

nace for preparing pitch and turpentine from the pines and firs, to lay out roads in the forest and make charcoal for fuel.

The winter that followed was a cheery one, with a very different record from that of the miserable winters previously spent by Frenchmen in Canada. In order to produce a little variety in their solitary and monotonous life, as well as to secure a regular provision for their table, Champlain organized the famous Order of the Good Time [*Ordre du Bon Temps*]. The knights were fifteen in number, and a Grand Master or Steward was appointed for each day, whose duty it was to provide for the table of the company.

The bill of fare included moose meat, caribou, deer, beaver, otter, hares, bears, and wildcats, with ducks, geese, grouse, and plover, as well as sturgeon, trout, and other varieties of fish. They dined at noon, with no little pomp and formality; the fifteen knights each carrying a dish filed into Poutrincourt's great dark-ceilinged dining-hall, the Grand Master at their head.

The colonists were much assisted by an old chief called Membertou, who became their staunch friend and ally. He was, unlike the Indians generally, bearded like a Frenchman, and was said to have been a cruel and treacherous warrior, notwithstanding his kindness to the French. But the busy life of the colony suddenly came to an unexpected close.

One fine spring morning Membertou's keen eyes discovered a distant sail. The colonists hailed the sight gladly, supposing it to be the long expected vessel of De Monts. But it was a bearer of bad news. The discontented traders who had been shut out of the fur trade had combined, by money and influence, to secure the withdrawal of De Monts' patent of monopoly. This was a death-blow to the colony, as the projects of the company would no longer bear the expense of it; and Port Royal must be abandoned.

There was nothing for Poutrincourt to do but to prepare for leaving his Acadian domain. No one showed more sorrow for the sad necessity than old Membertou, who had built a palisaded village near Port Royal, in order to be near his kind and generous friends. He wept at taking leave of the Frenchmen, who generously bestowed on the Indians ten hogsheads of meal and all the crops that stood ready for the sickle.

In October the whole of the little colony was on its way to