

the fortifications. Quebec did not mean to admit these roisterers within her precincts, which were none too well guarded. Still the cannons looked rather formidable from their embrasures. But as little would these lawless men have cared to be under the guard of the soldiery.

They seemed to come to a pause. Indians and half-breeds threw down their packs. Some sat on them and gesticulated fiercely, as if on the verge of a quarrel. A few, who seemed the leaders, went about ordering, pointing to places where a few stakes had been driven. Great bundles were unpacked, a centre pole reared, and a tent was in progress.

"Why, it is like a magic play," and she clapped her hands in eager delight. "Will they live here? Oh, where is Laurent, I wonder. He ought to see this."

"They will live here a month or so. Some of the earlier ones will go away, new ones come. The company's furs will be packed and loaded on vessels for France, but there are plenty of others who trade on their own account. There will be roistering and drinking and quarrelling and dickering, and then the tents will be folded and packed and the throng take up their march for the great north again, and months of hunting."

It was fascinating to watch them. They were building stone fireplaces outside and kindling fires. Here some deft hands were skinning a moose or a deer and placing portions on a rude spit. And there was the