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You can couple it in a few seconds to any height wagon and uncouple it from top of load.

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For sale: 1 bull 2½ years old, sired by Daisy DeKol Boy; dam Canary's Mercedes Butterfly. A grand bull in every particular, and well marked.

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AN ENGLISH SLIP.

A little story which has just found its way across the Atlantic from an English country house, tells of the recent slip made by a new and nervous butler in serving his master, a duke, at the luncheon table. Quiet, respectful, and assiduous, he proffered a dish with the insinuating query: "Cold grace, your grace?" The slip is so obviously natural that doubtless the tale is true.—*Christian Register*.

Among life's ups and downs the most annoying are keeping expenses down and appearances up.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*

To Mothers.

Speak gently to the children, nor wound the tender heart. The time may not be distant when you and they must part; So just forget the worries and the battles you've to fight, And in the quiet evening kiss them a warm "good night."

They, too, are swiftly nearing the battle-field of life; And lest they should be worsted in the fight with sin and strife, Oh, gird them with the armor of a mother's perfect love— A shining, pure example of faith in God above.

The trials that await them in the far-off after years, The happy childish laughter may melt to bitter tears, The bonnie curls that cluster around your darling's brow, The ruthless hand of sorrow may render white as snow.

Ah! then the recollections of a mother's tender care May smooth life's rugged pathway—may save from many a snare. And in the hush of even, as in the days of yore, In fond imagination they'll feel your kiss once more.

'Twill cool the burning forehead, 'twill raise their thoughts to God, When the loving lips that gave it are cold beneath the sod; The hardest heart will soften—the tear-dimmed eyes grow bright At childhood's happy memories, and a mother's sweet "good night."

—Anonymous.

The Golden Dog (Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Sure as my old musket it is Master Pothier, and nobody else!" exclaimed Max Grimeau, rising, and giving the newcomer a hearty embrace. "Don't you see, Bartemy?" He has been foraging among the fat wives of the south shore. What a cheek he blows—red as a peony, and fat as a Dutch Burgomaster!" Max had seen plenty of the world when he marched under Marshal de Belleisle, so he was at no loss for apt comparisons.

"Yes!" replied Blind Bartemy, holding out his hand to be shaken. "I see by your voice, Master Pothier, that you have not said grace over bare bones during your absence. But where have you been this long time?"

"Oh, fleeing the King's subjects to the best of my poor ability in the law! and without half the success of you and Max here, who toll the gate of the Basse Ville more easily than the Intendant gets in the King's taxes!"

"Why not?" replied Bartemy with a pious twist of his neck, and an upward cast of his blank orbs. "It is pour l'amour de Dieu! We beggars save more souls than the Cure, for we are always exhorting men to charity. I think we ought to be part of Holy Church, as well as the Gray Friars."

"And so we are part of Holy Church, Bartemy!" interrupted Max Grimeau. "When the good Bishop washed twelve pair of our dirty feet on Maunday Thursday, in the Cathedral, I felt like an Apostle—I did! My feet were just ready for benediction; for see! they had never been washed, that I remember of, since I marched to the relief of Prague! But you should have been out to Belmont to-day, Master Pothier! There was the grandest Easter pie ever made in New France! You might

have carried on a law-suit inside of it, and lived off the estate for a year—I ate a bushel of it. I did."

"Oh, the cursed luck is every day mine!" replied Master Pothier, clapping his hands upon his stomach. "I would not have missed that Easter pie—no, not to draw the Pope's will! But, as it is laid down in the Coutume d'Orleans (Tit. 17), the absent lose the usufruct of their rights; vide, also, Pothier des Successions—I lost my share of the pie of Belmont!"

"Well, never mind, Master Pothier," replied Max. "Don't grieve; you shall go with us to-night to the Fleur-de-Lis, in the Sault au Matelot. Bartemy and I have bespoken an eel pie and a gallon of humming cider of Normandy. We shall all be jolly as the marguilliers of Ste. Roche, after tithing the parish!"

"Have with you, then! I am free now! I have just delivered a letter to the Intendant from a lady at Beaumanoir, and got a crown for it. I will lay it on top of your eel pie, Max!"

Angelique, from being simply amused at the conversation of the old beggars, became in an instant all eyes and ears at the words of Master Pothier.

"Had you ever the fortune to see that lady at Beaumanoir?" asked Max, with more curiosity than was to be expected of one in his position.

"No; the letter was handed me by Dame Tremblay, with a cup of wine. But the Intendant gave me a crown when he read it. I never saw the Chevalier Bigot in better humor! That letter touched both his purse and his feelings. But how did you ever come to hear of the Lady of Beaumanoir?"

"Oh, Bartemy and I hear everything at the gate of the Basse Ville! My Lord Bishop and Father Galapion of the Jesuits met in the gate one day and spoke of her, each asking the other if he knew who she was—when up rode the Intendant; and the Bishop made free, as Bishops will, you know, to question him whether he kept a lady at the Chateau."

"A round dozen of them, my Lord Bishop!" replied Bigot, laughing. "La! It takes the Intendant to talk down a Bishop! He bade my Lord not to trouble himself, the lady was under his tutelle! which I comprehended as little, as little!"

"As you do your Nominy Dominy!" replied Pothier. "Don't be angry, Max, if I infer that the Intendant quoted Pigeon (Tit. 2, 27): 'Le Tuteur est comptable de sa gestion.'"

"I don't care what the pigeons have to say to it—that is what the Intendant said!" replied Max, hotly, "and that, for your law grimoire, Master Pothier!" Max snapped his fingers like the lock of his musket at Prague, to indicate what he meant by that!

"Oh, inepte loquens! you don't understand either law or Latin, Max!" exclaimed Pothier, shaking his ragged wig with an air of pity.

"I understand begging; and that is getting without cheating, and much more to the purpose," replied Max, hotly. "Look you, Master Pothier! you are learned as three curates; but I can get more money in the gate of the Basse Ville by simply standing still and crying out 'Pour l'amour de Dieu! than you with your budget of law lingo-jingo, running up and down the country until the dogs eat off the calves of your legs, as they say in the Nivernois.'"

"Well, never mind what they say in the Nivernois about the calves of my legs! Bon coq ne fut jamais gras!—a game-cock is never fat—and that is Master Pothier dit Robin. Lean as are my calves, they will carry away as much of your eel pie to-night as those of the stoutest carter in Quebec!"

"And the pie is baked by this time, so let us be jogging!" interrupted Bartemy, rising. "Now, give me your arm, Max!" and with Master Pothier's on the other side,

I shall walk to the Fleur-de-Lis straight as a steeple."

The glorious prospect of supper made all three merry as crickets on a warm hearth, as they jogged over the pavement in their clouted shoes, little suspecting they had left a flame of anger in the breast of Angelique des Meloises, kindled by the few words of Pothier respecting the lady of Beaumanoir.

Angelique recalled with bitterness that the rude bearer of the note had observed something that had touched the heart and opened the purse of the Intendant. What was it? Was Bigot playing a game with Angelique des Meloises? Woe to him and the lady of Beaumanoir if he was! As she sat musing over it a knock was heard on the door of her boudoir. She left the balcony and re-entered her room, where a neat, comely girl, in a servant's dress, was waiting to speak to her.

The girl was not known to Angelique. But courtesying very low, she informed her that she was Fanchon Dodier, a cousin of Lizette's. She had been in service at the Chateau de Beaumanoir, but had just left it. "There is no living under Dame Tremblay," said she, "if she suspect a maid servant of flirting ever so little with M. Froumouls, the handsome valet of the Intendant! She imagined that I did; and such a life as she has led me, my Lady! So I came to the city to ask advice of cousin Lizette, and seek a new place. I am sure Dame Tremblay need not be so hard upon the maids. She is always boasting of her own triumphs when she was the Charming Josephine."

"And Lizette referred you to me?" asked Angelique, too occupied just now to mind the gossip about Dame Tremblay, which another time she would have enjoyed immensely. She eyed the girl with intense curiosity; for might she not tell her something of the secret over which she was eating her heart out?

"Yes, my Lady! Lizette referred me to you, and told me to be very circumspect indeed about what I said touching the Intendant, but simply to ask if you would take me into your service. Lizette need not have warned me about the Intendant; for I never reveal secrets of my masters or mistresses, never! never, my Lady!"

"You are more cunning than you look, nevertheless," thought Angelique, "whatever scruple you may have about secrets." "Fanchon," said she, "I will make one condition with you: I will take you into my service if you will tell me whether you ever saw the Lady of Beaumanoir."

Angelique's notions of honor, clear enough in theory, never prevented her sacrificing them without compunction to gain an object or learn a secret that interested her.

"I will willingly tell you all I know, my Lady. I have seen her once: none of the servants are supposed to know she is in the Chateau, but of course all do." Fanchon stood with her hands in the pockets of her apron, as ready to talk as the pretty grisette who directed Lawrence Sterne to the Opera Comique.

"Of course!" remarked Angelique, "a secret like that could never be kept in the Chateau of Beaumanoir! Now tell me, Fanchon, what is she like?" Angelique sat up eagerly, and brushed back the hair from her ear with a rapid stroke of her hand as she questioned the girl. There was a look in her eyes that made Fanchon a little afraid, and brought out more truth than she intended to impart.

"I saw her this morning, my Lady, as she knelt in her oratory; the half-open door tempted me to look, in spite of the orders of Dame Tremblay."

"Ah! you saw her this morning!" repeated Angelique, impetuously: "how does she appear? Is she better in looks than when she first came to the Chateau, or worse? She ought to be worse, much worse!"