

Chapter Eighteen

"Yes," agreed Ned Trent with an effort.
"we will let it pass."

They mused in silence, while the Factor drummed on the table with the stubby fingers of his right hand.

"I am dispatching to-day," he announced curtly at length, "the Abítibi *brigade*. Matters of importance brought by runner from Rupert's House force me to do so a month earlier than I had expected. I shall send you out with that *brigade*."

"Very well."

"You will find your packs and arms in the canoe, quite intact."

"Thank you."

The Factor examined the young man's face with some deliberation.

"You love my daughter truly?" he asked, quietly.

"Yes," replied Ned Trent, also quietly.