

He flung one glance over his shoulder, and saw the channel dividing ahead. Dominique was leaning over, pressing down the helm to starboard. Over Dominique's arm Father Launoy stared rigidly. Father Joly, as if aware of something amiss, had cast out both hands and was grasping the gunwale. The boat, swirled away in the roar of the rapids, shot down the left channel.

Il reviendra-z à Pâques,  
Ou—à la Trinité.

The voice was lost in the roar of the falls, now drumming loud in John's ears. He knew nothing of these rapids; but two channels lay ahead and the choice between them. He leapt across M. Etienne, and hurling Bateese aside, seized the tiller and thrust it hard over.

Peering back through the spray as he bent, he saw the helmsmen astern staring—hesitating. They had but a second or two in which to choose. He shouted and shouted again—in English. But the tumbling waters roared high above his shouts.

He reached out and, gripping Bateese by the collar, forced the tiller into his hand. Useless now to look back and try to discover how many boats were following!

Bateese, with a sob, crept back to the tiller and steered.

Not until the foot of the falls was reached did John know that the herd had followed him. But forty-six boats were wrecked totally, and eighteen damaged; and ninety red-coated corpses tossed with Dominique Guyon's and spun in the eddies beneath the *Grand Bouillie*.

At dawn next morning the sentries in Montreal spied them drifting down past the walls, and carried the news. So New France learnt that its hour was near.

(To be concluded)