

ed to the shore, stood a voyageur of apparently twenty-five summers. His face was fair and handsome, with laughing blue eyes and features strong, but regular. Standing over six feet in his moccasins, he was so proportioned as to appear the very embodiment of activity and strength.

His bearing and manner were those of a man combining such a physique with a brave and generous nature. One seeing him would not wonder that, although toiling at the paddles like the rest, his comrades had dubbed him "Le Duc." Still less would one wonder that for the moment Marie forgot her errand.

She stood apart with a friend, silent, through the hand-shaking that followed, her eyes following every movement of the handsome stranger till their eyes met, when hers dropped in painful confusion before the look of evident admiration in his. Just in time to relieve her embarrassment, she was accosted by an old voyageur with grizzled beard and hair, whose eyes twinkled mischievously as he exclaimed:

"Ah, ma belle Marie! You will pardon me I am sure for not recognizing you sooner when I tell you it is because you have grown so pretty. You did not know me, of course, because, *parbleu!* I grow so fast the other way. But how does mon bon comrade, your father?"

She told him of her father's condition, and what her errand was; and he promised to go and spend the evening with him; and slyly promised, too, to take some one along to keep her amused while he and his friend talked over the old days on the voyage.

An hour later let us look into the hut of Jean Leveque. He is lying on his bed. Beside him, and in a right line between him and another group of two seated by the open door,

is his old friend, Pierre. Their theme is "*le voyage*;" and Pierre talks rapidly, gaily, of something connected with it, past and present, recalling countless incidents of the days they worked together in the same *batteau*, or struggled together for life in the treacherous rapids of the rushing "*Oninipique*;" of trading keen and sharp to out-wit the Hudson's Bay men, "*les anglais*," on the far-off Saskatchewan; of the Nor'-west partners, Macdonell—Le Grand Capitain—McGillivray, Mackenzie and McLeod; of the glorious carousals when the year's business was ended, in which those wealthy furrings mingled with the men and danced and sang and drank with them till morning. They are living again the best years of their lives.

And those other two. They also are speaking of the voyage but in a less animated manner. Their conversation is commonplace, subdued and strained almost. Those two are Marie and Gaspard, the handsome voyageur. How their acquaintanceship sped, may be gathered from their conversation the following morning as they walked together towards the landing, where companions were preparing for departure.

He had called with Pierre to say adieu, and that stalwart friend, who had evidently not forgotten that he had himself been young once, first asked Marie to come and see them start, and then remembered that he had still a word to say to his "*bon comrade*" and returned to say it. This was their second meeting only, and it could last but a few moments. For a while they walked in silence, as a prospect anything but cheering passed before the mental vision of Gaspard. He loved the girl beside him, and already he had to leave her perhaps for ever. That they should ever meet again seemed as uncertain