

ST. GEORGE:

OR,

THE CANADIAN LEAGUE.



CHAPTER I.

THE POWER OF KNOWLEDGE.

RODOLPHE himself was now deadly pale, and slightly agitated. He drew forth from his pocket a sheet of paper, and placed it on the table beside the inkstand, as if for the purpose of taking notes. He then locked all the doors, and approached St. George. Placing his finger on the forehead of the latter, he said to him, "You are still deaf?"

The latter gazed at him vacantly, but made no reply.—Meanwhile Edmund Rodolphe stood in the middle of the apartment, as if spell bound, until the return of his enchantment. When the latter again approached him, he appeared all attentive, and stood as if waiting his commands.

"Now," said the Biologist, "I wish you to answer me truly, and speak low——"

"Who are you?"

"I am Edmund Rodolphe—but I am known by the name of Ferrars."