

daughter who would be disrespectful to the father she had not seen for a year, — and all in English, too. Well, madame knew men, large and small, and she knew girls, old and young, but never did she know such a man as this, never did she see such a girl. As for the English, — bah! C'est la blague!

II

Around the corner from Pierre Charette's and not very far up the street is the little *auberge*, kept by Toussaint Chicoine. There Joi Billette went when he could slip out of the family storm, and there he found some of his village comrades sitting around the huge stove in the public room, listening to the famous stories told by Chicoine. Of course you will think Chicoine is nobody, because he can do nothing but keep this tavern, with his mother and his sisters and his old father. But good! You wait! Before long you will see that man in the Parliament at Quebec. When he is not telling stories he is talking politics. Some people are quick to forget. Chicoine is fifty, and remembers. A Liberal? Yes, and better, — a Red; *le Rouge* written in his glowing eyes and in his quick gestures.