



BEYOND the FRONTIER A STORY OF EARLY DAYS by RANDALL PARRISH



CHAPTER I

At the Home of Hugo Chevet.

It was early autumn for the clusters of grapes above me were already purple, and the forest leaves were tinged with red. And yet the air was soft, and the golden bars of sun flickered down on the work in my lap through the laced branches of the trellis.

I recalled it all now, as I sat there in the silence, pretending to work, how we watched them embark in their canoes and disappear, the Indian paddlers bending to their task, and Monsieur La Salle, standing, bareheaded as he waved farewell.

No doubt there were those who knew—Frontenac, Rigot, those who roved over us at Quebec—but twas not a matter supposed to interest a girl, and so no word came to me. Once I asked my Uncle Chevet, and he replied in anger with only a few sentences, bidding me hold my tongue; yet he said enough so that I knew the man was the man.

When Frontenac was recalled to France, and La Barre was governor. How pleased my Uncle Chevet was when the news came, and he rapped me on the table with his glass and exclaimed: "Ah! but now we will pluck out the claws of this Monsieur de la Salle, and send him where he belongs."

And it, now, mademoiselle, "Pardon if I have asked questions which bring pain. I can understand much, for in Montreal I heard tales of this Hugo Chevet."

"He is rough, a woodsman," I defended, "yet not unkind to me. You will speak him fair?" He laughed, his eyes sparkling with merriment.

cheeks, and flcking the long, light colored hair. "Mademoiselle," he said gently, "pardon me, but is not this the home of Hugo Chevet, the fur trader?"

"The man is here," I answered quickly, yet unable to conceal my surprise, "but you will find him no friend to Monsieur de la Salle."

"You know me once," he laughed. "Surely that cannot be, for never would I be likely to forget. I challenge you, mademoiselle, to speak my name."

"The Sieur Rene d'Artigny, mademoiselle." "By my faith, the witch is right, and yet in all this New France I know scarce a maid. Nay look up; there is naught to fear from me, and I would see if memory be not new born. Salut Gilles! surely 'tis true; I have seen these eyes before; why, the name is on my tongue, yet falls me, lost in the wilderness. I pray you mercy, mademoiselle!"

"You have memory of the face you saw?" "Ah! the witchery of it: 'tis like a haunting spirit."

"Which did not haunt long, I warrant. I am Adele la Chesnayne, mademoiselle."

"Adele la Chesnayne! Ah! now I know. Why 'tis no less than a miracle. It was a child I thought of under that name—a slender, brown-eyed girl, as blithesome as a bird. No, I had not forgotten; only the magic of three years has made of you a woman. Again and again have I questioned in Montreal and Quebec, but no one seemed to know. At the convent they said your father fell in Indian skirmish."

"Yes; ever since then I have lived here, with my uncle, Hugo Chevet." "Here?" he looked about, as though the dreadfulness of it was first noticed. "Alone? Is there no other woman?"

"I shook my head, but no longer looked at him, for fear he might see the tears in my eyes." "I am the housekeeper, monsieur. There was nothing else for me. In France, I am told, my father's people were well born, but this is not France, and there was no choice. Besides I was but a child of 14."

"And it, now, mademoiselle, "Pardon if I have asked questions which bring pain. I can understand much, for in Montreal I heard tales of this Hugo Chevet."

"He is rough, a woodsman," I defended, "yet not unkind to me. You will speak him fair?" He laughed, his eyes sparkling with merriment.

"You! I thought you were of the party of Sieur de la Salle?" "I am," he answered honestly, "yet Casson will need a guide, and there is none save myself in all New France who has ever made that journey."

"Twill be well for him to listen to my plan. And why not? We do not fight the orders of the governor; we obey, and wait. Monsieur de la Salle will tell his story to the king."

"The King! To Louis?" "Ay, 'twill not be the first time he has had audience, and already he is at sea. We can wait, and laugh at this Casson over his useless journey."

"But he—he is treacherous, monsieur." He laughed as though the words amused. "To one who has lived as I, amid savages, treachery is an old story. The commissaire will not find me asleep. We will serve each other, and let it go at that. Ah! we are to be interrupted."

He straightened up facing the door, and I turned, confronting my uncle as he emerged in advance. He was a burly man, with iron gray hair, and face reddened by out-of-doors; and he stopped in surprise at sight of a stranger, his eyes hardening with suspicion.

"And who is this with whom you converse so privately, Adele?" he questioned brusquely, "a young popinjay new to these parts I venture."

"My call was upon you, Monsieur Chevet, and not the young lady," he said quietly enough, yet with a tone to the voice. "I merely asked her if I had found the right place, and if Monsieur the Commissaire Casson was still your guest."

"And what, may I ask, might be your business with the Commissaire Casson?" asked the latter, pressing past Chevet, yet bowing with a semblance of politeness, scarcely in accord with the stolid insolence of his words. "I have no remembrance of your face."

"Then, Monsieur Casson is not observant," returned the younger man pleasantly, "as I accompanied the Sieur de la Salle in his attempt to have audience with the governor."

"Ah! the lips of surprise exploded from the lips. 'Sacred! 'tis true! My faith, what difference clothes make. I mistook you for a courier du bois.' "I am the Sieur Rene d'Artigny."

"Lieutenant of La Salle's?" "Scarcely that, monsieur, but a comrade; for three years I have been with his party, and was chosen by him for this mission."

"Casson laughed, checking the gloomy frown Chevet in the side, as though he would give point to a good joke. "And little the trip hither has profited either master or man. I warrant, La Barre does not sell New France to every adventurer. Monsieur de la Salle found different reception in Quebec than when Frontenac ruled this colony. Where went the far stealer?"

I take your offer, and if you play me false—" "Restrain your threats, Monsieur Casson. A quarrel will get us nowhere. You have my word of honor; 'tis enough. Who will compose the party?"

Casson hesitated, yet seemed to realize the uselessness of deceit. "A dozen or more soldiers of the regiment of Plourdy, some couriers"

dit bois, and the Indian paddlers. There will be four boats." "You go by the Ottawa, and the lakes?"

"Such were my orders." "Tis less fatiguing, although a longer journey; and the time of departure?"

Casson laughed as he turned slightly and bowed to me. "We leave Quebec before dawn Tuesday," he said gaily. "It is my wish to enjoy once more the follies of civilization before plunging into the wilderness. The governor permits that we remain to his ball. Mademoiselle la Chesnayne does me the honor of being my guest on that occasion."

"I, monsieur!" I exclaimed in surprise at his boastful words. "'Twas my uncle who proposed—" "Tut, tut, what of that?" he interrupted in no way discomposed. "It is my request which opens the golden gates. The good Hugo here but looks on at a frivolity which he cares nothing. 'Tis the young who dance. And you, Monsieur d'Artigny, am I to meet you there also, or perchance later at the boat landing?"

"At the ball, monsieur. 'Tis three years since I have danced to measure, but it will be a joy to look on, and thus keep company with Monsieur Chevet. Nor shall I fall you at the bows; until then, messieurs," and he bowed him in hand, "and to you, mademoiselle, adieu."

"You mean the Sieur de la Salle?" "To be sure; I called him no worse than I have heard La Barre speak. They say he has left Quebec; what more know you?"

"Tis no secret, monsieur," replied d'Artigny quietly enough, although there was a flash in his eyes, as they met mine. "The Sieur de la Salle has sailed for France."

"France! Bah you jest; there has been no ship outward bound." "The Breton paused at St. Roche, held by the fog. When the fog lifted there was a new passenger aboard. By dawn the Indian paddlers had me landed in Quebec."

"Does La Barre know?" "Faith! I could not tell you that, as he has not honored me with audience."

Casson strode back and forth, his face dark with passion. It was not pleasant news he had been told, and it was plain enough he understood the meaning.

being there, and what object he might have in this long converse with my uncle. Yet I was not sent for, and no doubt it was some conference over furs, of no great interest. The two were in some scheme I knew to gain advantage over Sieur de la Salle, and were much elated now that La Barre held power; but that was nothing to a girl to understand, so I worked on with busy fingers, my mind not forgetful of the young Sieur d'Artigny.

Chevet did not return to the house after Monsieur Casson's canoe had disappeared. I saw him walking back and forth along the river bank, smoking, and seemingly thinking out some problem. Nor did he appear until I had the evening meal ready, and called to him down the arbor. He was always gruff and benignant enough when we were alone, seldom speaking. Indeed, except to give utterance to some order, but this night he appeared even more morose and silent than his wont, not so much as looking at me as he took seat, and began to eat. No doubt Casson had brought ill news, or else the appearance of d'Artigny had served to arouse all his old animosity toward La Salle. It was little to me, however, and I had learned to ignore his moods, so I took my own place silently, and paid no heed to the scowl with which he surveyed me across the table. No doubt my very indifference fanned his discontent, and I remained ignorant of it, until he burst out savagely.

"And so you know this young cockerel, do you? You know him, and never told me? Where before did you ever meet this popinjay?"

"At the convent three years ago. La Salle rested there over night, and young d'Artigny was of the party. He was but a boy then."

"He came here today to see you?" "No, never," I protested. "I doubt if he has had the memory of me until I told him who I was. Surely he explained clearly why he came."

He eyed me fiercely, his face full of suspicion, his great hand gripping the knife.

"Tis well for you if that be true," he said gruffly. "But I have no faith in the lad's words. He is here as La Salle's spy, and so I told Casson, though the only honor he did me was to laugh at my warning. 'Let him spy,' he said, 'and I will play at the same game; 'tis little enough he will learn, and we shall need his guidance.' Ay! and he may be right, but I want nothing to do with the fellow. Casson may give him place in his boots, if he will, but never again shall he set foot on my land, nor have speech with you. You mark my words, mademoiselle?"

I felt the color flame into my cheeks, and knew my eyes darkened with anger, yet made effort to control my speech.

"Yes, monsieur, I am your ward and have always been obedient, yet this Sieur d'Artigny seems a pleasant speaking young man, and surely 'tis no crime that he serves the Sieur de la Salle."

"Is it not?" he burst forth, striking the table with his fist. "Know you not I would be rich but for that fur stealer. By right those should be my furs he sends here in trade. There that d'Artigny—bah! What care I for that young cockerel—but I hate the brood. Listen, girl, I pay my debts; it was this hand that broke Louis d'Artigny, and has kept him in his bed for ten years past. Yet even that does not wipe out the score between us. 'Tis no odds to you what was the cause, but while I live I hate. So you have my orders; you will speak no more with this d'Artigny."

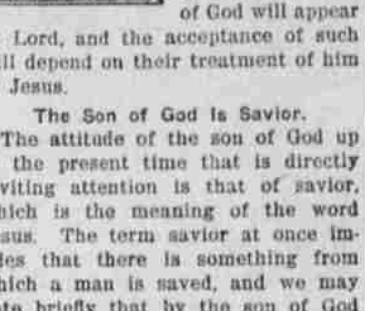
What dark scheme have Casson and Chevet concocted which calls for the marriage of Adele la Chesnayne? Do you believe it probable that Casson really loves the girl and would do well for her—or is this merely a method of getting the girl out of the way in a hard game of plotting between desperate and greedy men for the French king's favor?

person) advance you from the second to the first class of the Order of the Golden Goat." With these words he pinned upon the minister's swelling chest the new decoration. Of course it was necessary to remove the old decoration first. This, with its collection of real stones, he dropped carefully into one of the royal pockets.

The Lord Jesus

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TEXT—We exhort you by the Lord Jesus that as ye have received of us how ye ought to walk and to please God, so ye would abound more and more—I Thess. 4:1.



It is only to the meaning of the two words "Lord Jesus," that attention is now asked. They are not of very frequent occurrence in the New Testament, but sufficiently so to indicate that their meaning is very significant. They peculiarly interest Christians, but they have as well a very deep significance for those who are not Christians; for to such persons the son of God will appear as Lord, and the acceptance of such will depend on their treatment of him as Jesus.

The Son of God is Savior. The attitude of the son of God up to the present time that is directly inviting attention is that of savior, which is the meaning of the word Jesus. The term savior at once implies that there is something from which a man is saved, and we may note briefly that by the son of God man is saved, first, from the penalty of sin in this life as in the life to come. Whether one is saved as to the future penalty or not, he is not saved from the consequences of sin in this life, the law of Galatians 6:7 obtaining in the case of the regenerate man as in the case of the unregenerate man, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." There is a beyond; there is eternal death to the one that is not saved from it; and the son of God saves from that. Hell is not a myth; nor eternal exclusion from the presence of God; they are realities and the son of God came to save men from these on the simple condition of faith.

Jesus saves also from the power of Satan. This salvation applies very largely to this life, for after a man believes and is justified Satan's grip on him loosens—he is no longer his Lord. The man is legally free, and after the struggles of this life are over, he will be perfectly free. The son of God also saves from the power of sin. In the unregenerate state a man is the slave of sin, but when he is saved by the grace of God that slavery is broken—is practically gone. A new life enters and persists, and never gives up until it is victorious, and so the subject of this struggle enters the other world free from not only the penalty, but from the power of Satan and sin—his salvation is perfect.

Son of God as Lord. But possibly the work of the son of God as savior will so absorb attention that man forgets that the son of God is Lord as well. When on earth Jesus said: "Ye call me Lord and master and so I am." The moment a man is saved spiritually, that moment has come under the control of another Lord, the son of God. This lordship must be supreme, reaching to the whole man.

The body is to be preserved as under the lordship of Jesus Christ. As well must the intellect also acknowledge this lordship; a spiritual man must yield his thoughts to those of God. Equally so must his affections or desires be in subjection. He cannot love what his Lord does not love; nor hate what his Lord does not hate. Here is the place where Christians easily fall, many of them having loves that belong to the world, and in just so far they deny their savior's lordship. Equally so must the will be in subjection; the Christian has no right to his own will. The supreme moment of the earthly career of our Lord was when he said: "Not my will, but thine, be done."

Time, Influence and Wealth. While all a man's personality is embraced in the things just noted, it is well to note that a man's time is not his own, for it is only in the lapse of time that his personality can operate. If the Lord says "work," the Christian must work; if he says "rest," the Christian must rest; and possibly a man can sin as really in disobeying the latter command as the former. Naturally, too, a man's influence must acknowledge the lordship of the son of God; "No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." A man's proper consideration of his influence will often enable him to judge as to right action in connection with the body, mind, affections or will. It is not always a question when a certain action is before one for consideration whether this will injure or benefit the individual, but what will be its influence on others. Quite logically, also, this lordship extends to material possessions.

The Still Small Voice. The most potent and beneficent forces are still. The strength of a sentence is not in its adjectives, but in its verbs and nouns, and the strength of men and of nations is in their calm, sane, meditative moments. In a time of noise and hurry and materialism like ours, the gospel of the still small voice is always seasonable. —John Burroughs.

Proper Use of Riches. A man may possess riches in such a way as if he had them not. That is, he holds them as a trust from God, and he uses them for God and for his fellow men. He does not allow his life to become entangled by them in such a way as to become dependent on them for his true happiness.—William C. Shaeffer.

Poker Player Evidently. "The landlord has raised the rent again." "Well?" "Shall we drop out or stay?"

CANADA'S EXCELLENT FINANCIAL STANDING

Bank Clearings Increase—Agriculture Is a Paying Industry—Manufactures Doing Well.

"Business experts assert that Canada is on the threshold of perhaps the most prosperous era in her history. The unprecedented value of the farm products of 1915, together with the very large output of factories working on munitions of war has suddenly brought the country into a position, financially, scarcely hoped for as a nation for years to come. Exports surplus of \$50,000,000 a month is making Canada very strong in cash."

The response by the farmers of Canada to the call for increased production in 1915 was a total net output exceeding one billion dollars, an increase over normal years of at least three hundred millions. The three Prairie Provinces contributed probably nearly one-half of the total product.

The wheat crop was worth \$310,000,000, and accounted for about 50 per cent of the total agricultural product. Other things counted also. Look at dairying. In Ontario the dairy production was increased 20 per cent, and prices were over 10 per cent ahead of 1914. Other provinces shared in the increase, especially Alberta, Saskatchewan, Quebec and Nova Scotia. The dairy cow was "on the job" in 1915. So also were the beef cattle, the pigs and the hens.

It is not fair to the farmers of the Prairies to call the wheat crop of 1915 a "miracle" crop. The farmers cultivated more land and gave attention to their seed. Providence gave them favorable weather. Then they toiled early and late in the harvesting and threshing. Good cultivation gave bigger yields than ever before. 45 bushels as against 25.

The wealth of Western Canada is by no means all in its wheat crop. If the country had no wheat at all it would still be famous as a land of successful farmers on account of its stock production. From one shipping point (High River, Alberta) over \$75,000,000 worth of horses have been sold in the last two months. The average price to the farmer has been about \$175.00 per head. According to Government returns there are a million and a half horses in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, worth probably \$150,000,000.

The investments which farmers of Western Canada are making in livestock and farm improvements are good evidence of the fact that they have money for these purposes. It is apparent, however, that they are also spending some of their profits on those things which will bring greater comfort and enjoyment to themselves, their wives and their families. The automobile trade all through the country is particularly active, and farmers are the biggest buyers. A recent report of the Saskatchewan district shows that in two months a million dollars' worth of automobiles have been sold, largely to farmers. Nor are all of these cars of the cheaper make; some high-priced machines are in demand.

Bank clearings throughout the Western Provinces show greater commercial activity than at the same season in 1915 or 1914, the increase for the last week of February being \$5,000,000 and almost \$9,000,000, respectively, for the first week of March \$15,000,000 over 1915 and \$18,000,000 over 1914. The same excellent story comes from Moose Jaw, Sask., where they showed from 40 to 100 per cent over the previous year. Calgary, Alta., bank clearings continue to reflect the greatly improved business conditions as compared with a year ago. Canadian bank clearings for the month of February, 1916, were the greatest for any February in the country's history. The totals amounted to \$694,222,000.00, as compared with \$487,290,000.00 for the same month a year ago. An increase of \$177,000,000.00 in bank clearings for the month tells its own story of the country's prosperity.—Advertisement.

Achy Joints Give Warning. A creaky joint often predicts rain. It may also mean that the kidneys are not filtering the poisonous uric acid from the blood. Bad backs, rheumatic pains, sore, swelling joints, headaches, dizziness and urinary disorders are all effects of weak kidneys and if nothing is done, there's danger of more serious trouble. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended kidney remedy.

A Pennsylvania Case. John V. Harris, 212 S. Alden St., Philadelphia, Pa., says: "Working on a damp floor and straining weakened my kidneys and my back gave out. Mornings I had to be mighty careful how I bent over, and it was a job to dress. After a day's work my back pained terribly and I was restless, nervous and irritable. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me as soon as I took them and continued use restored me to good health."

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