

**Chat to . .  
Boys and Girls**

(Continued)

He stood there for many minutes, and the boat was making its way well out into the stream, when he suddenly threw up his hands and cried out, "They are adrift." And so, indeed, they were. Something had happened to the oars very likely, and the tiny craft was sweeping down to the fatal brink with the same swift pace as the current. Then from the river came several terrified cries, but before he had heard them all, the father, at mad flight, was making for Jean's boat, which lay on the bank. In a few seconds, this little craft was in the water, and tearing through it under the swift and powerful strokes of the old man's paddles.

"They have lost an oar" he murmured; "there is only one thing to be done. I have but two here; better my darlings should escape than I—I have lived the rest of my days," and then he thought, all the while rowing with the power of two ordinary men, that he never should have exposed them to such an awful danger. His terror of the falls had always been vivid and strong; but now when it comes to deciding whether he should perish in that awful abyss or they should, he contemplated his own fate with a feverish eagerness.

He was afraid of nothing now except that they should be the victims. This kept his heart strong, and his arm steady and sure. His little boat fairly leaped through the water with a loud 'swish' at every bound. Another minute and he would reach them; but the prow of his punt was now turned almost down stream. Louder grew the thunder below, swifter and swifter the terrible water raced and swirled.

"Oh, mon pere, mon pere," shouted the girl, "is it you? We have lost an oar."

"Courage, courage!" he cried, running his boat below theirs. "Take this," and he hastily put the oar in place saying, "Here—turn her head a little up stream, and row for dear life. Keep looking ahead of you—don't look this way; I am going over to the other shore."

There would seem, indeed, to be a very literal truth in this, though it was intended to deceive them. "God bless and be with you both!" he said softly.

So they rowed away with all their young strength and the arms of both were strong. As they neared the shore, not more than a quarter of a mile above the terrible plunge, Alphonse said, while a sudden paleness overspread his face "I wonder why mon pere kept down so low in crossing over?"

"Why there is no danger to him is there?" asked the sister, opening her great Normandy eyes in fright. "No one in this country is so good on the river as he. What is it Alphonse?"

"Oh, but I am afraid Julie! Don't ask me, but let me go over here. Stay here dear, till I run over to Jean's" A great terror had seized the boy's heart "oh, can it be—can it be?" he moaned, his face and lips ashen. He met Jean at the door.

"Your father has my boat—what took him away in such a hurry?"

"We lost an oar, and were drifting down stream."

"Ah!" said Jean with a start, "and how then did you manage? There were only two in—"

"Then, oh my God, have mercy on my father," the poor boy cried out in a tone so full of agony as to bring tears into Jean's eyes. As for Julie, she clasped her brother's hand, and stood there mute but silently prayerful.

The picture of this stricken brother and sister was one not easily forgotten.

"Oh, he may be all right yet," said Jean, breaking the silence; "perhaps he might be able to get across with one oar" but the "perhaps" had no ring of confidence in it, and Alphonse knew it.

The kind hearted Jean called his sister and his mother and they brought poor Julie who had fainted into the house while Jean tenderly took care of Alphonse.

But soon the mother and sister wanted to go and inquire about their father; they wanted the neighbors to be aroused—they "might be able to do something," they

thought; then they went out and stood upon the river bank crying "Father, father!" their voices echoed over the dark river, and among the pines, but the river ran heedlessly by with its low sullen roar booming away below, as if its voice were the voice of doom.

But what of our old Pierre all this time? When he gave the oar to his two children, and prayed a blessing upon them he was happy. He had at least saved them. In his earlier days, he had had much skill in the use of a single blade when propelling the Micmac or Milicete birch canoe, but what could he do with this long clumsy oar? What could he do even were the oar of paddle size? It would take now all the skill and strength of stout arms with a sturdy pair of cars to reach the shore where his prow was turned.

He might have struggled—there was about one chance in a hundred—to the other side of the river, but that would probably be the destruction of Alphonse and Julie. Seeing doom overtake their father they would be unequal to the task of getting to land themselves.

All this had passed like lightning through his mind as he gave them the oar. He plied the long blade with all his might, but while doing this his lips were moving in mute supplication, asking that God would forgive him the sins of his past life.

His boat was now on the shallowest side of the river, and the grey-green rocks on the bottom were plain; and, how swiftly they seemed to pass him up stream! Still he struggled on; still he prayed earnestly without uttering a sound. In spite of his splendid courage, the bottom of the river, which became plainer each moment, although it was after sunset, appalled him. It appeared to be hurrying faster and faster up the river, and the strong and daring pike seemed to have all he could do to hold his own beside some great rock at the river's bottom. All the fish now seemed to be moving swiftly and in some fright, up the river. And he was in his clumsy boat, with one oar, where the fishes found it dangerous to be!

Ah, if he could have but five minutes more, all might yet be well with him! He was not far from the bank; farmhouses gleamed here and there among the hills. He was not far from the Indian settlement which was farther down, and pitched right by the edge of the green tumbling river, but then he was not far from the falls.

The muffled thunder came up, and seemed to stifle his breathing, and the spray from the furious pool below sprang up a score of feet above the verge of the chasm as if showing arms deliciously glad to receive him.

Still he paddled on and on towards the little brown tents of the Indians and still his lips moved in prayer. How near he was to his village, but yet, oh how far! It was just an eternity off. The finite could not span the distance; only the infinite could. He was now not more than twenty yards from the shore, but then, too, he was not more than twenty yards from the brink of death. He gained four or five yards more, then the mist of that awful place below smote him on the face.

He dropped his bar, fell upon his knees and raised his arms. Then something whizzed about his ears and gripped him around the body; then he was moving through the water—was it one of God's own mighty angels that was dragging him away from that terrible brink? Then all grew dark about him and the world and all it had dear and fair to him was blotted out.

When he opened his eyes he was not below the falls, nor was he in that land where there are no more overwhelming floods.

An old Indian woman was bending over him, offering him stimulating drinks. Beside her stood a tall, proud, young Milicete hunter with calm eyes. He was her son and Pierre's deliverer. How could the thing be? Was it all an ugly dream? How could anyone deliver him there—he in the midst of the green billows which had gathered themselves up to jump over and carry their prey with them? But it was soon made clear. The young hunter had seen all that passed between the father and his children on the river and he made up his mind. He had been once a skillful hunter in the great North-West, and no man could excel him on throwing the lasso. When Pierre raised his arms in prayer the hunter's opportunity had come; and the throw was unerring. But it took two other men to drag Pierre to the land and when they got him out of the flood he was insensible, bruised and bleeding.

(To be concluded.)

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Wear one of the new cutaway coats of lace with your black velvet skirt. It may be of cream lace over white, or black chintilly over white satin and edged with a tiny ruche of black chiffon, but it is the correct thing.

The first item of fresh importance in materials is the foulard serge, which is beautiful beyond the capacity of any ordinary vocabulary, and then come the creped cloths silk warranted and proven uncrushable, and finally the spotted goods. You may object or war against spots, but you might as well try to crush out the sunshine

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Strappings of black silk, with a narrow knotted braid on either edge, are one of the modish trimmings for a cloth gown; also applique designs of white cloth outlined with an embroidered stitch in silk matching the color of the gown to which they are applied.

Dressmakers give assurances all along the line that velvet gowns will command as great popularity as last year. A touch or two will bring them quite up to the mode of the moment, and those who are having new and very rich gowns made this year use velvet brightened by large embroidered dots done in contrasting shade. Some of the new costumes for street wear consist of a plain or dotted black velvet coat with a fancy vest of colored satin, possible grey or light ecru, embroidered on the edge or all over, and combined with lace, while the skirt is of cloth matching the rest in color.

Mix a few drops of sweet oil with an equal quantity of black ink and apply the mixture to black kid gloves where the outer surface is rubbed off.

The new silk petticoat which can have any place among the new fashions must be fitted as carefully as the skirt which covers

it, made almost as long, and quite plain about the hips.

The new golf skirt is longer than the one worn last season, and is usually made of double-faced cloth with gored front and circular sides.

Red, is the new shade which has a very pinky tinge, is very much the fashion. It is something between a scarlet and a crimson, and cloth gowns in this tint, with plain stitching for trimming, are very swell.

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