

"There'll always be an answer now," he whispered, bending down to her, "I had to pretend—then! But this time"—he laughed as a man laughs perhaps twice in his life—"I'm going to speak English. You dearest, loveliest, bravest person in all the world"—his eyes found hers in the twilight. "Is that plain?" he demanded.

"Yes—no, it's coloured!" she retorted hastily. But he took no notice.

"I've got everything I don't deserve, and I'm going to marry you." He held her gravely now, as, through the quiet, the far-off loon called vainly. "Well?" he asked, very low.

"Well," said Molly Kilgore, after the Micmac fashion that means all things. The rose of dawn was on her face as, out of the east, the loon's mate answered him.

THE END