

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.

The Bourgeois was not a man to talk of his private griefs, or seek sympathy, or even ask counsel or help. He knew the world was engrossed with its own cares. The world cares not to look under the surface of things for sake of others, but only for its own sake, its own interests, its own pleasures.

To-day, however, cares, griefs, and resentments were cast aside, and the Bourgeois was all joy at the return of his only son, and proud of Pierre's achievements, and still more of the honors spontaneously paid him. He stood at the door, welcoming arrival after arrival, the happiest man of all the joyous company who honored Belmont that day.

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 Amelie 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 anyone 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 Amelie de Repentigny and the Lady de Tilly to alight from their carriage.

"We could not choose but come to-day, Pierre," replied Amelie, 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, Amelie?" 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, Amelie, doubted, knowing me a shade better than your aunt?"

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1st.—Questions asked by bona-fide subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate" are answered in this department free.

2nd.—Questions should be clearly stated and plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer.

3rd.—In Veterinary questions the symptoms especially must be fully and clearly stated, otherwise satisfactory replies cannot be given.

4th.—When a reply by mail is required to urgent veterinary or legal enquiries, \$1.00 must be enclosed.

Miscellaneous.

HOLIDAYS AND SUNDAY CHORES.

1. Does the law give a farm hand, hired by the month, every other Sunday (regardless of bargain)?

2. Can he take all national holidays, and get wages for the same?

3. If he fails to keep contract in returning every other Sunday to milk cows, etc., can any of his wages be withheld for same? Said party hired for six months.

Ontario.
Ans.—No, that is to say, it would not exempt him from chores.

2. Yes; providing he attends satisfactorily to the usual routine chores.

3. We do not see that the employer would be justified in withholding wages as implied, but consider such conduct on the employee's part, if repeated without reasonable cause in the face of warning, would furnish grounds for termination of the contract. The number of questions asked us concerning this matter of chores, indicates either a lack of liberality and tact on the part of employers, or gross indifference and thoughtlessness on the part of employees, or a little of both. The exercise of more give-and-take spirit would conduce to harmony of work and peace of mind.



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Congressman John T. Lenahan, of the Luzerne bar, was once engaged in a bribery case and was questioning a prominent witness. "Have you yourself ever refused a bribe?" he asked. "No, but ——" "That's all!" thundered John. Later on Mr. Lenahan was asked why he dismissed the witness so soon. "Because," he replied, "I knew by the 'but' that he was going to tell me no one had ever attempted to bribe him."

One day an Irishman was asked to come to work an hour earlier than usual. This he promised to do. Next morning he was an hour late. "Shure, sor," he explained, "I should have been no good if I'd come, as I was fast asleep."

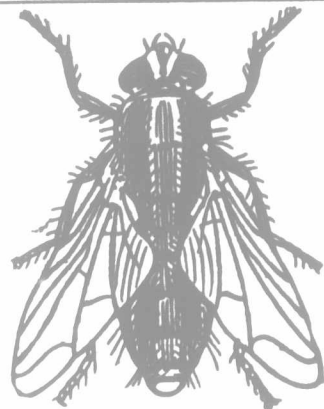
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