

Conjuror's House

the canoe caught its momentum and began to slip along against the sluggish current. Achille Picard raised a high tenor voice, fixing the air,

*" En roulant ma boule roulante,
En roulant ma boule."*

And the *voyageurs* swung into the quaint ballad of the fairy ducks and the naughty prince with his magic gun.

*" Derrière' chez-nous y-a-t-un 'étang,
En roulant ma boule."*

The girl sank back, dabbing uncertainly at her eyes. "I shall never see them again," she explained, wistfully.

The canoe had now caught its speed. Conjuror's House was dropping astern. The rhythm of the song quickened as the singers told of how the king's son had aimed at the black duck but killed the white.