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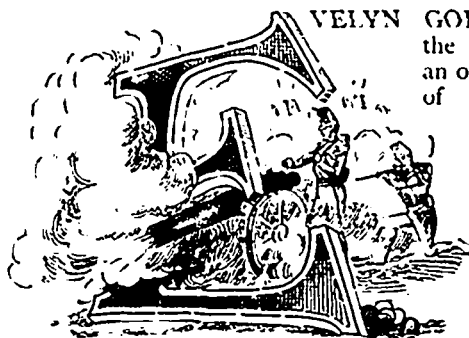
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REBEL OR PATRIOT.

BY S. M. BAYLIS.

CHAPTER II.

"The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won."—WELLINGTON.



EVELYN GORDON was the daughter of an officer in one of the British regiments at that time stationed in Montreal. As was the custom among a section of the English and Protestant population, she had been sent to study in a convent conducted by one of the orders of nuns devoted to teaching. While there she met and formed a friendship with the sisters of Raoul de Bienville, who were being educated with a view to themselves taking the vows of the sisterhood. Their friendship resulted in an invitation being accepted by Evelyn to spend the summer holidays with the de Bienville family at their seigniorial manor on the banks of the Richelieu. While there, the political excitement, long slumbering, finally broke out, and, in the disturbed state of the country parts, it was thought unwise to subject young girls to the possible discomforts of a long journey by carriage to reach the city. The hospitality of the manor being further extended and pressed upon Evelyn, her father was induced to allow her to remain in the expectation of quiet being speedily restored. Instead of which, open hostilities breaking out in the very district where they were, all hope of getting back to town was given up,

and, believing that his daughter was in good hands, though in the care of those known to be in sympathy with the Patriot cause, her father was content to allow Evelyn to remain with her friends. Had he known of the complications likely to arise through associating with one of the temperament of young de Bienville, uncompromising Tory as he was, Captain Gordon would have moved Heaven and Earth and the government to rescue his daughter from the contaminating influences of "those damned rebels," as he was pleased to style them.

Thus it was that the turn of events brought Evelyn to the position in which we find her on the morning of the 25th of November.

She rose with a heavy heart, dressed, and sat down by her window which commanded a view of the road leading to Chambly. She had not been there long when her attention was drawn to a heavy column of black smoke rising in the distance, and, while trying to discover what this might mean, another broke out, and so much nearer that she could distinguish the flames glowing amid its blackness. Straining her eyes over the expanse of road, dun colored fields, and rail fences, she caught the glint of light reflected from polished metal, and there was borne to her ears a sound of music, which, gradually drawing nearer, proclaimed in shrill and rattling tones the presence of a British regiment on the march.

"The troops! They are coming and burning the barns of the poor country folk!" she cried, and hurried out to warn the seigneur's family.

The alarm, however, had already spread. The noise