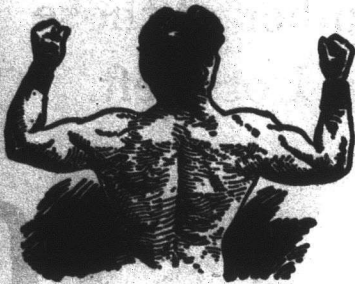


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So soon as I can I write de letter to M'sieur de Not'ry in my village. He was ever de good frien' when I was de lil' boy. I ask him why don't not my 'Toinnette write, was she ver' sick or w'at had happen? An' I send him de lil' muskrat tobacco-pouch for present.

When hees answer came I feel as if never had dere been so unhappy mans as I. He tell me dat 'Toinnette was marry an' wid dat false Gregoire. He say Gregoire have come back at de beginning of de Nort' Wes' rebellion an' say I was drown, an' 'Toinnette was near break de heart. Her ol' fadder have take de small-pox a lil' while after dis an' before he die he make 'Toinnette marry wit Gregoire. You see, de ol' mans want her have de home.

"Now," say M'sieur Not'ry, "I don't know where is Gregoire, He have had de chance to sell hees farm an' he have start for de Nort' Wes' somewhere."

When I read dat letter over t'ree time, I can begin un'erstand it. You see firs' my head feel like asleep, when I see dose word dat 'Toinnette, my 'Toinnette, was marry.

Well, de end of everyting had come for me. It wasn't no use stan' up to fight jus' to be ever knock down. Dat was de way I felt firs', but after de rage come in my heart an' I mus' work, work, an' t'ink on revenge.

"No, I won't kill myse'f," I say, "cause M'sieur Gregoire, you is not done yet wit me, by gar, you is not."



"Where Long Ago de Cannon Peep Out."

Oh, it is de drefful t'ing, de rage for vengeance an' not be able take it. I was like de mans beat 'bout in de dark by de strong enemy he can't reach—burn up wit fierceness an' yet not be able to make one blow hit.

All dis time de great railroad 'cross Canada was build, an' de settlers come pretty fas' all 'long where it was. Me, I get disgus' wit ever' one an' don't never want to see some mans, an' ever I go farder up Nort'.

De ol' Scotch hunter say, one day when he learn I have been lucky mans in my work, 'cause I get many peltry an' skin, 'mong dem, dat rare one, de silver fox.

"Ah," say he, "I ever t'ink dat de mans w'at have bad fortune wit de heart, have good fortune wit de pocket."

So it seem wit me, for ever since I hear 'Toinnette was no more my girl, I have de great luck in trap an' hunt. After seven year I get de news which make more strong dat wish for revenge, an' I come down to de Saskatchewan, an' 'way far off in de heart of de fores' I build de lil' log hut. M'sieur, I have hear dat Gregoire was see 'bout dese part!

I was dere but a ver' short time when I find dat my trap was being rob, not by dat t'ief, de wolverine, but by some mans. For many day I watch so well as I can for him, but I don't catch him. At las' I mus' go hunt for I have see new 'sign' of deer in de snow dat was get a lil' herd. Wit my Winchester in my han' I follow, ever' look well wit each step I must take. But t'ough I keep my eye watch de deer, my mind was t'ink of dat false Gregoire. Ever' t'ing he say de was badder me,

dat day, an' 'gain I burn for revenge.

When I come to de "run-way" I was 'bout six miles from my house, an' I t'ink I won't go no farder. I jus' wait here an' I be use to see some deer pass. By gar, M'sieur, some one else have t'ink he wait too, for pretty soon as I see a young doe put her head t'rough de tick trees I step 'mong de net-work of low bushes, an', sacre, dere was a man. He was hide from me as well as de deer. I know dat, for so soon as I come where he was he gave such screech as you have never hear, an' ran far into de wood. Me, I mus' laugh firs' an' den I t'ink.

"Aha, I know why you is so scare, you is de rogue w'at have rob my trap."

Well, I have lost dat doe an' de odder deer dat day; such yell as dat man have sent t'rough de fores' would frighten mos' anyt'ing; I get tire hunt when it begin lose de daylight in dat wil' fores' an' I go back to my lil' cabin.

Well, I have much to do de nex' day, an' it was not till de day after I have go hunt de deer 'gain. I was near dat "run-way," when I stop to tie up de thong of my snow-shoe which was unfasten. By gar, M'sieur, I jump up straight in one second, for I hear de cry come t'rough dat silent place jus' like de voice of a lil' chil'. After I lis'en a minute, an' don't no more hear it, I say: "Baugh, it was on'y de sneak cat w'at cry." But in one odder second I mus' change my mind, 'cause dat lil' wail, so pit-fal, come 'gain to me, an' I know now it was not de panther.

De fores' was not ver' light yet, an' I can't not b'lieve dat cry came from one chil'. How can it be in dis wil', far 'way place at dis hour?

But spite of w'at I had to say to myse'f, I walk fas' to my left where I hear it, an' once more it come "Maman! Maman!" I was sure it say.

Well, M'sieur, my heart was beat more hard dan it ever did even in de wors' fight wit de grizzly. I keep say: "No, it can't not be de lil' chil' in dis wil' place; it can't not be." But soon, M'sieur, I fin' it was. I come on dat lil' chil' lie dere in de snow, wit hees small snow-shoe on de feet an' hees bow an' arrow tight in de han'. By gar, I was jus' in time, for he was near freeze to death.

De ol' voyageur know w'at do in such case, eh, M'sieur? an' soon wit hees lil' body wrap in my blouse I press him 'gainst my heart beat so wil' an' carry him to my cabin. Oh, you can never un'erstan' how I feel to have in my arms dat boy! You has never had your heart break wit pain for love, nor has you live far from de sweet voice an' so'f ways of chil'ren while you ever long to feel deir lil' clingin' arm 'roun you neck. Such fierce love come in my heart as I press him 'gainst my lonely breas', an' I t'ink:

"Now never shall he leave me. He has been put in my way to bring some lil' joy at las' into my life. I have been rob ever; now my turn has come to rob."

When we are in de lil' cabin, an' he has some food, he begin talk so nice, an' I t'ink I can never watch him 'nough, my eye was so greedy; he run 'bout an' look at de skin on de floor, de claws of de grizzly hang on de wall, de head of de "big horn"—all de t'ing de man like me can have.

Many time I take him in my arm an' kiss him, hees lil' roun' cheek, his soft baby han', an' de fat leg in deir red wool stockin's some womans have knit. Baugh! I wasn't going to let t'oughts of his modder make pain in my heart. Who ever can t'ink dat de rough mans like me can feel—who has ever spare my heart, even when it was bruise an' sore?

While he play an' laugh an' talk to me de devil was inside me an' say ever: "You has fin' dis chil'; keep him—you has fin' him; keep him."

Me, I plan how I go 'way off in de Sellkirk an' be de guide to de mans w'at come hunt de big game. Dere no one find us, I feel sure, but firs' I mus' meet dat Gregoire an' kill him like I would dat t'ief, de wolverine.

Byme-by dat lil' chil' begin say he want to go to "Maman," an' me, I take him on de knee while de ragout cook on

de fire, an' tell hi

"Maman."

He open de eye

as I say:

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mus' never say de

call by—hush! I

it. Now you is A

one?—Antoine."

She was call A

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house. Oh why h

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papa have de gun,

de bird. I laugh v

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"Well, soon M

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split. When I see

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an' take down

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dem. Den I read

wall for my boy

row, an' outside

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M'sieur mus' see l

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is all 'roun our l

yours, M'sieur.

"Well, I t'ink

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Den I t'ink I go

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'gain for hunt, b

see my house

Maman, Maman!

Jus' as he cry c

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Sainte Vierge, th

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knees.

"But, chere M

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he run to me

For de firs' t

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such sharp cry

an' sink on de l

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modder of dis l

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pity I look down

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revenge. Gad b

my han'."

But when

by hees modder