

Diamond Dyes

USED TEN YEARS WITHOUT A
SINGLE FAILURE.

"Mother and I have used Diamond Dyes for ten years without a single failure. With a family of six, five of us being girls, we have to study economy in dress, as well as in other matters. The Diamond Dyes have been blessings to us. Nearly every week we have some garment to re-color and fit for longer wear. Your Diamond Dyes make the old things look like new, saving us considerable money each year. I will thank you for your Diamond Dye Annual."

—JESSIE M. COPPIN, Vancouver, B. C.



Mrs. Hilton Buys a Bargain Remnant Dyes It An Attractive Shade.

"Ever since I read how some of the users of Diamond Dyes bought bargain remnants, and colored them to please their taste, I have taken advantage of the suggestion given and profited greatly by it. This year I bought two remnants of chiffon broadcloth, one a very trying shade of blue, and the other a soiled cream color. I dyed them scarlet—made my daughter an evening cape, and lined it with white silk. It cost me less than \$5.00, and was worth many times that amount."

—MRS. MARCIA J. HILTON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the standard of the world, and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes, and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk or Cotton ("all fabrics") equally well. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk or other animal fibres can be used successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen or other vegetable fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen or other Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

Diamond Dye Annual — Free Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name, and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. Address:

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200 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, P. Q.

reached the cathedral, when a common impulse seized them to see who was there. They flew up the steps and disappeared in the church.

In the midst of their devotions, as they knelt upon the floor, the sharp eyes of the young ladies were caught by gesticulations of the well-gloved hand of the Chevalier des Meloises, as he saluted them across the aisle.

The hurried recitation of an Ave or two had quite satisfied the devotion of the Chevalier, and he looked round the church with an air of condescension, criticising the music and peering into the faces of such of the ladies as looked up, and many did so, to return his scrutiny.

The young ladies encountered him in the aisle as they left the church, before the service was finished. It had long since been finished for him, and was finished for the young ladies, also, when they had satisfied their curiosity to see who was there, and who with whom.

"We cannot pray for you any longer, Chevalier des Meloises!" said one of the gayest of the group; "the Lady Superior has economically granted us but one hour in the city to make our purchases and attend Vespers. Out of that hour we can only steal forty minutes for a promenade through the city, so good-bye, if you prefer the church to our company, or come with us and you shall escort two of us. You see we have only a couple of gentlemen to six ladies."

"I much prefer your company, Mademoiselle de Brouague!" replied he gallantly, forgetting the important meeting of the managers of the Grand Company at the Palace. The business, however, was being cleverly transacted without his help.

Louise de Brouague had no great esteem for the Chevalier des Meloises, but, as she remarked to a companion, he made rather a neat walking-stock, if a young lady could procure no better to promenade with.

"We come out in full force to-day, Chevalier," said she, with a merry glance round the group of lively girls. "A glorious sample of the famous class of the Louises, are we not?"

"Glorious! superb! incomparable!" the Chevalier replied, as he inspected them archly through his glass. "But how did you manage to get out? One Louise at a time is enough to storm the city, but six of them at once—the Lady Superior is full of mercy to-day."

"Oh! is she? Listen: we should not have got permission to come out to-day had we not first laid siege to the soft heart of Mere des Seraphins. She it was who interceded for us, and lo! here we are, ready for any adventure that may befall errant demoiselles in the streets of Quebec!"

Well might the fair Louise de Brouague boast of the famous class of the "Louises," all composed of young ladies of that name, distinguished for beauty, rank and fashion in the world of New France.

Prominent among them at that period was the beautiful, gay Louise de Brouague. In the full maturity of her charms, as the wife of the Chevalier de Lery, she accompanied her husband to England after the cession of Canada, and went to Court to pay homage to their new Sovereign, George III., when the young king, struck with her grace and beauty, gallantly exclaimed:

"If the ladies of Canada are as handsome as you, I have indeed made a conquest!"

To escort young ladies, internes of the Convent, when granted permission to go out into the city, was a favorite pastime, truly a labor of love, of the young gallants of that day—an occupation, if very idle, at least very agreeable to those participating in these stolen promenades, and which have not, perhaps, been altogether discontinued in Quebec, even to the present day.

The pious nuns were, of course, entirely ignorant of the contrivances of their for pupils to amuse themselves in the city. At any rate, they good-naturedly overlooked them.

could not quite prevent. They had human hearts still under their snowy wimples, and perhaps did not wholly lack womanly sympathy with the dear girls in their charge.

"Why are you not at Belmont to-day, Chevalier des Meloises?" boldly asked Louise Roy, a fearless little questioner in a gay summer robe. She was pretty, and sprightly as Titania. Her long chestnut hair was the marvel and boast of the Convent and, what she prized more, the admiration of the city. It covered her like a veil down to her knees, when she chose to let it down in a flood of splendor. Her deep, gray eyes contained wells of womanly wisdom. Her skin, fair as a lily of Artois, had borrowed from the sun five or six faint freckles, just to prove the purity of her blood and distract the eye with a variety of charms. The Merovingian Princess, the long-haired daughter of kings, as she was fondly styled by the nuns, quenched it wherever she went by right divine of youth, wit and beauty.

"I should not have had the felicity of meeting you, Mademoiselle Roy, had I gone to Belmont," replied the Chevalier, not liking the question at all. "I preferred not to go."

"You are always so polite and complimentary," replied she, a trace of pout visible on her pretty lips. "I do not see how anyone could stay away who was at liberty to go to Belmont! And the whole city has gone, I am sure! for I see nobody in the street!" She held an eye-glass coquettishly to her eye. "Nobody at all!" repeated she. Her companions accused her afterwards of glancing equivocally at the Chevalier as she made this remark; and she answered with a merry laugh that might imply either assent or denial.

"Had you heard in the Convent of the festival at Belmont, Mademoiselle Roy?" asked he, twirling his cane rather majestically.

"We have heard of nothing else, and talked of nothing else for a whole week!" replied she. "Our mistresses have been in a state of distraction trying to stop our incessant whispering in the school, instead of minding our lessons like good girls trying to earn good-conduct marks! The feast, the ball, the dresses, the company, beat learning out of our heads and hearts! Only fancy, Chevalier," she went on in her voluble manner, "Louise de Beaujeu here was asked to give the Latin name for Heaven, and she at once translated it Belmont!"

"Tell no school tales, Mademoiselle Roy!" retorted Louise de Beaujeu, her black eyes flashing with merriment. "It was a good translation! But who was it stumbled in the Greek class, when asked for the proper name of the anax andron, the king of men in the Iliad?" Louise Roy looked archly and said defiantly, "Go on!" "Would you believe it, Chevalier," she replied, "Pierre Philibert! Mere Christine fairly gasped, but Louise had to kiss the floor as a penance for pronouncing a gentleman's name with such unctious."

"And if I did, I paid my penance heartily and loudly, as you may recollect, Louise de Beaujeu, although I confess I would have preferred kissing Pierre Philibert himself, if I had had my choice!"

"Always her way! won't give in! never! Louise Roy stands by her translation in spite of all the Greek Lexicons in the Convent!" exclaimed Louise de Brouague.

"And so I do, and will; and Pierre Philibert is the king of men, in New France or Old! Ask Amelie de Repentigny!" added she, in a half whisper to her companion.

"Oh, she will swear to it any day!" was the saucy reply of Louise de Brouague. "But without whispering it, Chevalier des Meloises," continued she, "the classes in the convent have all gone wild in his favor since they learned he was in love with one of our late companions in school. He is the Prince Charadriaman of our fairy tales."

"Who is that?" The Chevalier smiled, partly, rather. He was ex-