

that the mare cleared the narrow Bush-path a little below Four Corners and drew up with heaving flanks; her glossy coat sweating and discoloured by the muddy waters of the Creek.

Ducaine tied the animal to a tree, shook the raindrops from his hat, and strode cautiously towards the village wharf—a long, low, wooden structure on piles which ran across the Ottawa river for a couple of furlongs. He turned off sharply towards the right, where it began to debouch upon the river, and came to a gate let into a rough stone wall.

After some trouble, Ducaine forced open the gate and stole towards a two-storied stone house which faced the river. The storm had now ceased, and a watery moon shone faintly out from the sullen sky, only to be overwhelmed from time to time by dark masses of cloud. Safely concealed among the bushes, Ducaine waited patiently for its reappearance. Suddenly a light shone in one of the upper windows; the door opened below; there was a confused murmur of voices, and a man walked down the rough path to the main gate.