

*The  
Eye of  
Gluskâp*

looked at her lover a moment in silence, and then said very slowly, very deliberately, pausing for every word to tell.

“The name of Marie’s lover, the young man who found the ‘Witch’s Stone,’ was — Pierrot Desbarats ! D-e-s-b-a-r-a-t-s. You are none other, Jack, than the great-grandson of Marie and Pierrot.”

“Truly,” said Desbra, “when I come to think of it, the name was spelled that way once upon a time !”

“Well, you shall *not* be a man of Destiny, Jack !” exclaimed the girl. “I won’t have it ! But as for me, that is another matter. We shall see if the ‘Eye of Gluskâp’ has any malign influence over *me* !”

#### IV.

Early in December, having just returned to Grand Pré from their wedding journey, Jack Desbra and