

said to herself, "Now he is angry ; to-morrow he will feel better." He sat and waited, his face in his hands. Some one went away, — that was H el ene Joutras ; he knew her voice. One by one they all went away, except the serene and smiling stranger. Then, too, after a while, he was ready to go. Euphrasie went to the door with him. Her broken English seemed very queer to Joi Billette, and very beautiful, too. The door was closed, and then Joi heard the stranger's feet crunching in the snow. He rose from his chair, feeling strangely oppressed. He was so weak he was compelled to steady himself. It was not fear ; it was pity. He heard Pettingill going along whistling a gay tune, and he pitied him. But what was pity ? There are other things more important than pity. He went out at the back door, and the cold air stung his face and made him feel stronger.

Once out of the gate, he pressed forward rapidly. Just ahead of him Pettingill was sauntering along, still whistling. The stranger was in no hurry, then ? So much the better. Joi Billette was so intent on carrying out the purpose he had formed that he did not hear heavy footsteps behind him, nor