

DIAMOND DYES

Never Disappoint Me.

"I often find that one or two packages of your famous Diamond Dyes will make an old skirt or dress so bright and pretty that my friends and neighbors think they are new garments. I frequently dye articles of clothing for my little boys and husband, making them look equal to new. I have no trouble with Diamond Dyes; they are easy to work with, and never disappoint me. I strongly recommend Diamond Dyes to my friends."

MRS. A. R. LEMARCHE, Acton Vale, P. Q.



Skirts Made New for 10 Cents.

"There is no sport that my daughter enjoys more than playing tennis. She organized a club last summer, and the young people had such good times with their practice games and at the tournament which they had at the end of the season that she didn't care to go away on a vacation."

"All the girls were planning to have new skirts for the tournament—but Alice—my daughter, had a Diamond Dye party at our house instead, and they took turns dyeing their old skirts. They had such fun during the process of changing the colors, and were so happy over the way their skirts looked when they were dry and pressed, that I feel very sure that it will lead to their making other experiments with Diamond Dyes."

MRS. ERNEST EASTMAN, Harrisburg, Pa.

Important Facts About Goods to Be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the World, and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes, and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk or Cotton ("all fabrics") equally well. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, can be used successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or other Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

Diamond Dye Annual—Free. Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name, and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and samples of dyed cloth, all **FREE**. Address:

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., LIMITED
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q.

"It depends much on you, Mademoiselle des Meloises," said he. "Had you been my treasure-trove, there had been no 'perhaps' about it." Bigot spoke bluntly, and to Angelique it sounded like sincerity. Her dreams were accomplished. She trembled with the intensity of her gratification, and felt no repugnance at his familiar address.

The Intendant held out his hand as he uttered the dulcet flattery, and she placed her hand in his, but it was cold and passionless. Her heart did not send the blood leaping into her finger-ends as when they were held in the loving grasp of Le Gardeur.

"Angelique!" said he. It was the first time the Intendant had called her by her name. She started. It was the unlocking of his heart, she thought, and she looked at him with a smile which she had practiced with infallible effect upon many a foolish admirer.

"Angelique, I have seen no woman like you, in New France or in Old; you are fit to adorn a Court, and I predict you will—if—if—"

"If what, Chevalier?" Her eyes fairly blazed with vanity and pleasure. "Cannot one adorn Courts, at least French Courts, without if's?"

"You can, if you choose to do so," replied he, looking at her admiringly; for her whole countenance flashed intense pleasure at his remark.

"If I choose to do so? I do choose to do so! But who is to show me the way to the Court, Chevalier? It is a long and weary distance from New France."

"I will show you the way, if you will permit me, Angelique; Versailles is the only fitting theatre for the display of beauty and spirit like yours."

Angelique thoroughly believed this, and for a few moments was dazzled and overpowered by the thought of the golden doors of her ambition opened by the hand of the Intendant. A train of images, full-winged, and as gorgeous as birds of paradise, flashed across her vision. La Pompadour was getting old, men said, and the King was already casting his eyes round the circle of more youthful beauties in his Court for a successor. "And what woman in the world," thought she, "could vie with Angelique des Meloises if she chose to enter the arena to supplant La Pompadour? Nay, more! If the prize of the King were her lot, she would outdo La Maintenon herself, and end by sitting on the throne."

Angelique was not, however, a milk-maid to say yes before she was asked. She knew her value, and had a natural distrust of the Intendant's gallant speeches. Moreover, the shadow of the lady of Beaumanoir would not wholly disappear. "Why do you say such flattering things to me, Chevalier?" asked she. "One takes them for earnest, coming from the Royal Intendant. You should leave trilling to the idle young men of the city, who have no business to employ them but gallanting us women."

"Trifling! By St. Jeanne de Choisy, I was never more in earnest, Mademoiselle!" exclaimed Bigot. "I offer you the entire devotion of my heart." St. Jeanne de Choisy was the sobriquet in the petits appartements for La Pompadour. Angelique knew it very well, although Bigot thought she did not.

"Fair words are like flowers, Chevalier," replied she, "sweet to smell and pretty to look at; but love feeds on ripe fruit. Will you prove your devotion to me if I put it to the test?"

"Most willingly, Angelique!" Bigot thought she contemplated some idle freak that might try his gallantry, perhaps his purse. But she was in earnest, if he was not.

"I ask, then, the Chevalier Bigot, that before he speaks to me again of love or devotion, he shall remove that lady, whoever she may be, from Beaumanoir!" Angelique sat erect, and looked at him with a long, fixed look, as she said this.

"Remove that lady from Beaumanoir!" exclaimed he in complete surprise; "surely that poor shadow does not prevent your accepting my devotion, Angelique?"

"Yes, but it does, Chevalier! I like bold men. Most women do, but I did not think that even the Intendant of New France was bold enough to make love to Angelique des Meloises while he kept a wife or mistress in stately seclusion at Beaumanoir!"

Bigot cursed the shrewishness and innate jealousy of the sex which would not content itself with just so much of a man's favor as he chose to bestow, but must ever want to rule single and alone. "Every woman is a despot," thought he, "and has no mercy upon pretenders to her throne."

"That lady," replied he, "is neither wife nor mistress, Mademoiselle; she sought the shelter of my roof with a claim upon the hospitality of Beaumanoir."

"No doubt"—Angelique's nostril quivered with a fine disdain—"the hospitality of Beaumanoir is as broad and comprehensive as its master's admiration for our sex!" said she.

Bigot was not angry. He gave a loud laugh. "You women are merciless upon each other, Mademoiselle!" said he.

"Men are more merciless to women when they beguile us with insincere professions," replied she, rising up in well-affected indignation.

"Not so, Mademoiselle! Bigot began to feel annoyed. "That lady is nothing to me," said he, without rising as she had done. He kept his seat.

"But she has been! you have loved her at some time or other, and she is now living on the scraps and leavings of former affection. I am never deceived, Chevalier!" continued she, glancing down at him, a wild light playing under her long eyelashes like the illumined under-edge of a thunder-cloud.

"But how in St. Picot's name did you arrive at all this knowledge, Mademoiselle!" Bigot began to see that there was nothing for it but to comply with every caprice of this incomprehensible girl, if he would carry his point.

"Oh, nothing is easier than for a woman to divine the truth in such matters, Chevalier," said she. "It is a sixth sense given to our sex to protect our weakness; no man can make love to two women, but each of them knows instinctively to her finger-tips that he is doing it."

"Surely woman is a beautiful book written in golden letters, but in a tongue as hard to understand as hieroglyphics of Egypt." Bigot was quite puzzled how to proceed with this incomprehensible girl.

"Thanks for the comparison, Chevalier," replied she, with a laugh. "It would not do for men to scrutinize us too closely, yet one woman reads another easily as a hornbook of Troyes, which they say is so easy that the children read it without learning."

To boldly set at defiance a man who had boasted a long career of success, was the way to rouse his pride, and determine him to overcome her resistance. Angelique was not mistaken. Bigot saw her resolution, and, although it was with a mental reservation to deceive her, he promised to banish Caroline from his chateau.

"It was always my good fortune to be conquered in every passage of arms with your sex, Angelique," said he, at once radiant and submissive. "Sit down by me in token of amity."

She complied without hesitation, and sat down by him, gave him her hand again, and replied with an arch smile, while a thousand inimitable coquetries played about her eyes and lips, "You speak now like an amant magnifique, Chevalier!"

"Quelque fort qu'on s'en defende, il y faut venir un jour!"

"It is a bargain henceforth and forever, Angelique!" said he; "but