

lon and Montreal. Adolphe halted a minute to stare at the demi-god.

'You should have seen the old barge Elsie go over two years ago,' one engineer was saying, as he indicated a point of the dam. 'She missed the canal piers, and I tell you her plunge was a great sight. She hit the pike's head reef and was smashed to splinters. But what I'd like would be to see the dam shot by canoe. It might possibly be done in one or two spots.'

'Well, if any reckless riverman wants to make fifty dollars,' broke in Cameron, with a laugh, 'I'll give it to see him go over in a canoe.'

Adolphe heard. Fifty dollars! His eyes darted to the dam, while his face flamed scarlet. Then he went pale. The thought bewildered him. He to run the dam? But—fifty dollars! It was his mother's life. She could have Monsieur the Doctor. She need not die.

But to go over the dam! Yet how often he had thought that this might be done. But how, how angry was the foam! What a horrible height it was! Ugh! He shivered—and yet—fifty dollars—his mother! He knew well that place where there were no rocks and a smooth swoop of water after the curl-back under the plunge.

He wheeled and hurried to where Cameron laughed with his friends.

'M'sieu Cameron,' he began, with shaking voice, 'you give feefty dollars for run de dam. I run de dam—me, wit' my canoe. You give me feefty dollar?'

'Who is the fellow?' demanded Cameron.

'Oh, he's a chap from the Brillon side, the foreman has him working here sometimes. He run the dam? Bosh!'

'He's making a bluff,' laughed Cameron. 'Wants glory cheap. Wants to say he offered, eh? I knew these French fellows.' Then he looked at Adolphe. 'Nonsense! Go back to your work and don't be silly,' the great man said, not unkindly, for something in the boy's face had suddenly moved him.

'You say you give feefty dollar for run de dam? You mean dat? Den I run de dam for feefty dollar, M'sieu Cameron,' repeated Adolphe.

The engineers laughed.

'He's got you, Cameron,' said one. It nettled the contractor. He would be made to retract his offer by this quavering scarecrow of a boy.

'Oh, yes,' he said, coldly. 'Fifty dollars—why, certainly. After you run it. When will you go?'

'Right off. I go cross on de other side. I go now.'

Adolphe turned to the river.

'He seems to mean it,' said Cameron, somewhat agast.

'Pooh! He's just keeping up the bluff,' insisted the engineer, and Cameron let him go. Yet it became known almost at once along the works that Adolphe Canelle intended to run the dam. Men gathered in knots to discuss the thing.

But keener was the wonder on the Brillon side of the river. Adolphe Canelle—that coward—to run the Brillon dam and rapids. Not Indian Minette himself, greatest of voyagers, whose name was known from Quebec City to Lake Temiscamingue would dare such a thing. It was death almost certain. Adolphe Canelle! Incredible!

But, no! There was no mistake. Soon Adolphe passed up Brillon's street, carrying his canoe over his head. The villagers turned out and went behind him. For once he was followed without jeers.

At the dam most people halted. Adolphe went on half a mile above for he needed a long course from the 'draw' of the dam in order to go over at the place chosen.

He kicked off his boots and then, kneeling in his canoe a trifle aft, paddled far out and pointed her down stream.

His body felt cold. His head was dizzy. Everything seemed unreal. An uncanny numbness had possession of him. There was a sickening tightness across his heart.

He paddled mechanically. Was he actually going over the dam? Yes, he was on the water. There were the booms to his left. He vaguely noticed Pierre Latour standing on the third—the one where he caught the big catfish last spring. This was his own little canoe. Yet how strange things were!

He paddled, slowly—he might still return to shore. But he was here for the sake of his mother. He would win fifty dollars!

How happy they would be when she got well! His darling mother!

Is the water cold to-day? he wonders. No! No! He will not be in the water. He must paddle well. He must hold her straight for the big pine beyond Durocher's wharf. There, that is it! That is the place to take the jump.

Ciel! How the current runs here! The leap will soon come now. Now! Now he must paddle—hard, hard! Speed, speed—that is what will save his life! It rings in his ears. Speed! Paddle, Adolphe! Force her! The water bubbles from the bows. Lift her now! lift—drive her through it!

His face is livid. He pants between clenched teeth, giving a queer, strained gasp with each of those wild strokes. All his skill and experience, all the frantic strength of desperation is in this battle for speed.

The twelve feet of bark leaps with each stroke. She far outspeeds the whirling current, and yet is she held on even keel and rushed straight as a bullet for the picked spot.

Never before was such a paddling seen, said old rivermen afterward.

Now it is but a few more strokes. How deafening is the roar! How the smooth 'draw' swirls here! But the canoe must not swerve. The pine tree—that is it. A few strokes! Quick ones! Fierce ones! Drive her! Put her through! Drive! Drive.

In the instant that he was on the brink Adolphe was conscious of the whole scene—the water falling away from him and boiling back immediately beneath; the people to his right on the Brillon side yelling with excitement; the groups of men on the canal in the distance to the left; in front the white seething of the rapids, and beyond that the quiet water of the lower river stretching far away, shimmering in the soft haze of the September afternoon.

He is on the very edge; the bow is already past it! Notre Dame, what a leap! The good God help him—and his mother!

Then it happened as Adolphe hoped it would if he could get enough speed. Instead of pitching with the water down into that black-curling roll of death directly below the dam, the light canoe shot out clear beyond the fall. As he drove the last stroke home he grasped either gunwale with a hand and squatted lower to save the boat from turning over as she fell.

The drop lasted—lasted—how long? The canoe struck the clear surface just beyond the line of black tow, shipped water, was righted on the second, and tore on down the torrent of the river below.

He has done it! Blessed Mary! Now only the rapids are ahead. His mother is saved! He will get the money. The air seems to be full of human sound, mingled with the roar of water. Most wonderful—it is cheering! It is for him! Adolphe's whole body thrills. He feels what it is to win.

Adolphe? This was not the old Adolphe. He had a new spirit in him. He was no longer a poltroon. It was a man who paddled, who guided the canoe with wonderful skill through the mad swirls of Rapids on to Brillon! On to his mother! To money! To a friendly village proud of her son! To the fame of the greatest feat of canoeing known to twenty countries!

'By thunder, you're a brave lad,' said Contractor Cameron, as he paid the money. 'But don't ever do that again.'

'The Bon Dieu, He must love that boy,' the people said.

And Adolphe became the hero of the whole riverside.

To this day the old voyagers of the Ottawa, when recounting deeds of daring, tell this very story of how Adolphe Canelle ran the great dam of Brillon and saved his dear mother's life.—*New World*.

HIS ENEMY'S DAUGHTER

The man had landed from an ocean liner only a few hours previously, and stood waiting impatiently for the train that was to convey him from Cork to the only relative he possessed in Ireland.

As John O'Connor waited with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his light summer overcoat, he thought of the changes the years had made in his fortune. Fifteen years before he had been a lad of twenty, poor, hot-headed, and in disgrace; now he was a man of millions, a power in the republic he had left, and thirty-five years of age.

'Yes,' he said to himself, 'there are changes, indeed,' and his thoughts went back to the little farm under the shelter of the blue mountains, the farm where generations of his kin had toiled and died. There had been a few bad seasons, and a long illness in the family, and John's widowed mother had been evicted from her home. And then John had met their landlord, Sir Reginald O'Brien, and the lad had struck the elder man. He had been tried by the county magnates, and sent to spend weeks in gaol. There had been a sum of money collected in the interval by a few sympathising friends, but of this John only accepted the price of a steerage ticket to the States. The remainder had been set aside for his mother's use. She had found a home at a considerable distance from her former place of abode, and to it John's first visit was due.

Mrs. O'Connor was a woman who had been educated beyond her sphere by a community of nuns near whose convent she had lived, and her letters to her son had been frequent and long, and had contained much mention of a Helen Marston, who had rendered the lonely woman's life less lonely. John O'Connor's own wider horizon had enabled him to grasp the fact that Miss Marston was a lady. A photograph, sent one Christmas by his mother, showed her to be young and handsome. The years in America had been too busy, too fully occupied for love or love-making. Besides, John was fastidious; and the women he had met—wives and daughters of wealthy, self-made men—had lacked something in refinement.

It had happened that young O'Connor had found employment in the workshop of an American millionaire. All unknown to himself the lad had a good deal of mechanical skill, and in the intervals of hard work he made time for a study of the mechanism of the machinery whose production was the source of his master's wealth. One day he made a discovery that ere long revolutionised the business. He insisted on communicating the discovery to