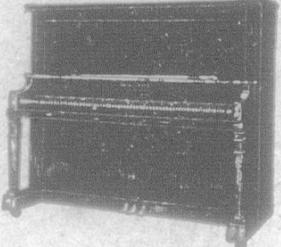


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CHANGES**

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Daughter," regarding length of time the cheese should be kept at a temperature of 94 to 96 degrees, would say that this temperature should be maintained for about three hours, or until the curd is quite firm. This is determined by squeezing some of the curd in the hand when, if the particles fall apart readily, the curd is properly cooked; if they remain soft, and stick together, then the curd is not properly cooked and it must be either heated to a higher temperature or be cooked longer.

English readers are gradually becoming acquainted with the poetry of China and Mr. Arthur Waley's translation "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems" will assist familiarity. Mr. Waley has an excellent method of giving all the point of Chinese satire without apparent artifice. Here is a poem by Su Tung-p'o of the eleventh century on the birth of his son:—

Families when a child is born.  
Want it to be intelligent.  
I through intelligence  
Having wrecked my whole life  
Only hope the baby will prove  
Ignorant and stupid.  
Then he will crown a tranquil life  
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.

Wang Chi (circa A.D. 700) remarks:—  
I should like to have visitors come and discuss philisophy  
And not to have the tax-collector coming to collect taxes.

**The Forging of the Pikes.**

[A Romance Based on the Upper Canada Rebellion of 1837.]  
(Serial rights secured by "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine.")

CHAPTER VII.  
**The Doings in the Mill.**

June 13th, 1837.  
THIS is Tuesday night, the end of a warm day with the hay almost ready for the cutting, and strawberries ripening everywhere in the grass. We got the first of them on Sunday, Hank and I.—But I am anticipating.

That day, mother, father and I walked to church by the woods road, my mother very fine in her purple dress with white frills, very wide and outstanding, and her small, green parasol. When we got to the Corners it was still early, and the usual crowd was gathered about the meeting-house door, chatting in the sunshine. We stood there too, and presently Hank's father came over and spoke in a low tone to my father. Hank himself came to me and said, also in a low tone.

"Do you know what's up?"  
"No," said I, "what is it?"  
But just then the bell began to clank (our meeting-house bell never "rings," not even so much as my mother's mould-board, with which she calls us to dinner) and so he had but time to say, "Tell you after church,"—which sent me in, very much wondering.

There was no great pleasure in the service, for the regular minister was away, and our "local preacher" in the pulpit, who did his best, with the sweat streaming down his face worse than mine does in a logging-time, with Buck and Bright at their devilshesht. So I tried to shut my ears, and looked out of the window at the trees, and watched a bluebottle fly on the window, and presently took to gaping about at the people, familiar as they are to me.

There was Mistress Jones, sitting up very straight in what my mother calls her "black bombazine," but keeking out furtively at us from behind the huge fan that she waved to and fro, so that the cock feathers on her bonnet were kept a-going, making one think of a cock-fight. And there was Tom Thomson already peacefully sleeping, with his mouth open. And there was old Macaleer, fervently ejaculating "Praise the Lord!" whether it fitted or not, and much to the disgust of my father, who hates these revivalist ways, but since our church is a union meeting-house has to put up with them.

Then over the rows of bonnets and between the dresses of homespun and calico, I could just see Dimple, very cool and charming in a white contraption with sprigs of blue, and blue cornflowers in her bonnet,—"alone like the moon" as The Schoolmaster remarked one day,

because of the width of her crinoline, which will let no one within a yard of her on either side. Looking at her made me think of Barry. Only once did Barry come to this meeting-house, and then she was in duller garb than she usually wears, and I remember that when I remarked on it she said, "But the other girls have to dress so plainly, Alan, all except Dimple."

Looking at Dimple made me also think of Hank, and I turned to see him in his corner, with his dear old tously fair head, which won't stay smooth, leaned back against the wall. He was very careless of Dimple or anything else present just then, for he was gazing off out of a window, with the wrinkles between his eyes that always come there when he is thinking deeply. I wondered what was in his mind and in the mind of The Schoolmaster who was sitting beside him writing in a small, black book, and whether it referred to whatever was "up."

It seemed that the service would never end, for Mister Walters was improving his opportunity to take us from Genesis to Revelation; but at last the closing hymn was given out and the voices arose like a benediction, my father joining heartily, in his fine bass, because it was one of the psalms of his beloved Scotland.

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,  
From whence doth come mine aid."

There is always something simple and sincere in the singing of our people that makes a fellow feel a bit solemn, and, I doubt not, in the music as much true worship as in the big cathedrals with their organs and what-not of which my mother sometimes tells.

When the service was over I got out as soon as possible, mighty thankful to get a smell of the breeze again, and in a moment Hank came out with The Schoolmaster, who was mopping his forehead before putting on his "chimney-pot."

"Morning, Alan," he said, cutting off his words even more than usual. "Managed to sit it out?—The whole Cosmos, by jinks! and not in a nutshell either.—Well, morning!" and then, dropping his voice, "See you to-morrow night."

But before I had time to answer he was off, bustling about among the people, shaking a hand here, and taking off his hat there. Right next to the minister he is, in all these civilities.

As we always do, Hank and I trotted off together, and Hank invited me to dinner, to which I gave very ready assent, for his home is an "unco" cheerful spot, with plenty of sunshine and laughing, and the children buzzing about like bees, so that it is no wonder it takes store and mill and all to keep them going.

"Well, what's up, Hank?" I asked, before we had gone many paces. "What's all the mystery? What about to-morrow night?"

"Why," he replied, for my ear alone, "there's to be a meeting to-morrow night, and William Lyon Mackenzie's to be here."

"What!"—It was little wonder I exclaimed, so unexpected was this news.

"Yes, true as guns!" he said, and I knew how much the event meant to him, "hot-blooded young Radical" as my father calls him—even more than to me, more given, as I am, to mooning about over flowers, and trees, and the good things of life.

"Where is it to be?" was my next question.

"In the mill."  
"The—mill?"

"Yes,—don't speak so loud. The Schoolmaster has arranged it all, and it's to be—sort o' secret. You see there'd be danger of Big Bill and some of 'em coming to it and breaking it up if it was in a known place like the school or meeting-house. They say he's broken loose again, and kicked up a fine old row at the tavern last night. If he knew there was to be a meeting with Mackenzie at it he'd be sure to come half-drunk, with the riff-raff from beyond the Village at his heels—that's his idea of fun. Then the fat would be in the fire!"

"Are you sure it won't leak out?"  
"Not unless some fool is too long in the tongue. Only the Reformers have been told about it, and every mother's son of 'em was warned to keep his mouth shut."

"In our own old mill!" I exclaimed again. "If that doesn't beat the Dutch! Why, 'twas only the other day I was grumbling that nothing ever happens around here."

"There may be enough happening before long," he said quickly.—"We'll go down