

this publication should be posted in three public places, on a mill-door, a distillery door, or a big tree at some of the cross roads.

We had then no cold storage, no asphalt streets, or sidewalks.

Just here my pen, as if guided by some secret spell, refuses to be confined to facts relative to older Canada and wings its way to far off Winnipeg, and points to the almost illimitable wheat fields, and innumerable elevators located between Fort Garry and the Rocky Mountains.

Qu'Appelle, Assn.

Under the King's Bastion

A ROMANCE OF QUEBEC

Serial Story written for the
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL By "HAROLD SAXON"

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)



UR voyager continued to gaze at the receding grandeur of the huge outlines, till they were lost to view round a point, and then they came down to ordinary levels, and were disgusted to find a party of men playing cards in the saloon, and some listless young ladies yawning over a sensational novel. During the afternoon a brief but violent thunderstorm broke over the river, and echoed and re-echoed from side to side, now like the crash of the artillery of the mighty geni of the river directed at their frail craft, now like the low rumble of some grand Eolian organ, played by invisible agencies.

Carleton and Aline found much to say to each other all afternoon, and incidentally he told her a good deal of his previous life, and she felt sincere sympathy for the lonely boyhood she could see he had spent, the only person who had taken any interest in him being a bachelor god-father, of whom he seemed very fond. And so they came again to Tadoussac, and plunged out into the open St. Lawrence, leaving behind them regretfully the sombre Saguenay and its fascinating retreats. Crossing the river they were much amused by seeing an enormous shoal of porpoises diving and flopping up again all round the boat, the gleaming white bodies tossing themselves above the surface for a moment, then rolling over into the deep again with a puff and a snort.

That evening Aline sat at the bow of the boat, grudging every moment that brought the trip nearer to its end. Yesterday morning these two days had stretched out interminably before her mind's eye—now, the hours simply took wings and would not be held back. Carleton had arranged a cosy nook for her with a cushion and a rug, and she felt his care and tenderness anticipating all her wishes. They had been talking of all sorts and conditions of things, and then suddenly a silence fell upon them, and they were content just to be together, they two alone, under the wavering moonlight. Almost unconsciously Aline said softly.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll."

Then Carleton looked at her, all his love in his honest eyes, could she have seen it, and she knew by the thrill that comes only once in life, that she need deceive herself no

longer—this stranger had become for better for worse the lord of her life, whom henceforth she delighted to honor. What Carleton would have said is uncertain, inasmuch as it was never uttered, for at that instant a piercing shriek startled every one on board, as a dark object was hurled from the upper deck into the shadowy river. A family among the passengers was to leave the vessel at Murray Bay, which would be reached in another half hour, and a noisy twelve-year-old boy, left to himself in the hurry of preparation, had lost his footing while climbing on the railing. Scarcely realizing what had happened Carleton and Aline sprang to their feet, and could only distinguish, amid the confusion, that someone had gone overboard. The young man instantly kicked away his shoes, and was pulling off his coat, when Aline said with shaking lips: "What are you going to do?" "Dive for him," he answered quickly. "I am a strong swimmer, and the moon is bright." Then he turned to the railing, but she caught his arm with a smothered cry: "Some one else," was on her lips, as she realized, with a gasp of fear, what this man was to her.

He turned, saw the terror in the girl's face, and gently disengaging her hand, said passionately: "Would you care, really, Aline?" and then was gone into the cold, deceitful depths. It had all occurred in a moment, and now Aline stood alone, rooted to the deck, unable to take her eyes from the spot where he had disappeared, and clasping tightly the coat which he had thrust into her hands. There the others found her, and the look on her face convinced Mrs. Fortescue that her niece had given her heart to the man now struggling beneath the waves, as the bystanders told her, for Aline herself was speechless.

Amid shouts, waving of lanterns and throwing of life-belts, the little group were almost jostled into the river themselves, and to Aline the agony seemed prolonged for hours. She did not hear Clifford say with light carelessness, as he strolled up with a cigar between his lips, "What did he do it for, anyway? Only one soul more in Paradise," but Edith did, and with haughty scorn moved away from him, and did not speak to him again that night.

Only a brief moment really elapsed, before Carleton rose, looking carefully round, and with a few vigorous strokes, grappled the boy, just sinking for the second time. Meanwhile the necessary orders had been given, and willing hands hauled the young man and his senseless burden on to the low freight deck. He escaped from the volley of praise and congratulation that assailed him, and was going to his state-room, after wringing out some of his dripping garments, when Mrs. Fortescue and Aline, who was still carrying his coat, met him. The latter clasped his wet hand in both of hers, and though she said nothing, her eyes were eloquent with feeling. "We are all proud of our friend," said Mrs. Fortescue, and Aline looked at her gratefully. "Now," she continued, interrupting his protests that there had been no danger, "if you are as sensible as I think you, you will go at once to bed. It is nearly ten o'clock, and I shall bring you a hot drink in a quarter of an hour, so I won't say good-night yet."

"I suppose I must obey orders," said Carleton with a lingering smile at Aline, as she gave him his coat and he retreated.

Aline was not given to hysterics, but now that the excitement was over, she trembled so much that Mrs. Fortescue promptly despatched both girls to their state-room, reminding them they were to land at six o'clock the next morning. Then she betook herself to Carleton's room, in time to hear outpourings of voluble thanks from the excited French parents of the boy, who had recovered under a doctor's hands, and would be none the worse for his exploit. Telling them they had better hasten, as the boat was about to reach Murray Bay, she managed to get them away, and Carleton laughingly thanked her, and swallowed quite gratefully the decoction she had prepared. After which she bade him good-night in motherly fashion, and, knowing instinctively he would hate to be "fussed over," she left him to close his eyes in drowsy contentment.

It was long, however, before sleep visited Aline's pillow. The scene she had witnessed rose again and again before her eyes, and through it all she heard his voice saying in tender accents: "Would you really care, Aline?"

Next morning he was on deck before any of them. His evening swim had only made him sleep well, he declared, and begged them not to mention the subject again. Clifford felt himself quite aggrieved, and made a few satirical remarks, which Mrs. Fortescue, however, quietly checked.

So ended their Saguenay trip—an eventful time for two of them at least.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was apparent, even to the unwilling eye of Clifford himself, that he was not gaining in Edith's favor, and he determined to put his luck to the test once for all, and make her listen to him, be the result what it might. Chance favored him a few days after their return from the Saguenay, for he found Edith alone, and as she had no valid reason for a refusal, she consented to go out to the Governor's Garden with him, having the feeling she might as well get the ordeal over. As soon as they were seated under the trees he began without his usual self-confidence: "You must know why I have brought you here, Miss Darrell. I have long wished to tell you that I love you."

"Please do not go on, Mr. Clifford," she said quietly. "I was afraid this would happen, and I have tried to avoid it, as you must have noticed. I am engaged already to be married."

"Engaged!" almost shouted Clifford, aghast. "Why have you never told me?"

"My friends have not approved till quite lately, and I scarcely thought it was a matter of vital importance to you, for though you have done me the honor to propose to me, I cannot help feeling that your disappointment will not be irreparable."

Clifford was stunned, but he managed to say angrily: "You have all deceived me very well indeed; you knew I wanted to marry you, and you led me on—"

"I think you are forgetting yourself, Mr. Clifford. You know I never encouraged your attentions," said Edith, indignantly. "As I have told you, my engagement has only been a settled thing for a few weeks back; and if it had been of older date, was I to announce to every man I met, 'You must not fall in love with me, for I am not to be won'? We are all very grateful to you for your kindness