

she pleaded. "You came so unexpectedly, without a moment's warning," and then she added archly, "You expect too much, sir, you must remember that I am the same Maud Maxwell that I was a year ago."

"Mon ami, forgive me!" he exclaimed, penitently. "I will do whatever you say."

And they talked of many things, but chiefly of Penetang, of the journey to York by trail, then by schooner to the St. Lawrence, down the rapids in a rowboat, guided by Indians, to Montreal; schooner again to Quebec, and then on the *North King* with Sir George.

"The dear old Colonel! I quite learned to love him through Mrs. Manning's letters," said Maud.

"He's a brave commander, as well as gallant gentleman," returned the Doctor, "and we missed him terribly after he left. Still, our Fort was established, and taking fifty men away from the new quarters gave the rest more room."

"The winter would be the hardest upon you," said Maud.

"On the whole, we did well though. The frost was keen but we learned how to meet it, and another winter we'll be better prepared."

"How did you secure supplies?" she asked. "You are so far away from the east."

"They were brought chiefly by trail from Little York, except fish and game, which our own men always secured."