

try again, this time for a button. I agree with you for paying for a new button if you lose your first. Today in the district of "Brushy Ridge" a prairie fire started from a burning straw-stack. There were quite a number of people trying to beat it out, I was helping too. It was a pretty severe fire, for there was a pretty gentle breeze blowing from the southeast. There were quite a number of boys at school, and we all left after dinner to help. When we got there it was going at a good rate, covering about thirty or forty acres of long grass. It took about half a day to put it out. I was twelve years old on March the fourth, and am in the fourth grade. I was very sorry to hear about Philadelphia being dead, and hope the other members feel so too.

Alta. (a) GORDON RYAN.

LIKES SCHOOL.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Western Wigwam, and I like to read the letters in the Corner. We all think it is a good paper. We

are a mile and a half from school. Our nearest town is Kenville, I like going to school. I have three sisters and one brother. There are thirty-three scholars going to our school, I am in grade three. My studies are arithmetic, spelling, drawing, writing, reading and memorizing. I will send some riddles: As I was going across London bridge I met a man. I cut his throat and sucked his blood and let his body stand. Ans.—A whiskey bottle. Q. Black and white and red all over.

Man. (a) CATHERINE G. WOOD.

FISHING PLANS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—As I saw quite a few of the members writing I thought I would write too. I like to read the Western Wigwam. I am eleven years old. We have some cows and horses. I have three brothers and one sister. We are going fishing this summer. One of our neighbors left for the Red Deer yesterday. We have ten hens and two turkeys. I got a doll and I had to sell postcards to get it.

Alta. (b). Zelpha Simpson.

THE GOLDEN DOG

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

Copyright by L. C. PAGE Co., Incorp.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"Good-by, brother,—if you will go. Think of it!—if you want to rise in the world you may yet become a royal gardener like the Marquis de Vandriere!" Her silvery laugh rang out good-humoredly as he descended the stairs and passed out of the house.

She sat down in her fauteuil. "Pity Renaud is such a fool!" said she; "yet I am not sure but he is wiser in his folly than I with all my tact and cleverness, which I suspect are going to make a greater fool of me than ever he is!"

She leaned back in her chair in a deep thinking mood. "It is growing dark," murmured she. "Le Gardeur will assuredly be here soon, in spite of all the attractions of Belmont. How to deal with him when he comes is more than I know: he will renew his suit, I am sure."

For a moment the heart of Angélique softened in her bosom. "Accept him I must not!" said she; "affront him I will not! cease to love him is out of my power as much as is my ability to love the Intendant, whom I cordially detest, and shall marry all the same!" She pressed her hands over her eyes, and sat silent for a few minutes. "But I am not sure of it! That woman remains still at Beaumanoir! Will my scheming to remove her be all in vain or no?" Angélique recollected with a shudder a thought that had leaped in her bosom, like a young Satan, engendered of evil desires. "I dare hardly look in the honest eyes of Le Gardeur after nursing such a monstrous fancy as that," said she; "but Gardeur will vainly try to undo this knot in my life, but he must leave me to my own devices." To what devices she left him was a thought that sprang not up in her purely selfish nature.

In her perplexity Angélique tied knot upon knot hard as pebbles in her hankerchief. Those knots of her destiny, as she regarded them, she left untied, and they remain untied to this day—a memento to her character and of those knots in her life which posterity has puzzled itself over to no purpose to explain.

CHAPTER XX.

BELMONT.

A short drive from the gate of St. John stood the old mansion of Belmont, the country-seat of the Bourgeois Philibert—a stately park, the remains of the primeval forest of oak, maple, and pine; trees of gigantic growth and ample shade surrounded the high-roofed, many-gabled house that stood on the heights of St. Foye overlooking the broad valley of the St. Charles. The bright river

my fate is fixed all the same. Le would like a silver serpent through the flat meadows in the bottom of the valley, while the opposite slopes of alternate field and forest stretched away to the distant range of the Laurentian hills, whose pale blue summits mingled with the blue sky at midday or, wrapped in mist at morn and eve, were hardly distinguishable from the clouds behind them.

The gardens and lawns of Belmont were stirring with gay company to-day in honor of the fete of Pierre Philibert upon his return home from the campaign in Acadia. Troops of ladies in costumes and toilettes of the latest Parisian fashion gladdened the eye with pictures of grace and beauty which Paris itself could not have surpassed. Gentlemen in full dress, in an age when dress was an essential part of a gentleman's distinction, accompanied the ladies with the gallantry, vivacity, and politeness belonging to France, and to France alone.

Communication with the mother country was precarious and uncertain by reason of the war and the blockade of the Gulf by the English cruisers. Hence the good fortune and daring of the gallant Captain Martinie in running his frigate, the Fleur-de-Lis, through the fleet of the enemy, enabling him among other things to replenish the wardrobes of the ladies of Quebec with latest Parisian fashions, made him immensely popular on this gala day. The kindness and affability of the ladies extended without diminution of graciousness to the little midshipmen even, whom the Captain conditioned to take with him wherever he and his officers were invited. Captain Martinie was happy to see the lads enjoy a few cakes on shore after the hard biscuit they had so long nibbled on shipboard. As for himself, there was no end to the gracious smiles and thanks he received from the fair ladies at Belmont.

At the great door of the Manor House, welcoming his guests as they arrived, stood the Bourgeois Philibert, dressed as a gentleman of the period, in attire rich but not ostentatious. His suit of dark velvet harmonized well with his noble manner and bearing. But no one for a moment could overlook the man in contemplating his dress. The keen, discriminating eye of woman, overlooking neither dress nor man, found both worthy of warmest commendation, and many remarks passed between the ladies on that day that a handsomer man and more ripe and perfect gentleman than the Bourgeois Philibert had never been seen in New France.

His grizzled hair grew thickly all

over his head, the sign of a tenacious constitution. It was powdered and tied behind with a broad ribbon, for he hated perukes. His strong, shapely figure was handsomely conspicuous as he stood, chapeau in hand, greeting his guests as they approached. His eyes beamed with pleasure and hospitality, and his usually grave, thoughtful lips were wreathed in smiles, the sweeter because not habitually seen upon them.

The Bourgeois had this in common with all complete and earnest characters, that the people believed in him because they saw that he believed in himself. His friends loved and trusted him to the uttermost, his enemies hated and feared him in equal measure; but no one, great or small, could ignore him and not feel his presence as a solid piece of manhood.

It is not intellect, nor activity, nor wealth, that obtains most power over men; but force of character, self-control, a quiet, compressed will and patient resolve; these qualities make one man the natural ruler over others by a title they never dispute.

The party of the Honnettes Gens, the "honest folk" as they were derisively called by their opponents, regarded the Bourgeois Philibert as their natural leader. His force of character made men willingly stand in his shadow. His clear intellect, never at fault, had extended his power and influence by means of his vast mercantile operations over half the continent. His position as the foremost merchant of New France brought him in the front of the people's battle with the Grand Company, and in opposition to the financial policy of the Intendant and the mercantile assumption of the Frigon.

But the personal hostility between the Intendant and the Bourgeois had its root and origin in France, before either of them crossed the ocean to the hither shore of the Atlantic. The Bourgeois had been made very sensible of a fact vitally affecting him, that the decrees of the Intendant, ostensibly for the regulation of trade in New France, had been sharply pointed against himself. "They draw blood!" Bigot had boasted to his familiars as he rubbed his hands together with intense satisfaction one day, when he learned that Philibert's large trading-post in Mackinaw had been closed in consequence of the Indians having been commanded by royal authority, exercised by the Intendant, to trade only at the comptoirs of the Grand Company. "They draw blood!" repeated he, "and will draw the life yet out of the Golden Dog." It was plain the ancient grudge of the courtly parasite had not lost a tooth during all those years.

A carriage with outriders brought the Count de la Galissoniere and his friend Herr Kalm and Dr. Gauthier, the last a rich old bachelor, handsome and generous, the physician and savant par excellence of Quebec. After a most cordial reception by the Bourgeois the Governor walked among the guests, who had crowded up to greet him with the respect due to the King's representative, as well as to show their personal regard, for the Count's popularity was unbounded in the Colony except among the partisans of the Grand Company.

Herr Kalm was presently enticed away by a bevy of young ladies, Hortense de Beauharnais leading them, to get the learned professor's opinion on some rare specimens of botany growing in the park. Nothing loath—for he was good-natured as he was clever, and a great enthusiast withal in the study of plants—he allowed the merry, talkative girls to lead him where they would. He delighted them in turn by his agreeable, instructive conversation, which was rendered still more piquant by the odd medley of French, Latin, and Swedish in which it was expressed.

An influx of fresh arrivals next poured into the park—the Chevalier de la Corne, with his pretty daughter, Agathe La Corne St. Luc; the Lady de Tilly and Amélie de Repentigny, with the brothers de Villiers. The brothers had overtaken the Chevalier

La Corne upon the road, but the custom of the highway in New France forbade any one passing another without politely asking permission to do so.

"Yes, Coulon," replied the Chevalier; "ride on!" He winked pleasantly at his daughter as he said this. "There is, I suppose, nothing left for an old fellow who dates from the sixteen hundreds but to take the side of the road and let you pass. I should have liked, however, to stir up the fire in my gallant little Norman ponies against your big New England horses. Where did you get them? Can they run?"

"We got them in the sack of Saratoga," replied Coulon, "and they ran well that day, but we overtook them. Would Mademoiselle La Corne care if we try them now?"

Scarcely a girl in Quebec would have declined the excitement of a race on the highroad of St. Foye, and Agathe would fain have driven herself in the race, but being in full dress to-day, she thought of her wardrobe and the company. She checked the ardor of her father, and entered the park demurely, as one of the gravest of the guests.

"Happy youths! Noble lads, Agathe!" exclaimed the Chevalier, admiringly, as the brothers rode rapidly past them. "New France will be proud of them some day!"

The rest of the company now began to arrive in quick succession. The lawn was crowded with guests. "Ten thousand thanks for coming!" exclaimed Pierre Philibert, as he assisted Amélie de Repentigny and the Lady de Tilly to alight from their carriage.

"We could not choose but come to-day, Pierre," replied Amélie, feeling without displeasure the momentary lingering of his hand as it touched hers. "Nothing short of an earthquake would have kept aunt at home," added she, darting a merry glance of sympathy with her aunt's supposed feelings.

"And you, Amélie?" Pierre looked into those dark eyes which shyly turned aside from his gaze.

"I was an obedient niece, and accompanied her. It is so easy to persuade people to go where they wish to go!" She withdrew her hand gently, and took his arm as he conducted the ladies into the house. She felt a flush on her cheek, but it did not prevent her saying in her frank, kindly way,—"I was glad to come to-day, Pierre, to witness this gathering of the best and noblest in the land to honor your fete. Aunt de Tilly has always predicted greatness for you."

"And you, Amélie, doubted, knowing me a shade better than your aunt?"

"No, I believed her; so true a prophet as aunt surely deserved one firm believer!"

Pierre felt the electric thrill run through him which a man feels at the moment he discovers a woman believes in him. "Your presence here to-day, Amélie! you cannot think how sweet it is," said he.

Her hand trembled upon his arm. She thought nothing could be sweeter than such words from Pierre Philibert. With a charming indirectness, however, which did not escape him, she replied, "Le Gardeur is very proud of you to-day, Pierre."

He laid his fingers upon her hand. It was a delicate little hand, but with the strength of an angel's it had moulded his destiny and led him to the honorable position he had attained. He was profoundly conscious at this moment of what he owed to this girl's silent influence. He contented himself, however, with saying, "I will so strive that one day Amélie de Repentigny shall not shame to say she too is proud of me."

She did not reply for a moment. A tremor agitated her low, sweet voice. "I am proud of you now, Pierre,—more proud than words can tell to see you so honored, and proudest to think you deserve it all."

It touched him almost to tears. "Thanks, Amélie; when you are proud of me I shall begin to feel