

been asked for; but if she had to die for it, she could not conceal the truth, that she loved Pierre Philibert! "I ought to be angry with myself," said she. "I try to be so, but I cannot! Why?"

"Why?" Amelie solved the query as every true woman does, who asks herself why she loves one man rather than another. "Because he has chosen me out in preference to all others, to be the treasure-keeper of his affections! I am proud," continued Amelie, "that he gives his love to me, to me! unworthy as I am of such preference. I am no better than others." Amelie was a true woman: proud as an empress before other men, she was humble and lowly as the Madonna in the presence of him whom she felt was, by right of love, lord and master of her affections.

Amelie could not overcome a feeling of tremor in the presence of Pierre since she made this discovery. Her cheek warmed with an incipient flush when his ardent eyes glanced at her too eloquently. She knew what was in his heart, and once or twice, when casually alone with Philibert, she saw his lips quivering under a hard restraint to keep in the words, the dear words, she thought, which would one day burst forth in a flood of passionate eloquence, overwhelming all denial, and make her his own forever.

Time and tide, which come to all once in our lives, as the poet says, and which must be taken at their flood to lead to fortune, came at length to Amelie de Repentigny.

It came suddenly and in an unlooked-for hour, the great question of questions to her as to every woman.

The hour of birth and the hour of death are in God's hand, but the hour when a woman, yielding to the strong, enfolding arm of a man who loves her, falters forth an avowal of her love, and plights her troth, and vows to be one with him till death.—God leaves that question to be decided by her own heart. His blessing rests upon her choice, pure love guides and reason enlightens affection. His curse infallibly follows every faithless pledge where no heart is, every union that is not the marriage of love and truth. These alone can be married, and where these are absent there is no marriage at all in the face of heaven, and but the simulation of one on earth, an unequal yoking, which, if man will not sunder, God will at last where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, but all are as his angels.

The day appointed for the long-planned excursion to the beautiful Lake of Tilly came round. A numerous and cheerful water-party left the Manor House in the bright, cool morning to spend the day gyping in the shady woods and quiet recesses of the little

lake. They were all there: Amelie's invitation to her young friends far and near had been eagerly accepted. Half a dozen boats and canoes, filled with light-hearted companions and with ample provisions for the day, shot up the narrow river, and after a rapid and merry voyage, disembarked their passengers and were drawn up on the shore and islands of the lake.

That bright morning was followed by a sunny day of blue skies, warm yet breezy. The old oaks wove a carpet of shadows, changing the pattern of its tissue every hour upon the leaf-strewn floor of the forest. The fresh pines shed their resinous perfume on every side in the still shade, but out in the sunshine the birds sang merrily all day.

The groups of merry-makers spent a glorious day of pleasure by the side of the clear, smooth lake, fishing and junketing on shore, or paddling their birch canoes over its waters among the little islands which dotted its surface.

Day was fast fading away into a soft twilight; the shadows which had been drawing out longer and longer as the sun declined, lay now in all their length-like bands stretched over the green, sward. The breeze went down with the sun, and the smooth surface of the lake lay like a sheet of molten gold reflecting the parting glories of the day that still lit up the western sky.

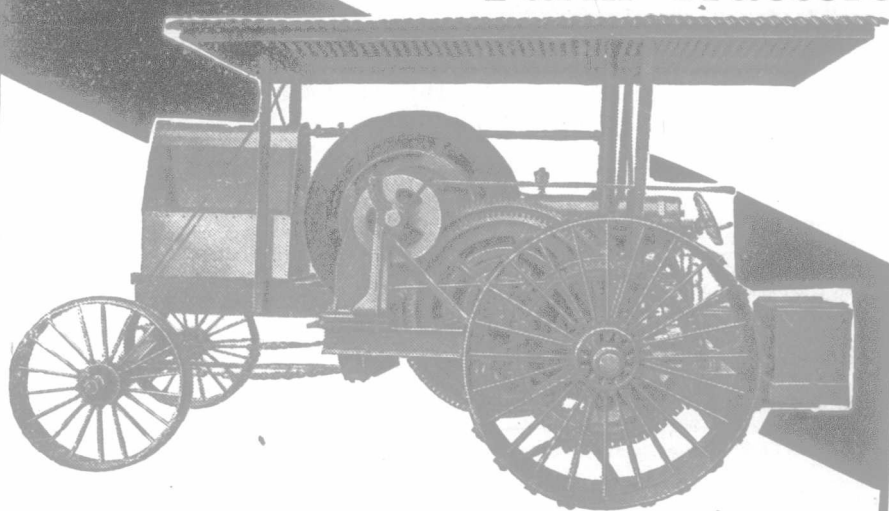
A few stars began to twinkle here and there—they were not destined to shine brilliantly to-night, for they would ere long be eclipsed by the splendor of the full moon, which was just at hand, rising in a hemisphere of light, which stood like a royal pavilion on the eastern horizon. From it in a few minutes would emerge the queen of heaven, and mildly replace the vanishing glory of the day.

The company, after a repast under the trees, rose full of life and merriment and rearranged themselves into little groups and couples as chance or inclination led them. They trooped down to the beach to embark in their canoes for a last joyous cruise round the lake and its fairy islands, by moonlight, before returning home.

Amid a shower of lively conversation and laughter, the ladies seated themselves in the light canoes, which danced like corks upon the water. The gentlemen took the paddles, and, expert as Indians in the use of them, swept out over the surface of the lake, which was now all aglow with the bright crimson of sunset.

In the bow of one of the canoes sat the Arion of Tilly, Jean de La Marche; a flute or two accompanied his violin, and a guitar tinkled sweetly under the fingers of Heloise de Lotbiniere. They played an old air, while Jean led the chorus in splendid voice:

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"Nous irons sur l'eau,
Nous y prom-promener,
Nous irons jouer dans l'isle."

The voices of all united in the song as the canoes swept away around a little promontory, crowned with three pinetrees, which stood up in the blaze of the setting sun like the three children in the fiery furnace, or the sacred bush that burned and was not consumed.

Faint and fainter, the echoes repeated the receding harmony, until at last they died away. A solemn silence succeeded. A languor like that of the lotus-eaters crept over the face of nature and softened the heart to unwonted tenderness.

It was the hour of gentle thoughts, of low spoken confidences, and love between young and sympathizing souls, who alone with themselves and God confess their mutual love and invoke his blessing upon it.

To be continued.

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The electric bus had been delayed by the snow and slush, and was challenging the traffic squad in its efforts to make up for lost time. The interior was crowded. The conductor's attention was divided meanwhile between the oncoming passengers and a lady carrying a pet dog seated far forward. At intervals of five or six blocks she beckoned the conductor to her and inquired anxiously if they had reached Seventh Street. When patience was all but exhausted, the street was reached. The conductor stopped the car and beckoned to the passengers. The lady stepped daintily to the platform, when she stopped, and, holding up her dog, said raptously:

"See, Boddy, there is where your mother was born."

Questions & Answers

LAME OX

I have an ox eight years old. About four years ago he went lame in the left hind leg, and remained so for a couple of years, when he suddenly got better and was right all winter, then went lame again. I now notice that his leg is getting quite stiff, and every now and again it makes a clicking noise when he is walking. He can only make a very short step, and drags the leg, and, although he eats well, he is getting very thin in the hind quarters only. Please tell me what is the matter with him.

M. O. C.

Ans.—It is impossible to make a positive diagnosis of the seat, or cause of lameness in your ox, from the symptoms given. But, as you say, he takes a very short step and



AYRSHIRE MILKMAIDS