

AT THE SIGN OF THE BEAVER.

A Notarial Protest.

THE little village of Notre Dame des Neiges drowsed amid the rolling pastures and yellowing fields which gem the uplands sloping to the shores of Lac Tremblante, and the spruce-fringed, bald crown of age-old Trembling Mountain towered above the circling hills which kept eternal, silent watch round about.

The village seedling had dropped and taken root in a convenient hollow, scooped as if by a giant hand out of the jumble of ragged foot-hills, where the wandering, grass-ribbed Colonization road widened sufficiently to permit of the limited growth to which it had attained, and with which, in this region of stunted vegetation, it would seem as if it must, and resignedly would, rest drowsily content. The wings of all-pervading peace brooded over the valley nesting under their shadow, and the outward and visible sign of extended benediction shone abroad in the twin spires of the imposing fane which piety had reared to worthily shrine the Prince of Peace. If riotous plenty were less in evidence and little mouths very much so, were not the clamorous wants of pampered luxury unknown, and the tithes assured, and a sufficiency left?—and for the future the children and *le bon Dieu* would surely provide.

The men and grown boys of the scattered farms were struggling in the sun's hot beat for a toe-grip on their up-tilted lands and attacking the standing crop with tireless scythe, while the women and girls forked and carted