

Founded 1866

Tea soothes the nerves; it clears the blood, expels vapors from the brain, and restores the fountain of life to pristine activity. Ergo, it prolongs the existence of both men and nations, and has made China the most antique nation in the world."

Herr Kalm was a devotee to the tea-cup; he drank it strong to excite his flagging spirits, weak to quiet them down. He took Bohea with his facts, and Hyson with his fancy, and mixed them to secure the necessary afflatus to write his books of science and travel. Upon Hyson he would have attempted the Iliad, upon Bohea he would undertake to square the circle, discover perpetual motion, or reform the German philosophy.

The professor was in a jovial mood, and gambolled away gracefully as a Finland horse under a pack-saddle laden with the learning of a dozen students of Abo, travelling home for the holidays. "We are fortunate in being able to procure our tea in exchange for our useless ginseng," remarked the Lady de Tilly, as she handed the professor a tiny plate of leaves, as was the fashion of the day. After drinking the tea, the infused leaves were regarded as quite a fashionable delicacy. Except for the fashion, it had not been perhaps considered a delicacy at all.

The observation of the Lady de Tilly set the professor off on another branch of the subject. "He had observed," he said, "the careless methods of preparing the ginseng in New France, and predicted a speedy end of the traffic, unless it were prepared to suit the fancy of the fastidious Chinese."

"That is true, Herr Kalm," replied the Governor, "but our Indians who gather it are bad managers. Our friend Philibert, who opened this lucrative trade, is alone capable of ensuring its continuance. It is a mine of wealth to New France, if rightly developed. How much made you last year by ginseng, Philibert?"

"I can scarcely answer," replied the Bourgeois, hesitating a moment to mention what might seem like egotism; "but the half million I contributed towards the war in defence of Acadia was wholly the product of my export of ginseng to China."

"I know it was! and God bless you for it, Philibert!" exclaimed the Governor with emotion, as he grasped the hand of a patriotic merchant.

"If we have preserved New France this year, it was through your timely help in Acadia. The King's treasury was exhausted," continued the Governor, looking at Herr Kalm, "and ruin imminent, when the noble merchant of the Chien d'Or fed, clothed and paid the King's troops for two months before the taking of Grand Pre from the enemy!"

"No great thing in that, your Excellency," replied the Bourgeois, who hated compliments to himself. "If those who have do not give, how can you get from those who have not? You may lay some of it to the account of Pierre too,—he was in Acadia, you know, Governor." A flash of honest pride passed over the usually sedate features of the Bourgeois at the mention of his son.

Le Gardeur looked at his sister. She knew instinctively that his thoughts put into words would say, "He is worthy to be your father, Amelie!" She blushed with a secret pleasure, but spoke not. The music in her heart was without words yet; but one day it would fill the universe with harmony for her.

The Governor noticed the sudden reticence, and half surmising the cause, remarked playfully, "the Iroquois will hardly dare approach Tilly with such a garrison as Pierre Philibert and Le Gardeur, and with you, my Lady de Tilly, as commandant, and you, Mademoiselle Amelie, as aide-de-camp!"

"To be sure! your Excellency," replied the Lady de Tilly. "The women of Tilly have worn swords and kept the old house before now!" she added playfully, alluding to a celebrated defence of the chateau by a former lady of the Manor at the head of her censitaires; "and depend upon it, we shall neither give up Tilly nor Le Gardeur either, to whatever savages claim them, be they red or white!"

The lady's allusion to his late asso-

ciates did not offend Le Gardeur, whose honest nature despised their conduct, while he liked their company. They all understood her, and laughed. The Governor's loyalty to the King's commission prevented his speaking his thoughts. He only remarked, "Le Gardeur and Pierre Philibert will be under your orders, my Lady, and my orders are that they are not to return to the city until all dangers of the Iroquois are over."

"All right, your excellency!" exclaimed Le Gardeur. "I shall obey my aunt." He was acute enough to see through their kindly scheming for his welfare; but his good nature and thorough devotion to his aunt and sister, and his affectionate friendship for Pierre, made him yield to the project without a quiver of regret. Le Gardeur was assailable on many sides—a fault in his character—or a weakness—which, at any rate, sometimes offered a lever to move him in directions opposite to the maghlin influences of Bigot and his associates.

The company rose from the tea-table and moved to the drawing-room, where conversation, music, and a few games of cards whiled away a couple of hours very pleasantly.

Amelie sang exquisitely. The Governor was an excellent musician, and accompanied her. His voice, a powerful tenor, had been strengthened by many a conflict with old Boreas on the high seas, and made soft and flexible by his manifold sympathies with all that is kindly and good and true in human nature.

A song of wonderful pathos and beauty had just been brought down from the wilds of Ottawa, and become universally sung in New France. A voyageur flying from a band of Iroquois had found a hiding-place on a rocky islet in the middle of the Sept Chutes. He concealed himself from his foes, but could not escape, and in the end died of starvation and sleeplessness. The dying man peeled off the white bark of the birch, and with the juice of berries wrote upon it his death song, which was found long after by the side of his remains. His grave is now a marked spot on the Ottawa. La Complainde de Cadieux had seized the imagination of Amelie. She sang it exquisitely, and to-night needed no pressing to do so, for her heart was full of the new song, composed under such circumstances of woe. Intense was the sympathy of the company, as she began:

"Petit rocher de la haute montagne, Je viens finir ice cette campagne! Ah! doux echos, entendez mes soupirs! En languissant je vais bientôt mourir."

There were no dry eyes as she concluded. The last sighs of Cadieux seemed to expire on her lips:

"Rossignole, va dire a ma maitresse, A mes enfans, qu'un adieu je leur laisse, Que j'ai garde mon amour et ma foi, Et desormais faut renoncer a moi."

A few more friends of the family dropped in—Coulon de Villiers, Clude Beauharnias, La Corne St. Luc, and others, who had heard of the lady's departure and came to bid her adieu.

La Corne raised much mirth by his allusions to the Iroquois. The secret was plainly no secret to him. "I hope to get their scalps," said he, "when you have done with them and they with you, Le Gardeur!"

The evening passed on pleasantly, and the clock of the Recollects pealed out a good late hour before they took final leave of their hospitable hostess, with mutual good-wishes and adieus, which with some of them were never repeated. Le Gardeur was no little touched and comforted by so much sympathy and kindness. He shook the Bourgeois affectionately by the hand, inviting him to come up to Tilly. It was noticed and remembered that this evening Le Gardeur clung filially, as it were, to the father of Pierre, and the farewell he gave him was tender, almost solemn, in a sort of sadness that left an impress upon all minds. "Tell Pierre—but indeed, he knows we start early," said Le Gardeur, "and the canoes will be waiting on the Batture an hour after sunrise."

The Bourgeois knew in a general way the position of Le Gardeur, and sympathized deeply with him. "Keep

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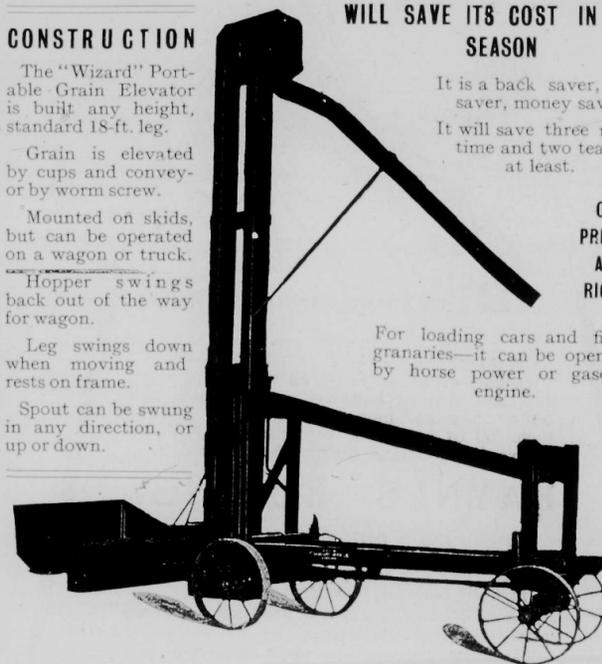
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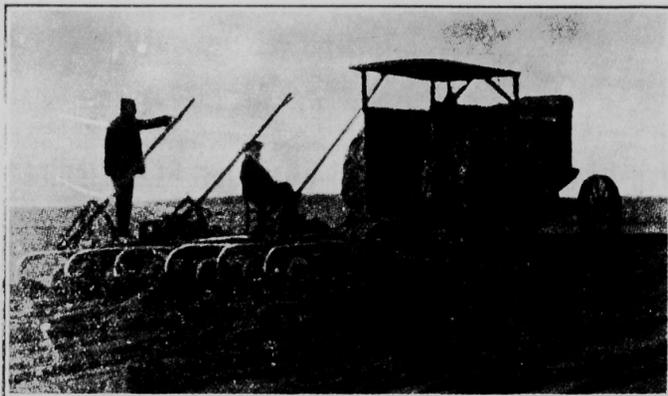
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