

"But Louis, you have not got that money, you won't get it until we reach Edmonton."

"Oh, bagosh, can't you leave me alone?" Louis growled fiercely, and impatiently shaking off the detaining hand, "If I am lose thees game, someone will write a note for me. The monee, she come sure. I'll be dam' if I can't do what I like with it. Come on, ma frien', I'm on the game."

And again he shuffled the cards. Again the Englishman won the deal. Amidst the crowd of interested watchers Louis looked at his first card, it was a five. He should have bet very little on that, but excitement was too much for him, and the fear that people would think him a coward.

"I bet \$25," he shouted, "and another card, please."

"I'll raise you \$25," said the dealer quickly, and dealt another card to them both. Louis's was another five.

He muttered fiercely under his moustache.

The Englishman looked at his second card, and said nothing, only looked at Louis questioningly,

"Yes," demanded Louis, "another card." This time he drew a ten, that was twenty spots, he stood at that. He was feeling more confident.

"Show down, then," said the dealer. Louis exposed his twenty spots.

The Englishman then turned up his two cards—one was a ten, the other an ace, a natural twenty-one!

That meant the loser had to pay double, that would be a \$100!

Louis was almost too excited to speak, his eyes were jumping, and he could not sit still; he began to swear incoherently.

"Sapre diable, of all the blankety, blank fool Engleeshman, he is the limit. I'll beat heem if we play all night."

Douglas Ward saw there was no good doing anything more. The gambling fever had completely taken possession of him, and he would not stop until all his money was gone,

perhaps all his other belongings as well, his gun, his blankets, his beaded jacket, and his sheath-knife.

It was a great disappointment. Louis Leblanc was such a good fellow, hardworking, uncomplaining, and always so cheerful. Douglas thought of the long trying summer, the hard work, the mosquitoes, the sandflays, the burning hot days, and the pouring rain. Louis had been cheerful through it all. He had done a share of the work, then had stooped over a smoky camp-fire, doing the cooking, perhaps when the other men were having a swim in the river. Struggling along all summer, with scant provisions, and miserable ways of cooking, he had always had meals ready—and now—it had been all done for nothing, his hard-earned money was gone.

He had a wife, too, Douglas knew, and a small family, at Lac St. Anne. What a beastly shame it was, it really ruined the success of the summer.

The next morning Louis thought that way too, and could almost have drowned himself, he felt so sorry and miserable. But the thing was done, and irretrievable, he knew. He had signed an I.O.U., and given it to the Englishman, for his whole summer's wages.

He was morosely packing their dishes into the canoe, when an Indian boy in a blanket touched him on the shoulder, and held out a dirty looking envelope, without saying a word. Louis took the envelope and could see his name was written on it. He opened it and held a single page of writing in his fingers. As he had never learnt to read or write more than his own name, it was incomprehensible to him.

At that moment the Englishman appeared, also bringing luggage to the canoes; he had to pass in front of Louis, who looked up, and said bashfully,

"Excuse to me, but will you read thees for me?"