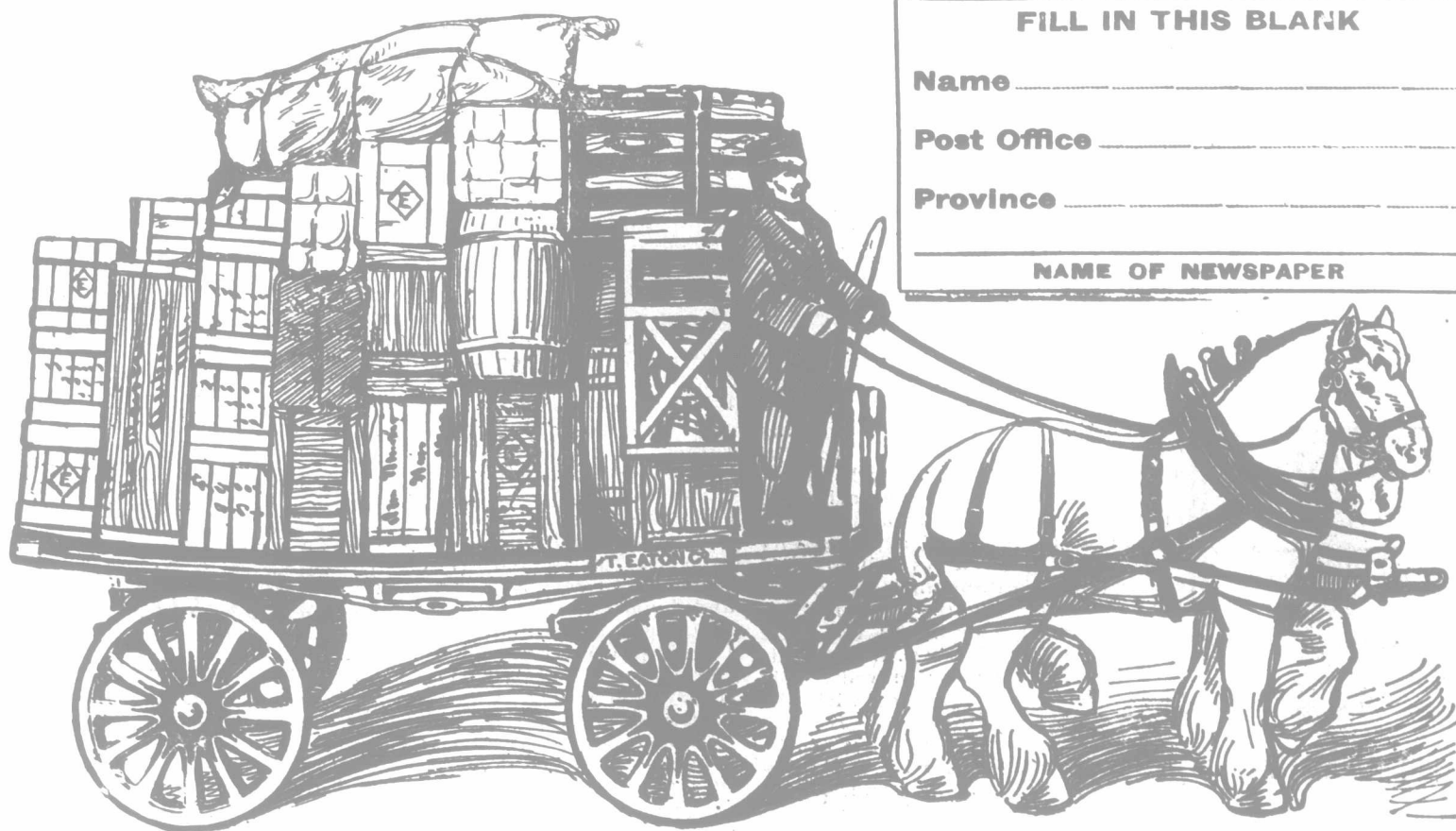


EATON'S JANUARY - FEBRUARY SALE!



FILL IN THIS BLANK

Name _____

Post Office _____

Province _____

NAME OF NEWSPAPER _____

HAVE YOU AN ORDER IN THIS LOAD?

January-February Sale Goods.

This illustration is from a direct photograph. Dozens of such loads are being dispatched every day from the Toronto store to Mail-order Customers. Send your name for the January-February Sale Catalogue if you want a share in this value-giving sale. Your neighbor's wants are being supplied. Why not yours?

Write For This Catalogue To-day. **THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED** TORONTO. CANADA. Sale Begins January 2nd. Ends February 28th.

I couldn't say all that fast to save my life, Augusta. Can you?

By the way, have you ever tried putting bones and scraps of suet, etc., all through your Christmas tree and setting it outside of the window after Christmas? Try it, and see how delighted your bird-friends will be. If you haven't a Christmas tree, put the scraps in any other tree or vine near the window, but be sure not to let the cat get at the birds.

Dear Puck,—I thought I would write on the games we play at school. In summer we play Cock-robin, Here comes one duck a roving, Prisoner's base, Drop the handkerchief, Here we come gathering nuts and may. In winter we play Fox and goose, but when it is good sleigh-riding we go over in the field. There is quite a large hill there, and we sleigh-ride all noon. There are about a dozen or more sleighs on the hill, and you have to be very careful that you don't get hurt.

I am in the Junior Second class.
BRUCE GUMMER (age 9).
Norham, Ont.

Note to Beavers.

Dear Beavers,—A great many letters have been held over, but you do not mind, do you? You see all cannot "go in" at once.

Giles—Poor Lambly is badly crippled. Had an operation performed on him.

Miles—You don't say! Was the operation successful?

Giles—Very. It was a Wall street operation.

"Papa, what is a safety match?" Mr. Henpecked (looking carefully to see if his wife is within hearing)—A safety match, son, is when a bald-headed man marries an armless woman.

The Golden Dog (Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"They are honest habitants of St. Anne," replied Jean. "I know them; they, too, are on the King's corvee, and travel free, every man of them! So I must cry Vive le Roi! and pass them over to the city. It is like a holiday when one works for nothing!"

Jean stepped nimbly into his boat, followed by the rough country fellows, who amused themselves by joking at Jean Le Nocher's increasing trade and the need of putting on an extra boat these stirring times. Jean put a good face upon it, laughed, and retorted their quips, and plying his oars, stoutly performed his part in the King's corvee by safely landing them on the other shore.

Meantime, the officer who had lately crossed the ferry, rode rapidly up the long, straight highway that led up on the side of the mountain to a cluster of white cottages and an old church, surmounted by a belfry whose sweet bells were ringing melodiously in the fresh air of the morning.

The sun was pouring a flood of golden light over the landscape. The still, glittering dewdrops hung upon the trees, shrubs, and long points of grass by the wayside. All were

dressed with jewels to greet the rising king of day.

The wide, open fields of meadow, and cornfields, ripening for harvest, stretched far away, unbroken by hedge or fence. Slight ditches or banks of turf, covered with nests of violets, ferns, and wild flowers of every hue, separated contiguous fields. No other division seemed necessary in the mutual good neighborhood that prevailed among the colonists, whose fashion of agriculture had been brought, with many hardy virtues, from the old plains of Normandy.

White-walled, red-roofed cottages, or more substantial farmhouses, stood conspicuously in the green fields, or peered out of embowering orchards. Their casements were open to catch the balmy air, while in not a few the sound of clattering hoofs on the hard road drew fair faces to the window or door, to look inquisitively after the officer wearing the white plume in his military chapeau, as he dashed by on the gallant gray.

Those who caught sight of him saw a man worth seeing—tall, deep-chested, and erect. His Norman features, without being perfect, were handsome and manly. Steel-blue eyes, solidly set under a broad forehead, looked out searchingly yet kindly, while his well-formed chin and firm lips gave an air of resolution to his whole look that accorded perfectly with the brave, loyal character of Colonel Philibert. He wore the royal uniform. His auburn hair he wore tied with a black ribbon. His good taste discarded perukes and powder, although very much in fashion in those days.

It was long since he had travelled on the highway of Charlebourg, and

he thoroughly enjoyed the beauty of the road he traversed. But behind him, as he knew, lay a magnificent spectacle, the sight of the great promontory of Quebec, crowned with its glorious fortifications and replete with the proudest memories of North America. More than once the young soldier turned his steed, and halted a moment or two to survey the scene with enthusiastic admiration. It was his native city, and the thought that it was threatened by the national enemy roused, like an insult offered to the mother that bore him. He rode onward, more than ever impatient of delay, and not till he passed a cluster of elm trees which reminded him of an adventure of his youth, did the sudden heat pass away, caused by the thought of the threatened invasion.

Under these trees, he remembered that he and his school companion, Le Gardeur de Repentigny, had once taken refuge during a violent storm. The tree they stood under was shattered by a thunderbolt. They were both stunned for a few minutes, and knew they had had a narrow escape from death. Neither of them ever forgot it.

A train of thoughts never long absent from the mind of Philibert started up vividly at the sight of these trees. His memory flew back to Le Gardeur and the Manor House of Tilly, and the fair young girl who captivated his boyish fancy and filled his youth with dreams of glorious achievements to win her smiles and do her honor. Among a thousand pictures of her hung up in his mind and secretly worshipped, he loved that which presented her likeness on that day when, he saved her brother's life and she kissed him in a passion of joy and gratitude, vowing she