

Henri Reignault was a slow thinker. He sat for several minutes after the tale was told with his chin in one square hand and his gaze fixed straight before him. Then he thrilled to sudden, violent life. The red blood swam to his face and neck and the shadow of it flamed in his eyes. He roared an oath and struck the table a resounding blow with his fist.

"Fooled!" he cried furiously. "That liar, that fine gentleman, has made a fool of me. I have toiled for him—I have toiled for the King—and from the one I receive insult and from the other neglect."

The others tried to calm him; but he silenced them angrily.

"I have been an honest man," he continued. "That was my mistake. I have worked for France and my masters—there was my blunder. I am a poor soldier—kept poor by my honesty. It seems that I have served the King and his fine gentlemen too long. Now I shall serve myself—myself, Henri Reignault. If this country is not for the Maliseets then who has a better right to it than Reignault? Answer me that. You are silent. You are gentlemen—accustomed to being given great possessions—women, loyalty, honour and lands—accustomed to taking what is not given. Go your ways to Quebec