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Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited

PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE

Fewest Joints

Manufactured by
Pease Foundry Co., Ltd., Toronto, Winnipeg

better than tobacco-smoke to our wine to-day!"

"The tobacco-smoke is not bad, either, your Excellency!" replied La Corne, who was an inveterate smoker. "I like your Swedish friend. He cracks nuts of wisdom with such a grave air that I feel like a boy sitting at his feet, glad to pick up a kernel now and then. My practical philosophy is sometimes at fault, to be sure, in trying to fit his theories; but I feel that I ought to believe many things which I do not understand."

The Count took his arm familiarly, and, followed by the other gentlemen, proceeded to the dining-hall, where his table was spread in a style which, if less luxurious than the Intendant's, left nothing to be desired by guests who were content with plenty of good cheer, admirable cooking, adroit service, and perfect hospitality.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Arrival of Pierre Philibert.

Dinner at the table of Count de la Galissoniere was not a dull affair of mere eating and drinking. The conversation and sprightliness of the host fed the minds of his guests as generously as his bread strengthened their hearts, or his wine, in the Psalmist's words, made their faces to shine. Men were they, every one of them possessed of a sound mind in a sound body; and both were well feasted at this hospitable table.

The dishes were despatched in a leisurely and orderly manner, as became men who knew the value of both soul and body, and sacrificed neither to the other. When the cloth was drawn, and the wine-flasks glittered ruby and golden upon the polished board, the old butler came in, bearing upon a tray a large silver box of tobacco, with pipes and stoppers, and a wax candle burning, ready to light them, as then the fashion was in companies composed exclusively of gentlemen. He placed the materials for smoking upon the table as reverently as a priest places his biretta upon the altar—for the old butler did himself dearly love the Indian weed, and delighted to smell the perfume of it as it rose in clouds over his master's table.

"This is a bachelors' banquet,

Duchess

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are luxuries for every woman who wants daintiness and comfort.

They do away with all fullness around the waist and over the hips—improve the figure—and make gowns fit better.

In fine cotton, nainsook and bar check muslins,—\$1.25 up.

Every "Duchess" garment is guaranteed by the makers as well as the dealers.

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DUNLAP MANUFACTURING CO., MONTREAL. 10

Read This Letter!

It tells of Past Misery—and the New Life of Miss Aikins



I suffered till I thought all was lost. Nothing could aid me. Mrs. Summers' treatment made me a healthy and strong girl. I owe my life to her!

Miss J. A.
(name and address upon application)

THINK of the thousands of women this moment suffering the same agonies Miss Aikins suffered! I want every ailing woman to write me in confidence, and I will give the advice and 10 days' free treatment of the medicine you must have to regain your girlhood health. I study your case individually. Do not treat every woman's ailments alike. I am a woman, I know woman's weakness and illness from actual experience, and I effect cures which no Doctor could ever hope. I don't want a cent! I give you 10 days' free treatment, the letter of advice, and my book—"Woman's Own Medical Adviser," to prove that my treatment quickly and permanently cures all ills caused by weakness peculiar to woman. My free book illustrates how and explains why we women become ill, and how you can cure yourself at home, without loss of work, time, trouble, danger, publicity or doctor bills. You need not feel obligated in writing me. If the trial helps you, a complete cure will cost you only about 2 cents a day, for perhaps a month. Don't hesitate to write me. I want to hear from every sister now before it is too late. Won't you write me to-day, for your own or your friend's sake? Remember everything is free!



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gentlemen," said the Governor, filling a pipe to the brim. "We will take fair advantage of the absence of ladies to-day, and offer incense to the good Manitou who first gave tobacco for the solace of mankind."

The gentlemen were all, as it chanced, honest smokers. Each one took a pipe from the stand and followed the Governor's example, except Peter Kalm, who, more philosophically, carried his pipe with him—a huge meerschaum, clouded like a sunset on the Baltic. He filled it deliberately with tobacco, pressed it down with his finger and thumb, and leaning back in his easy chair after lighting it, began to blow such a cloud as the portly Burgomaster of Stockholm might have envied on a grand-council night in the old Raadhus of the city of the Goths.

They were a goodly group of men, whose frank, loyal eyes looked openly at each other across the hospitable table. None of them but had travelled farther than Ulysses, and, like him, had seen strange cities and observed many minds of men, and was as deeply read in the book of human experience as ever the crafty king of Ithaca.

The event of the afternoon—the reading of the royal despatches—had somewhat dashed the spirits of the councillors, for they saw clearly the drift of events which was sweeping New France out of the lap of her mother country, unless her policy were totally changed and the hour of need brought forth a man capable of saving France herself and her faithful and imperilled colonies.

"Hark!" exclaimed the Bishop, lifting his hand, "the Angelus is ringing from tower and belfry, and thousands of knees are bending with the simplicity of little children in prayer, without one thought of theology or philosophy. Every prayer rising from a sincere heart, asking pardon for the past and grace for the future, is heard by our Father in heaven; think you not it is so, Herr Kalm?"

The sad foreboding of colonists like La Corne St. Luc did not prevent the desperate struggle that was made for the preservation of French dominion in the next war. Like brave and loyal men, they did their duty to God and their country, preferring death and ruin in a lost cause to surrendering the flag which was the symbol of their native land. The spirit, if not the words, of the old English loyalist was in them:

"For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

New France, after gathering a harvest of glory such as America had never seen reaped before, fell at last, through the neglect of her mother country. But she dragged down the nation in her fall, and France would now give the apple of her eye for the recovery, never to be, of "the acres of snow" which La Pompadour so scornfully abandoned to the English.

These considerations lay in the lap of the future, however; they troubled not the present time and company. The glasses were again replenished with wine, or watered, as the case might be, for the Count de la Galissoniere and Herr Kalm kept Horatian time and measure, drinking only three cups to the Graces, while La Corne St. Luc and Rigaud de Vaudreuil drank nine full cups to the Muses, fearing not the enemy that steals away men's brains. Their heads were helmeted with triple brass, and impenetrable to the heaviest blows of the thyrsus of Bacchus. They drank with impunity, as if garlanded with parsley, and while commending the Bishop, who would drink naught save pure water, they rallied gaily Claude Beauharnais, who would not drink at all.

In the midst of a cheerful concert of merriment, the door of the cabinet opened, and the servant in waiting announced the entrance of Colonel Philibert.

(To be continued.)