

As soon as the tea had been taken the lady of the house sent the children to bed and asked my cousin to resume the thread of his story. The critics, somewhat calmed by the refreshments of which they had partaken, listened to him quite patiently. The interest of the auditors was moreover constantly on the increase, and the story was coming to a tragic denouement, when my cousin, in turning a leaf, saw that the following were missing and in their place an entirely blank book.

He was profuse in apologies. Thinking he had left them at home, he hastened away to look for the manuscript. Although he hunted among all his papers, he could not find it. Returning to the ladies he met them going home with their servants who carried large lanterns. He wished them good night and likewise went home to bed, sadly disappointed.

Whilst the author had been reading the first chapter, Pierrot, very wisely, had gone to bed without in the least vexing his nurse. As soon as she had left with the lamp, the rogue got up, struck a match he had hidden away, lit a candle and putting on in haste the most indispensable garment, he took out from under his mattress the purloined manuscript and went to scratch at his sister's door.

"Who's there?" called Theresa. "I," said Pierrot through the keyhole, "I'm bringing you the end of the story. You will read it to me: We're going to amuse ourselves and for once my cousin will get left!"

"You have done wrong, Pierrot!" said Alice, "and you'll get a whipping. You must return the manuscript to my cousin right away."

"I see myself! I'm not anxious to be scolded before everybody. Now, once for all, do you want to read the story about the beautiful Ermengarde, Yes or No?"

"No," replied Theresa heroically. "Go to bed, Monkey."

"You impertinent things," cried Pierrot, "this is the last time in my life that I'll do anything for you, you wicked old maids!"

Here was Pierrot, candle in one hand, manuscript in the other, his night cap awry, and very much perplexed. What should he do with the purloined leaves? He dared not hide them in his little room where the nurse would surely find them. No fire in the stove, no window he could open without noise. He could not tear the leaves, the pieces would be found. After much considering the ingenious Pierrot entered the office of his uncle Convenable, attorney at law in Montbriand, and shoved the manuscript in the first pile of papers that he saw on the desk. He then sneaked back to his own room, extinguished the candle and slept the sleep of the just.

The next day, Tuesday, April 1, 1831, M. Convenable took up the papers which he had arranged the day before and went over to the court-house where he was to plead in a divorce case on account of incompatibility of character, demanded by Madame Celeste Dumoulinet, née Girouette after twenty-seven years of wedded life.

This strange case attracted a great concourse of the curious. The court-house was filled with excited, impatient people who could scarcely await the beginning of the trial. On the day previous Madame Girouette's lawyer had so torn to shreds the reputation of M. Dumoulinet that every one asked himself what could M. Convenable say to "white-wash" so atrocious a personage.

M. Convenable without exactly going back as far as chaos or the deluge, pulled the entire foundation from in under the argumentation of his opponent, and proceeded

with so much method, calmness and rhetoric during one and three quarters of an hour, that judges went to sleep and the auditory likewise. The presidents snoring drew the orator's attention. He saw that he had gone a little too far in his efforts to calm the minds. Wishing to wake up the people, he cried with an abrupt change of voice:

"O varium et mutabile semper! There was a time, gentlemen, when Madame Girouette Dumoulinet loved her spouse, a time that he wrote her letters such as Baudés and Philemon might have written, if the present mail system had been invented at the time in which these entertainers of the gods, these admirable models of conjugal love were living. Yes, gentlemen, I have some letters here which prove that my client far from rendering his wife unhappy, has always loved and cherished her, overwhelmed her with kindness and attention, and that not only at the beginning of their conjugal union, but always. A year ago, six months ago; yes, six weeks ago!!

I am going to read to you these letters in which my estimable client depicts himself just as he is. Listen! and then tell me if a man who writes thus after 27 years of marriage, can be a bad husband."

The auditor opened an eye and the president stopped snoring.

"I have here, gentlemen, more than a hundred and fifty letters, but I will only read one taken out at random. I am sure to choose well, for they are all admirable."

And the wretched Attorney, drawing out a sheet whose writing was quite faded, read in a moving voice: "I go, alas, since you command it. But in leaving you I lose all joy and happiness. It seems to me that the sun is extinct, the world but a desert, when I no longer behold your beautiful eyes. You say I will forget you. Ah! how cruel! Believe me, I could more easily be deprived of life than of the remembrance of your adorable self."

M. Convenable stopped to take breath and look at his auditors. They were awake now, even moved; two gendarmes were weeping. M. Dumoulinet appeared plunged in profound stupefaction. He did not remember ever having written such beautiful things to his wife. And she asked herself how could she ever have forgotten them.

M. Convenable, satisfied with the effect he had produced, resumed, becoming more and more pathetic:—"You have heard, gentlemen, this cry from the heart, this outburst of affection that we would expect only in novels. That is how my client loves his wife, that is how this excellent man, whom his fickle wife wishes to drive to despair, expresses himself. Listen! here is the ending of this epistle: "Sweet friend of my heart, noble daughter of gallant knights, I conjure you, whether I return or whether some pitiless iron ends my destiny, oh! do not forget me, dear and beautiful Ermengarde..."

This fatal name expired on his lips; a cold sweat poured down his paling face, and during more than a minute the attorney neither saw nor heard anything. He was obliged to sit down.

When he again regained his senses, oh! what a surprise! He beheld the whole assembly on its feet, applauding to bring down the house; the clerk of court weeping, the court retiring and Madame Girouette in the arms of her husband who pressed her to his heart. She had withdrawn her complaint.

The case was won, the lawsuit finished and everybody manifesting an indiscrutable enthusiasm. M. Dumoulinet threw himself on his lawyer and nearly smothered him

with his embrace. Madame Dumoulinet fainted and M. Convenable was carried off in triumph. Never had the courthouse of Montbriand witnessed a more moving scene.

The following Sunday, M. and Mme Dumoulinet gave a grand dinner. M. Convenable was placed at the right of the lady of the house. He snuff under his napkin a golden snuff-box stuffed full of bank-notes.

My cousin had been invited to make the fourteenth at table. He did not find a golden snuff-box under his napkin. Just a piece of bread like all the others. No one suspected the roll his prose had played in the winning of the lawsuit.

M. Convenable, the attorney, had however found out about the affair of the beautiful Ermengarde, and, my cousin being conjured not to reveal it, gladly promised to keep it as an inviolable secret. This good cousin kept his word like a man of honor. M. Convenable became famous and Pierrot got a whipping.

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 32 of St. Peters Bote

In the issue of the paper for Oct. 4th an article on the first page shows forth the wonderful success of the Colony. Although the Colony scarcely exists more than 1½ years, there are already 1500 homesteads taken up and on about 1000 of these, families are residing. Well worked land yields from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat per acre. Company land sells at \$7.50 to \$11.00 per acre. Just now two factors are especially contributing to further the rapid settlement of the Colony: i.e. the good crops raised this year, and the completion of the C.N.R. through the heart of the Colony. There are still many good homesteads open for filing.

Travellers arriving from Regina report that in Assiniboia there was quite a heavy fall of snow.—Many buildings were erected in Rosthern this year. West of the Catholic church there was no house this spring. Now there is a fine row of residences stretching north and south.—A welcome change will be made by the C. P. R. Prince Albert branch. Instead of a mixed train, there will be a daily passenger and mail train on this line, beginning with the first or second Sunday of October. The south-bound train will arrive in Rosthern at 7.40 A.M. stopping for breakfast and leaving at 8 A.M. The north-bound train will arrive at 18-15 and leave after supper at 18-40. — Recently two St. Joseph sisters from British Columbia were in town collecting for their poor convent. They expressed themselves well satisfied with the results.

His Grace, Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface and Father Lacombe who had participated in the General Chapter of the Oblate Fathers in Liège, Belgium, left Liverpool for Canada on the 15th of September.

A LOST BET.

The captain of the S. S. Piffle listened patiently to a passenger's account of his shooting abilities, then he quietly remarked:

"I don't think you could hit this bottle at twenty yards, placed on the taffrail, while the ship is heaving like this."

"It would only be child's play," said the passenger.

"Well, I'll bet you a guinea you don't hit it three times out of six."

"It's a wager. Come along."

The bottle was placed in position. Crack! The passenger hit it, and it disappeared in fragments into the sea.

"Trot out another one," said the marksman.

"Not at all. The conditions were that you hit that one three times out of six. Five shots more."

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