

augur ill from the news of the Intendant Bigot in New France, besides the Chevalier La Roche. Amelie said, after a pause, "She disliked censuring even the Intendant."

"Yes," replied Angelique, "the Honnetes Gens do, who think themselves bound to oppose the Intendant because he uses the royal authority in a regal way, and makes every one, high and low, do their devoir to Church and State."

"While he does his devoir to none! But I am no politician, Angelique. But when so many good people call the Intendant a bad man, it behooves one to be circumspect in 'cultivating him,' as you call it."

"Well, he is rich enough to pay for all the broken pots; they say he amassed untold wealth in Acadia, Amelie!"

"And lost the Province for the King," retorted Amelie, with all the asperity her gentle but patriotic spirit was capable of. "Some say he sold the country."

"I don't care!" replied the reckless beauty, "he is like Joseph in Egypt, next to Pharaoh in authority. He can shoe his horses with gold! I wish he would shoe me with golden slippers—I would wear them, Amelie!"

Angelique stamped her dainty foot upon the ground, as if in fancy she already had them on.

"It is shocking if you mean it!" remarked Amelie, pityingly, for she felt Angelique was speaking her genuine thoughts. "But is it true that the Intendant is really as disolute as rumor says?"

"I don't care if it be true; he is noble, gallant, polite, rich, and all-powerful at Court. He is reported to be prime favorite of the Marquise de Pompadour. What more do I want?" replied Anglique, warmly.

Amelie knew enough by report of the French Court to cause her to shrink instinctively, as from a repulsive insect, at the name of the mistress of Louis XV. She trembled at the thought of Angelique's infatuation, or perversity, in suffering herself to be attracted by the glitter of the vices of the Royal Intendant.

"Angelique!" exclaimed she, "I have heard things of the Intendant that would make me tremble for you, were you in earnest."

"But I am in earnest! I mean to win and wear the Intendant of New France, to show my superiority over the whole bevy of beauties competing for his hand. There is not a girl in Quebec but would run away with him to-morrow."

"Fie, Angelique! such a libel upon our sex! You know better. But you cannot love him?"

"Love him? No!" Angelique repeated the denial scornfully. "Love him! I never thought of love and him together! He is not handsome, like your brother Le Gardeur, who is my beau-ideal of a man I could love; nor has the intellect and nobility of Colonel Philibert, who is my model of a heroic man. I could love such men as them. But my ambition would not be content with less than a governor or royal intendant in New France. In Old France, I would not put up with less than the King himself!"

Angelique laughed at her own extravagance, but she believed in it all the same. Amelie, though shocked at her wildness, could not help smiling at her folly.

"Have you done raving?" said she; "I have no right to question your selection of a lover or doubt your power, Angelique. But are you sure there exists no insurmountable obstacle to oppose these high aspirations? It is whispered that the Intendant has a wife, whom he keeps in the seclusion of Beaumanoir. Is that true?"

The words burnt like fire. Angelique's eyes flashed out daggers. She clenched her delicate hands until her nails drew blood from her velvet palms. Her frame quivered with suppressed passion. She grasped her companion fiercely by the arm, exclaiming, "You have hit the secret now, Amelie! It was to speak of that I sought you out this morning,

for I know you are so discreet, and so much better than I! It is all true what I have said, and more, too, Amelie! I said! The Intendant has made love to me, with pointed gallantry that could have no other meaning but that he honorably sought my hand. He has made me talked of and hated by my own sex, who envied his preference of me. I was living in the most gorgeous of fool's paradises, when a bird brought to my ear the astounding news that a woman, beautiful as Diana, had been found in the forest of Beaumanoir by some Hurons of Lorette, who were out hunting with the Intendant. She was accompanied by a few Indians of a strange tribe, the Abenquais of Acadia. The woman was utterly exhausted by fatigue, and lay asleep on a couch of dry leaves under a tree, when the astonished Hurons led the Intendant to the spot where she lay.

"Don't interrupt me, Amelie; I see you are amazed, but let me go on!" She held the hands of her companion firmly in her lap as she proceeded:

"The Intendant was startled out of all composure at the apparition of the sleeping lady. He spoke eagerly to the Abenquais in their own tongue, which was unintelligible to the Hurons. When he had listened to a few words of their explanation, he ran hastily to the lady, kissed her, called her by name, 'Caroline!' She woke up suddenly, and recognizing the Intendant, embraced him, crying, 'Francois! Francois!' and fainted in his arms.

"The Chevalier was profoundly agitated, blessing and banning, in the same breath, the fortune that had led her to him. He gave her wine, restored her to consciousness, talked with her long, and sometimes angrily; but to no avail, for the woman, in accents of despair, exclaimed in French, which the Hurons understood, that the Intendant might kill and bury her there, but she would never, never return home any more."

Angelique scarcely took breath as she continued her eager recital.

"The Intendant, overpowered either by love of her or fear of her, ceased his remonstrances. He gave some pieces of gold to the Abenquais, and dismissed them. The strange Indians kissed her on both hands as they would a queen, and with many adieus vanished into the forest. The lady, attended by Bigot, remained seated under the tree till nightfall, when he conducted her secretly to the Chateau, where she still remains in perfect seclusion in a secret chamber, they say, and has been seen by none save one or two of the Intendant's most intimate companions."

"Heavens! what a tale of romance! How learned you all this, Angelique?" exclaimed Amelie, who had listened with breathless attention to the narrative.

"Oh, partly from a hint from a Huron girl, and the rest from the Intendant's Secretary. Men cannot keep secrets that women are interested in knowing! I could make De Pean talk the head off the Intendant's shoulders if I had him an hour in my confessional. But all my ingenuity could not extract from him what he did not know—who that mysterious lady is, her name and family."

"Could the Huron hunters give no guess?" asked Amelie, thoroughly interested in Angelique's story.

"No. They learned by signs, however, from the Abenquais, that she was a lady of a noble family in Acadia which had mingled its patrician blood with that of the native chiefs and possessors of the soil. The Abenquais were chary of their information, however; they would only say she was a great white lady, and as good as any saint in the calendar."

"I would give five years of my life to know who and what that woman is," Anglique added, as she leaned over the parapet, gazing intently at the great forest that lay

beyond Charlebourg, in which was concealed the Chateau of Beaumanoir."

(To be continued.)

The Spooners.

Together we sat in a tete-a-tete,
The prettiest girl and I;
The light was out and the hour was late,
For time, you know will fly! By Jove,
How rapidly time will fly!

Together we sat in the welcome gloom,
Alone, unheard, unseen,
Though her mother was in the other room
With a thin portiere between.

I knew that the mother in ambush lay—
As mothers do, it seems—
To carry the prettiest girl away,
Away to the land of dreams. By Jove!
To the wonderful land of dreams.

But the cherry-like lips of the pretty miss,
Alas, were a tempting sight,
And I ventured to beg for a tiny kiss—
Just one, before "Good night."

But the prettiest girl resented that
In a way I'd never dreamed,
For she fairly sprang from where we sat
And, what do you think? She screamed!
By Jove!

She certainly did—she screamed!

I caught the coquette in my arms—Alack,
For such is the way of men!
And gruffly demanded of her a smack,
And then—and then—and then—

Her mother came cruelly in with a light
And—what do you think she said?
"Oh, come little lady, kiss daddy good-
night."

And carried her off to bed, by Jove!
And carried the babe to bed!
—The Bohemian Magazine.

To the North-east Wind.

Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.

Welcome, black North-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,
Tired, of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and streaming,
Hot and breathless air.

Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day;
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play.

—Chas. Kingsley.

GOSSIP.

ONTARIO HORSE-BREEDERS' EXHIBITION.

Great interest is being taken in the Ontario Horse-breeders' Exhibition, to be held at the Union Stock-yards, West Toronto, January 13th to 15th, 1909. This is clearly shown by the large number of inquiries which are being received for prize lists, entry forms, programmes, and other information regarding the Exhibition. The prize list, with the exception of one class, is confined entirely to breeding horses, the principal breeds used in Ontario being given classes in the premium list. This takes in the Clydesdales, Shires, Hackneys, Standard-breds, Thoroughbreds, and Ponies.

Visitors attending the Exhibition will be able to inspect the horses with a great deal of satisfaction, the horses being stabled in buildings adjacent to the show arena. One admission each day (25c.) will admit visitors to all parts of the show. It will not be necessary to point out the great advantages to be derived to both exhibitors, buyers, and other visitors, by having accommodation so that horses may be seen both in the ring and in the stalls at any time during the Exhibition. The stabling will accommodate about 250 horses. The ring will be 160 feet long by 45 feet wide, and seating accommodation will be provided for one thousand people.

Single-fare passenger rates have been arranged to Toronto during the Exhibition, so that the expense of coming to Toronto to see the show will be comparatively small. Visitors will have a good time, and will also have exceptional opportunity to compare the best class of both light and heavy stallions and mares now located in the Province of Ontario.

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 30 cents.

BRONZE Turkeys—(Bell's strain). Toms \$3, hens \$2.50; B. Rock cockerels \$1; Barred Rock hens 50c. S. L. Anderson, Crossland, Ont.

CHOICE exhibition trio Bronze turkeys, \$11. Yearling tom 40 lbs., yearling hen 20 lbs., 2-year hen 20 lbs. Frank Bainard, Glanworth, Ont.

MAMMOTH Bronze turkeys. Show birds. Bred from prizewinning heavyweight stock. Young toms 22 to 27 lbs. Pairs not akin. R. G. Rose, Glanworth, Ont.

MAMMOTH Bronze and White Holland turkeys. Embden geese, Pekin ducks, Buff, Brown and White Leghorns, White Wyandottes. Walter Wright, Cobourg, Ont.

OVER 400 Bronze turkeys have been shown at Guelph Winter Fair the past nine years by 25 exhibitors. I was awarded 30 first prizes, leaving only 24 firsts for the other 24 exhibitors. I have furnished first-prize winners at Dominion Exhibition (Calgary), Manitoba Poultry Show (Neepawa), and Winnipeg Poultry Show the past year, besides winners at Madison Square Garden, N. Y., and largest shows in Indiana. Choice stock for sale—all ages—at moderate prices, considering quality. W. J. Bell, Angus, Ont.

WHITE Orpington bargain.—Cockerel (winner two firsts), four pullets (two winners), two unrelated hens. Pen, eight dollars. A. J. George, 52 Clarence St., London, Ont.

A choice lot of young MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS Bred from the heavyweight M. B. tom, first-prize winner at Toronto and London shows last fall, and also a prizewinner at the Ontario Poultry Show, at Guelph, Ont. I have also a choice lot of English Red Caps for sale. **W. E. Wright, Glanworth, Ont.**



Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, and Pet Stock.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

FOR SALE—The following on very easy terms: A fruit farm near Niagara; good house, barn, fences, soil and water. Also 200 acres, dairy, grain or fruit; extra buildings, good soil, fences, water, large orchard, valuable timber. One hundred and sixty acres near Hamilton; good buildings, soil, water, timber, and the very best sections in Alberta; good buildings; 180 broken; five miles of fencing; fine crops; fall wheat averaged over 40 bushels per acre. Apply 125 Main, W. Hamilton.

TELEGRAPHY and Railroad Work quickly and thoroughly taught on railroad main-line wires. Railroad co-operation and thorough office training insures positions. Do not be deceived by flashy catalogues. Write F. E. Osborn, Molson's Bank Building, London, before closing with any school.

WANTED AT THE DELHI TANNERY Hides, Skins and Furs to tan for Robes, Coats and Gaiters. Let Mitts, etc. Tanned soft and pliable. Never get hard. **B. F. BELL, DELHI, ONTARIO**

The absentmindedness of great thinkers is a well-known phenomenon. When Morse had completed his wonderful telegraphic system he confessed to a difficulty which appeared to him almost insurmountable. "As long as poles can be used," he said to a friend one day, "it is easy. But what must be done when we come to a bridge? We cannot use poles there, and the wire would break of its own weight without some support." "Well," replied the friend, "why not fix the wires to the bridge?" Morse looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and then exclaimed, "I never thought of that. It's the very thing." This instance of mental concentration on one leading idea to the exclusion of all others is almost as remarkable as that told of Sir Isaac Newton, who cut a hole in his study door to allow his favorite cat to come and go freely, and then cut a smaller one for the use of her kitten.

Black Watch
Black Plug
The Chewing Tobacco
of Quality.