

"They say also," Menehwehna announced later, "that Stadacona has fallen."

"Stadacona?"

"The great fortress—Quebec."

John mused for a while. "I had a dear friend once," he said, "and he laid me a wager that he would enter Quebec before me. It appears that he has won."

"A friend, did my brother say?"

"And a kinsman," John answered, recognising the old note of jealousy in Menehwehna's voice. "But there is no likeness between us; for he has no doubts, and always goes straight to his mark."

"There was a name brought me with the news. Your chief was the Wolf, they said; but whether it be his own name or that of his *manitou* I know not."

(*To be continued*)