

The Road to Frontenac.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN MENARD HAS A LAZY DAY.

CAPTAIN DANIEL MENARD leaned against the parapet at the outer edge of the citadel balcony. The sun was high, the air clear and still. Beneath him, at the foot of the cliff, nestled the Lower Town, a strip of shops and houses, hemmed in by the palisades and the lower battery. The St. Lawrence flowed by, hardly stirred by the light breeze. Out in the channel, beyond the merchantmen, lay three ships of war, *Le Fourgon*, *Le Profond*, and *La Perle*, each with a cluster of supply boats at her side; and the stir and rattle of tackle and chain coming faintly over the water from *Le Fourgon* told that she would sail for France on the morrow, if God should choose to send the wind.

Looking almost straight down, Menard could see the long flight of steps that climbed from