

first glided into his consciousness. Here shimmered her radiant hair, yellow, wheaten, spun-gold all in one, like the mingling hues of the birchen leaves in autumn, framing the laughing-eyed, crimson-sprayed, red-lipped face.

Only, she wore the clinging champagne-coloured dress of silk that she had worn at Andrews' first open-air service on the shores of Pine Island Lake, the snow-white doeskin half-moccasins peeping from underneath, the single jewel at her throat.

Carlisle caught his breath deeply as he walked out with Wayne upon the shoreway of the canoe pier, his ermine canoe-robe over his shoulder. On the eastern or harbour arm of the cribwork that extended but halfway back to land he spread the robe for Joan's feet and stood upon it with her, Wayne at their side, Andrews in front.

In the crystal-clear water of the canoe harbour at their feet floated his huge six-fathom craft with the Hudson's Bay Company's crimson flag in the bow, his own streaming gonfalon in the stern. His tried crew were poised in their places, Waseyawin in the bow, Missowa in the stern, the two middlemen paired forward, the two others paired aft, their paddle shafts decorated with the gaudy woollen streamers; their bright-beaded moccasins, gay leggings, flaming belts and scarfs flashing many hues; their black-haired, fillet-bound heads carrying the long, graceful, slanting violent-coloured plumes that proclaimed them Factor's canoemen.

Close beside nosed the canoes of the officers—