

I b'lieve him or not 'cause he laugh so queer.

Ver' soon I see dat Gregoire was change. He don't like make fun wit me like he use when we can be together. No more he play de jew's-harp an' dance de jig *vis-a-vis* to me. De odder trapper, de Scotchmans, de half-br I, de Canadians—dey don't gather no more in de lil' log-house.

Me, I was change, too. Since I lose dat money an' was so disappoint' not to marry wit my 'Toinnette I feel some-times cross an' mad, an' evert'ing seem go wrong. But I say 'mysef' once when I t'ink on how I was act', dat won't not do, Baptiste; you don't not make you'self more rich or more happy by curse over you' luck. You mus' jus' work a lil' longer in dis wil' place, an' de hap'ness you mus' have when you can marry wit your 'Toinnette is worth de years of suffer' an' lonesomeness.

After I have t'ink dis sensible way I try be more gay wit Gregoire, an' I say to him one day:

"*Mon camarade*," you an' me we seem like dat big glacier in de Selkirk was ever between us. It was not like dis in odder time, an' me, I t'ink I is to blame, 'cause my heart has grown ver' sour since I have been so disappoint' 'bout not get marry. You will not try mind me, *mon camarade*," I say, "an' r— I mus' ever remember dat you has been de brudder to me—de bes' frien'. If I is like one hungry grizzly at times don't forget, Gregoire, dat in my heart you is nex' to 'Toinnette'."

I offer him my han' but I t'ink he not see it 'cause he turn 'way an' look up at de sky.

"Soon we has de snow," he say.

One day him an' me we go an' sink de trap by de burrow of one fish-otter. We has paddle up de river bank an' carryin' our canoe walk to where dey end. As we go 'long dis high bluff, Gregoire he point up de river where on de sloping bank on de odder side de fish-otter play. You know how he bend hees front leg under him, an' wit hees hind ones push heeself an' den slide down de soft mud or snow of de bank. Dese tom fool fish-otter can do dis play all day.

When we has pass de rapid an' I was start to climb down de steep lil' bluff, Gregoire he ask me res' here one minute. I have stoop to lay my end of de canoe on de groun' when sacre! M'sieur, I was push over de edge of dat bluff an' down I went into de swif' river.

But dat time I was not to die. I could not swim, and de current carry me 'long, but yet I was save.

Dis happen in de beginning of dat second rebellion 'mong de Injuns in de Nort' Wes', led by dat half-breed Riel. You have read all 'bout it. Well, it happen dat some Injuns was lie in ambush up one o de lil' creek w'at empty into de river. Some of dem have watch Gregoire an' me when we was paddle up from de Sout', an' when I was pitch off dat rock by Gregoire dey was save me. You see dey t'ink I can give dem some news of de Nort' Wes' troops which was comin' from de Sout' to try catch dese Injun.

Well, me, I can't give dem no word 'bout de soldier, 'cause I have never known dere was such real trouble, 'tough I know de Injun was grumble. I mus' t'ink of some way for save my scalp an' I t'ink of dis plan. I ain' no use get kill when jus' one lil' lie save me.

I act ver' glad to see de chief, an' tell him I is de half-breed name Gregoire. Mentionage—dat was dat false Gregoire's name—an' was comin' to join hees band when I was fell off de river bank. Then I tell him all 'bout de Injuns where belong de squaw mudder of Gregoire. Well, de chief he say he know de fadder w'at was trapper, an' he t'ink all de lie I can tell.

De Injuns treat me all right an' in de fightin' an' massacres w'at follow I ain' 'bliged to do no'ting but look on, 'tough dat was 'nough. You see where I has fall into de river I has break my right arm, an' 'tough de Injuns set it, it don't get well fas'.

Well, you know, M'sieur, 'bout de Frog Lake Massacre dis band do, an' 'bout de time at Fort Pitt. After dis we have some prisoner, twelve I t'ink. All dis time de troops was chase dese Injuns an' we mus' march 'way far nort' of de Saskatchewan. At las' dey come up wit us an' dere was a ver' sharp fight, but de white soldier win, an' I was release wit de twelve prisoner w'at was taken after de las' massacre. Dat is all in de hist'ry, eh, M'sieur?

Well, by gar, M'sieur, it don't seem right, but it was near one year before I was 'gain back at de post where I left dat las' time wit Gregoire. Ever' one dere was t'ink I was ghost, 'cause he have tell I was drown, but when dey hear w'at have happen dey b'lieve I was on'y dat unlucky Baptiste.

No one know much 'bout Gregoire, dey say he was scare 'bout de rebellion, an' dey t'ink he have made hees way out of de Nort' Wes'.

Dere was no letter for me at de post, an' dis was seprise me, 'cause even if I have not had de chance to write to my 'Toinnette, I t'ink she write to me. You see never can I scratch one line all while I was prisoner wit dose Injun.

Well, firs' t'ing I mus' do I write to



"De Ole Fadder."

my 'Toinnette an' tell her 'tough de trouble have fall t'ick on me as hail-stone I was still 'live, and begin once more work to win her. I tell her 'bout dat false frien' Gregoire; I say I know now it was he w'at rob me dat night way back in Quebec, after he have make me drunk on *vellie Jamaïque* an' high wine; how he have try kill me out here, an' all 'cause he wanted marry wit her.

"But me," say I in dat letter, "me, I will one day have revenge if he live; ah, he better die before he meet wit Baptist Trudeau, if he is de lucky mans."

But M'sieur, I don't never send dat letter. Of course it take me good while for write such long news, an' I mus' t'ink much for find de fine word when I send letter to my 'Toinnette. Well, before I has quite finish it, some mans come to de post from de Hudson Bay. Dey tell me dey has met my frien' Louis Baton from my village an' he has tell dem dat Gregoire was on hees farm in Quebec, an' have marry wit my 'Toinnette.

Well, if some mans stan' by you an' tell you w'at you t'ink was lie 'bout you' girl, you knock him down, eh, M'sieur? So mus' I. Dis time I have meet de wrong man, he was strong like one mad moose. But when I was lie in one of de log shanty at de post bruise an' sore all over, I don't feel half so mad 'bout de t'umpin' as 'bout what dat man say of my 'Toinnette.

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