

Conjuror's House

abroad, he travelled in a state almost mediæval in its magnificence; when he stopped at home, men came to him from the Albany, the Kenógami, the Missináibe, the Mattágami, the Abítibi—from all the rivers of the North—to receive his commands. Way was made for him, his lightest word was attended. In his house dwelt ceremony, and of his house she was the princess. Unconsciously she had taken the gracious habit of command. She had come to value her smile, her word, to value herself. The lady of a realm greater than the countries of Europe, she moved serene, pure, lofty amid dependants.

And as the lady of this realm she did honor to her father's guests—sitting stately behind the beautiful silver service, 'elow the portrait of the Company's greatest