

one. I live on a farm about three miles from town. I like to read the letters in the Western Wigwam.

I go to school, and I am in the fourth reader. I am twelve years old. One of my brothers is a blacksmith. There is a nice bush on our farm. I like pen-names, and I think I will send one. I think the button would be nice for the corner. I would like to correspond with some girl of my own age.

Man. (a). RAINBOW.

YOU WILL LOVE REBECCA

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As this is the third letter I have written to the Western Wigwam, I hope it will escape the waste-paper basket as the other two did.

I was very sorry, indeed, to hear of Philadelphia's death. She used to brighten up our corner when we got a bit dull. I have not heard what other member we lost yet, but I hope to do so soon as I like to keep track of all the members if I can.

I am very sorry the winter is over, because I am very fond of skating. We had a lovely time skating this year because the weather was so mild. We have no rink here, but we have a large slough that we used to skate on. Sometimes when the weather was too cold to skate upon the open sloughs, we would drive in sleigh-loads to a rink in a little town about seven miles west of us. There was one carnival, and my sister and I dressed as sisters of charity.

I am in the entrance class at school, and I intend writing on examinations for entrance to the high school. I intend being a school teacher when I grow up. Do you do much reading, Cousin Dorothy? I am a great reader. At present I am reading E. P. Roe's books. I think they are very good, especially "Without a Home." I see you are advising some readers to read "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm." We have that book in our school library, and I think I will read it next.

We have a Gourlay piano. My two sisters play a little, and we have a pianola also, so we have lots of music. I was learning to play the banjo, but my teacher left, so I had to give it up.

I saw someone writing to the Western Wigwam who did not like our letters. He said they were too monotonous, so I thought I would try and write a letter to please him.

LILLIAN J. NIXON.

Man. (a).

A DEAR LITTLE SISTER

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am going to write you another letter. It does not look like spring yet. I go to school now. There are nineteen scholars going to school. I have seven sisters and four brothers. My father and mother came from England, and they have been in Canada twenty-five years now, and have taken the "Farmer's Advocate" for twenty years. Before Cousin Dorothy was printing the letters. A woman named Minnie May was printing them for all the kiddies that wrote letters. I belong to another club too, but I like Cousin Dorothy's club the best. Cousin Dorothy, did you enjoy yourself at Easter? I did, and I hope you did, and all the cousins, too. I have a little sister, Nellie. She has brown eyes and curly hair. She is so pretty, and we have lots of fun together. My sister and brother and I walk a mile to school every day. The anemones are up.

Man. (a). WATER LILY (13).

NINE CATS WITH NINE LIVES EACH

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As I have been very interested in the Western Wigwam, I thought I would write too. My father has taken the "Farmer's Advocate" ever since I can remember, and thinks it is a very useful paper for the farm. I have four pets, one dog and nine cats, also three birds. I live on a farm a quarter of a mile from Kenton. I have one sister who is eleven years old, and I am eight. The name of the dog is Rover, and the names of the cats are: Tip, Tim, Isabel, Bolly

Varden, Kingsley, Toddy, Blacky, Trixy and Maud. The birds' names are: Dick, Dixy and Jenny.

FLORENCE HUDSON.

Man. (a).

CROSSING THE BRIDGE

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I was very glad to see my letters in print, so I thought I would write again, and try to get one of the buttons. I would be very pleased if Cousin Dorothy would be as kind as to send me one. We are living down in Qu' Appelle

THE GOLDEN DOG

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

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued).

"I do, your Excellency: I have reason," was the reply.

De Pean did not say what his reason for watching Angelique was; neither did Bigot ask. The Intendant cared not to pry into the private matters of his friends. He had himself too much to conceal not to respect the secrets of his associates.

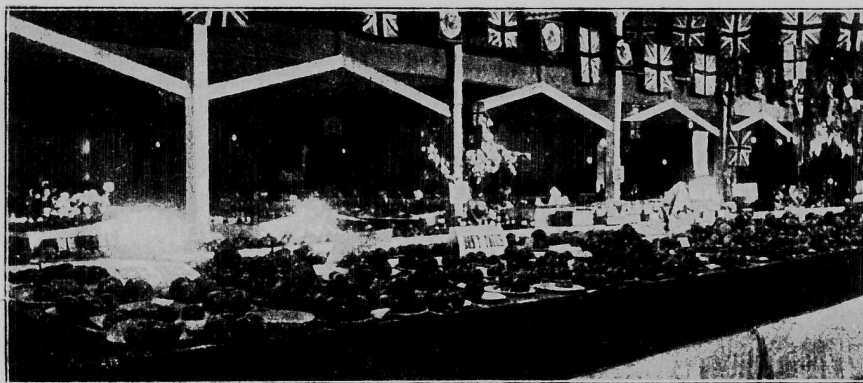
"Well, De Pean! I will wait on Mademoiselle de Meloises this morning. I will act on your suggestion, and trust I shall not find her unreasonable."

"I hope your Excellency will not find her unreasonable, but I know you will, for if the devil of contradiction was in a woman he is in Angelique des Meloises!" replied De Pean savagely, as if he spoke from some experience of his own.

"Well, I will try to cast out that devil by the power of a still stronger

the golden-haired, as she sat in the arbor this morning. Her light morning dress of softest texture fell in graceful folds about her exquisite form. She held a Book of Hours in her hand, but she had not once opened it since she sat down. Her dark eyes looked not soft, nor kindly, but wanton, and even wicked in their expression, like the eyes of an Arab steed, whipped, spurred, and brought to a desperate leap—it may clear the wall before it, or may dash itself dead against the stones. Such was the temper of Angelique this morning.

Hard thoughts and many respecting the Lady of Beaumanoir, fond almost savage regret at her meditated rejection of De Repentigny, glittering images of the Royal Intendant and of the splendors of Versailles, passed in rapid succession through her brain, forming a phantasmagoria



FRUIT EXHIBIT AT NELSON, B. C.

one. Ring for my horse, De Pean!" The Secretary obeyed and ordered the horse "Mind, De Pean!" continued the Intendant. "The Board of the Grand Company meet at three for business! actual business! not a drop of wine on the table, and all sober! not even Cadet shall come in if he shows one streak of the grape on his broad face. There is a storm of peace coming over us, and it is necessary to shorten sail, take soundings, and see where we are, or we may strike on a rock."

The Intendant left the Palace attended by a couple of equerries. He rode through the palace gate and into the city. Habitans and citizens bowed to him out of habitual respect for their superiors. Bigot returned their salutations with official brevity, but his dark face broke into sunshine as he passed ladies and citizens whom he knew as partners of the Grand Company or partizans of his own faction.

As he rode rapidly through the streets many an ill wish followed him, until he dismounted before the Des Meloises.

"As I live, it is the Royal Intendant himself," screamed Lizette, as she ran, out of breath, to inform her mistress, who was sitting alone in the summer-house in the garden behind the mansion, a pretty spot tastefully laid out with flower beds and statuary. A thick hedge of privet, cut into fantastic shapes by some disciple of the school of Lenotre, screened it from the slopes that ran up towards the green glacis of Cape Diamond.

Angelique looked beautiful as Hebe

in which she colored everything according to her own fancy. The words of her maid roused her in an instant. "Admit the Intendant and show him into the garden, Lizette. Now!" said she. "I shall end my doubts about that lady! I will test the Intendant's sincerity,—cold, calculating woman-slayer that he is! It shames me to contrast his half-heartedness with the perfect adoration of my handsome Le Gardeur de Repentigny!"

The Intendant entered the garden. Angelique, with that complete self-control which distinguishes a woman of half a heart or no heart at all, changed her whole demeanor in a moment from gravity to gaiety. Her eyes flashed out pleasure, and her dimples went and came, as she welcomed the Intendant to her arbor.

"A friend is never so welcome as when he comes of his own accord!" said she, presenting her hand to the Intendant, who took it with empressment. She made room for him on the seat beside her, dashing her skirts aside somewhat ostentatiously.

Bigot looked at her admiringly. He thought he had never seen, in painting, statuary, or living form a more beautiful and fascinating woman.

Angelique accepted his admiration as her due, feeling no thanks, but looking many.

"The Chevalier Bigot does not lose his politeness, however long he absents himself!" said she, with a glance like a Parthian arrow well aimed to strike home.

"I have been hunting at Beaumanoir," replied he extenuatingly; "that must explain, not excuse, my

apparent neglect." Bigot felt that he had really been the loser by his absence.

"Hunting! indeed!" Angelique affected a touch of surprise, as if she had not known every tittle of gossip about the gay party and all their doings at the Chateau. "They say game is growing scarce near the city, Chevalier," continued she nonchalantly, "and that a hunting party at Beaumanoir is but a pretty metonymy for a party of pleasure: is that true?"

"Quite true, mademoiselle," replied he, laughing. "The two things are perfectly compatible,—like a brace of lovers, all the better for being made one."

"Very gallantly said!" retorted she, with a ripple of dangerous laughter. "I will carry the comparison no farther. Still, I wager, Chevalier, that the game is not worth the hunt."

"The play is always worth the candle, in my fancy," said he, with a glance of meaning; "but there is really good game yet in Beaumanoir, as you will confess, Mademoiselle, if you will honor our party some day with your presence."

"Come now, Chevalier," replied she, fixing him mischievously with her eyes, "tell me, what game do you find in the forest of Beaumanoir?"

"Oh! rabbits, hares, and deer, with now and then a rough bear to try the mettle of our chasseurs."

"What! no foxes to cheat foolish crows? no wolves to devour pretty Red Riding Hoods straying in the forest? Come, Chevalier, there is better game than all that," said she.

"Oh, yes!"—he half surmised she was rallying him now—"plenty, but we don't wind horns after them."

"They say," continued she, "there is much fairer game than bird or beast in the forest of Beaumanoir, Chevalier." She went on recklessly, "Stray lambs are picked up by intendants sometimes, and carried tenderly to the Chateau! The Intendant comprehends a gentleman's devoirs to our sex, I am sure."

Bigot understood her now, and gave an angry start. Angelique did not shrink from the temper she had evoked.

"Heavens! how you look, Chevalier!" said she, in a tone of half banter. "One would think I had accused you of murder instead of saving a fair lady's life in the forest; although woman-killing is no murder I believe, by the laws of gallantry, as read by gentlemen—of fashion."

Bigot rose up with a hasty gesture of impatience and sat down again. After all, he thought, what could this girl know about Caroline de Castin? He answered her with an appearance of frankness, deeming that to be the best policy.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, I one day found a poor suffering woman in the forest. I took her to the Chateau, where she now is. Many ladies beside her have been to Beaumanoir. Many more will yet come and go, until I end my bachelorhood and place one there in perpetuity as 'mistress of my heart and home,' as the song says."

Angelique could coquette in half-means with any lady of honor at Court. "Well, Chevalier, it will be your fault not to find one fit to place there. They walk every street of the city. But they say this lost and found lady is a stranger?"

"To me she is—not to you, perhaps, Mademoiselle!"

The fine ear of Angelique detected the strain of hypocrisy in his speech. It touched a sensitive nerve. She spoke boldly now.

"Some say she is your wife, Chevalier Bigot! Angelique gave vent to a feeling long pent-up. She who trifled with men's hearts every day was indignant at the least symptom of repayment in kind. "They say she is your wife or, if not your wife, she ought to be, Chevalier,—and will be, perhaps, one of these fine days, when you have wearied of the distressed damsels of the city."

It had been better for Bigot, better

for Angelique, than have frankly under Bigot, in his sudden beauty of this girl object in coming really been to pry in the interests of any, between her. Her witcheries had for the man of himself caught spread for another catching of Angelique for him in the fact and consummation with women, might her in the end. The ment he was fairly beauty, spirit, and "I am a simple," "to be ca Par Dieu! I am g of myself if I Such a woman found between Pa man who gets her use her, might be France. And to here to pick this of the fire for Le igny! Francois I gallantry and fast of you!"

These were h words he replied, manoir is not my will be." Angel ion fell on very t Angelique repea ciously. "Per the mouth of a wo won; in the mout it has a laxer nothing to say t will or shall, and though a thousa "And you int treasure trove a haps?" continu ing the ground w than the Intendar fore.

"It depends on des Meloises," s been my treasure been no 'perhaps spoke bluntly, a sounded like sinc were accomplish with the intensi ion, and felt n familiar address.

The Intendant he uttered the dul placed her hand cold and passion! not send the blo finger-ends as wh the loving grasp.

"Angelique!" first time the l her by her nam was the unlocking thought, and she a smile which sh infallible effect u admirer.

"Angelique, I like you, in New you are fit to ad predict you will "If what, Che fairly blazed wi sure. "Cannot at least French C

"You can, if y replied he, looki for her whole co tense pleasure at

"If I choose choose to do show me the way alier? It is a tance from New

"I will show will permit m illes is the only display of beau yours."

Angelique thor and for a few m and overpowered the golden doo opened by the h A train of imag as gorgeous as flashed across h adour was gettin the King was eyes round the c ful beauties in cessor. "And w