

the white crosses of the little cemetery gleamed almost as white as the snow piled up on the graves. Into the garden of the dead they went, and there the Mariste led Joi to one of the little white crosses. In the centre of the cross had been fixed a small frame, and in this frame was the likeness of a young woman, a souvenir of the dead. It was a common tintype, but there was an air of nobility about it. It had the beauty of youth and the tenderness of maturity. It was the picture of Joi Billette's mother. He fell on his knees before it, and sobbed convulsively. The Mariste stood, with hat off and folded arms, his black hair blown about by the wind. Aimé Joutras, watching from a distance, saw the two emerge from the cemetery and go into the church, not far away. Then he saw them no more.

When Pettingill returned to the little auberge, he found Barie still there, tasting and testing Chicoine's *la p'tite bière*, and it was not long before he was seated in the grizzled habitant's sleigh, on his way to Upton. One day passed, then two days, then three. Pettingill could be accounted for, — he had gone