

weapon to position, heard the click of the hammer as it was lifted; there was a snap, a flash, a whiz—and I was unharmed. At the moment he was about to fire my English acquaintance had stepped across the threshold and taking in the situation at a glance had seized the weapon, turned it towards the ceiling, and then, after it had discharged, snatched it from Vinton's hand with the careless remark:

"I beg your pardon, but that kind of amusement is slightly dangerous."

At this the attitude of the crowd became very threatening. I seized a chair, raised it over my head, and stepped to the side of my savior.

"Stand back gentlemen, there are still four loaded chambers," was all that Beresford said but there was a determination in his tone and manner that was unmistakable.

"What right," demanded Vinton, who had by this time recovered himself, "have you to interfere?"

"I always stick up for the under dog in the fight, you know," was the quiet reply.

"That coward refused to fight me. I sent him a paper challenge and he answered it with an insult."

"May be you'd accept me as a substitute," said Beresford.

"It is no affair of yours."

"Whose affair is it now?" asked my friend quickly slapping Vinton on the face.

Vinton's color rose and fell, his eyes flashed fire, his breast heaved with anger, and his southern blood boiled.

"Enough sir," he hissed, "it is yours first, his afterwards!"

"Very well," replied the still imperturbable Englishman, "to-morrow at sunrise. Good night, gentlemen," and taking me by the arm we left the room.

For hours that night I tossed upon my pillow for sleep would not come to me. Towards morning though I fell into a heavy doze from which I did not wake until well on in the day. Ashamed of myself to think that I had slept while another was fighting for me; mayhap, dangerously wounded or dead, I hastily dressed and came down stairs. The first person I met was Captain Beresford with his left arm in a sling and smoking a cigar. In answer to my anxious enquiry as to the result of the combat he pointed to his arm: "Bullet in there: 'twas meant for the heart but I fooled him. Deserves credit for his clever shot however."

"But Vinton?"

"Dead, poor fellow. I only intended to disable him but some how or another my pistol carried higher than I thought it would."

"I am truly sorry for that."

"Yes, it is regrettable: wasn't such a bad fellow after all; but dreadfully strong headed and hot tempered."

"I wish it had been otherwise."

"So do I. Oh perhaps I ought to tell you that he lived long enough to confess that the stolen watch and money yarn was a concoction of his own to force your lady friend to marry him."

I waited to hear no more. Off to the prison I rushed where I found the authorities, who had just received instructions, about so discharge Beatrice.

That night, accompanied by our new friend, we started for Canada.

Every day of our homeward journey brought us nearer and nearer to actual northern winter. Beatrice was a trifle paler after her hardships but still as beautiful as of yore. Our preparations were hasty, for on Christmas morning amid the ringing of bells, the good will of men, and the joy of the christian world Beatrice Mauville became in truth and reality Beatrice Barrington.

Captain Beresford, who assisted me at the altar, strange to say turned out to be my wife's cousin, a son of a brother of Beatrice's mother. This he knew when I first told him my story, but I did not because I never knew the mother's maiden name.

Ah, the joyful years we spent together. One after one came the tots to gladden our hearts and comfort our declining years. All was sunshine 'till the falling of the leaves last autumn when the light of my life went out leaving darkness behind. She sickened and—but, my children, you know the rest.

This was the story the old man told us, his grandchildren, on the nine and thirtieth anniversary of that Christmas' eve upon which fate directed his footsteps to the tenement house in Parkhouse Lane. And as the whitened hairs of the venerable narrator reverently fell over the forehead plowed and furrowed by the tracing finger of honest duty we knew that like the fire before which he sat the embers—were hardly warm—the shadows falling—and the time not distant when his spirit would cross to those golden sands, laved by the waters of eternity, where in spotless robes of immortality the actor's child patiently awaits his coming.

## White Cross

GRANULATED SOAP,

For washing dishes, scrubbing, cleaning marbles, paints, pots and pans; removing grease stains, and for use at house-cleaning time.

## THE BOUNTY OF BLOMIDON.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

*Isle aux Abeilles* is a long narrow strip of land across the water from Blomidon. No longer an island, since the spade of the Acadian fenced its eastern and southern borders from the tide, it forms a bulwark to protect the green meadows of Grand Pre against the currents of Minas. Nestled behind the benignant shelter of Abeilles, the Acadian village heard hardly a whisper of the winds, which, chasing each other up from the fogs and the iron coasts of Fundy, would ever and anon

calm weather, which ever seemed to find congenial abiding place about the Acadian villages, the grey larches hung over the red bluffs of Abeilles to see themselves mirrored in a stillness as glassy as that of a forest-pool.

One evening when the tide was at the full, the sun was setting in red and amber beyond the mighty brow of Blomidon, who seemed to wrap himself in a mist of glowing purple for the splendid ceremony, a little girl stood waiting beside the landing-place where a small creek wound itself into the heart of Abeilles. The girl was a daughter of the Acadians, Therese Marin by name. She leaned her arms on a bit of grey snake-fence which ran down

to reach his journey's end. Batiste Le Blanc surged vigorously on his long and clumsy oars, for the wind had gone down and he had furlled his idle sail.

Theresa saw that the boat rode high and light, and a shade of disappointment fell upon her face, soon dissipated, however, by the eager grunting of the young man as he beached his craft and sprang to her side. Hand in hand the two lovers presently returned to the boat, which Batiste made fast to a rock beside the landing place. Then they seated themselves on the grassy edge of the bank, and Therese, with a cloud of direction gathering in her mild eyes, watched the cranes that flew over her head in a long line

don't know where the fish are keeping themselves!"

"Oh, dear friend, dear," broke out the girl, speaking in her quaint, broad Breton dialect, "if the saints don't help us I know not what will become of me! My father says I must not talk to you any more. He is going to marry me to old Erosette, over in Grand Pre!"

Batiste sprang up, his eyes blazing.

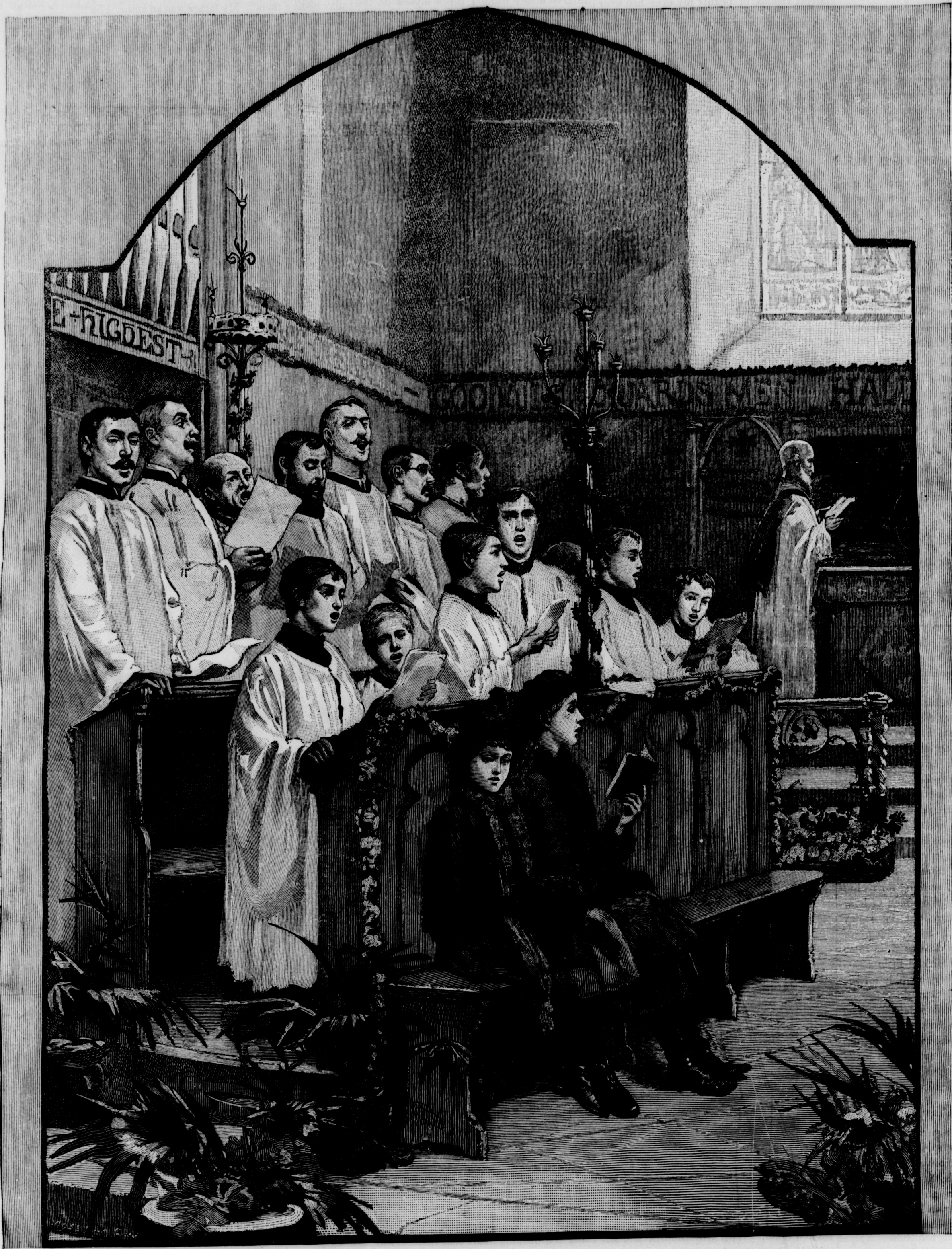
"You will come with me this very night, Therese. We will make a home for ourselves in the valley of the great St. Jean, where the anger of the Abbe shall not reach me. Some of my people have already gone thither. We will go out with the next tide!"

heart may soften toward us; or perhaps good fortune may come to you, and then all will be well. But I shall not see you every day, Batiste, but the peril of old Erosette should be brought more near."

The young man sat down again. "He has the best farm in all Grand Pre, and the most gold in his strong box," he said gloomily.

"You forget, dear friend, to mention his youth and beauty, and his great amiability," rejoined Therese in grave mockery. "Of course, any sensible Acadian girl would be sure to prefer him to you, would she not?"

The girl rose to her feet, and stood looking at her lover.



SINGING THE CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

raise fierce insurrection in the Minas waters about the foot of Blomidon.

Though most of the Acadian peasants dwelt in quiet Grand Pre, beyond the grassy miles reclaimed from the sea, a few hardier spirits had their homes on the quondam island, where their ears had the all but ceaseless music of three leagues of driving surf. The seaward shore of Abeilles, fringed above its low red ramparts with a hoary growth of larch, sloped off so gently to deep water that the big waves, rolling over from Blomidon before every sou' wester, would break into foam with a slow crash which yet far out from the beach, and all the intervening space would become a hissing caldron. But in

and broke off at the water's edge. A little higher up the beach, upon her left, was a weather-beaten raised platform, used at certain seasons for drying fish. The girl was pretty, with the dark yet quiet beauty, patient rather than impetuous, which we are so fortunate as to find even yet in a few of the descendants of her race. Her quaint linen cap was off, and the flush of the sunset was warm in her eyes and rich hair. She was slim enough to make her rough, blue-grey, short skirted gown, with the red kerchief folded across its bodice, look graceful and in keeping. She was altogether attractive enough to make the young fisherman, in the boat a few hundred yards from shore, very eager

toward Blomidon. Her lover watched Therese.

"I wish it would be no sin for us to fly away, like those cranes!" The girl said, in a low voice. Batiste would gladly have carried her off on the instant, but such a step was one which he had already urged, with all his eloquence, and all in vain. Not knowing exactly what to say, therefore, he sighed sympathetically, and held his tongue. Presently he remarked mournfully, "no luck this time, Therese. Drifted the whole tide, and never got a thing, except that little salmon under the thwart,—you didn't see it,—which I'm going to take up to your mother! None of the other boats got anything, either. I

The girl half smiled at him through her tears, and her lover caught her to his lips, thinking her won. But she said quietly.

"Not yet, at least! Rather than obey my father in this thing, tho' I have obeyed him in all others, I will go with you. Dear friend, you know I will have no man but you. Only, now, I cannot leave my mother, when all her children are gone but me. Let us wait. Perhaps my father's

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"Good night," she said, presently. "I must get home ere father misses me."

Batiste sprang up, seizing her hand as she turned loiteringly away.

"I can go with you, as far as the edge of the wood, can I not?" he begged; and he went, not waiting for permission.

Just before reaching the turn of the path leading out upon the cleared land, Therese stopped.

"Here you must leave me, Batiste," she said. "Remember, either prudence or—Erosette!"

In a moment more she freed herself from his arms, and sped down the dusky path, out of his sight.

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