

Well the mosquitos are here and we've got to keep at smudging pretty nearly all day.

I wonder if Cousin Dorothy ever did any pioneering on the prairies. We moved out here 3 years ago and we have to go 50 miles to our closest station, but we expect it out here in 5 or 6 months. Our little town is pretty near as big as Stettler, our closest station. I hope I will be able to receive a button. I would like to write an interesting letter if I could but it seems I can not.

Alta. b) ALVIRS B. BURKHOLDER.

### JENNY THE DONKEY

Dear cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to you and I think the Western Wigwam is a nice name. Our holidays will soon be here. I am in grade three at school and my teacher's name is Miss A. We have taken the Advoca-

cate for I don't know how long. I have a sister and brother younger than myself, my brother is seven and my sister two. We live one mile west of Souris and Plum creek runs through our farm. We have a donkey and her name is Jenny. I like reading and have read a lot of books. The one I like best is Christmas with Grandma Elsie. Would you please send me one of your buttons.

Man. (a) EVELYN FERGUSON.

### GOT MOTHER TO WRITE

Dear cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Western Wigwam. I am just 7 years old and my mother is writing for me. My sister is writing a letter too. I hope you will send me a button. My father has taken the Advocate for 14 or 15 years.

Man. LESLIE FERGUSON.

## THE GOLDEN DOG

By WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.

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### CHAPTER XXV.

#### BETWIXT THE LAST VIOLET AND THE EARLIEST ROSE

"Do not go out today, brother, I want you so particularly to stay with me today," said Amelie de Repentigny, with a gentle, pleading voice. "Aunt has resolved to return to Tilly tomorrow; I need your help to arrange these papers, and anyway, I want your company, brother," added she, smiling. Le Gardeur sat feverish, nervous, and ill after his wild night spent at the Taverne de Menu. He started and reddened as his sister's eyes rested on him. He looked through the open window like a wild animal ready to spring out of it and escape.

A raging thirst was on him, which Amelie sought to assuage by draughts of water, milk, and tea—a sisterly attention which he more than once acknowledged by kissing the loving fingers which waited upon him so tenderly.

"I cannot stay in the house, Amelie," said he; "I shall go mad if I do! You know how it has fared with me, sweet sister! I yesterday built up a tower of glass, high as heaven, my heaven—a woman's love; today I am crushed under the ruins of it."

"Say not so, brother! you were not made to be crushed by the nay of a faithless woman. Oh! why will men think more of our sex than we deserve? How few of us do deserve the devotion of a good and true man!"

"How few men would be worthy of you, sweet sister!" replied he, proudly. "Ah! had Angelique your heart, Amelie!"

"You will be one day glad of your present sorrow, brother," replied she. "It is bitter I know, and I feel its bitterness with you, but life with Angelique would have been infinitely harder to bear."

He shook his head, not incredulously, but defiantly at fate. "I would have accepted it," said he, "had I been sure life with her had been hard as millstones! My love is of the preverse kind, not to be transmuted by any furnace of fiery trial."

"I have no answer, brother, but this," and Amelie stooped and kissed his fevered forehead. She was too wise to reason in a case where she knew reason always made default.

"What has happened at the Manor House," asked he after a short silence, "that aunt is going to return home sooner than she expected when she left?"

"There are reports to-day of Iroquois on the upper Chaudiere, and her censitaires are eager to return to guard their homes from the prowling savages; and what is more, you and Colonel Philibert are ordered to go to Tilly to look after the defence of the Seignior."

Le Gardeur sat bolt upright. His military knowledge could not comprehend an apparently useless order. "Pierre Philibert and I ordered to Tilly to look after the defence of the Seignior! We had no information yesterday that

Iroquois were within fifty leagues of Tilly. It is a false rumor raised by the good wives to get their husbands home again! Don't you think so, Amelie?" asked he, smiling for the first time.

"No, I don't think so, Le Gardeur! but it would be a pretty ruse de guerre, were it true. The good wives naturally feel nervous at being left alone—I should myself," added she, playfully.

"Oh, I don't know! the nervous ones have all come with the men to the city; but I suppose the work is advanced, and the men can be spared to return home. But what says Pierre Philibert to the order despatching him to Tilly? You have seen him since?"

Amelie blushed a little as she replied, "Yes, I have seen him; he is well content, I think, to see Tilly once more in your company, brother."

"And in yours, sister!—Why blush, Amelie? Pierre is worthy of you, should he ever say to you what I so vainly said last night to Angelique des Meloises!" Le Gardeur held her tightly by the hand.

Her face was glowing scarlet,—she was in utter confusion. "Oh, stop, brother! Don't say such things! Pierre never uttered such thoughts to me!—never will, in all likelihood!"

"But he will! And, my darling sister, when Pierre Philibert shall say he loves you and asks you to be his wife, if you love him, if you pity me, do not say him nay!" She was trembling with agitation, and without power to reply. But Le Gardeur felt her hand tighten upon his. He comprehended the involuntary sign, drew her to him, kissed her, and left the topic without pressing it further; leaving it in the most formidable shape to take deep root in the silent meditations of Amelie.

The rest of the day passed in such sunshine as Amelie could throw over her brother. Her soft influence retained him at home; she refreshed him with her conversation and sympathy, drew from him the pitiful story of his love and its bitter ending. She knew the relief of disburdening his surcharged heart; and to none but his sister, from whom he had never had a secret until this episode in his life, would he have spoken a word of his heart's trouble.

Numerous were the visitors to-day at the hospitable mansion of the Lady de Tilly; but Le Gardeur would see none of them except Pierre Philibert, who rode over as soon as he was relieved from his military attendance at the Castle of St. Louis.

Le Gardeur received Pierre with an effusion of grateful affection—touching, because real. His handsome face, so like Amelie's, was peculiarly so when it expressed the emotions habitual to her; and the pleasure both felt in the presence of Pierre brought out resemblances that flashed fresh on the quick, observant eye of Pierre.

The afternoon was spent in conversation of that kind which gives and takes with mutual delight. Le Gardeur seemed more his old self again in the company of Pierre; Amelie was charmed at the visible influence of Pierre over

him, and a hope sprang up in her bosom that the little artifice of beguiling Le Gardeur to Tilly in the companionship of Pierre might be the means of thwarting those adverse influences which were dragging him to destruction.

If Pierre Philibert grew more animated in the presence of those bright eyes, which were at once appreciative and sympathizing, Amelie drank in the conversation of Pierre as one drinks the wine of a favorite vintage. If her heart grew a little intoxicated, what the wonder? Furtively as she glanced at the manly countenance of Pierre, she saw in it the reflection of his noble mind and independent spirit; and remembering the injunction of Le Gardeur,—for, woman-like, she sought a support out of herself to justify a foregone conclusion,—she thought that if Pierre asked her she could be content to share his lot, and her greatest happiness would be to live in the possession of his love.

Pierre Philibert took his departure early from the house of the Lady de Tilly, to make his preparations for leaving the city next day. His father was aware of his project, and approved of it.

The toils of the day were over in the house of the Chien d'Or. The Bourgeois took his hat and sword and went out for a walk upon the cape, where a cool breeze came up fresh from the broad river. It was just the turn of tide. The full, brimming waters, reflected here and there a star, began to sparkle under the clear moon that rose slowly and majestically over the hills of the south shore.

The Bourgeois sat down on the low wall of the terrace to enjoy the freshness and beauty of the scene which, although he had seen it a hundred times before, never looked lovelier, he thought, than this evening. He was very happy in his silent thoughts over his son's return home; and the general respect paid him on the day of his fete had been more felt, perhaps, by the Bourgeois than by Pierre himself.

As he indulged in these meditations, a well-known voice suddenly accosted him. He turned and was cordially greeted by the Count de la Galignoniere and Herr Kalm, who had sauntered through the garden of the Castle and directed their steps towards the Cape with intention to call upon the Lady de Tilly and pay their respects to her before she left the city.

The Bourgeois, learning their intentions, said he would accompany them, as he too owed a debt of courtesy to the noble lady and her niece Amelie, which he would discharge at the same time.

The three gentlemen walked gravely on, in pleasant conversation. The clearness of the moonlit night threw the beautiful landscape, with its strongly accentuated features, into contrasts of light and shade to which the pencil of Rembrandt alone could have done justice. Herr Kalm was enthusiastic in his admiration,—moonlight over Drachenfels on the Rhine, or the midnight sun peering over the Gulf of Bothnia, reminded him of something similar, but of nothing so grand on the whole as the matchless scene visible from Cape Diamond—worthy of its name.

Lady de Tilly received her visitors with the gracious courtesy habitual to her. She especially appreciated the visit from the Bourgeois, who so rarely honored the houses of his friends by his welcome presence. As for His Excellency, she remarked, smiling, it was his official duty to represent the politeness of France to the ladies of the Colony, while Herr Kalm, representing the science of Europe, ought to be honored in every house he chose to visit,—she certainly esteemed the honor of his presence in her own.

Amelie made her appearance in the drawing-room, and while the visitors stayed exerted herself to the utmost to please and interest them by taking a ready and sympathetic part in their conversation. Her quick and cultivated intellect enabled her to do so to the delight, and even surprise, of the three grave, learned gentlemen. She lacked neither information nor opinions of her own, while her speech, soft and womanly, gave a delicacy to her free yet modest utterances that made her, in their recollections of her in the future, a standard of comparison,—a measure

of female perfections.

Le Gardeur, learning who were in the house, came down after a while to thank the governor, the Bourgeois, and Herr Kalm for the honor of their visit. He exerted himself by a desperate effort to be conversable,—not very successfully, however; for had not Amelie watched him with deepest sympathy and adroitly filled the breaks in his remarks, he would have failed to pass himself creditably before the Governor. As it was, Le Gardeur contented himself with following the flow of conversation which welled up copiously from the lips of the rest of the company.

After a while came in Felix Baudoin in his full livery, reserved for special occasions, and announced to his lady that tea was served. The gentlemen were invited to partake of what was then a novelty in New France. The Bourgeois, in the course of the new traffic with China that had lately sprung up in consequence of the discovery of ginseng in New France, had imported some chests of tea, which the Lady de Tilly, with instinctive perception of its utility, adopted at once as the beverage of polite society. As yet, however, it was only to be seen upon the tables of the refined and the affluent.

A fine service of porcelain of Chinese make adorned her table, pleasing the fancy with its grotesque pictures,—then so new, now so familiar to us all. The Chinese garden and summer-house, the fruit-laden trees, and river with overhanging willows; the rustic bridge with the three long-robed figures passing over it; the boat floating upon the water and the doves flying in the perspectiveless sky—who does not remember them all?

Lady de Tilly, like a true gentlewoman, prized her China, and thought kindly of the mild, industrious race who had furnished her tea table with such elegant equipage.

It was no disparagement to the Lady de Tilly that she had not read English poets who sang the praise of tea: English poets were in those days an unknown quantity in French education, and especially in New France until after the conquest. But Wolfe opened the great world of English poetry to Canada as he recited Gray's Elegy with its prophetic line,—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

as he floated down the St. Lawrence in that still autumnal night to land his forces and scale by stealth the fatal Heights of Abraham, whose possession led to the conquest of the city and his own heroic death, then it was the two glorious streams of thought and literature united in New France, where they have run side by side to this day,—in time to be united in one grand flood stream of Canadian literature.

The Bourgeois Philibert had exported largely to China the newly discovered ginseng, for which at first the people of the flowery kingdom paid, in their sycee silver, ounce for ounce. And his Cantonese correspondent esteemed himself doubly fortunate when he was enabled to export his choicest teas to New France in exchange for the precious root.

Amelie listened to an eager conversation between the Governor and Herr Kalm, started by the latter on the nature, culture, and use of the tea-plant,—they would be trite opinions now,—with many daring speculations on the ultimate conquest of the tea-cup over the wine-cup. "It would inaugurate the third beatitude!" exclaimed the philosopher, pressing together the tips of the fingers of both hands, "and the meek would inherit the earth;" so soon as the use of tea became universal, mankind would grow milder, as their blood was purified from the fiery products of the still and the wine-press! The life of man would be prolonged and made more valuable.

"What has given China four thousand years of existence?" asked Herr Kalm, abruptly, of the Count.

The Count could not tell, unless it were that the nation was dead already in all that regarded the higher life of national existence,—had become mummified, in fact,—and did not know it.

"Not at all!" replied Herr Kalm. "It is the constant use of the life-giving infusion of tea that has saved China!

Tea soothes the nerves, blood, expels vapors from restores the fountain of activity. Ergo, it's pro-ence of both men and n-made China the most an the world."

Herr Kalm was a tea-cup; he drank it strong flagging spirits, weak down. He took Bohea and Hyson with his fan- them to secure the neces- write his books of scien- Upon Hyson he would h- the Iliad, upon Bohea he take to square the ci- perpetual motion, or rei- man philosophy.

The professor was in a and gambolled away gr- Finland horse under a pac- with the learning of a d- of Abo, travelling home fo-

"We are fortunate in- procure our tea in exchan- less ginseng," remarked Tilly, as she handed the pr- plate of leaves, as was the day. After drinking infused leaves were regard- fashionable delicacy. Ex- fashion, it had not been sidered a delicacy at all.

The observation of the l- set the professor off on an- of the subject. "He had he said, "the careless met- paring the ginseng in New- predicted a speedy end o- unless it were prepared to s- of the fastidious Chinese.

"That is true, Herr Ka- the Governor, "but our l- gather it are bad managers. Philibert, who opened th- trade, is alone capable of- continuance. It is a mine- New France, if rightly devel- much made you last year- Philibert?"

"I can scarcely answer," Bourgeois, hesitating a r- mention what might seem li- "but the half million li- towards the war in defence- was wholly the product of- ginseng to China."

"I know it was! and God- for it, Philibert!" exclaimed- er with emotion, as he g- hand of a patriotic merchant-

"If we have preserved N- this year, it was through y- help in Acadia. The King- was exhausted," continued th- or, looking at Herr Kalm, im- imminent, when the noble- of the Chien d'Or fed, clothed- the King's troops for tw- before the taking of Grand- the enemy!"

"No great thing in that, cellency," replied the Bour- hated compliments to hin- those who have do not give, ho- get from those who have n- may lay some of it to the a- Pierre too,—he was in Ac- know, Governor." A flash- pride passed over the usual- features of the Bourgeois at th- of his son.

Le Gardeur looked at his sis- knew instinctively that his- put into words would say, "H- to be your father, Amel- blushed with a secret pleas- spoke not. The music in her l- without words yet; but one- would fill the universe with- for her.

The Governor noticed the reticence, and half surmising th- remarked playfully, "the Iroq- hardly dare approach Tilly wit- garrison as Pierre Philibert- Gardeur, and with you, my l- Tilly, as commandant, and you- moiselle Amelie, as aide-de-ca-

"To be sure!—your Exce- replied the Lady de Tilly- women of Tilly have worn sw- kept the old house before now- added playfully, alluding to- brated defence of the chateau p- mer lady of the Manor at the hea- censitaires; "and depend upon I- shall neither give up Tilly nor I- dear either, to whatever savage- them, be they red or white!"

The Lady's allusion to his lat-