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### GOING TO TRY ENTRANCE

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my  
second letter to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. I have never written since the  
name was changed. We have taken  
the ADVOCATE for a number of years  
and think it is a very useful paper.

I go to school every day and am in  
the fifth book. I expect to try on my  
entrance examination this summer. I  
have a great many studies at school  
but my favorite one is drawing. I  
think it would be nice if there were  
more drawings sent to the Western  
Wigwam. I have a sister in British  
Columbia.

We have fun coasting down a hill  
which is behind our school. I have  
quite a few post cards and would like  
to correspond with any girls about  
fourteen or fifteen if I knew their  
address.

Wishing the Western Wigwam every  
success, I will sign myself,

Sask. (a)

BIRDIE.

(We have a "Birdy" already, but  
will try to tell you apart. Why do you  
not try a drawing? C. D.)

### The Golden Dog

By WILLIAM KIRBY, F. R. S. C.

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#### CHAPTER XIII.

On the Rue Buade, a street com-  
memorative of the gallant Fontenac,  
stood the large, imposing edifice  
newly built by the Bourgeois Phil-  
bert, as the people of the Colony  
fondly called Nicholas Jaquin Phil-  
bert, the great and wealthy merchant  
of Quebec and their champion against  
the odious monopolies of the Grand  
Company favored by the Intendant.

The edifice was of stone, spacious  
and lofty, but in style solid, plain,  
and severe. It was a wonder of ar-  
chitecture in New France and the  
talk and admiration of the Colony  
from Tadoussac to Ville Marie. It  
comprised the city residence of the  
Bourgeois, as well as suites of offices  
and ware-rooms connected with his  
immense business.

The house was bare of architectural  
adornments; but on its facade, blaz-  
ing in the sun, was the gilded sculp-  
ture that so much piqued the curios-  
ity of both citizens and strangers and  
was the talk of every seignior in the  
land. The tablet of the Chien D'or,  
—the Golden Dog,—with its enigma-  
tical inscription, looked down defiant-  
ly upon the busy street beneath,  
where it is still to be seen, perplex-  
ing the beholder to guess its meaning  
and exciting our deepest sympathies  
over the tragedy of which it remains  
the sole sad memorial.

Above and beneath the figure of a  
couchant dog gnawing the thigh bone  
of a man is given the weird inscrip-  
tion, cut deeply in the stone, as if for  
all future generations to read and  
ponder over its meaning:

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,  
En le rongeant je prends mon repos.  
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu  
Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu."  
1736.

Or in English:

"I am a dog that gnaws his bone,  
I couch and gnaw it all alone—  
A time will come, which is not yet,  
When I'll bite him by whom I'm  
bit."

The magazines of the Bourgeois  
Philbert presented not only an epi-  
tome but a substantial portion of the  
commerce of New France. Bales of  
furs, which had been brought down in  
fleets of canoes from the wild, al-  
most unknown regions of the North-  
west, lay piled up to the beams—  
skins of the smooth beaver, the deli-  
cate otter, black and silver fox, so  
rich to the eye and silky to the  
touch that the proudest beauties  
longed for their possession; seal-  
skins of nobles and kings. The  
spoils of the wolf, bear, and buffalo,  
worked to the softness of cloth by

the hands of Indian women, were  
stored for winter wear and to fill the  
sledges with warmth and comfort  
when the northwest wind freezes the  
snow to fine dust and the aurora  
borealis moves in stately possession,  
like an army of spearmen, across the  
northern sky. The harvests of the  
colonists, the corn, the wool, the  
flax; the timber, enough to build  
whole navies, and mighty pines fit to  
mast the tallest admiral, were stored  
upon the wharves and in the ware-  
houses of the Bourgeois upon the  
banks of the St. Lawrence, with iron  
from the royal forges of the Three  
Rivers and heaps of ginseng from the  
forests, a product worth its weight  
in gold and eagerly exchanged by the  
Chinese for their teas, silks, and  
sycee silver.

The stately mansion of Belmont,  
overlooking the picturesque valley of  
the St. Charles, was the residence  
proper of the Bourgeois Philbert,  
but the shadow that in time falls  
over every hearth had fallen upon his  
when the last of his children, his be-  
loved son Pierre, left home to pur-  
sue his military studies in France.  
During Pierre's absence the home at  
Belmont, although kept up with the  
same strict attention which the Bour-  
geois paid to everything under his  
rule, was not occupied by him. He  
preferred his city mansion, as more  
convenient for his affairs, and resided  
therein. His partner of many years  
of happy wedded life had been long  
dead; she left no void in his heart  
that another could fill, but he kept up  
a large household for friendship's  
sake, and was lavish in his hospital-  
ity. In secret he was a grave, soli-  
tary man, caring for the present only  
for the sake of the thousands de-  
pendent on him—living much with the  
memory of the dear dead, and much  
with the hope of the future in his son  
Pierre.

The Bourgeois was a man worth  
looking at and, at a glance, one to  
trust to, whether you sought the  
strong hand to help, the wise head to  
counsel, or the feeling heart to sym-  
pathize with you. He was tall and  
strongly knit, with features of a high  
patrician cast, a noble head, covered  
thick with grizzled hair—one of those  
heads so tenacious of life that they  
never grow bald, but carry to the  
grave the snows of a hundred years.  
His quick gray eyes caught your  
meaning ere it was half spoken. A  
nose and chin, moulded with beauty  
and precision, accentuated his hand-  
some face. His lips were grave even  
in their smile, for gaiety was rarely  
a guest in the heart of the Bourgeois  
—a man keenly susceptible to kind-  
ness, but strong in resentments and  
not to be placated without the fullest  
atonement.

The Bourgeois sat by the table in  
his spacious, well-furnished drawing-  
room, which overlooked the Rue  
Buade and gave him a glimpse of the  
tall, new Cathedral and the trees and  
gardens of the Seminary. He was  
engaged in reading letters and papers  
just arrived from France by the fri-  
gate, rapidly extracting their con-  
tents and pencilling on their margins  
memos for further reference to his  
clerks.

The only other occupant of the  
room was a very elderly lady, in a  
black gown of rigid Huguenot fashion.  
A close white cap, tied under her  
chin, set off to the worst advantage  
her sharp, yet kindly, features. Not  
an end of ribbon or edge of lace could  
be seen to point to one hair-breadth  
of indulgence in the vanities of the  
world by this strict old Puritan,  
who, under this unpromising exterior,  
possessed the kindest heart in Chris-  
tendom. Her dress, if of rigid sever-  
ity, was of saintly purity, and al-  
most pained the eye with its pre-  
cision and neatness. So fond are  
we of some freedom from over-much  
care as from over-much righteousness,  
that a stray tress, a loose ribbon, a  
little rent even, will relieve the eye  
and hold it with a subtle charm.  
Under the snow-white hair of Dame  
Rochelle—for she it was, the worthy  
old housekeeper and ancient governess  
of the House of Philbert—you saw a  
kind, intelligent face. Her dark eyes  
betrayed her Southern origin, con-

firmed by her speech, which,  
refined by culture, still retained  
soft intonation and melo-  
native Languedoc.

Dame Rochelle, the daugh-  
ter of an ardent Calvinist minister,  
in the fatal year of the revo-  
lution, the Edict of Nantes, was  
XIV. undid the glorious  
Henri IV., and covered France  
with persecution and civil war  
foreign countries with the  
her population, her industry  
wealth, exiled in the nam  
gion.

Dame Rochelle's childhood  
ed in the trying scenes of  
persecution, and in the  
civil wars of the Cevennes  
that was nearest and dearest  
her father, her brothers, her  
nearly all, and lastly, a ga-  
tlemen of Dauphiny to whom  
betrotted. She knelt beseech-  
his place of execution—o-  
dom, for he died for his  
holding his hands in hers, his  
eternal fidelity to his men  
faithfully kept it all her li-

The Count de Philbert  
brother of the Bourgeois  
officer of the King; he wit-  
sad scene, took pity upon the  
girl, and gave her a home  
tection with his family in  
teau of Philbert, where she  
rest of her life until the  
succeeded to his childless  
the ruin of his house she  
consent to leave them, but  
their fortunes to New France  
had been the faithful friend  
panion of the wife of the  
and the educator of his child  
was now, in her old age, a  
friend and manager of his  
Her days were divided bet-  
exercises of religion and the  
duties of life. The light  
luminated her, though flow-  
the narrow window of  
creed, was still light of di-  
It satisfied her faith, and  
with resignation, hope, and  
Her three studies were  
the hymns of Marot, and the  
of the famous Jurieu. She  
tened to the prophecies of  
Marie, and had even been  
breathed upon on the top  
Peira by the Huguenot pr  
Serre.

Good Dame Rochelle was  
out a feeling that at times  
ual gift she had received  
made itself manifest by in-  
the future, which were, af-  
haps only emanations of a  
good sense and clear in-  
foresight of a pure mind.

The wasting persecu-  
Calvinists in the mounta-  
Cevennes drove men and  
with desperate fanaticism.  
had an immense following  
sumed to impart the Holy  
the gift of tongues by bre-  
the believers. The refuge  
his doctrines to England,  
down their singular ideas  
times; and a sect may st-  
which believes in the gift  
and practices the power of  
ing, as taught original  
Cevennes.

The good dame was  
this morning, although the  
fore her lay open. Her  
upon the page, and she  
by the open window, sel-  
out, however, for her the  
chiefly inward. The return  
Philbert, her foster child  
her with joy and thankfu-  
she was pondering in her  
details of a festival which  
geois intended to give  
the return of his only son.

The Bourgeois had finish-  
ing of his packet of lette-  
musing in silence. He  
tently thinking of his son  
was filled with the satisfac-  
Simson when he cried, ou-  
ness of his heart, "Do  
dimittis!"

"Dame Rochelle," said  
turned promptly to the  
master, as she ever insist-  
ing him. "Were I super-  
should fear that my gra-