

He is a wild colt that will kick his groom when rubbed the wrong way; and every way is wrong when the wine is out of him."

"Keep him full, then!" exclaimed Bigot; "you have groomed him well, De Pean! but he must now be saddled and ridden to hunt down the biggest stag in New France!"

De Pean looked hard at the Intendant, only half comprehending his allusion.

"You once tried your hand with Mademoiselle de Repentigny, did you not?" continued Bigot.

"I did, your Excellency; but that bunch of grapes was too high for me. They are very sour now."

"Sly fox that you were! Well, do not call them sour yet, De Pean. Another jump at the vine and you may reach that bunch of perfection!" said Bigot, looking hard at him.

"Your Excellency overrates my ability in that quarter, and if I were permitted to choose—"

"Another and a fairer maid would be your choice. I see, De Pean, you are a connoisseur in women. Be it as you wish! Manage this business of Philibert discreetly, and I will coin the Golden Dog into doubloons for a marriage portion for Angélique des Meloises. You understand me now?"

De Pean started. He hardly guessed yet what was required of him, but he cared not in the dazzling prospect of such a wife and fortune as were thus held out to him.

"Your Excellency will really support my suit with Angélique?" De Pean seemed to mistrust the possibility of such a piece of disinterestedness on the part of the Intendant.

"I will not only commend your suit, but I will give away the bride, and Madame de Pean shall not miss any favor from me which she has deserved as Angélique des Meloises," was Bigot's reply, without changing a muscle of his face.

"And your Excellency will give her to me?" De Pean could hardly believe his ears.

"Assuredly you shall have her, if you like," cried Bigot, "and with a dowry such as has not been seen in New France!"

"But who would like to have her at any price?" muttered Cadet to himself, with a quiet smile of contempt—Cadet thought De Pean a fool for jumping at a hook baited with a woman; but he knew what the Intendant was driving at, and admired the skill with which he angled for De Pean.

"But Angélique may not consent to this disposal of her hand," replied De Pean, with an uneasy look; "I should be afraid of your gift unless she believed that she took me, and not I her."

"Hark you, De Pean! you do not know what women like her are made of, or you would be at no loss how to bait your hook! You have made four millions, they say, out of this war, if not more."

"I never counted it, your Excellency; but, much or little, I owe it all to your friendship," replied De Pean, with a touch of mock humility.

"My friendship! Well, so be it. It is enough to make Angélique des Meloises Madame de Pean when she finds she cannot be Madame Intendant. Do you see your way now, De Pean?"

"Yes, your Excellency, and I cannot be sufficiently grateful for such a proof of your goodness."

Bigot laughed a dry, meaning laugh. "I truly hope you will always think so of my friendship, De Pean. If you do not, you are not the man I take you to be. Now for our scheme of deliverance!"

"Hearken, De Pean," continued the Intendant, fixing his dark, fiery eyes upon his secretary; "you have craft and cunning to work out this design and goodwill to hasten it on. Cadet and I, considering the necessities of the Grand Company, have resolved to put an end to the rivalry and arrogance of the Golden Dog. We will treat the Bourgeois," Bigot smiled meaningly, "not as a trader with a baton, but as a gentleman with a sword; for, although a merchant, the Bourgeois is noble, and wears a

sword, which under proper provocation he will draw, and remember he can use it, too! He can be tolerated no longer by the gentlemen of the Company. They have often pressed me in vain to take this step, but now I yield. Hark, De Pean! The Bourgeois must be insulted, challenged, and killed by some gentleman of the Company with courage and skill enough to champion its rights. But mind you! it must be done fairly, and in open day, and without my knowledge or approval! Do you understand?"

Bigot winked at De Pean and smiled furtively, as much as to say, "You know how to interpret my words."

"I understand, your Excellency, and it shall be no fault of mine if your wishes, which chime with my own, be not carried out before many days. A dozen partners of the Company will be proud to fight with the Bourgeois, if he will only fight with them."

"No fear of that, De Pean! give the devil his due. Insult the Bourgeois and he will fight with the seven champions of Christendom! so mind you get a man able for him, for I tell you, De Pean, I doubt if there be over three gentlemen in the Colony who could cross swords fairly and successfully with the Bourgeois."

"It will be easier to insult and kill him in a chance medley than to risk a duel!" interrupted Cadet, who listened with intense eagerness. "I tell you, Bigot, young Philibert will pink any man of our party. If there be a duel, he will insist on fighting it for his father. The old Bourgeois will not be caught, but we shall catch a Tartar, instead, in the young one."

"Well, duel or chance medley be it! I dare not have him assassinated," replied the Intendant. "He must be fought with in open day, and not killed in a corner. Eh, Cadet, am I not right?"

Bigot looked for approval from Cadet, who saw he was thinking of the secret chamber at Beaumanoir.

"You are right, Bigot! He must be killed in open day, and not in a corner. But who have we among us capable of making sure work of the Bourgeois?"

"Leave it to me," replied De Pean. "I know one partner of the Company who, if I can get him in harness, will run our chariot wheels in triumph over the Golden Dog."

"And who is that?" asked Bigot, eagerly.

"Le Gardeur de Repentigny!" exclaimed De Pean, with a look of exultation.

"Pshaw! he would draw upon us more readily! Why, he is bewitched with the Philiberts!" replied Bigot.

"I shall find means to break the spell long enough to answer our purpose, your Excellency!" replied De Pean. "Permit me only to take my own way with him."

"Assuredly, take your own way, De Pean! A bloody scuffle between De Repentigny and the Bourgeois would not only be a victory for the Company, but would break up the whole party of the Honnetes Gens!"

The Intendant slapped De Pean on the shoulder and shook him by the hand. "You are more clever than I believed you to be, De Pean. You have hit on a mode of riddance which will entitle you to the best reward in the power of the Company to bestow."

"My best reward will be the fulfillment of your promise, your Excellency," answered De Pean.

"I will keep my word, De Pean. By God, you shall have Angélique, with such a dowry as the Company can alone give! Or, if you do not want the girl, you shall have the dowry without the wife!"

"I shall claim both, your Excellency! But—"

"But what? Confess all your doubts, De Pean."

"Le Gardeur may claim her as his own reward!" De Pean guessed correctly enough the true bent of Angélique's fancy.

"No fear! Le Gardeur de Repentigny, drunk or sober, is a gentleman. He would reject the Princess

d'Elide were she offered on such conditions as you take her on. He is a romantic fool; he believes in woman's virtue and all that stuff!"

"Besides, if he kill the Bourgeois, he will have to fight Pierre Philibert before his sword is dry!" interjected Cadet. "I would not give a Dutch stiver for Le Gardeur's bones five hours after he has pinked the Bourgeois."

An open duel in form was not to be thought of, because in that they would have to fight the son and not the father, and the great object would be frustrated. But the Bourgeois might be killed in a sudden fray, when blood was up and swords drawn, when no one, as De Pean remarked, would be able to find an undoubted or a t uncrossed in a fair record of the transaction, which would impose upon the most critical judge as an honorable and justifiable act of self-defence.

This was Cadet's real intent, and perhaps Bigot's, but the Intendant's thoughts lay at unfathomable depths, and were not to be discovered by any traces upon the surface. No divining-rod could tell where the secret spring lay hid which ran under Bigot's motives.

Not so De Pean. He meditated treachery, and it was hard to say whether it was unnoted by the penetrating eye of Bigot. The Intendant, however, did not interfere farther, either by word or sign, but left De Pean to accomplish in his own way the bloody object they all had in view, namely, the death of the Bourgeois and the break-up of the Honnetes Gens. De Pean, while resolving to make Le Gardeur the tool of his wickedness, did not dare to take him into his confidence. He had to be kept in absolute ignorance of the part he was to play in the bloody tragedy until the moment of its denouement arrived. Meantime, he must be plied with drink, maddened with jealousy, made desperate with losses, and at war with himself and all the world, and then the whole fury of his rage should, by the artful contrivance of De Pean, be turned, without a minute's time for reflection, upon the head of the unsuspecting Bourgeois.

To accomplish this successfully, a woman's aid was required, at once to blind Le Gardeur and to sharpen his sword.

In the interests of the Company, Angélique des Meloises was at all times a violent partisan. The Golden Dog and all its belongings were objects of her open aversion. But De Pean feared to impart to her his intention to push Le Gardeur blindly into the affair. She might fear for the life of one she loved. De Pean reflected angrily on this, but he determined that she should be on the spot. The sight of her, and a word from her, which De Pean would prompt at the critical moment, should decide Le Gardeur to attack the Bourgeois and kill him; and then, what would follow? De Pean rubbed his hands with ecstasy at the thought that Le Gardeur would inevitably bite the dust under the avenging hand of Pierre Philibert, and Angélique would be his, beyond all fear of rivals.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The Bourgeois Philibert.

The Bourgeois Philibert, after an arduous day's work, was enjoying in his arm-chair a quiet siesta in the old comfortable parlor of his city home.

The sudden advent of peace had opened the seas to commerce, and a fleet of long-shut-up merchantmen were rapidly loading at the quays of the Frépone, as well as at those of the Bourgeois, with the products of the Colony for shipment to France before the closing in of the St. Lawrence by ice. The summer of St. Martin was lingering soft and warm on the edge of winter, and every available man, including the soldiers of the garrison, were busy loading the ships to get them off in time to escape the hard nip of winter.

Dame Rochelle sat near the win-

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Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Red Vents removed permanently by our reliable method of antiseptic electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Booklet "F" and sample of hair rejuvenator mailed free.

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Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 30 cents.

BUFF ORPINGTONS—100 pure-bred, stout, vigorous cockerels, \$2; yearling hens, pullets, \$1.50 each. Order early. Get choice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hugh A. Scott, Caledonia, Ont.

CHOICE White Wyandotte cockerels. Bred from Russell cock and Martin-bred females; also Rhode Island Reds, cockerels and pullets, both combs. Alex. McTavish, Chesley, Ontario.

CHOICE Barred Plymouth Rock cockerels for sale. Prices right. Leslie Kerns, Freeman, Ont.

WHITE Holland turkey—for sale. Toms, \$3.00 Miss Mary Caldwell, Gilchrist, Ontario.

Maple and Rock Elm Logs Wanted

300 Maple Logs 10/16 feet long, 22 inches and up diameter small end
600 Rock Elm Logs 16 feet and up long, 12 inches and up diameter small end

The Bradley Co., Hamilton, Ontario.



Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, and Pet Stock.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

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WANTED—Creamery! An experienced creameryman of good financial standing seeks information regarding a community that might prove a suitable field for a creamery. Address: Creamery, Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

Delhi Tannery Custom robe and fur tannery. If you have a cow hide or horse hide you want tanned or made into a robe or a fur coat, or have any kind of hides, skins or furs you want tanned, send them to me and have them dressed right. B. F. REIL, DELHI, ONT.

DOG MEDICINE—Most dogs have worms. And the worms kill the dogs. Get rid of the worms with VERMICIDE CAPSULES. Six capsules, 25c. Hundred capsules, \$3. Mailed with free booklet telling all about worms in dogs on receipt of price. DR. F. F. REIL, DELHI, ONT.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

—Earl of Chesterfield.

Each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood.

—Tennyson.

Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

—Holmes.