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The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 1895.

By JOHN MACKIE.

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"Sure, sure, honey. They always carry everything about with them. An old police hand can almost cook a meal in the face of a blizzard. But even if they have not, do you think they have any call on you, specially that piglike man with the little gilt crown on the collar of his pretty little red coat? Ouf! The beast!" And old Jeannette vigorously shoved a billet of wood into the small cooking stove, as if it were the inspector she were placing there for cremation. The old lady's very decided animus evidently amused Marie, who continued: "But, Jeannette, the others are no

like him; for instance, that nice little fat man, Pierre, with the black, beady, twinkling eyes, although perhaps his waist is not quite so slim as one could wish it to be. And there is that young policeman-such a dear, curly headed tittle fellow. I declare I've almost a mind to fall in love with him, or I wonder if I could get him to fall in love with me? And then the sergeant"-Here she stopped abruptly and did not say anything more about him. But she laughed almost gayly as she continued: "Then, Jeannette, let us make some pancakes-we've lots of maple sirupand send them into the next room. You know it might possibly put that dreadful thing whom you call the 'houkimo' into a somewhat better humor. 1 am sure that through the stomach is one way of reaching that sort of creature anyhow." And Marie rattled on as if under the influence of a strong reaction of spirits. "By the Blessed Virgin, and what

may be the matter with my honey?" cried the keen eyed Jeannette, regarding Marie wonderingly.

She had never seen the girl in such spirits before. She had expected since the arrival of the police that the girl would suddenly break down and that she-Jeannette-would have to comfort her and have to advance all sorts of fictitious hopes regarding her father's ultimate safety. But here she was laboring under an almost hectic flow of spirits and even proposing to entertain those who were about to bring disgrace and misery upon her and hers. Ma Ioi: It was a strange world. Jeannette, for all the years she had lived in it, could hardly understand it. Jeannette belonged to that lower or-

der of beings with whom the luxury of nerves and their vagaries is supposed to be an unknown quantity. She remembered how, in Old Fort Garry, in the gay old days before the Wolseley expedition, when two or three of the head officials in the Hudson Bay company's service had brought up their wives with them, she had taken service with one of them. These gay creatures of le beau monde came from Montreal or Quebec and had in their time even visited those almost mythical oversea cities, London and Paris. Therefore their manners and little ways, to the sturdy and simple children of the great northwest, passed all understanding. She could remember how occasionally-as if to vary the monotony of their lives-whenever they happened to have differences of opinion with their lords and masters or after laboring under any unusual mental excitement, they inevitably resorted to one potent and unanswerable argumenthysterics. Could Marie's unwonted conduct be another form of this recondite disease? Jeannette knew that this girl's mother belonged to that superior order of beings with whom the possession of delicately strung nerves is a hereditary attribute. This she knew just as truly as that the girl's capacity for sniting herself naturally to such company as chance threw in her way and still showing that she was superior to it was an-

Jeannette, therefore, in order to counteract any further development of the symptoms already referred to, hastened to humor her young mistress, and getting out the flour, etc., prepared to make the pancakes, which, by the way, is a popular dish on the American continent. She, however, resolved to keep an eye on her young mistress and determined if that "piglike brute of an officer" put as much as a foot over the threshold of the kitchen to annoy her young mistress, to find out whether his head or a billet of wood were the harder. Upon this point Jeannette had her

As the old woman indulged in these speculations there was a knock at the door. It opened, and a buffalo coated figure appeared in the doorway. Now, the law of association is a powerful thing, and Jeannette's hand darted like a flash of lightning to the rolling pin, and her lips framed that significant word, "Git!" In another second Dick Townley, the private, would have met with an impressive reception had not he darted back in alarm.

"Hold hard there, madam!" he cried in alarm. "It's not Puddinghead-I mean the inspector. The devil!" he said to himself. "What an old firebrand it is, to be sure!"

"Oh, it is you, is it? Entrez," cried old Jeannette, with an apologetic smile upon her face. "Why did not you say old lady." who you were at first? It would have been a matter of regret with me if I had caused the death of one so young."

The youth looked sheepishly upon the face of Marie, who was sitting with her head slightly thrown back and evidently much amused. Indeed, it would have been a difficult matter for any one to have refrained from laughing at the sight of the young trooper's evident alarm on his catching a glimpse of that uplifted arm and rolling pin.

"Indeed, madam," said the polite and talkative youth in answer to Jeannette. "I was not aware that your per-

sonal animus to my superior officer was to take such a practical and forcible expression." He paused, shut the door behind him carefully as if to prevent the sound of their voices from reaching the other room, and, with an expressive grin upon his face, continued in a somewhat lower voice: "And I hope you will let him have it good and hard when you do give it him. I can assure you it's the only way that any expression of an absence of sympathy with his style will ever be brought home to him."

had only suggested itself to him: "But if you've got any oak or pine use thatcottonwood is too soft and would make no impression. You see, it's difficult to believe how thick that man's skull is." And now he seemed somewhat diffident, and his eyes wandered round the room. Then, as if he had found what he wanted, he caught up the two empty buckets and hurried out again.

"Good boy; gone to fetch some water," explained Jeannette. "What a nice face, and what a beautiful curly head of hair he has," said the girl abstractedly. She was in a dan-



"Oh, it is you, is it? Entrez." gerous mood now, for it is a remarkable psychological paradox that it is often the most likely and the soberest individuals who on occasions do and say the maddest and most incomprehensible things. "But he seems rather self conscious," she continued, "and as if he were almost afraid of a girl. I wonder if he has ever kissed one. Jeannette, you won't look, will you, if I kiss him?" "Pardonnez moi, Jeannette. Do, like a good soul, go into the next room for only half a minute and just give her a

And to the horror and confusion of poor Marie the youthful trooper, who had been in the passage all the time pulling on his mitts, again put his head into the room and smiled in a fashion that was hardly in accordance with the diffidence with which he was accredited. Marie fairly put her hands up to hide her face, which, judging from the color that had mounted into her beautiful throat and neck, must have been of a telltale crimson. She had never before in her life made such a bold speech, and it seemed to her innocent mind as if it were a special dispensation of Providence that she should be caught in the very act of making it and covered with confusion.

As for Jeannette, her suspicions were confirmed. Her dear and modest mistress had contracted that mysterious disease which she had seen in another form compel highborn dames to throw about china ornaments, to use absurd and incomprehensible language and generally misconduct themselves. To think that this poor girl, whom she had hardly ever before heard mention the name of a man, should actually talk about forcibly kissing one was something that almost took away her breath. Or could it be that her knowledge of the double risk and danger her father ran just then had temporarily unhinged her reason? She - Jeannette - would look up that bag of Indian medicinal roots and herbs which she resorted to in cases of emergency, and would probably find some potent medicine which would counteract and arrest the progress

of the disease, for such she regarded it. So far as the youthful member of the police force himself was concerned, who had been the innocent cause of all the trouble, he was the least concerned of the three. It would have rather sur prised the two women and added to their peace of mind could they have known that this not so bashful as be appeared to be young man was in no way shocked by the unblushing declaration of poor Marie. For had he not in his time been in the company of jolly, light hearted and perhaps not a little mischievously inclined English girls, who had not only threatened to kiss him (not under the mistletoe either), but had actually done it too?

And he had not thought much about it either, for he had been one of those enviable ones who, for certain reasons being made much of, grow accustomed to attentions that would turn the heads of less favored individuals, and who even come to look upon such attentions as theirs by natural right. Therefore the diffidence of this ingenuous youth was indeed a refreshing thing and often surprised the unsophisticated. But his halcyon days in the old country had been all too brief, for, like many more younger sons of younger sons, he had been packed off to Manitoba to learn farming. There, finding the task of expostulating with perverse oxen and milking deceitful cows hardly the idyllic and congenial employment he had imagined it to be, he had, like many more of his kind, drifted into the ranks of the Northwest mounted police, there to moralize with kindred spirits over "joys departed never to return."

And now, as he went to the covered well, he bowed his head to the icy blast. "By Jove," he said to himself, "who would have dreamed of seeing a girl like that in this God forsaken part of the world? But she's only like 'all the rest of them. The girl who looks as if she were thinking of heaven all the time, and who you think only requires a pair of wings to make her an angel, is probably thinking of nothing higher than man's gullibility and wondering if the right chap will have sand enough to come forward at the right time. But I'll have that kiss yet in spite of the

But he did not have that kiss. CHAPTER VI.

The blizzard raged for two days. The snow then ceased falling, but the fierce wind hurried the dry, powdery, crystalline flakes along over the exposed and farstretching prairie in one dense and cloudlike sheet, making it impossible for any one to see five yards ahead. And still it was a paradoxical thing, when one came to think of it, that the sun shone brilliantly down all the time, and lit up that ghostly but tangible atmosphere of snow till it became instinct

with rings of prismatic coloring and sparkled as if it were a shower of fine diamonds. This is perhaps the one great redeeming feature in this great lone land in the long winter timewhat indeed may be said to give it a life peculiarly its own, for were there no shading in nature's pictures then would the comparative effects of light and color be meaningless. No matter how the blizzard rages, no matter how the quicksilver sinks in the thermometer-30 degrees, 40 degrees, 50 degrees below zero-and over the silent and illimitable stretches of snowclad, windswept prairie Jack Frost securely reigns, the all enlivening and encircling sun generally shines down uninterruptedly from a cloudless sky through it all. Ghastly and desolate indeed would be that oceanlike surface of rolling prairie without its cheering rays; a shipless sea in a region of eternal twilight would not be more weirdly melancholy. In Gabriel St. Denis' room the offi-

cer, the sergeant, the private and the scout passed the time as they best could. The officer and the scout had doubtless the best of the situation. The first mentioned was so happily constituted by nature that he never felt the leaden wings of time. He could, like a thought reader, when he wishes to receive an impression or a brain wave, allow his mind to become a perfect blank, in which he existed in an almost trancelike state. Generally speaking, this was Jamie's normal condition, only it needed no great exercise of will power on his part to arrive at this happy statethere were seldom any thoughts to get rid of in his brain. And as for receiving impressions-unless they were unpleasant ones-it would have required more than the hypothetical surgical operation associated with Scotsmen to inoculate him with one It would have required some violent shock e system -something of the nature of wood or iron brought in forcible contact with his bulletlike head-to arouse in him the faintest suspicion of intellectual activity. He would lie on his back, stretched on a buffalo robe in front of the stove, for hours at a stretch and gaze vacantly at the ceiling. The only part of the day in which he seemed to evince any inter-

est was mealtime. On the day of their coming the scout had been summoned to the kitchen by Jeannette shortly after midday, and coming back he had spread the table with a snow white cloth and brought in, much to Jamie's surprise and delight, a dish of hot potatoes, some cold venison, a dish of steaming and juicy bear steaks and a large dish of pancakes with maple sirup. On this occasion Jamie showed signs of returning consciousness such as he had never before been seen to exhibit. Moreover, he was heard to exclaim as he rubbed his hands together, "Well, I'm darned!" After this mental feat and for the next 20 minutes his mouth was too full to permit of his entertaining the company with any further exhibitions of his conversational powers. They all sat down at the same table together, for on the prairie this is the usual way. The meal passed in comparative silence; the sergeant seemed to be engrossed with his own thoughts, the officer's-if he had any-were concentrated upon the bear steaks, and the youthful trooper and the scout soon allowed the light and cheerful tone of banter in which they had at first indulged to gradually subside, for the sight of their officer's face had a depressing effect. At last the latter could eat no more, and rising from the table left the room to have a look at the horses in the stable.

A stable was to Jamie what a draw ing room would have been to one of his more civilized brother officers. He felt literally at home in the stable; the absence of conventionality there and something in its very odor suggested congenial environment. He was in the habit of spending many hours, when he could manage it, with a straw in his mouth, surveying the equine race. He felt perfectly at ease in the company of horses.

On the occasion referred to, when he had left the room, Dick Townley, the private, laid down his knife and fork and for a few moments indulged in a quiet laugh. The sergeant asked him what

was amusing him. "I wonder when he's in the messroom at Regina," said the youth, referring to his departed superior, "if he eats with his knife as he does here, dips his fingers into the saltcellars and oth erwise does so many extraordinary things? But I have forgotten-he is a married man, so don't suppose he wil often honor the mess with his presence.

"You bet your boots," chimed in the little scout, who prided himself upon his superior manners. "When I down in Regina was once, the waiter in the officer's mess did in confidence commu nicate to me that on one occasion when monsieur was dining in the mess-the commissioner and a number of guests were there-he spilled his potage all over the table, used his fingers a la fourchette, and when those-finger glasses, I believe it is you will call them, were brought in he did stare upon them, and asked if there was going to be a christening match. Mon Dieu! These are pancakes magnifique."

"Oh, come now, you fellows," said the sergeant, who, however, could not conceal a smile, "your talk is of a highly treasonable nature. Why can't you leave your superior officer alone? By the way, we must not allow those women to send in food like this to us. It makes me feel horribly ashamed when I think of their kindness, considering our errand here; but, as the boss won't think of thanking them, I shall go in and do so myself later on. I wonder if we could annex a crosscut saw some where. I don't believe in burning other people's firewood for nothing, but I noticed an outhouse at the back. Perhaps we could get a few logs into it and cut up sufficient wood for the whole lot of us. In the meantime I'm going out to look after their cattle in the corral. wonder if they have any water in their buckets in the next room. You might just go in and see, Pierre. I wonder

which of the women made these pancakes? They are superb." Here Dick Townley said, without looking up, however: "You needn't bother, Pierre. I filled their buckets

some little time ago." "Indeed! That was thoughtful of you," said the sergeant, somewhat surprised, and with an impenetrable smile. "Why, what are you grinning at, Yorke?" pursued the irreverent youngster, with not a little annoyance showing in his voice. "Can't a fellow carry a bucket or two of water for a woman without you seeing something funny in

"Oh, certainly, certainly; keep your coat on, my boy," was the answer, still with that odd smile. "I might have known that some one would be gallant enough to render a service in that direc- Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

tion. But you haven't told me what you think of Mile. St. Denis yet, Dick. Don't you think a girl is bound to vegetate in such a place?"

lar desire to discuss the merits of this girl with his comrade. He had somehow not thought the latter had sufficient interest in the fair sex to converse intelligently on such a momentous subject. His first impression, when he had seen Marie St. Denis, had been one of surprise and admiration at discovering such a rara avis in such an unlikely place. Certainly he had heard rumors regarding her good looks, but had ascribed them to the usual delusive talk peculiar to mounted policemen, who in their isolated position, by a law of nature, take every bird to be a jay and the plainest featured woman the personification of female loveliness. Moreover, after the, to him, flattering speech he had overheard the girl give utterance to, he had resolved to cultivate her acquaintance. Being only human, and not wanting in worldly wisdom, he had refrained from openly expressing his admiration of her, in case his superior might take it into his head to step in before him and spoil a projected and agreeable flirtation. It was, therefore, with not a little surprise he heard his usually reticent comrade ask him for his opinion of the girl. The ingenuous youth felt flattered and replied with an air of superior knowledge

of the subject in question: "Well, Yorke," he said, "since you've asked me for my opinion I'll give it you. I believe that girl's a brick, a regular little brick, and as good as she's good looking. I don't mean to say, either, that she's one of your milk and water sort, because I believe she's just as fond of a lark as any other girl. But where and how she has picked up her manners and style gets over me. Why, she would pass muster as a lady any day. I would not be surprised if there was a drop of good blood in her. She talks beautifully, and from her hands



"Oh, come now, you fellows."

and feet to her teeth and eyes there is not one faulty point about her. So far as dress goes, though she is simplicity itself in those dainty little white collars and cuffs of hers, there are infinite possibilities. To use a rather hackneyed phrase, she is 'a prairie rose.' 'But the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, have nothing to do with the case."" And as if to divert attention from his

rather eulogistic and somewhat rambling opinion he broke out into a well known Gilbertian rhyme. The sergeant looked out of the win-

dow for a minute and smiled grimly. Then, as if impelled to say something, he said, in a tone that was meant to convey an impression of half heartedness in the subject, but was of a peculiar dryness and significance:

"And so she is a regular little brick, is she? And she is fond of a lark? In fact, as our superior officer would characteristically put it, she has several good points in her general get up. By Jove, Dick, she would feel flattered, I'm sure, if she could only hear your estimate of her. As for there being a strain of good 'blood' in her, as you remark-why, hang it, man"-and he turned suddenly from the window and faced the somewhat surprised youth-"talking about blood, did some of the names that even these half breeds have in this country never strike you? Don't you know that, generally speaking and in comparison with their numbers, there are more representatives of a noble and historical aristocracy in Canada than there are in France, though some of them are humble and poor enough now, goodness only knows? Now, just listen to a few of the names you meet with in this country-names that people have grown so familiar with that no one attaches any significance to them: St. Denis, St. Cloud, St. Arnaud, La Fontaine, L'Esperance, St. Croix, Xavier and many others. Why, the forefathers of some of those people our parvenus hardly know were noblemen long before William the Conqueror took a trip over to Anglia. As to who her mother was I (Continued next week.)

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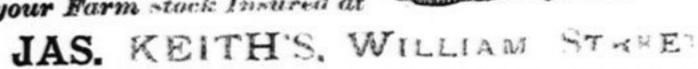
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