

Chapter Ninetecn

*" Ah, fils du roi, tu es m  chant,
En roulant ma boule,
Toutes les plumes s'en vont au vent,
Rouli roulant, ma boule roulant."*

" Way wik ! way wik ! " commanded Me-en-gan, sharply, from the bow.

The men quickened their stroke and shot diagonally across the current of an eddy.

" Ni-shi-shin," said Me-en-gan.

They fell back to the old stroke, rolling out their full-throated measure.

*" Toutes les plumes s'en vont au vent,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois dames s'en vont les ramassant,
Rouli roulant, ma boule roulant."*

The canoe was now in the smooth rush of the first stretch of swifter water. The men bent to their work with stiffened elbows. Achille Picard flashed his white teeth back at the passengers,