

valley, in school and shop, in street and market place, to this day the tale is told, by calm-eyed, grey-haired men, whose roughened burr proclaims their Scottish blood.

By many a Canadian fireside, in the long hours of the winter evenings, the wide-eyed, wondering children hearken to the legends of the wit and guile of Murty McGonigal, the wild deeds of the Black Boys, the harrying of the McIntyres, the power, the pride and the undoing of the last Laird of McNab.

THE END