

Founded 1866

s, a broad, roughly-
The Chateau of St.
massive buildings and
roofs, filled one side of
n the other side, em-
ancient trees that had
e of Champlain's hardy
od the old-fashioned
he Recollets, with its
nd broad shady porch,
ks in gray gowns and
summer, reading their
exchanging salutations
rs-by, who always had
ng for the brothers of

of the Lady de Tilly
pacious and ornate, as
nk and wealth of the
lly. It overlooked the
and the noble gardens
of St. Louis, with a
eep of the St. Law-
majestically under the
l cape and the high,
f Lauson, the farther
r closing the view.
of an ornate mullioned
oncealed by the rich,
s of a noble room,
ntigny sat alone very
nd demeanor, but no
n mind, as might be
nervous contact of her
y in her lap clasping
hard, as if trying to
ghts.

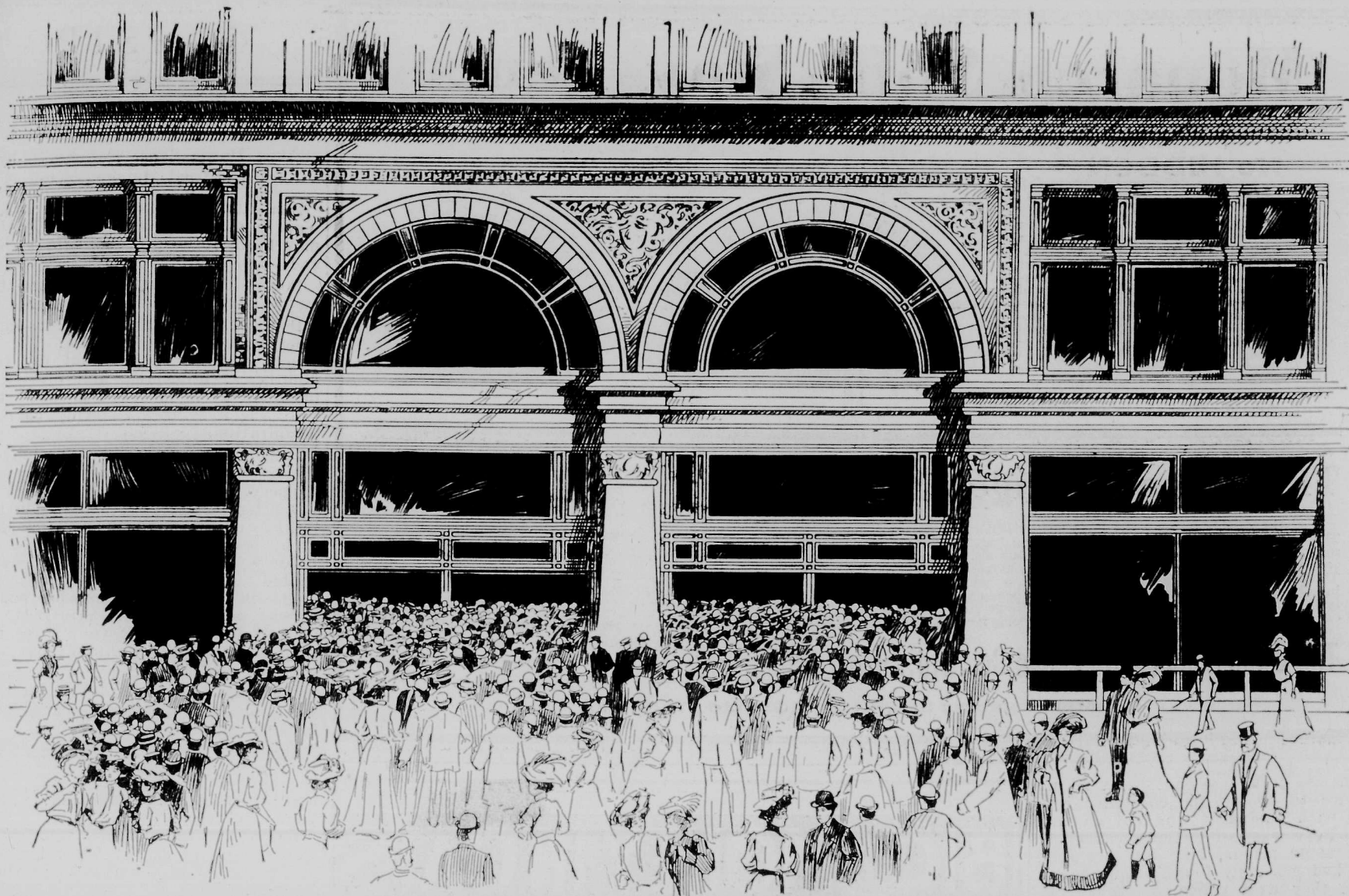
receiving some lady
great drawing-room.
loud feminine voices
r of Amelie, but she
on, so absorbed was
and strange thoughts
ed in her mind since
she had learned from
Corne of the return
of Pierre Philibet.
urprised her to a de-
not account for. Her
was, how fortunate
that Pierre had re-
nd, how agreeable to
She could not think
ly drew an inference
ruth that lay in her
holly for the sake of
rejoiced in the re-
and preserver. Her
le faster than usual—
ult of her long walk
ent at not meeting
er arrival yesterday.
d to explore her
id self-examination
that she instinctively
concealed there.

efinable prevision had
r that Colonel Phil-
have failed to meet
eaumanoir, and that
tedly accompany her
turn and call to pay
he Lady de Tilly and
e felt her cheek glow
et she was half vex-
oolish fancy, as she
tried to call upon
that came very lag-
elief of her discom-

too, with Angelique
caused her no little
old avowals of An-
rence to the Inter-
Amelie. She knew
had given more of
this beautiful, reck-
s good for his peace,
on ever run counter

sighed deeply when
at the woman who
ke prize of Le Gar-
ot worthy of him.
hing for loving sis-
resign their brothers
g to think so. But
at Angelique des-
apable of that true
inds its own in the
her. She was vain,
, and—what Amelie
know—possessed of
nor delicacy in at-

the hour of noon
k of the Recollets,
at looking wistfully
square of the Place
busily scanning every
rode across it. A
moved about the
in and out of the



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TORONTO, CANADA

great arched gateway of the Castle of St. Louis. A bright shield, bearing the crown and fleur-de-lis, surmounted the gate, and under it walked, with military pace, a couple of sentries, their muskets and bayonets flashing out in the sun every time they wheeled to return on their beat. Occasionally there was a ruffle of drums: the whole guard turned out and presented arms, as some officer of high rank, or ecclesiastical dignity, passed through to pay his respects to the Governor, or transact business at the vice-regal court. Gentlemen on foot, with chapeaux and

swords, carrying a cloak on their shoulders; ladies in visiting dress; habitants and their wives in unchanging costume; soldiers in uniform, and black-gowned clergy, mingled in a moving picture of city life, which had not Amelie's thoughts been so preoccupied to-day, would have afforded her great delight to look out upon.

The Lady de Tilly had rather wearied of the visit of the two ladies of the city, Madame de Grandmaison and Madame Couillard, who had bored her with all the current gossip of the day. They were rich and

fashionable, perfect in etiquette, costume, and most particular in their society; but the rank and position of the noble Lady de Tilly made her friendship most desirable, as it conferred in the eyes of the world a patent of gentility which held good against every pretension to overtop

The stream of city talk from the lips of the two ladies had the merit of being perfect of its kind—softly insinuating and sweetly censorious, superlative in eulogy and infallible in opinion. The good visitors most consciously discharged what they

deemed a great moral and social duty by enlightening the Lady de Tilly on all the recent lapses and secrets of the capital. They slid over slippery topics like skaters on thin ice, filling their listener with anxiety lest they should break through. But Madame de Grandmaison and her companion were too well exercised in the gymnastics of gossip to overbalance themselves. Half Quebec was run over and run down in the course of an hour.

Lady de Tilly listened with growing impatience to their frivolities, but she knew society too well to quarrel