

wind, but was a handsome, commanding fellow withal. His name was Jacques Cartier. He was the most famous seaman in France, and had already made two trips across the stormy Atlantic in boats in which nineteenth-century sailors would fear to cross the Channel.

His companion was Claude de Pontbriand, a young man of gentle birth, who had been with him on his second voyage. He was as dark as Cartier, with a lion-like neck and shoulders, a resolute mouth and chin, and a kindly eye, whose expression had a touch of melancholy. Among his companions he was known as their Bayard; and the purity of his life, the generosity of his disposition, and his dauntless courage made the title a fitting one.

The two men were walking along one of the winding thoroughfares of the French seaport of St Malo, on a glorious moonlight evening in the autumn of 1539. The hour, though still early, was an unusual one in those days for anybody to be abroad simply for pleasure; and the little town was quiet and deserted save for an occasional pedestrian whom business, of one kind or another, had compelled to leave his home.

There was a short silence after Cartier's remarks, before De Pontbriand replied :

"I thought you had had enough of the New World."

"Enough!" exclaimed Cartier. "That New World is mine. I first took possession of it. My cross still stands guarding my interests at Gaspé, and my memory is still dear to the red men from Stadacona to Hochelaga."