

lie than Bigot, confirmed with a loud oath the statement of the Intendant.

La Corne St. Luc looked like a baffled lion as Rigaud de Vaudreuil, with the familiarity of an old friend, laid his hand over his mouth, and would not let him speak. Rigaud feared the coming challenge, and whispered audibly in the ear of St. Luc:

"Count a hundred before you speak, La Corne! The Intendant is to be taken on his word just at present, like any other gentleman! Fight for fact, not for fancy! Be prudent, La Corne! We know nothing to the contrary of what Bigot swears to!"

"But I doubt much to the contrary, Rigaud!" replied La Corne, with an accent of scorn and incredulity.

The old soldier chafed hard under the bit, but his suspicions were not facts. He felt that he had no solid grounds upon which to accuse the Intendant in the special matter referred to in the letters. He was, moreover, although hot in temperament, soon master of himself, and used to the hardest discipline of self-control.

"I was, perhaps, over-hasty, Rigaud," replied La Corne St. Luc, recovering his composure; "but when I think of Bigot in the past, how can I but mistrust him in the present? However, be the girl above ground or under ground, I will, par Dieu, not leave a stone unturned in New France until I find the lost child of my old friend! La Corne St. Luc pledges himself to that, and he never broke his word!"

He spoke the last words audibly, and looked hard at the Intendant. Bigot cursed him twenty times over between his teeth, for he knew La Corne's indomitable energy and sagacity, that was never at fault in finding or forcing a way to whatever he was in search of. It would not be long before he would discover the presence of a strange lady at Beaumanoir, thought Bigot, and just as certain would he be to find out that she was the lost daughter of the Baron de St. Castin.

The good Bishop rose up when the dispute waxed warmest between the Intendant and La Corne St. Luc. His heart was eager to allay the strife; but his shrewd knowledge of human nature, and manifold experience of human quarrels, taught him that between two such men the intercession of a priest would not, at that moment, be of any avail. Their own notions of honor and self-respect would alone be able to restrain them from rushing into unseemly excesses of language and act; so the good Bishop stood with folded arms looking on, and silently praying for an opportunity to remind them of the seventh holy beatitude, "Beati pacifici!"

Bigot felt acutely the difficulty of the position he had been placed in by the act of La Pompadour, in sending her despatch to the Governor, instead of to himself. "Why had she done that?" said he savagely to himself. "Had she suspected him?"

Bigot could not but conclude that La Pompadour suspected him in this matter. He saw clearly that she would not trust the search after this girl to him, because she knew that Caroline de St. Castin had formerly drawn aside his heart, and that he would have married her but for the interference of the royal mistress. Whatever might have been done before in the way of sending Caroline back to Acadia, it could not be done now, after he had boldly lied before the Governor and the honorable Council.

One thing seemed absolutely necessary, however. The presence of Caroline at Beaumanoir must be kept secret at all hazards, until—until—and even Bigot, for once, was ashamed of the thoughts which rushed into his mind—until he could send her far into the wilderness, among savage tribes, to remain there until the search for her was over and the affair forgotten.

This was his first thought. But

to send her away into the wilderness was not so easy. A matter which in France would excite the gossip and curiosity of a league or two of neighborhood would be carried on the tongues of Indians and voyageurs in the wilds of North America for thousands of miles. To send her away without discovery seemed difficult. To retain her at Beaumanoir in face of the search which he knew would be made by the Governor and the indomitable La Corne St. Luc, was impossible. The quondam oppressed him. He saw no escape from the dilemma; but, to the credit of Bigot be it said, that not for a moment did he entertain a thought of doing injury to the hapless Caroline, or of taking advantage of her lonely condition to add to her distress, merely to save himself.

He fell into a train of sober reflections unusual to him, at any time, and scarcely paid any attention to the discussion of affairs at the council-table for the rest of the sitting. He rose hastily at last, despairing to find any outlet of escape from the difficulties which surrounded him in this unlucky affair.

With His Excellency's consent, he said, they would do no more business that day. He was tired, and would rise. Dinner was ready at the Palace, where he had some wine of the golden plant of Ay-Ay, which he would match against the best in the Castle of St. Louis, if His Excellency and the other gentlemen would honor him with their company.

The Council, out of respect to the Intendant, rose at once. The despatches were shoved back to the secretaries, and for the present forgotten in a buzz of lively conversation, in which no man shone to greater advantage than Bigot.

"It is but a fast-day, your Reverence," said he, according to the Abbe Piquot, "but if you will come and say grace over my graceless table, I will take it kindly of you. You owe me a visit, you know, and I owe you thanks for the way in which you looked reproof, without speaking it, upon my dispute with the Chevalier La Corne. It was better than words, and showed that you know the world we live in as well as the world you teach us to live for hereafter."

The Abbe was charmed with the affability of Bigot, and nourishing some hope of enlisting him heartily in behalf of his favorite scheme of Indian policy, left the Castle in his company. The Intendant also invited the Procureur du Roi and the other gentlemen of the law, who found it both politic, profitable and pleasant to dine at the bountiful and splendid table of the Palace.

The Governor, with three or four most intimate friends, the Bishop, La Corne St. Luc, Rigaud de Vaudreuil, and the Chevalier de Beaumanoir, remained in the room, conversing earnestly together on the affair of Caroline de St. Castin, which awoke in all of them a feeling of deepest pity for the young lady, and of sympathy for the distress of her father. They were lost in conjectures as to the quarter in which a search for her might be successful.

"There is not a fort, camp, house, or wigwam, there is not a hole or hollow tree in New France where that poor, broken-hearted girl may have taken refuge, or been hid by her seducer, but I will find her out," exclaimed La Corne St. Luc. "Poor girl! poor, hapless girl! How can I blame her? Like Magdalene, if she sinned much, it was because she loved much, and cursed be either man or woman who will cast a stone at her!"

"La Corne," replied the Governor, "the spirit of chivalry will not wholly pass away while you remain to teach by your example the duty of brave men to fair women. Stay and dine with me, and we will consider this matter thoroughly." Nay, I will not have an excuse to-day. My old friend, Peter Kalin, will dine with us, too; he is a philosopher as perfectly as you are a soldier! So stay, and we will have something



## The Difference between Baby's Own Soap and Others

### Baby's Own Soap

1. Is made from clean refined vegetable oils—that are naturally fragrant.
2. Does not contain a particle of coloring matter or any other impurity.
3. Gives a rich creamy lather which preserves the soft smooth texture of the skin and leaves it cool and soft.

### Others

1. Are made from uncleanly animals fats—the refuse of the abattoirs.
2. Are strongly scented and highly colored to disguise their coarse quality and impure nature.
3. Give a lather which irritates the skin, leaving it dry, rough, red and coarse.

## Are You Particular?

If so refuse substitutes and use

## Baby's Own Soap

ALBERT SOAPS, LTD., Mfrs.,

MONTREAL.

15-09

## Agents Wanted!

ACTIVE SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS FOR

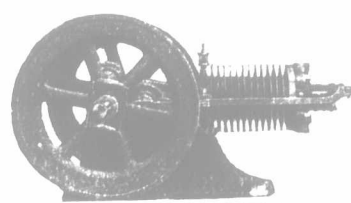
## THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE

WANTED IN EVERY LOCALITY.

Send for terms and sample copies. Specially liberal commission allowed for obtaining new subscribers.

The Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

## The Latest and Greatest Success THE GILSON 4½ AND 6 H.-P. AIR-COOLED ENGINES



"GOES LIKE SIXTY."  
Agent's wanted.

No tank to fill and empty. No water to freeze. No burst cylinders. No expense. No time lost. No bother. No labor wasted. Always ready, winter and summer. The most convenient, practical, powerful and reliable engine ever produced. **Positively guaranteed.** Highest grade. Latest improved. Biggest values. All styles. All sizes. Lowest prices. Ask for catalogue.

GILSON MFG. CO., LIMITED  
250 York Street, Guelph, Can.

BEST RESULTS OBTAINED FROM "ADVOCATE" ADVERTISEMENTS.