

March 10, 1909

THE BLACK PONY

Dorothy,—I have never e corner before, so I write now.
boy, eight years old, nool almost every day, rabbit, a little black pigeons for pets. Hoping this letter will paper basket.

BUNNY (8).

arly got into the W. it was almost too an't you do a longer C. D.)

D WINTER

Dorothy,—I have e corner once before, o long ago that you tten me.

sisters and four one sister, two myself go to school too cold. We have y cold weather this t is getting warmer

ne of the corner very o like pen-names. I some riddles:

r asks questions but t answers? Ans.—A

that the man who vant it, the man who need, the man who know it? Ans.—A

the elephant last in ? Ans.—He had in s trunk.

figwam and all the I will sign myself, NEYSUCKLE (13).

Golden Dog

KIRBY, F. R. S. C.

L. C. Page Co., incorpd.

ught his meaning, look of unutterable esides this hand of ot the gentler hands erced for you with " said Philibert.

er!" interjected Le n a coward when I d I shame to come sence."

ge, Le Gardeur! here there is shame e equally frank with me, and she will e of yourself, from s of Bigot, Cadet, re potent smiles you ed you to take the e."

s too late, Pierre! w that, were every e world to forsake d not! She would n me, except by ex-

l on his friend ad-thought he, as she is panegyric of the Le Gardeur was like his sister that moment caught the lie, as it were, look-ugh the face of her will not resist her Gardeur,"—Philibert possible thing. "No ever clung to the ner as Amelie will id he; "therefore I of my dear friend L ny."

s emerged from the up for a minute in lry of the Crown of their horses at the ce the door and in-rd, who ran out to Master Pothier was s ambling nag at a fitted the gravity of

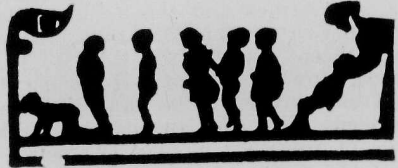
Pothier never fails to e Crown of France; Honors take a cup

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of wine? The day is hot and the road dusty. "A dry rider makes a wet nag," added the Dame, with a smile, as she repeated an old saying, brought over with the rest of the butin in the ships of Cartier and Champlain.

The gentlemen bowed their thanks, and as Philibert looked up, he saw pretty Zoe Bedard poring over a sheet of paper bearing a red seal, and spelling out the crabbed law text of Master Pothier. Zoe, like other girls of her class, had received a tincture of learning in the day schools of the nuns; but, although it puzzled her greatly to pick out the few chips of plain sense that floated in the sea of legal verbiage it contained. Zoe, with a perfect comprehension of the claims of meum and tuum, was at no loss, however, in arriving at a satisfactory solution of the true merits of her matrimon-ial contract with honest Antoine La Chance.

She caught the eye of Philibert, and blushed to the very chin as she huddled away the paper and returned the salute of the two handsome gentle-men, who, having refreshed their horses, rode off at a rapid trot down the great highway that led to the city.

Babet Le Nocher, in a new gown, short enough to reveal a pair of

shapely ankles in clocked stockings and well-clad feet that would have been the envy of many a duchess, sat on the thwart of the boat knitting. Her black hair was in the fashion recorded by the grave Peter Kalm, who, in his account of New France, says, "The peasant women all wear their hair in ringlets, and nice they look!"

"As I live!" exclaimed she to Jean, who was enjoying a pipe of native tobacco, "here comes that handsome officer back again, and in as great a hurry to return, as he was to go up the highway!"

"Ay, ay, Babet! It is plain to see he is either on the King's errand or his own. A fair lady awaits his return in the city, or one has just dismissed him where he has been! Nothing like a woman to put quick-silver in a man's shoes—eh! Babet?"

"Or foolish thoughts into their hearts, Jean!" replied she, laugh-ing.
"And nothing more natural, Babet, if women's hearts are wise enough in their folly to like our foolish thoughts of them. But there are two! Who is that riding with the gentlemen? Your eyes are better than mine, Babet!"

"Of course, Jean! that is what I always tell you, but you won't be-lieve me—trust my eyes, and doubt your own! The other gentleman," said she, looking fixedly, while her knitting lay still in her lap, "the other is the young Chevalier de Repentigny. What brings him back be-fore the rest of the hunting party, I wonder?"

"That officer must have been to Beaumanoir, and is bringing the young seigneur back to town," re-marked Jean, puffing out a long thread of smoke from his lips.

"Well, it must be something bet-ter than smoke, Jean!"—Babet coughed: she never liked the pipe—"The young chevalier is always one of the last to give up when they have one of their three days drinking bouts up at the Chateau. He is go-ing to the bad, I fear—more's the pity! Such a nice, handsome fel-low, too!"

"All lies and calumny!" replied Jean, in a heat. "Le Gardeur de Repentigny is the son of my dear old seigneur. He may get drunk, but it will be like a gentleman if he does, and not like a carter, Babet, or like a—"

"Boatman! Jean; but I don't in-clude you—you have never been worse for drinking water since I took care of your liquor, Jean!"

"Ay, you are intoxication enough of yourself for me, Babet! Two bright eyes like yours, a pipe and bitters, with grace before meat, would save any Christian Man in this world." Jean stood up, politely doffing his red tuque to the gentle-men. Le Gardeur stooped from his horse to grasp his hand, for Jean had been an old servitor at Tilly, and the young seigneur was too noble-minded and polite to omit a kindly notice of even the humblest of his acquaintance.

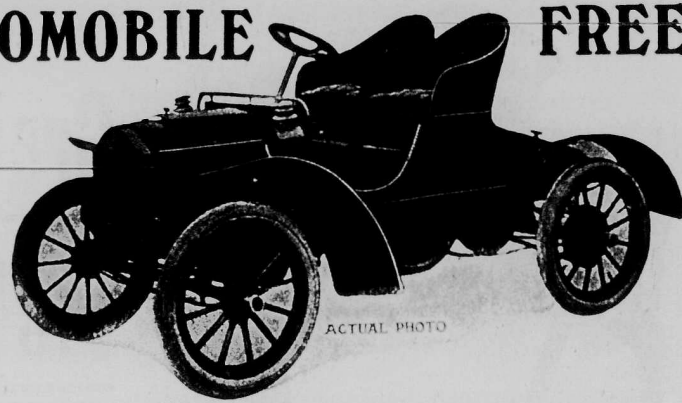
"Had a busy day, Jean, with the old ferry?" asked Le Gardeur, cheerily.

"No, your Honor, but yesterday I think half the country-side crossed over to the city on the King's corvee. The men went to work, and the women followed to look after them, ha! ha!" Jean winked pro-vokingly at Babet, who took him up sharply.

"And why should not the women go after the men? I trow men are not so plentiful in New France as they used to be before this weary war began. It well behooves the women to take good care of all that are left."

"That is true as the Sunday ser-mon," remarked Jean. "Why, it was only the other day I heard that great foreign gentleman, who is the guest of His Excellency the Gover-nor, say, sitting in this very boat, that 'there are at this time four women to every man in New France!' If that is true, Babet,—and you know he said it, for you were angry enough,—a man is a prize

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