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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 word 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 fair pupils to amuse themselves in the city. At any rate they good-naturedly overlooked things they 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, queened 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 any one 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 coquetishly 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 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 Camaralzaman of our fairy tales."

"Who is that?" The Chevalier spoke tartly, rather. He was excessively annoyed at all this enthusiasm in behalf of Pierre Philibert.

"Nay, I will tell no more fairy tales out of school, but I assure you, if our wishes had wings the whole class of Louises would fly away to Belmont to-day like a flock of ring-doves."

Louise de Brouague noticed the pique of the Chevalier at the mention of Philibert, but in that spirit of petty torment with which her sex avenges small slights she continued to irritate the vanity of the Chevalier, whom in her heart she despised.

His politeness nearly gave way. He was thoroughly disgusted with all this lavish praise of Philibert. He suddenly recollected that he had an appointment at the Palace which would prevent him, he said, enjoying the full hour of absence granted to the Greek class of the Ursulines.

"Mademoiselle Angelique has of course gone to Belmont, if pressing engagements prevent you, Chevalier," said Louise Roy. "How provoking it must be to have business to look after when one wants to enjoy life!" The Chevalier half spun round on his heel under the quizzing of Louise's eye-glass.

"No, Angelique has not gone to Belmont," replied he, quite piqued. "She very properly declined to mingle with the Messieurs and Mesdames Jourdain who consort with the Bourgeois Philibert! She was preparing for a ride, and the city really seems all the gayer by the absence of so many commonplace people as have gone out to Belmont."

Louise de Brouague's eyes gave a few flashes of indignation. "Fie, Chevalier! that was naughtily said of you about the good Bourgeois and his friends," exclaimed she, impetuously. "Why, the Governor, the Lady de Tilly and her niece, the Chevalier La Corne St. Luc, Hortense and Claude de Beauharnais, and I know not how many more of the very elite of society have gone to do honor to Colonel Philibert! And as for the girls in the Convent, who you will allow are the most important and most select portion of the community, there is not one of us but would willingly jump out of the window, and do penance on dry bread and salt fish for a month, just for one hour's pleasure at the hall this evening, would we not, Louises?"

Not a Louise present but assented with an emphasis that brought sys-

pathetic smiles upon the two young chevaliers upon all this pretty play.

The Chevalier des Meloises very low. "I regret ladies, to have to leave affairs of State, you know! The Intendant need without a full board tend the meeting of the Palace."

"Oh, assuredly, Chevalier Louise Roy. "What of the Nation, what of the world, nay, what of the internes of the statesmen and warriors phers like you and Drouillon and La Force a parenthesis, not to Chevalier too deep), wise counsel for our safety, and also for the nation?"

The Chevalier des Meloises departure under this rows.

The young La Force only an idle dangler about but in the course of the man of wit and energy name. He replied gaily.

"Thanks, Mademoiselle just for sake of the fact the Convent that Drouillon have taken up the votaries, warriors, philosophers, friends. We are quite your innocent footsteps streets of this perilous are ready to go."

"We had better have ejaculated Louise Roy, through her eye-glass."

Bonhomme Michel peeped corner of the Cote de la looking after us stray flock, Sieur Drouillon!

Bonhomme Michel watchman and factotum astery. He had a mission to keep a sharp young ladies who were out into the city. A spectacles usually helped sometimes marred it, but the knowing gallants slipped into his hand to put in his magnifiers! Bonhomme placed all his propitiety used a pious word—in a sack, which contained one of many a gadding promenade the streets of Quebec. reported what he saw not recorded in the Vieilles annals of the Convent Louise Roy called him Cupid, and knew so bandage his eyes, it is good nuns were not in pleasant meeting of the and the gentlemen who round the city on the sion.

CHAPTER X

PUT MONEY IN THE

The Chevalier des Meloises of humor with the picked his way with steps down the Rue du gay Louises, before the Convent, resolved to promenade to the wait people at work upon the ceived with great com military salutes of their acquaintance, well knowledgeable with the trained internes, slightly by provoking smiles and glances which had formed the lessons in politeness by the nuns.

In justice be it said, girls were actuated by more than the mere sentiment—a sentiment of France, a warm enthusiasm, drew them there; they wanted to see the Quebec, to show their smile approval upon the

"Would to heaven!" exclaimed Louise de Beaujeu, "I might wield a sword thing of use, to serve a shame to do nothing but and suffer for it, while