he stood upon the porch of the tiny hetel at St. Boniface. Noticity else had got off the boat, and evident else had get en the boat, and evidenly the landiged of the little hotel expected notedy. After an ineffectual
attempt to enter into conversation with
him, in which landly a word was nutually intelligible. Bliary gave up the
short and started up the him road
which led, he surmined, toppare the

The whole settler about the shores of the little bay. Be-pond it were the memtains, on either side the forest-clad hills, broken, on the east, by an lalet, and on the west by the deep cleft of the Bocky river, whose mouth, closed by a boom, was a congested mass of logs. Hilary crossed the bridge and ap-

preached the mill. Two or three men, lounging outside the store, locked at him without any sign of interest. Everything was very still and peace-ful; there was hardly a sound to be heard except the distant hum of the mill machinery.

Between the dam and the store

upon a tegrain heaped with tin came and miscellaneous debris, were piles of wood in four-foot lengths, each comprising about two hundred cords. Kneeling at the narrow end of one of these piles was a little man, whose clean-shaven upper lip, the whiteness of which contrasted with a sun-blackened face, indicated that a mustache had grown these presents. ened face, indicated that a mustache had grown there recently. He was scaling, or measuring, the pile, and muttering as he added up his figures. Hilary surveyed the lumber. It was unrossed, and most of it was binek spruce; there was also some white spruce and a little pine. The mass in the river, if it consisted of wood of the same quality, hardly substantiated Lamartine's statements.

"You seem to have some good spruce on the seignlery," said Hilary. The little man leaped to his feet, waving his arms. "What you want that would enable you to realize your own aspirations. You are fond of fishing, Mr. Askew? Think it over. Spend a week here—two weeks. Look about you. Inspect our fine old city. Do you here?" he demanded. "Strangers are not permitted on the company's prop-erty. If you want to buy at the store,

now we are the only walled city on Hilary looked down coelly at the He stepped; perhaps he saw Hilary excited little man. "I'm Mr. Askew, redden, perhaps his instinct warned him to do so. and I've come to take charge of my roperty," he answered.

The little man was bereft of vocal "What I want," said Hilary, "is the powers for quite some time. "The offer is too small? I doubt-"

"But Mr. Morris, he ain't here," he "I will discuss that after I have seen gasped at length. "Well, he ought to be here. That's what I'm paying him for," said Hilary. What's your name?"

"Jean-Marie Baptiste."
"Berhaps you didn't expect me, Moa-

Quebec tomorrow, and perhaps he can arrange to take you up there."

"I am thinking of going at a very early date," said Hilary, "in fact, by the boat tomorrow."

"Mr. Askew, I assure you, you had better wait for Mr. Morris. He is a man of expert judgment. You cannot have a better adviser, and he has absolutely no personal interest one way or another. There are so many things to consider; and then—you don't speak French, do you?"

"Berhaps you didn't expect me, Moadeur Baptiste?"

"Hely Name, no! It was said that you had sold est to the company."

"What company?" demanded Hilary, "The company at Ste. Marie. Monsteur Brousseau's company."

"See here, Baptiste?"

"See here, Baptiste," said Hilary, taking the other by the arm. "Let us begin by understanding each other. I know nothing about any company except myself. I own this district, the land, the timber, the mill. Have you got that?" get that?"

"It would not help you, anyway. The dialect up at St. Boniface is seven-teenth century. They are a wild lot up there, a very had lot of people; smugglers and peachers, Mr. Askew."

Hilary, who had already sensed Lamartine's objection to his going to St. Boniface, awakened to suspicion at last. "I shall leave on tomorrow morning's boat," he said. "When I have made my decision I shall let you knew."

Jean-Marte gaped again, and then diplomatically disengaged himself.

"I guess you want to see Mr. Content to foreman," he said. "It start with the foreman," he sa

think I stall refuse your company's time to time over his slivelier as its

All was to be within any

created a good deal of sensation, for presently two clerks, as well as the two loungers, who had gone inside, came to the door and stared. Disengaging himself from among these came the foreman, a tall, lean, lanky New Englander, whose deliberate slouch and typical bearing warmed Hilary's heart instantly. He knew the type e no tear that you will be here to nationally and typical bearing warmen and typical bearing warmen transce. I imagine I have as much heart instantly. He knew the type, knew it as only one with the New Englishment of the national transcent instantly.

cision, land blood knows his own.

"an"I'm Lake Connell, at your service,
He Mr. Askew," said the foreman, coming
red an up to Hilary and standing respectfully fore him. "I suppose I should have let you peo-

ple know that I was coming," He wondered why Lafe Connell whistled; he knew nothing about Brousseau's telephoned warning.

"I guess you'll find things upset a little," said Connell. "Mr. Morris has been away for a couple of weeks, seeing to his other interests, and I can't exactly do much for you till he comes back. It's our slack month, you know, Mr. Askew. The men don't go into woods until September, and we don't keep a large force employed on the mill work."

"Tomorrow's soon enough to start

"If you don't mind having me, I'll go up to the hotel with you. Maybe there'll be some things that you'll want to ask me."

"All right," said Hilary. They went together silently across the shaking bridge and ascended the hill, each quietly taking stock of the other. At the top, where a branch road ran off at right angles to that which crested the cliff, a figure on horseback appeared in the distance. It was a girl, riding side-saddle. As

take the branch road without scatter ing the dust, passing within a few feet of Hilary. He saw that she was about twenty years of age, or a little more slight, very straight upon the seddle, with gray-blue eyes and brown hair blown by the wind about her flushed cheeks. There was a com dignity and simplicity about her, both in her demeanor and in the way she rode, and in her acknowledgment of

Connell's greeting.
Hilary watched her canter up the road till she had disappeared among the trees. Then he realized that he had not taken his eyes off her since he had first seen her.

"That," said Lafe, "Is Mamzelle



Madeleine Rosny. Her father's what "The owner of the Chateau?" asked Hilary, although he knew this per-

"Yes, Mr. Askew. I guess she wouldn't have smiled so pleasant if she had known who you was." "Why, Mr. Connell?"

sell out to your uncle. But I guess culty there, Mr. Askew. And you see, he was land poor, like the rest of them, Mr. Morris representing both concerns, and Mamzelle Madeleine must have he naturally does his best by both of cost him a mint of money finishing up 'em."

in the convent at Paris, France."

Hilary's suspicions, dormant even
Hilary turned this over in his mind after the interview with Lamartine, in the convent at Paris, France." as they continued their walk along the were now thoroughly aroused. cliff and then down the road to the hotel. The idea of any personal ill-with us, except for the lease of the feeling on the Seigneur's part or on will and the right-of-way down the that of his family had not occurred to river," mused Hillary. "Who is this him. Though he did not expect to meet Monsieur Rosny, except possibly "Why, I guess he's the big man of "He's the in the course of his business, he was the district," said Lafe. "He's the conscious of a feeling of regret, and also of a half-formed resolution, the nature of which he would not admit,

In the hotel the landlord's wife was already preparing supper. They ate an omelet, washed down with strong tes and followed by raspherries and cream. Then they went out on the porch and lit their pipes.

"You are the foreman, I under-

"You are the foreman, I under stand?" asked Hilary.

"Yes, Mr. Askew. I took the job soon after your uncle bought the timber rights. I'd been up here for the Shoeburyport Gazette, which was looking for a pulp supply. Mr. Morris offered me the job, and I took it. And it deliberately, Mr. Askew. When the sorry ever since."

fore. Now you take a Dutchman or a Dago—their ways ain't our ways, but they re more or less human. These people ain't. They paint their houses fellow and green, when they paint 'em at all. I never saw a yellow house with a green porch in my life till I come up here."

"Just a difference of texts. We can

"Just a difference of taste, Mr. Con-

"Maybe," said Lafe, spitting. "Maye it's all right not to have sense to plaster their houses, so as to freeze to death in winter time. Maybe it's all right to run to Father Lucy when there's a forest fire, instead of getting to work and putting it out. Maybe he can pray it out for them. I got nothing against the place, except that my wife Clarice and the kids ore in Sheeburyport, and I'd rather rot here alone than oring 'em up. But what's the use? here and I got to stay here," he ended, shrugging his shoulders.

Lafe was a bad cross-questioner, and the task put upon him by Brousseau was not only uncongenial but impossible for a man of his temperament. However, he made a valiant attempt to draw Hilary out. "You're thinking of spending some time here, Mr. Askew?" he asked.

"I've come to take charge. I'm going to stay," said Hilary, a Lafe looked at him curiously. What sort of a man could this be who chose of his volition to reside in St. Boni-

"I guess you'll change your mind when you've seen it a little longer," he "On the contrary. Mr. Connell, I mean to take hold, and I mean to make it pay. It hasn't paid very well, I me

ierstand?" Lafe foundered. "Twe heard it

don't pay as much as it ought."
"I understand that most of the tim-ber is below the size at which cutting is allowed?" Lafe stared at him. "Why, ther rules are for government land!" he answered. "You can cut any size on freehold. The timber ain't so bad—

leastways, some of it ain't." Hilary began to think hard. On this eint Lamartine had clearly and defiitely lied to him. "Too much fir on the property?" he

"Why, there is some fir," conceded Lafe. "But there's some good spruce along the Rocky river," he added, again oblivious of his instructions. "I saw a good pile in the river."

"Why, that ain't our cutting no such of it," said Lafe. "Most of that comes from the Ste. Marie limits." "Where is Ste. Marie?"

"Ste. Marie's two miles along the coast, beyond our settlement," said Lafe. "Most of our hands come from there. It's a tough place, Mr. Askew. seen some tough towns in the West, out this has got 'em all beat, with the smuggling of brandy, and the drinking, and the fights every Saturday night—there was a man knifed there last week; and not a policeman within fif-ty miles, and nobody except Father Lucy, and he can't hold 'em.

"What I want to know," said Hilary, "is, what this company is that you speak about, and how they come to use cky river for their logs. Lafe hesitated, but only for a mo-

ent. Then he mentally cast Brousseau to the winds; for, after all, if Hilary meant to know, nobody could prevent it, Brousseau's instructions "It's this way, Mr. Askew," he said.

"Mr. Morris and Mr. Brousseau have a company of their own. Their limits touch ours on the west, across the river, and run ten miles or so back into the bush, right alongside ours. They got the right to float their logs

"And use the mill?"
"Mr. Morris leases the use of our mill by the year to the company." Hilary was staggered for the moent. Morris, as his uncle's manager, leasing the mill to Morris, a partner in eau's company, seemed a queer "How do they tell our lumber from

"Why, Mr. Connell?"

Lafe jerked his thumb vaguely about the horizon. "Proud old boy." he explained. "Family's been here nigh on a thousand years, I guess—leastways, since them Frenchmen first came to this continent. Hated like thunder to this continent. Hated like thunder to the continent of t theirs?" asked Hilary presently.

here; tells 'em how to vote and gets 'em out of vrouble. He ain't good to to put relations upon a pleasant foot- his father, though. That was old Jacques Brousseau in the store, the "I didn't see him."

"He was Mr. Rosny's slave, or what-ever they called them, in the old times, before these people becam free."

"Why?"

"It's a h—of a country," answered house servants up at the Chateau, he wanted to be a big man, for which Late frankly. "I never guessed such it don't blame him. He got his way,

"The old man hates and despises him, and he's been fighting against it for a long time, but he seen what's coming to him and I guess he's made up his mind he'll have to stomach it. rousseau's staked old Mr. ltosny's. oride against his love, and I guess he's won his stake and won Mamzelle Madeleine into the bargain." He rose. "That'll be all for tonight,

Mr. Askew?" he asked. Hilary rose too. "Thanks, Mr. Con-nell," he said. "In the morning I shall ask you to show me around the place." He didn't follow Lafe Connell inside the hotel, but sat upon the porch, musing. Late had enlightened him on several points. He doubted whether Lamartine hall spoken anything approaching truth concerning the proprty, and he was sure that Morris and Brousseau were the company in whose behalf he had offered forty-five thousand dellars. There would be need of a good many explanations from Morris. Yet Hilary felt instinctively that it was Brousseau, not Morris, with whom he would have to contend.

On the face of the soft night rose the face of Madeleine Rosny painted with surprising clearness. He saw the blue of her eyes, the curve of her



He Saw the Blue of Her Eyes, the Curve of Her Flushed Cheek, the Dignity and Gentleness and Pride That Blended in Her Looks.

flushed cheek, the dignity and gentleness and pride that blended in her looks. If ever he had any quarrel with Brousseau, he would show him-Then he cursed himself for a fool, and, entering the hotel, took his lame and went up to his room.

CHAPTER IL

Lafe Connell Explains. After breakfast the next morning Hilary hired Monsieur Tremblay's and started out with La the intention of covering a portion of the limits and seeing the operations of

the jobbers; he also meant to keep his eyes open as to the nature of the timber: The buggy surmounted a hill, and another hill appeared in the distance. Here and there, scattered along the roadside, were solitary cabins, with

little patches of cultivated ground "And on the right of the road is the Ste. Marie territory?" asked Hilary. "Yep, Mr. Askew. The two runs neck and neck back into them the tains, We turn off presently. We haven't

corked this district yet" ...... noted the Brst-growth apruce along the banks. "Why don't we cut this, anyway, if the rest is mainly fir?" he asked. "There's enough lui ber here to fill our dam instead of the Ste. Marie company's logs."

Lafe answered volubly, but did net meet Hilary's eyes.

"You see, Mr. Askew," he began explain, "it's this way. There's a good deal of fir on our property, an what pine and spruce there is is small-There was a big fire over this district fifteen years or so ago. Now Mr. Morris calculates that if we go slow for a while and give the trees hance to grow, they'll be worth twice as much in a few years. We're de-

Hilary's hand fell on Lafe's shoul-"Connell," he said, "I brought you up here with me to learn the truth from you. You're going to sign on again on October first, and it's me you're going to sign with, not Mr. Morris. Now tell me the facts about all this"

Lafe stammered and hung his head like a schoolboy caught in wrongdoing. But Hilary's hand was grip ping his shoulder, and at last Lafe raised his head and looked straight at Hilary.

"If I thought you'd stick here," he said, "I guess I'd back you to the lim-But you'll never stand for St. Boniface, Mr. Askew. They're so infernally slow here, they ain't got human ways, sir. And they're crooked. thought, when I heard you was coming, you'd be like Mr. Morris-I me wise to the game—but you ain't. I guess most business is crooked everywhere, but here it's crooked all through. You'll be selling out to Mr. Brousseau in a month's time, and that'll be my finish."

"You're dead wrong, Connell," answered Hilary. "I like the looks of

this country, and I'm here to stay, yourself to be what you are, my paid employee. And you can count on my standing by you." He held his hand out. For a mo-

ment Lafe Connell's keen gray eyes met his searching inquiry; then he took Hilary's hand and wrung it. "I believe you mean what you say, Mr. Askew," he returned. "And you car reckon on me so far as my duty

"I suppose that tale about the Rosny seigniory being nothing but fir is lie, Connell?" asked Hilary presently, as the pony ambled through valley overgrown with red pine. "Mostly," said Lafe. "There is a

deal of fir, but there's enough spruce and pine to make the concession pay, if Mr. Morris wanted it to." "So Morris has been playing double?" Lafe nodded. "You see, Mr. Askew. it's this way," he said. "When Morris came up here I believe he meant to man in a small way up in Ontario, and he wasn't wise to the game as it's played here. Here it's graft, and it's never been nothing else. So when Morris found your uncle didn't know

nothing about the business, and left it in his hands, he naturally fell for the game Brousseau was playing. "Brousseau is the big man up here, and he'd had his eye on the Rosny seigniory for a long time. He wanted to buy, but Rosny was sore on him, and he closed the deal with your unde instead. But afterward Brousseau got the mortgage on the Chateau and the little bit of land round it, to keep hold

"Well, the Rosny seignlory is the only piece of free-hold up this way. Beyond it's government land, and all round it's government land. Brousseau started in to squeeze your uncle out. And Morris went with him. He played double, as you were saying, Mr. Askew. The point of the whole game was to freeze out your uncle and get the property for a song. That's how it stands. Here we turn off into Mr. Leblanc's lease." "Who's he?"

"Your chief jobber," said Lafe, The buggy turned off through the forest along a new road. Here was some splendid timber, black and white spruce and tall white pine. The sound of axes began to be audible, and presently they reached a clearing, in which a number of frame shacks were under was a tall, rather fair man of about forty years, with a cast in one eye; and with him was a short, thickset man of great muscular power. The two looked up as the buggy approached, and the short man scowled "This is Mr. Leblanc," said Lafe. "Mr. Leblanc, this is Mr. Askew, the owner."

Leblanc put out his hand limply, but Hilary, nettled by his manner, did not take it

"Mr. Leblanc is clearing a camp for his next year's lease," continued Lafe. "But the lease is not signed?" asked Hilary. "It will be signed in October." an-

swered Leblanc. "I have arrange with Monsieur Morris" "You'll make your arrangements with me in future," said Hilary. "If the price is satisfactory, you can have

this tract." Leblanc stared at him insolently with his good eye, the other fixing a tree on Hilary's right. "I work for Mr. Morris. I make arrange with him,"

he answered. "See here, Leblanc, you didn't catch whe this gentlemen is," said Lafe. "This is Mr. Askew, the nephew of the late Mr. Askew. He has come into the property. He's boss. You get me, don't you, Leblanc?"

Leblanc shrugged his shoulders. Oh, yes, I understand," he answered, and, turning without another word, walked back toward the lumbermen, accompanied by the short man, whe was chuckling maliciously at Hilary's Hilary flushed, but Lafe laid his

hand on his wrist, closing the fingers about it with a viselike grip. "Steady, Mr. Askew, Don't let those fellows get you riled," he said. "If you're coming into this game it means steady work. You've got to hold back and hold back, until you've got things

They re-entered the buggy and, turning the horse, drove back. Presently Hilary cooled down, "Who was the little man?" he asked. "That's Pierre something-or-other, Black Pierre, he's called. He's Brousseau's chief crook. He's a troubleome man, Mr. Hilary. He'll bear

watching. "We'll fire him first thing," said Hil-"Why, he ain't hired by us," answered Lafe.

"Then what in thunder is he doing on my concession, talking to my chief "Well, there ain't no law against

it." said Lafe, with a humorous look on his face. "I guess them two are pretty thick together. "You see, Mr. Askew, it's this way."

he went on. "If you're going to clear up this mess, it ain't a bit of good going for the little fellows. They're the tail that Brousseau wags. Once you get Brousseau's hand out of your pre, the others follow him. When Pierre sees there ain't no more pick ings out of the St. Bontfate land he'll go back to the smuggling business." "Brandy-smuggling?"

"Why, he's the bad man of Ste. his rie. He runs cargoes of gin and brandy ashere from the south coast and there's never been a revenue officer in this district within human memory, nor would one dare to show his face here

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Historical Sir San

Their names cu upon endurable s ories cherished grateful people, of Frankford and their lives in the honored Wednesd a beautiful and was unveiled in t ford to their und Gen. the Hon. Sir mer Minister of N performed the cer witnessed by tho Almost every par represented, whi Frankford and the ney turned out Prominent amon were the relatives

Frankford and heavily in the wa gents were very la ficers and men wo in the field. Few seven of the youn trict surrendered cause of freedom proves this.

The monument dollars and is th Coughlin, of Peter pies a commandin school grounds, on The Rev. J. D. 1

saw, formerly of pied the chair. were men promine life of Canada and service. The pro with the singing of with Me", followed Rev. Mr. Knox. M with deep feelings Ffelds."

To Sir Sam. Hugh war minister, who i raising volunteer ar minion, fell the hor the memorial ston did not speak at gre ferred to the par Hastings in particula the great conflict. to the deeds of hero boys in France and his address he drew ings and the monume ed. The bugle sout Post", and comrades as a guard of h of three volleys over in tribute to the glo

"Erected by the cit ford and vicinity in soldiers who fell in 1914-1918. Their

foreverme Brigadier-General ston, voiced his grat honored with a place form on this day w done to the dead so and the vicinity.

## Mr. J. J. B. F Writes Abo Return

Editor Ontario.-Before continuing my return journey, I out what I think is a to citizens of Canada United States. Upon fore you reach the boundary, an America your name, age, parent are you going to 1 United States, your of there, and you pay this American money, losi count. You are told if Canada within six money will be returned treat visiting United in this manner. Why adians be submitted like an outrage?

During a former trip, White and Green Moun in the United States. Mount Washington views from the summit. ing, many mountain valleys and pines resen green velvet carpet. Cul appeared to be about tw The summit is a mass o observatory roof is rocks and heavy chains terrible tempests. I Mount Washington dangerous, because fogs the mountain, freque