

*The*  
**DOMINION PIANO**



**\$80,000**  
in  
Use

**\$100 or**  
more  
saved

**A Pure, Sweet Tone That Defies Both Time and Climate**

is built solidly into DOMINION PIANOS by means of its patented metal arch plate frame. This exclusive betterment does away with the use of wooden posts that warp and shrink with time and heat and cold, and so cause the strings to lose their tone and sweetness. Everything about the "DOMINION" is built to endure a whole long lifetime. Not only that, but it comes to you on easy terms and at factory cost, as we do not include in our price the usual allowances for gift instruments to colleges and great artists for testimonials, nor do we maintain expensive city warerooms. We give you all the savings.

Send to-day for catalogue and particulars  
of our Direct-from-Factory selling plan.

Pick out the instrument you want in the quiet of your own home.  
We allow you easy terms and save you at least \$100 besides.

**The Dominion Organ & Piano Co., Limited**  
Manufacturers of Pianos, Organs and Flayer Pianos  
**BOWMANVILLE, CANADA**  
GEORGE H. RIFE, Western Representative, 362 Sixth St., BRANDON.

## Ideal Green Feed Silos

### Make Money for their Owners

The most prosperous and experienced dairymen all over the Dominion agree that a good silo is a necessary part of the Dairy equipment of any cow owner who wants to realize a reasonable profit from his herd.

A little investigation must convince you that it will pay you to erect a silo.

The next question is "What silo?"

You cannot afford to experiment.

You want a silo that by many years of use has proved its worth.

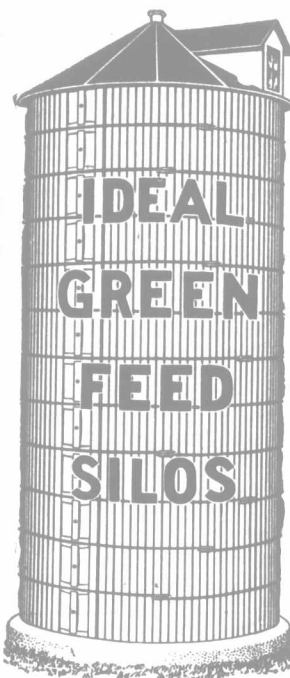
The IDEAL GREEN FEED SILO has been longest on the market. Thousands of prominent and successful owners are thankful for the day they erected an IDEAL GREEN FEED SILO on their farms.

Be sure and get our new Silo Book.

**De Laval Dairy Supply Co.,**  
LIMITED

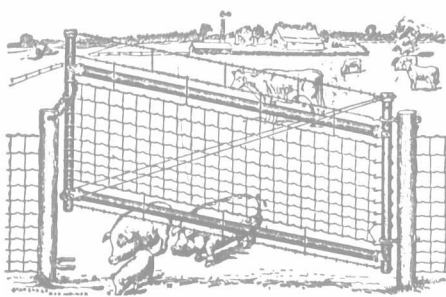
OLDEST AND LARGEST SILO MFRS. IN CANADA

173 William St., Montreal



I GUARANTEE every CLAY GATE to be free from any defects whatsoever in material or workmanship. I will replace free any part or the entire gate giving out for such reasons.  
H. RALPH STEELE,  
MANAGER.

CLAY Gates can be quickly and easily adjusted to let small stock through (see illustration), and to lift over snow in winter. Over all other gates



**Clay Steel Gates Have Many Advantages**

They won't break, bend, sag, burn, blow down or rot. Positively keep back breachy bulls. Will last a lifetime. Made of high carbon steel tubing of large diameter—better than gas pipe, tee or angle iron. Clay Gates are guaranteed (see above).

**60 Days' Free Trial**

We will send you one or a dozen Clay Gates for 60 days' free trial, without expense or obligation to you. 20,000 gates sold last year on these terms.

**CANADIAN GATE CO., LTD.,**

34 Morris Street, Guelph, Ontario

the left until they came to the first creek, Andrew, with a merry laugh, "seeing that you are alive to give it. . . Would you have had me allow Lady Blakeney to do the journey alone? But, in the name of heaven, man, where did you get these extraordinary clothes?"

"Lud! they are a bit quaint, ain't they?" laughed Sir Percy, jovially. "But, odd's fish!" he added, with sudden earnestness and authority, "now you are here, Ffoulkes, we must lose no more time: that brute Chauvelin may send some one to look after us."

Marguerite was so happy, she could have stayed here forever, hearing his voice, asking a hundred questions. But at mention of Chauvelin's name she started in quick alarm, afraid for the dear life she would have died to save.

"But how can we get back?" she gasped; "the roads are full of soldiers between here and Calais, and . . ."

"We are not going back to Calais, sweetheart," he said, "but just the other side of Gris Nez, not half a league from here. The boat of the Day Dream will meet us there."

"The boat of the Day Dream?" "Yes!" he said, with a merry laugh; "another little trick of mine. I should have told you before that when I slipped that note into the hut, I also added another for Armand, which I directed him to leave behind, and which has sent Chauvelin and his men running full tilt back to the 'Chat Gris' after me; but the first little note contained my real instructions, including those to old Briggs. He had my orders to go out further to sea, and then towards the west. When well out of sight of Calais, he will send the galley to a little creek he and I know of, just beyond Gris Nez. The men will look out for me—we have a preconcerted signal, and we will all be safely aboard, whilst Chauvelin and his men solemnly sit and watch the creek which is 'just opposite the 'Chat Gris.'"

"The other side of Gris Nez? But I . . . I cannot walk, Percy," she moaned helplessly, as, trying to struggle to her tired feet, she found herself unable even to stand.

"I will carry you, dear," he said simply; "the blind leading the lame, you know."

Sir Andrew was ready, too, to help with the precious burden, but Sir Percy would not entrust his beloved to any arms but his own.

"When you and she are both safely on board the Day Dream," he said to his young comrade, "and I feel that Mlle. Suzanne's eyes will not greet me in England with reproachful looks, then it will be my turn to rest."

And his arms, still vigorous in spite of fatigue and suffering, closed round Marguerite's poor, weary body, and lifted her as gently as if she had been a feather.

Then, as Sir Andrew discreetly kept out of earshot, there were many things said—or rather whispered—which even the autumn breeze did not catch, for it had gone to rest.

All his fatigue was forgotten; his shoulders must have been very sore, for the soldiers had hit hard, but the man's muscles seemed made of steel, and his energy was almost supernatural. It was a weary tramp, half a league along the stony side of the cliffs, but never for a moment did his courage give way or his muscles yield to fatigue. On he tramped, with firm footstep, his vigorous arms encircling the precious burden, and . . . no doubt, as she lay, quiet and happy, at times lulled to momentary drowsiness, at others watching, through the slowly gathering morning light, the pleasant face, with the lazy, drooping blue eyes, ever cheerful, ever illumined with a good-humoured smile, she whispered many things which helped to shorten the weary road, and acted as a soothing balsam to his aching sinews.

The many-hued light of dawn was breaking in the east when at last they reached the creek beyond Gris Nez. The galley lay in wait: in answer to a signal from Sir Percy she drew near, and two sturdy British sailors had the honour of carrying my lady into the boat.

Half an hour later they were on board the Day Dream. The crew, who of necessity were in their master's secrets, and who were devoted to him heart and soul, were not surprised to see him arriving in so extraordinary a disguise.

Armand St. Just and the other fugitives were eagerly awaiting the advent of their brave rescuer; he would not stay to hear the expressions of their

"Blakeney!" he ventured to say at last cautiously. "Blakeney! are you there?"

The next moment he rounded the rock against which Sir Percy and Marguerite were leaning, and seeing the weird figure still clad in the long Jew's gaberdine, he paused in sudden, complete bewilderment. But already Blakeney had struggled to his feet.

"Here I am, friend," he said with his funny, inane laugh, "all alive! though I do look a begad scarecrow in these demed things."

"Zooks!" ejaculated Sir Andrew, in boundless astonishment, as he recognized his leader, "of all the . . ."

The young man had seen Marguerite, and happily checked the forcible language that rose to his lips, at sight of the exquisite Sir Percy in this weird and dirty garb.

"Yes!" said Blakeney, calmly, "of all the . . . hem! . . . My friend!—I have not yet had time to ask you what you were doing in France, when I ordered you to remain in London? Insubordination? What? Wait till my shoulders are less sore, and, by Gad, see the punishment you'll get."

"Odd's fish! I'll bear it," said Sir