

Nitrate of Soda

NITRATE SOLD IN
ORIGINAL BAGS

**The Nitrate Agencies
Company**

Toronto, Canada

Orders for All Quantities Promptly
Filled—Write for Quotations



"Black Knight" Stove Polish

does away with all the dirty
work of keeping stoves clean.
Nomixing—no hard rubbing.
"Black Knight" is always
ready to use—shines quick
as a wink—and puts on a
bright, black polish that
delights every woman's heart.
Equally good for Stoves,
Pipes, Grates and Ironwork.

If you can't get "Black Knight"
in your neighborhood, send name
of dealer and 10c for full sized can.

The F. F. BALLEW CO. LIMITED,
HAMILTON, Ont. 70A

You cannot possibly have
a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining
food. Fragrant, nutritious and
economical. This excellent Cocoa
maintains the system in robust
health, and enables it to resist
winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers
in ½-lb. and ¼-lb. Tins.

POTATOES PAY

Make them pay by using the machines that
really do the work—

**CUT, PLANT,
SPRAY,
DIG and
SORT**

There's nothing in
potato machinery
up to

ASPINWALL EQUIPMENT

Write for copy of our free book telling how
to make money, growing potatoes.

ASPINWALL MFG. CO.
104 Sabin St., Jackson, Mich., U.S.A.
Canadian Factory: Guelph, Ontario



make, it must be allowed there are
some burly fellows upon their legs
yet, who keep the wine flowing like
the cow of Montmorency."

"'Tis horrible! 'tis damnable!"
Philibert grew pale with passion and
struck his thigh with his palm, as
was his wont when very angry.
"Rioting in drunkenness when the
Colony demands the cool head, the
strong arm, and the true heart of
every man among us! Oh, my
country! my dear country! what
fate is thine to expect when men like
these are thy rulers?"

"Your Honor must be a stranger
in New France or you would not ex-
press such hasty, honest sentiments
upon the Intendant's hospitality. It
is not the fashion, except among
plain-spoken habitants, who always
talk downright Norman." Master
Pothier looked approvingly at Col-
onel Philibert, who, listening with
indignant ears, scarcely heeded his
guide.

"That is a jolly song, your Hon-
or," continued Pothier, waving one
hand in cadence to a ditty in praise
of wine, which a loud voice was heard
singing in the Chateau, accompanied
by a rousing chorus which startled
the very pigeons on the roof and
chimney-stacks. Colonel Philibert
recognized the song as one he had
heard in the Quartier Latin, during
his student life in Paris—he fancied
he recognized the voice, also:

"Pour des vins de prix
Vendons tous nos livres!
C'est peu d'être gris,
Amis, soyons ivres!
Bon.
La Faridondaine!
Gai.
La Faridonde!"

A roar of voices and a clash of
glasses followed the refrain. Master
Pothier's eyes winked and blinked in
sympathy. The old notary stood on
tiptoe, with outspread palms, as with
ore rotundo he threw in a few notes
of his own to fill up the chorus.

Philibert cast upon his guide a
look of scorn, biting his lip angrily.
"Go," said he, "knock at the door
—it needs God's thunder to break
in upon that infamous orgie. Say
that Colonel Philibert brings orders
from His Excellency the Governor to
the Chevalier Intendant."

"And be served with a writ of
ejectment! Pardon me! Be not
angry, sir," pleaded Pothier, suppli-
catingly. "I dare not knock at the
door when they are at the devil's
mass inside. The valets! I know
them all! They would duck me in
the brook, or drag me into the hall
to make sport for the Philistines.
And I am not much of a Samson,
your Honor. I could not pull the
Chateau down upon their heads—I
wish I could!"

Master Pothier's fears did not ap-
pear ill-grounded to Philibert as a
fresh burst of drunken uproar as-
sailed his ears. "Wait my return,"
said he, "I will knock on the door
myself." He left his guide, ran up
the broad stone steps, and knocked
loudly upon the door again and
again! He tried it at last, and to
his surprise found it unlatched; he
pushed it open, no servitor appear-
ing to admit him. Colonel Philibert
went boldly in. A blaze of light
almost dazzled his eyes. The Chateau
was lit up with lamps and candelab-
ra in every part. The bright rays
of the sun beat in vain for admit-
tance upon the closed doors and
blinded windows, but the splendor
of midnight oil pervaded the interior
of the stately mansion, making an arti-
ficial night that prolonged the wild
orgies of the Intendant into the
hours of day.

CHAPTER VII

The Intendant Bigot.

The Chateau of Beuvernoir had,
since the advent of the Intendant
Bigot, been the scene of many a fes-
tive revelry that matched, in baccha-
nalian frenzy, the wild orgies of the
Regency and the present debaucheries
of Croisy and the petits appartements
of Versailles. Its splendor,

its luxury, its riotous feasts, lasting,
without intermission, sometimes for
days, were the themes of wonder and
disgust to the unsophisticated people



Marquise de Pompadour.

of New France, and of endless com-
parison between the extravagance of
the Royal Intendant and the simple
manners and inflexible morals of the
Governor-General.

The great hall of the Chateau, the
scene of the gorgeous feasts of the
Intendant, was brilliantly illuminat-
ed with silver lamps, glowing like
globes of sunlight as they hung
from the lofty ceiling, upon which
was painted a fresco of the apothe-
osis of Louis XIV., where the Grand
Monarque was surrounded by a cloud
of Condes Orléanois, and Bourbons,
of near and more remote consanguin-
ity. At the head of the room hung
a full-length portrait of Marquise de
Pompadour, the mistress of Louis
XV., and the friend and patroness of
the Intendant Bigot; her bold,
voluptuous beauty seemed well fitted
to be the presiding genius of his
house. The walls bore many other
paintings of artistic and historic
value. The King and Queen; the
dark-eyed Montespan; the crafty
Maintenon; and the pensive beauty
of Louise de la Vallière, the only
mistress of Louis XIV., who loved
him for his own sake, and whose
portrait, copied from this picture,
may still be seen in the chapel of the
Ursulines of Quebec, where the fair
Louise is represented as St. Thais
kneeling at prayer among the nuns.

The table in the great hall, a mas-
terpiece of workmanship, was made
of a dark Canadian wood then newly
introduced, and stretched the length
of the hall. A massive gold epergne
of choicest Italian art, the gift of
La Pompadour, stood on the center
of the table. It represented Bacchus
enthroned on a tun of wine, present-
ing flowing cups to a dance of fauns
and satyrs.

Silver cups of Venetian sculpture
and goblets of Bohemian manufac-
ture sparkled like stars upon the
brilliant table, brimming over with
the gold and ruby vintages of France
and Spain; or lay overturned amid
pools of wine that ran down upon
the velvet carpet. Dishes of Parme-
san cheese, caviare, and other
provocatives to thirst stood upon the
table, amid vases of flowers and bas-
kets of the choicest fruits of the
Antilles.

Round this magnificent table sat a
score or more of revellers—in the
garb of gentlemen, but all in dis-
order and soiled with wine; their
countenances were inflamed, their
eyes red and fiery, their tongues
loose and loquacious. Here and
there a vacant or overturned chair
showed where a guest had fallen in
the debauch and been carried off by
the valets, who in gorgeous liveries
waited on the table. A band of
musicians sat up in a gallery at the
end of the hall, and filled the pauses
of the riotous feast with the ravish-
ing strains of Lull and Destouches.

At the head of the table, next to

place as in rank, sat Francois Bigot,
Intendant of New France. His low,
well-set figure, dark hair, small, keen
black eyes, and swarthy features,
full of fire and animation, bespoke
his Gascon blood. His countenance
was far from comely—nay, when in
repose, even ugly and repulsive—but
his eyes were magnets that drew
men's looks towards him, for in
them lay the force of a powerful
will and a depth and subtlety of in-
tellect that made men fear, if they
could not love him. Yet, when he
chose—and it was his usual mood—
to exercise his blandishments on men,
he rarely failed to captivate them,
while his pleasant wit, courtly ways,
and natural gallantry towards wo-
men, exercised with the polished se-
ductiveness he had learned in the
Court of Louis XV., made Francois
Bigot the most plausible and dan-
gerous man in New France.

He was fond of wine and music,
passionately addicted to gambling,
and devoted to the pleasant vices
that were rampant in the Court of
France, finely educated, able in the
conduct of affairs, and fertile in ex-
pedients to accomplish his ends.
Francois Bigot might have saved
New France, had he been honest as
he was clever, but he was unprin-
ciple and corrupt; no conscience
checked his ambition or his love of
pleasure. He ruined New France for
the sake of himself and his patron-
ess and the crowd of courtiers and
frail beauties who surrounded the
King, whose arts and influence kept
him in his high office, despite all the
efforts of the Honnetes Gens, the
good and true men of the Colony, to
remove him.

He had already ruined and lost
the ancient colony of Acadia through
his defrauds and malversations as
Chief Commissary of the Army, and
instead of trial and punishment, had
lately been exalted to the higher and
still more important office of Royal
Intendant of New France.

On the right of the Intendant sat
his bosom friend, the Sieur Cadet, a
large, sensual man, with twinkling
gray eyes, thick nose, and full red
lips. His broad face, flushed with
wine, glowed like the harvest moon
rising above the horizon. Cadet
had, it was said, been a butcher in
Quebec. He was now, for the mis-
fortune of his country, Chief Com-
missary of the Army, and a close
confederate of the Intendant.

On the left of the Intendant sat
his Secretary, De Pean, crafty and
unscrupulous, a parasite, too, who
flattered his master and ministered
to his pleasures. De Pean was a
military man, and not a bad soldier
in the field; but he loved gain better
than glory, and amassed an enor-
mous fortune out of the impoverish-
ment of his country.

Le Mercier, too, was there, Com-
mandant of Artillery, a brave officer,
but a bad man; Varin, a proud,
arrogant libertine, Commissary of
Montreal, who outdid Bigot in rap-
ine and Cadet in coarseness; De
Breard, Comptroller of the Marine, a
worthy associate of Penisault, whose
pinched features and cunning leer
were in keeping with his important
office of chief manager of the Fri-
ponne. Perrault, D'Estébe, Morin,
and Vergor, all creatures of the In-
tendant, swelled the roll of infamy,
as partners of the Grand Company of
Associates trading in New France,
as their charter named them—the
"Grand Company of Thieves," as
the people in their plain Norman
called them who robbed them in the
King's name, and, under pretence of
maintaining the war, passed the
most arbitrary decrees, the only ob-
ject of which was to enrich them-
selves and their higher patrons at
the Court of Versailles.

The rest of the company seated
round the table comprised a number
of dissolute seigneurs and gallants
of fashion about town—men of great
wants and great extravagance, just
the class so quaintly described by
Charlevoix, a quarter of a century
previous, as "gentlemen thoroughly
versed in the most elegant and agree-
able modes of spending money, but
utterly at a loss how to obtain it."