

instant he gazed feebly upwards at the dusky form bending over him; for one instant only his confused mind failed to take in the situation; and then, as memory came back and mind grew clear, there passed into his eyes the light of recognition, and with a half-articulated cry of joy he sprang upward with arms outstretched to clasp the neck of his saviour. The strength which enabled him to rise was but momentary, and departed ere he had touched the object of his gratitude. He fell feebly back, his face illuminated by happiness, and when his Indian friend bent to lift him he was dead. In his feeble state he was ill able to bear excitement, and the despaired-of joy coming so suddenly killed him.

On the very spot he died the sorrowful Indians hollowed out a shallow grave, over which, out of gratitude for the service poor Cadieux had rendered them, they erected a small wooden cross.

An Indian, it is said, never forgets a good turn, and the saying is verified in this instance, for, for more than a hundred years the story of Cadieux has descended from father to son, so that to-day it is well known to the descendants of the Huron hunters. Every year when the rafts of square timber are passing the Calumet little parties of Indians and French-Canadians may often be seen wending their way toward the forest; and should a stranger ask the question, "What are they going to do?" he would receive for his answer, "They are going to murmur a prayer, and cut a cross, by 'Cadieux's Grave.'"

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