

The boats never came up the river again—they couldn't; so the pilots always walked back.

Maxepeto tramped up the river bank day after day, and when he was near home cut across the hillside and appeared unannounced in his tepee home.

He should not have come as a leopard stalks a deer. But he was a big blundering breed with a thousand year heritage of savagery in his blood.

That night he came to the store, and asked for a bottle of Jamaica ginger for Nonokasi; she was ill, he said.

The next day he came again, and fumbled among the limited stock of patent medicines, and went off with a bottle of fruit salts and a tin of mustard plasters—his wife was worse.

Next day he came back and said she was dead.

The clerk went over to the tepee and had a look at Nonokasi. She was dead, of a surety.

Maxepeto got a few rough pine boards from the Factor, made a rude coffin, and in that she was brought down to the Mission House so that Father La Farge might perform the last rites before she was laid away in the little clay cell up on the hillside.

There was no inquest, no bother of any sort; doctors and lawyers, and undertakers, and coroners, and the others who make such a serious business of dying were hundreds of miles away. Trapper's Landing had no time for that sort of thing. When people wanted to die in peace they just died, and nobody bothered them or the friends who were left behind.

There was the body in its rough pine case, down at the Mission House if anybody wished to look at it. Father Le Farge would return that night, and Nonokasi would be buried next morning as became a good catholic.

In the morning, after the simple service, they were carrying the coffin outside to fasten on the cover. Some one tripped on the step and the case fell. The good Father started back with a cry of horror; for the head of the dead girl had rolled to one side.

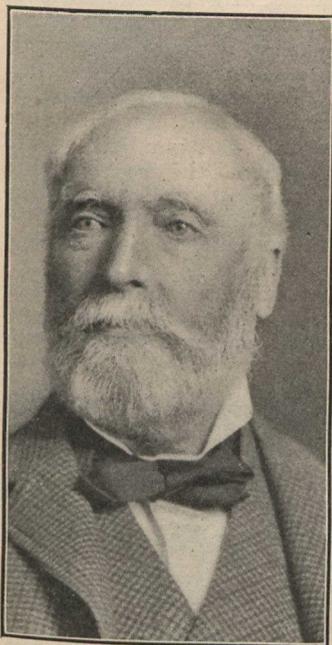
The slender neck had been completely severed by a sharp knife, and that while she was still alive.

The glazed eyes stared with horrible grotesqueness into the face of the evil Maxepeto, as he stood beside the coffin and glared down at his dead victim.

Why he only got seven years no one can say, for he never denied it—but that was his sentence.

The Saint of Scotland

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEEK



Mr. W. M. Ramsay
President of St. Andrew's Society,
Montreal

ON the seventeenth of March, the sons of Ireland, whether of Ulster or Connaught remember the verdant land of their birth and wear the shamrock in honour of St. Patrick. On the 23rd of April, Englishmen recall the story of St. George and the dragon, and red roses are worn as loyally as if the day of the Lancastrians had come again. But as the year wears away and the long nights descend, it is Scotland's turn to celebrate. Hallowe'en is kept by some true Caledonians, but the thirtieth of November, St Andrew's Day, is the season for all good Scots to "gie a han'" and indulge in a "richt good willie-waught." The heather and the thistle are the emblems of the night, while the songs of Robbie Burns are the sweetest

music that ever enlivened a banquet.

St. Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter, is said to have journeyed into Scythia, Cappadocia and Bythnia preaching the Gospel. He was crucified at Patras in Achaia on a cross shaped like the letter X—which was afterwards called the St. Andrew's Cross. As he was believed to have been the first to proclaim Christ to the Muscovites of Sarmatia, he became the titular saint of the Russian Empire. According to tradition, St. Regulus or Rule brought certain relics of St. Andrew from Constantinople to Scotland in the fourth century and was wrecked at Muckros near the site of modern St. Andrew's. There were several monasteries established near the scene of shipwreck and these are now in picturesque ruins. The Augustinian Priory was the most famous of these retreats.

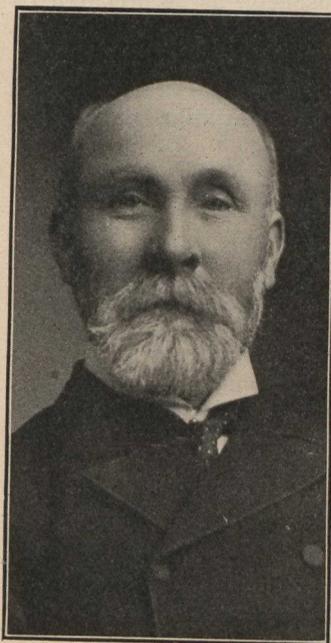
The present town of St. Andrew's is the Mecca of all who love the "Royal Game," and is regarded as the headquarters of golfdom. But the name of the crucified saint belongs to Scotland still, and his X-like cross has

for some centuries floated in the British flag. The Knights of the Golden Fleece, founded by Philip of Burgundy, the chief Scottish order of knighthood and a Russian order, all wear the Cross of St. Andrew. Last year, a Scottish poet, in lines called "Thistledown," well described the scattering and the loyalty of those who belong to the land of St. Andrew.

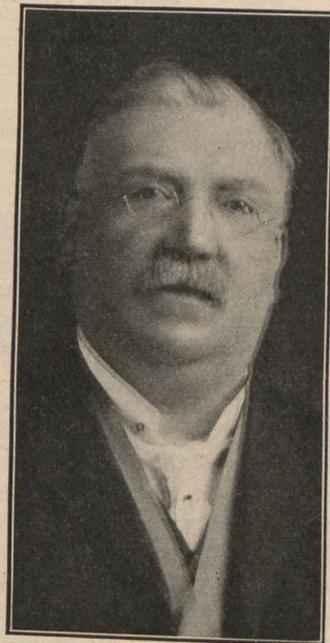
"There's never a sea for its flight too wide,
There's never a cloud for its wings too high,
And a rival shall ride at the eagle's side
When the silken tassel goes floating by.

Down in the grasses the shamrock grows
With the shadows cast on its blades of green,
Deep in the hedge you may look for the rose,
But the thistle's seed in the air is seen.

Swift and unburdened and void of fear
By the loot of a fenceless freedom fed,
The Sons of the Thistle go far and near
As the thistledown on the wind is sped."



James Bain, D.C.L.
Pres. of St. Andrew's Society,
Toronto.



Mr. A. S. Murray,
Pres. of St. Andrew's Society
Fredericton.