

GREEN JACKETS

straw hat was jerked from his head. Then came Skeel's voice, calmly dangerous:

"I know you, Renoux! You have no standing here. Keep away or I'll kill you!"

"What lawful standing have you—leading an armed expedition from the United States into Canada!" retorted Renoux, red with anger and looking about for his hat.

"If you don't get back I shall surely kill you!" replied Skeel. "I count three, Renoux:—one—two—three." Bang! went another rifle, and Renoux shrugged and dropped reluctantly back into the ditch.

"They're crazy," he said. "Barres, fire across that boat out yonder."

Westmore also fired, aiming carefully at Ferez. It was too far; they both knew it. But the ricochetting bullets seemed to sting the rowers to frantic exertion, and Ferez, at the rudder, ducked and squatted flat, the tip of his hat alone showing over the gunwale.

"We can't stop them," said Renoux desperately. "They're certain to reach that boat."

Now, suddenly, Skeel's six rifles cracked viciously and the bullets came screaming over the ditch.

Renoux fairly gnashed his teeth:

"If a bluff won't stop them, then I'm through," he said bitterly. "I haven't any authority. I haven't the audacity to fire on them—to so insult your Government. And yet, by God!—there's the canal to remember!"

Another volley from the Green Jackets, and again the whizzing scream of bullets through the cat-tails above their heads.

"Look!" cried Barres. "They're embarking already! There isn't a chance of holding them."

It was true. Pell-mell through the shallow water