

are no longer Factor's crew. They are Governor's crew, and to the middlemen I add Smoking Pine and Spotted Deer. And you, Drummond, I make chief Brigade Leader of all the Hudson's Bay Company's brigades."

A second time the vociferous cheer thundered out, the generous-hearted tribute of the brigade men to these honoured officers, and the officers in grim pride acknowledged the tribute—all but Eugene Drummond.

His *diable* mystery was dissolving at last, and, unthinking of his high appointment, his volatile face worked, his milk-white teeth gleamed, his thin nostrils quivered, his coal-black eyes danced as he stared at Andrews on the pier loosing the cord to drop his brand-new cassock and pull away the mosquito veil.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Eugene, gesticulating with outstretched finger and streaming his raven hair this way and that with nervous head jerks. "*Mon Dieu!*—look dere!"

Carlisle, Joan, and Wayne wheeled swiftly, but Andrews was not there.

By the discarded cassock and mosquito veil stood a tall, straight, handsome, gray-haired, grave-faced stranger in the ancient but dashing uniform of Butler's Rangers.

"By the Doom—Captain Charles Carlisle!" identified Wayne.