

quired the habit of talking softly to herself on her solitary wanderings through the forest.

"Pierre," she would whisper, then louder, "Pierre," and one day an answer came. She had followed a trail through the thicket to the willow-draped shore of a stream whose rippling sounds she sometimes fancied were trying to convey her messages from the beloved ones on a kindred stream far away, and she would bend her state head close to the surface that she might catch the message; but always it went on singing a song she could not interpret. On the opposite shore there were two tall boulders that she was fond of imagining were Kondiaronk and Pierre waiting for her. Often she addressed them in plaintive tones, telling them how long she had waited and how weary she had grown, and now that they had come, how glad she was—but never a word of the White Rabbit.

One day, as she talked to these imaginary people, a voice as low and musical as the rippling of the stream answered. The things she had been imagining had become so real that the voice occasioned no surprise, nor was she startled when the bushes parted and the head and shoulders of Joncaire, her father's friend, protruded.

"Pierre, where is he?" she asked. "Pierre is with the braves fighting and searching for his Winona. Thy father, the chief, is looking elsewhere, and sorrow is making an old man of him since the Senecas carried the Sunshine from his home. I have lately left him, and on my way I met a Seneca, wild with fire water, who told me where to find you. For two days I have waited for you to come."

"And now Winona can go with Joncaire to Pierre?" she asked.

"Not yet, my child. We are among enemies. I must get some of our people and together we will take the Sunshine back to the Kennebec. Meet me here when five suns have set and then you shall come with us. Till then, farewell."

It was all so like a dream come true. Could it really be that she was going back to her people? Would Joncaire find Pierre, and would he come for her? At the full of the moon Carrokese would return with glory and prowess, but she would not be there to see it—she would be gone.

At sunset on the fifth day the girl took a silent farewell of the wigwam and all that had become so familiar in the last few months, and went out as if only for her usual walk. One treasure, and only one, she carried with her from

the Mohawk camp—a rabbit's paw that Carrokese had given her.

True to his appointment, Joncaire and his comrades waited by the overhanging willows for their ward, and messengers had been sent to Kondiaronk to convey the good news. Joncaire's plan was to join the Baron St. Castine, who at that time negotiating with the Five Nations, and to travel under his protection as far as their trails lay together. By that time they would be met by Kondiaronk and Pierre, and the long delayed restoration take place.

Happy at last because her captivity was over, and reflecting that, after all, it had not been so bad—certainly not so bad as if there had been no White Rabbit—lulled by the dripping paddles, she fell asleep.

Travelling mostly by night, and concealing themselves by day, for they had to pass through the territory of the Oneidas Onondagas, they arrived at the rendezvous almost simultaneously with the Baron. They now hoped to travel in comparative safety, for the French and English were treaty-bound to peace. It seemed, indeed, that Winona's troubles were over. But in those turbulent days nothing was certain except Indian craft and cunning, too often aided by the white man; and so it was now. The negotiations with the Baron were

but a ruse to secure his person. He with his party, as well as Joncaire and his friends were made prisoners. This time, the Abenaki girl was really a prisoner. No solitary strolls, no White Rabbit, and she longed for home and freedom as she had never done in the Mohawk camp.

A courier brought the news of the capture to Pierre, who raged like a Frenchman with seven devils, and swore a fresh vengeance on those who had a second time stolen his bride-to-be. But helpless to rescue her with his handful of weary and discouraged men, like a madman he plunged into the solitude of the forest, followed by only one or two devotees who were loth to leave him alone in his grief.

Meantime, Carrokese had found more glory awaiting him than he had anticipated even in his most extravagant boasting. The harvest moon had waned and September's gold crescent hung in the sky ere he wended his way campwards. It was then that Pierre was wandering through the woods brooding over his sorrow. Canassatiago, next in rank to Carrokese, leading the band, espied two men ahead of him, one of them a Frenchman, whose nationality marked him as a prize not to be missed. He took aim and fired. The man fell, and Winona had but one lover left. Pierre's two companions were captured, and Carrokese, coming up, learned from them who the dead man was, and forbade his being scalped.

Was it Indian diplomacy, or was it the seed springing up that had been sown years ago by the Jesuit missionary when the White Rabbit was a prisoner himself? What was it that saved Pierre's scalp? Ask Winona!

Poor Pierre would never "wed as the Indians wed," but he would be buried as the Indians bury, in kneeling posture, with food and tomahawk on a light to burn above his grave, thanks to his magnanimous enemy.

At last the Baron and Joncaire were released, but the girl was detained, crushed with a grief that her stoic nature dare not indulge as Pierre had indulged his. Joncaire had often acted the part of ambassador to unfriendly tribes with much honor and success, and he now determined upon interceding with the Confederation for the release of Winona and the other prisoners.

He arrived with much dignity and many gifts and asked for an audience. It so happened that once again all the chiefs were in council together, and Carrokese, now a most distinguished person, was among them. With true Indian eloquence and French diplomacy, for there was French blood in Joncaire's veins, he pleaded, promising not to avenge the death of the Frenchman if the girl were released unharmed. Carrokese listened, apparently unmoved, while the man interceded, and when the council adjourned for consultation, knowing their own superiority, numerically and strategically, they were all opposed to making any terms with the half-breed except Carrokese. His was the dissenting voice, and his newly acquired prestige won the day. Not only were the prisoners released, but a band of Mohawks escorted them to the borders of their own land.

When the springtime came again, a proud warrior chieftain paid a visit to his old friend and enemy Kondiaronk at Nanrautsouak on the bank of the Kennebec. When it became known that his mission was peaceful, there was much banqueting and exchanging of gifts, and when he came away, a daughter of the people, an Indian princess, followed, carrying his gun and powder horn, and from her neck hung a rabbit's paw.

The sounds represented by the letters A and O are, in English, compound sounds, the first ending in E, and the latter in OO. The Scotsman does not add these final touches, and then wonders why people discover from his pronunciation that he is "Scotch."

"Pibroch" is a martial strain adapted to the bagpipes. Lord Byron, who had some Highland blood without much Highland experience was sharply criticised for (apparently) mistaking "pibroch" for bagpipes. The reviewer said, "Pibroch no more means bagpipes than duett means a fiddle."

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