

It was a scene which had for its inspiration a world of the gentler human emotions.

The laden canoes had added their human freight. Each was manned by its small dusky crew, Indians tried in the service of the long trail, men of the Mission, and men who had learned to regard John Kars as a great white chief. It was an expedition that had none of the grim earnestness of the long trail. The dusky Indians, even, were imbued with the spirit of the moment. Every one of these people had witnessed the wonderful ceremonial of a white man's mating, the whole Mission had been feasted on white man's fare. Now the landing was thronged for the departure. Women, and men, and children. They were gathered there for the final Godspeed.

Peigan Charley was consumed with his authority over the vessels which led the way, bearing the baggage of the party. He was part of the white man's life, therefore his contempt for the simple awe of the rest of his race, at the witnessing of the wedding ceremony, still claimed his profoundest "damn-fool." Never were his feelings of superiority more deeply stirred.

Bill Brudenell piloted the vessel which bore Ailsa Mowbray towards the new life for which she had renounced her old home. Kars and his bride were the last in the procession, as the vessels swept out into the stream under the powerful strokes of the paddles.

It was an unforgettable moment for all. For the women it had perhaps an even deeper meaning than for any one else. It was happiness and regret blended in a confused tangle. But it was a tangle which time