

away; but where was Joi Billette? The times were not so gay at Charette's as before. Euphrasie ceased to toss her head and forgot to put on her fine airs. She was continually looking up the street for Joi, but no Joi came. She went to see André Billette, Joi's father, but André looked at her coldly and shook his head. He had no information to give. Joi was of age: he could take care of himself.

"You know where he is?" said Euphrasie.

"I know where I am, ma'm'selle," said André. "I bother nobody."

There was no comfort for the girl in such talk as that. Then there was the story that Joutras told of seeing Joi with the *frère directeur* of the Mariste school. To the school Euphrasie went. One of the pupils opened the door, and in a little while the *frère directeur* came. He was very grave, but there was a twinkle of fun in his eyes when he saw Euphrasie. The girl was excited and defiant. Her face was very white, and her hands trembled. She made no salutation.

"Where is Joi Billette?" she asked bluntly.

The Mariste regarded her curiously.