

"Fine words butter no parsnips, Chevalier La Corne," replied the Acadian, whom no eloquence could soften. "Bigot sold Louisbourg!" This was a common but erroneous opinion in Acadia.

"Bigot butters his own parsnips well, Colonel," replied La Corne St. Luc; "but I did not think he would have gone against the despatches! It is the first time he ever opposed Versailles! There must be something in the wind! A screw loose somewhere, or another woman in the case! But hark, he is going on again!"

The Intendant, after examining some papers, entered into a detail of the resources of the Colony, the number of men capable of bearing arms, the munitions and material of war in the magazines, and the relative strength of each district of the Province. He manipulated his figures with the dexterity of an Indian juggler throwing balls; and at the end brought out a totality of force in the Colony, capable, unaided, of prolonging the war for two years, against all the powers of the English.

At the conclusion of this speech Bigot took his seat. He had made a favorable impression upon the Council, and even his most strenuous opponents admitted that, on the whole, the Intendant had spoken like an able administrator and a true Frenchman.

Cadet and Varin supported their chief warmly. Bad as they were, both in private life and public conduct, they lacked neither shrewdness nor courage. They plundered their country, but were ready to fight for it against the national enemy.

Other officers followed in succession—men whose names were already familiar or destined to become glorious in New France—La Corne St. Luc, Celeron de Bienville, Colonel Philibert, the Chevalier de Beaujeu, the De Villiers, Le Gardeur de St. Pierre, and De Lery. One and all supported that view of the despatches taken by the Governor and the Intendant. All agreed upon the necessity of completing the walls of Quebec, and of making a determined stand at every point of the frontier against the threatened invasion. In case of the sudden patching up of a peace by the negotiators at Aix La Chapelle—as really happened—on the terms of *uti possidetis*, it was of vital importance that New France hold fast to every shred of her territory, both East and West.

Long and earnest were the deliberations of the Council of War. The reports of the commanding officers from all points of the frontier were carefully studied. Plans of present defence and future conquest were discussed, with reference to the strength and weakness of the Colony, and an accurate knowledge of the forces and designs of the English obtained from the disaffected remnant of Cromwellian republicans in New England, whose hatred to the Crown ever outweighed their loyalty, and who kept up a traitorous correspondence, for purposes of their own, with the governors of New France.

The lamps were lit and burned far into the night when the Council broke up. The most part of the officers partook of a cheerful refreshment with the Governor before they retired to their several quarters. Only Bigot and his friends declined to sup with the Governor; they took a polite leave, and rode away from the Chateau to the Palace of the Intendant, where a more gorgeous repast and more congenial company awaited them.

The wine flowed freely at the Intendant's table, and as the irritating events of the day were recalled to memory, the pent-up wrath of the Intendant broke forth. "Damn the Golden Dog and his master, both!" exclaimed he. "Philibert shall pay with his life for the outrage of to-day, or I will lose mine! The dirt is not off my coat yet, Cadet!" said he, as he pointed to a spatter of mud upon his breast. "A pretty

## This Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse, and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well, either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see, I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer. And, as I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I've sold 200,000 that way already.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quickly.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing-machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easily that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And it don't wear the clothes, nor fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

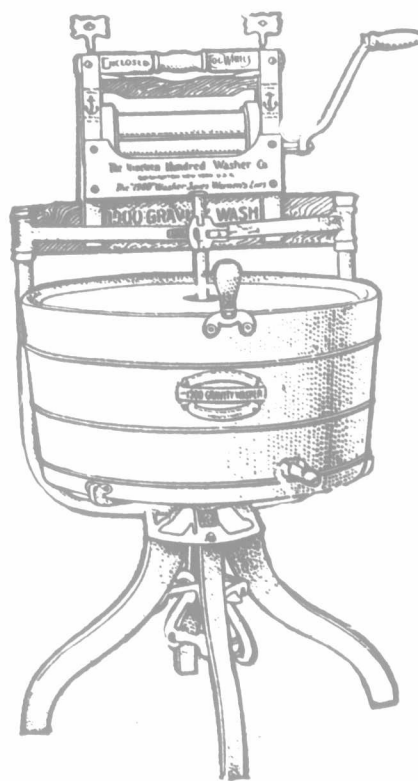
It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Gravity" Washer saves every week, for 10 years, and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So said I to myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers.

I will send any reliable person a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened for Washing Clothes—the quickest, easiest, and handsomest Washer on Earth. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.



Now, don't be suspicious! I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer. You don't risk anything, anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer, that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Or I'll send the machine on to you, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way:—F. A. V. Back, Manager "1900" Washer Company, 357 Yonge street, Toronto, Ont. Don't delay. Write me a postcard now, while you think of it.

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medal that for the Intendant to wear in a Council of War!"

"Council of War!" replied Cadet, setting his goblet down with a bang upon the polished table, after draining it to the bottom. "I would like to go through that mob again! and I would pull an oar in the galleys of Marseilles rather than be questioned with that air of authority by a botanizing quack like La Galissoniere! Such villainous questions as he asked me about the state of the royal magazines! La Galissoniere had more the air of a judge

cross-examining a culprit than of a Governor asking information of a king's officer!"

"True, Cadet!" replied Varin, who was always a flatterer, and who at last saved his ill-gotten wealth by the surrender of his wife as a love-gift to the Duc de Choiseul. "We all have our own injuries to bear. The Intendant was just showing us the spot of dirt cast upon him by the mob; and I ask what satisfaction he has asked in the Council for the insult."

"Ask satisfaction!" replied Cadet

with a laugh. "Let him take it! Satisfaction! We will all help him! But I say that the hair of the dog that bit him will alone cure the bite! What I laughed at the most was this morning at Beaumanoir, to see how coolly that whelp of the Golden Dog—young Philibert—walked off with De Repentigny from the very midst of all the Grand Company!"

"We shall lose our young neophyte, I doubt, Cadet! I was a fool to let him go with Philibert!" remarked Bigot.

"Oh, I am not afraid of losing