

the grey *étouffe-du-pays*, short in the waist, long in the skirts, wide in the cuffs, and finished off with a low cut, deep collar and wide rolling lapels. Around his waist were bound the folds of a sash, of the kind known to this day as *ceinture stêché*, and probably handed down to him as a precious heir-loom through several generations. His breeches, of the same material as his coat, were thrust into the legs of a pair of the ordinary red leather beef moccasins of the country, which are still the usual foot wear of the French Canadian farmer, and whose easy fit is now appreciated by the city sportsman in his excursions.

Again those fiercely muttered exclamations; the upturned frozen earth in the wheel ruts crunching beneath his moccasins as he rapidly paces his beat, with head bent, and hands tightly clasped behind his back:

"You said you had something important to tell me, Monsieur de Bienville, and I came to hear it, though why you could'nt say it in the library by a comfortable fire, instead of bringing me out here at the risk to my bodily self of a cold in the head, and to my sensitive spirit of a lecture from your stately mother on the proper behaviour of a young lady, I can't for the life of me see. But forgive me, you seem worried and anxious about something—and this dress—what does it mean? Believe me, if I can be of any service to you—any advice"—

"Advice! No mademoiselle, unfortunately my friends have lately been giving me an overdose of that and I want no more from you—fool! is this the way to win a lady's favor—pardon my boorish speech, Miss Gordon, but I am troubled and spoke hastily, I want a kind



"WAR, WAR, MY NOBLE FATHER!"

"It must be! we must fight it out and see it to the bitter end if need be! But *she*, my fair English lily, what will *she* say when I tell her of my hopes, both as regards herself and my unhappy country? Will she listen to me, or laugh at me, or, worst of all, treat me with the cold indifference her people show ever to us? Is it a wild fancy, this dream of mine, that two young hearts should join together and strive in bonds of love to symbolize the peaceful union of two divergent interests? Or is this new born love but another burden laid upon my soul to try it as by a heavenly fire? I cannot, I will not give her up, for *I love her! I love her!* God help me if I am wrong in doing so, but to-night decides my fate. She promised to meet me here and"—

"Ah! Mademoiselle Evelyn—Miss Gordon I should say," this with a courtly bow of easy, natural gracefulness, "you startled me!"

word more than I do advice, even of the best. Listen: You cannot but have seen that important events have been impending and that our down-trodden people have at last aroused themselves to a final appeal to arms. You have heard the glorious news from St. Denis how Providence has guided our efforts and given us a great victory. Here in my old home the people are burning to join in the holy cause, and rightly look to their *seigneur* to show them an example. I do so! this dress is my pledge! I am one of the *Patriotes*, sworn to do, and, if need be, die, in the sacred name of Freedom!"

"Oh Monsieur Raoul!" she burst out, and, at the more friendly form of address he started in surprise, "think, I implore you, of what you are doing; even if your cause were ever so just, what chance have you of making any stand against the might of England's power, which will surely be brought in full force to crush any puny attempts your ill-disciplined *habitants*