## The Picture of The Riviere Ouelle.

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have you ever been in the old church of the Riviere Quelle? In one of its side chapels is an ex-voto which was placed there many long years ago by a stranger who was miraculously preserved from death. It is a very old picture, full of dust, and of no artistic value, but it recalls a touch ing story; I learned it when very young, on my mother's knees, and it has remained as fresh and vivid in my memory as when I first heard

it.

It was a cold winter evening, long, long ago. The snow was beating against the window-sashes, and the icy north wind howled and shrieked among the naked branches of the great elms in the garden. The whole family had assembled in the salon. Our mother, after playing several airs on the piano, allowed her fingers to wander restlessly over the keys—her thoughts were elsethe keys-her thoughts were where. A shade of sadness passed over her brow. "My dear children," over her brow. "My dear children," said she, after a moment's silence, "see what a fearful night this is; perhaps many poor people will perish before morning from cold and hunger. How thankful we ought to be to God for our good food and warm, comfortable beds! Let us say our rosary for the poor travelers who may be exposed to such say our rosary for the poor traver-ers who may be exposed to such dangers during the night." And then she added, "If you say it with devotion, I will sell you all a beau-tiful story." Oh! how we wished devotion, I will tell you all a beautiful story." Oht how we wished that our rosary was finished! At that age the imagination is so vivid and the soul so impressionable. Childhood possesses all the charms of the golden dawn of life, enveloping every object in shade and mystery, it clothes each in a poetry unknown to any other age.

We gathered around our mother, near the glowing stove, which diffused a delicious warmth throughout the apartment, and listened in a religious sort of silence to her sweet and tender voice. I almost think I hear it now. Listen with me to her story:

Toward the middle of the last century, a missionary, accompanied by several Indians, ascended the south bank of the St. Lawrence river, about thirty leagues below Quebec. The missionary was one of Quebec. The missionary was one of those intrepid pioneers of faith and civilization, whose sublime figures are thrown out from the dark backare thrown out from the dark back-ground of the past, surrounded by a halo of glory and immortality. Nailed on Golgotha during the days of their bloody pilgrimage, they shine to-day on a new Tabor; and the light which radiates from their faces illuminates the present and throws itself far into the future. At their names alone, the people, seized their names alone, the people, seized with wonder and respect, bow low their heads, for these names recall a courage most superhuman, a faith most admirable, and a devotedness most sublime. He whom we are following at this moment was one of those illustrious children of the Society of Jesus, whose entire life was consecrated to the conversion of the savages of Canada. He was not very tall, and stooped slightly; his beard, blanched prematurely by hardships, anh his pale and attenuated features, seemed to indicate a and a devotedn most admirable, ated features, seemed to indicate a want of strength and endurance for so hard a life, but this frail body concealed one of those grand souls so hard a life, but this frail body concealed one of those grand souls which draw from the energy of their will an inexhaustible strength. His large, expansive forehead suggested a proportionate intellect, and his features wore an expression of incomparable sweetness and simplicity; the least shade of a melancholy smile played over his lips — in ... smile played over his lips — in a word, his whole face seemed filled with that mysterious glory with which sanctity illumines her prede-

stined souls.

The leader of the little band was The leader of the little band was a few steps in advance. He was an old Indian warrior, who, a long time before, had been converted to Christianity by this holy missionary, and who, from that time, became the laithful companion of all his adventurous wanderings.

The travelers advanced slowly on their "raquettes" over a soft, thick snow. It was one of those superb December nights whose marvalous

The travelers advanced slowly on their "raquettes" over a soft, thick snow. It was one of those superb December nights, whose marvelous splendor is entirely unknown to the people of the South, with which the old year embellishes its waning hours to greet the advent of the newcomer. Innumerable stars poured their light in silver tears over the blue firmament of heaven—we might say tears of joy which the glory of the Sun of Justice draws from the eyes of the blessed. The moon, ascending through the different constellations, anused itself by contemplating in the snowy mirror its resplendent disk. Toward the north, luminous shafts radiated from a dark cloud which floated along the hotizon. The aurora borealis announces itself first by pale, whitish jets of flame which slowly lick the surface of the sky, but soon the scene grows more animated, the colors deepen, and the light grows larger, forming an arch around an opaque cloud. It assumes the most bizarre forms. In turn appear long skeins of white silk, graceful swan plumes, or bundles of gold and silver thread, then a troop of white phantoms in transparent robes execute a fantastic dance. Now it is a rich satin fan whose summit touches the zenith, and whose edges are fringed with rose and saffron tints, finely, it is an immense organ, with pearl and ivory pipes, which only awaits a celestial musician to intone the sublime hosanna of nature to the Creator. The strange crackling sound which accompanies this trilliant phenomenon compietes the in-

THE MISSIONARY. — Reader, have you ever been in the old church of the Riviere Ouelle? In one of its dide chapels is an ex-voto which was placed there many long years ago by a stranger who was miraculously was not less fascinating in its savage beauty than that of the sky above.

above.
The cold, dry atmosphere was not agritated by a single breath, nothing was heard but the dull, monotonous roaring of the gigantic river, sleeping under a coverlet of floating ice, which dotted its dark waters like the spotted skin of an immense leopard. A light white vapor rose like the breath from the nostrils of a marine monsier. Toward the like the breath from the nostrils of a marine monster. Toward the north, the blue crests of the Laurentides were clearly defined, from Cape Tourmente to the mouth of the Saguenay. In a southern direction the last slopes of the Alleghanies stretched along covered with pines, firs, and maples: almost the entire shore was densely wooded, for 'at the remote period which we describe those vast clearings along the banks covered with abundant mendows were not to be seen, nor the pretty little whitewashed houses grouped in villages along the shore so coin villages along the shore quettishly a person could easi compare them to bands of swa sleeping on the river banks. A se of forest covered these shores. A se few scattered houses appeared her and there, but this was all.

THE APPARITION.—The travelers advanced in silence toward the middle of the wood, when suddenly the leader of the party stopped, making at the same time a sign with his hand for his companions to do likewise. "You are mistaken, comrade," said the missionary to him; "the noise that you have just heard was only a tree split by the frost." The Indian turned slowly toward him, an almost imperceptible smile passing over his face. "My brother," said he, in a low voice, "if you saw me take your holy word, and try to read in it, you would laugh at me. I do not wish to laugh at you, for you are a black-gown, but I tell you, you do not know the voices of the forest, and the noise which we have just heard is a human voice. THE APPARITION .- The travel

have just heard is a human voice Follow me at a distance, while I go Follow me at a distance, while I go on to see what is happening yon-tier." The travelers walked on for some time without seeing anything. The father began to think he had not been deceived, when they came to an opening in the woods and saw the Indian stop. What was his astonishment, when, following the direction in which the savage was looking, he saw at the extreme end of the opening a very extraordinary of the opening a very extreme end of the opening a very extraordinary light, apparently detached from the obscurity of the trees. In the midst of this luminous globe appeared a vague, indistinct form, elevated above the ground. Then another spectacle, that the brilliancy of the strange vision had prevented him from seeing before, was presented to his gaze.

spectacle, that the brilliancy of the strange vision had prevented him from seeing before, was presented to his gaze.

A young man dressed in military uniform was kneeling at the foot of a tree. His hands were clasped and his eyes turned towards heaven; he seemed absorbed in the contemplation of a mysterious and invisible object. Two corpses, which were easily recognized as an officer and a soldier from their uniforms, were lying by his side in the snow. The officer, an elderly man with gray hair, was lying against a maple, in his hands was a little book, about to slip out of them. His head was leaning on his right shoulder, and his face had that ashy hue which too plainly told that death already claimed him. A bluish circle surrounded his half-closed eyes, and a claimed him. A bluish circle sur-rounded his half-closed eyes, and a last tear stood congealed on his livid cheek. A placid smile was on his face, indicating that a supreme hope, which faith alone could in-spire, had consoled his last mos-ments.

The noise made by the travelers leet in the snow caused the young man, who was still on his kneet, to turn suddenly round. "O father! my father!" cried he, rushing toward the missionary, "it is Providence father!" cried he, rushing toward the missionary, "it is Providence who has sent you here to save me. I was about to share the terrible fate of my unfortunate companions, when—a prodigy!—a miracle!" suffocated by his tears and sobs, he could say no more, but throwing himself into the arms of the misheart.

heart. "Calm yourself, my dear son," said the old man, "for in your feeble and exhausted state such violent emotion might prove fatal." Scarcely had he finished the words when he felt the young man's head sink heavily on his shoulder, and his body became a dead weight—he had fainted.

The travelers eagerly bestowed on him every care that his situation required and that lay in their power. His two friends, alas! were beyond reach of human succor. The savages dug their graves in the snow, and the saintly missionary, after reciting some prayers over their bodies, cut with his knife a large cross in the bark of the maple at the foot of which they had breathed their last—a simple but sublime monument of hope and love, destined to guard their earthly remains.

A CANADIAN HOME. — See you yonder, on the slope of the hill, that pretty cottage, so neat and white, with its little tratched barn, so cleurly defined against the caressing foliage of that beautiful copes of maples? Well, that is a Canadian home. From its hich green pedestal it smiles at the great rolling river, in whose wave is nurrored its trembling image, and which, so gently A CANADIAN HOME. -

comes to expire at its feet, for the happy proprietor of this pretty dwelling loves his great, beautiful river, and has been careful to establish his home on its banks. Sometimes, when necessity obliges him to go away, he is always homesick, because he must listen to its grand voice, and contemplate its wooded islands and distant shores; he must caress with his eyes its waters, sometimes calm, sometimes foaming and turbulent. A stranger who is not familiar with the "habitant" of our country, and who imagines that there is an affinity to his ancestor—the peasant of old France—is much mistaken. More enlightened, and, above all, more religious, he is far from sharing his precarious condition. The former is, ht comparison, a veritable prince, perfectly independent on his sixty or eighty enclosure, he is furnished with everything necessary for an honest and comfortable subsistence. thing necessary for an honest and comfortable subsistence.

comfortable subsistence.

Let us now peep under this roof, whose exterior is so attractive. I should like to sketch it just as I've seen it so frequently. On entering the "tambour," or passageway, two pails of fresh water, standing on a wooden bench, and a tin cup hanging against the wall, hospitably invite you to quench your thirst. In an inner room the mother of the family is quietly simning near the window, while the soup is boiling on the stove. A calico cape, a blue the stove. A calico cape, a b skirt of domestic manufacture, caline neatly fixed on her head, co caline neatly fixed on her head, completes her toiler. The baby sleeps in its cradle at her side, from time to time she smiles at its bright little face, as fresh as a rose, peeping out from the quilt, whose triangular patches of the brightest colors are ingeniously distributed over it. In a corner of the room the eldest daughter sits on a chest, singing merrily while she works at her loom, quickly and skiifully the shuttle flies between her hands, she makes in a merrily while the works at her loom, quickly and skiifully the shuttle flies between her hands she makes in a day several measures of cloth, which she will use next year to make into garments. In another corner stands the huge bed, with its white and blue counterpane, and at its head a crucifix surrounded with pictures. That little branch of withered fir above the cross is the blessed palm. Two or three burefooted little children are playing on the floor, harnessing up a dog. The father, bending over the stove, gravely lights his pipe with a firebrand. He is accoutred in a red woollen cap, vest and pants of a grayish material, and rough, heavy boots. After each meal he must "take a smoke" before going out to plough or to thresh in the barn. There is an air of thrift and comfort about the house; the voices of the children, the songs of the young girl, with the appearance of health and happispinning-wheel accompaniment appearance of health and happi

the songs of the young girl, with her spinning-wheel accompaniment, the appearance of health and happiness written on their faces, tell of the peace and serenity of their lives. If ever, in traveling through this country, you are overtaken by a snowstorm or severe cold, go and knock without fear at the door of the Canadian cottager, and you will be received with that warmth and cordiality which their ancestors have transmitted to them as a souvenir and a relic of the Old Country, for this antique French hospitality, which can scarcely be found now in certain parts of France, seems to have taken refuge under the roof of the Canadian habitant. With his language and religion he has plously preserved many of his old habits and customs. The traveler who rested under his roof a century ago would to-day find the same manners and characteristics.

It is in the parish of the Riviere Ouelle, in the bosum of one of these good Canadian families, that we find again our missionary and his companions. All the family, eager to hear the extraordinary advantures of the young officer, had gathered round him. He was a young man, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, with fine, delicate features; his dark, fair fell over and partially shaded his high forehead, and his proud glance revealed the loyalty of the French soldier, but an extreme pallor, consequent on the fatigue and privations he had undergone, had left a toaching and melancholy expression on his face, while his refined and finish.

gone, had left a touching and melan choly expression on his face, while his refined and finished manners told of an equally finished and carefu-education.

education.

THE SILHOUETTE. — "More than a month ago." said the young officer, "I left the country of the Abnakis, accompanied by my father, a soldier, and an Indian guide. We travelled along through the forest for several days without any accident, when, one evening, overcome with fatigue, we lit a fire and camped for the night near an Indian cemetry. According to the custom of the savages, every corpse was wrapped in a shroud of coarse bark, and placed high above the ground on four stakes. Bows and arrows, tomahawks, and some ears of maize were hung against these rude graves, and shook and rattled as the wind passed over them. Our own savage was seated just in front of me, on the half-decayed trunk of a pine tree that had fallen to the ground, and seemed half-buried in profound meditation. The fitful flames of the fire threw a weird light over his gigantic frame. An Indian might readily have compared him to one of the superb maples of our forest, had he been able at the same time to have united with it the cunning of the serpent and the agility of the elk. His height was increased by a quantity of black, red, and white feathers tied with his hair on the top of his head. His forocious features, piercing black eyes, his tomahawk and long knife, half concealed by the trophy of scalps which hung from his belt, gave him a wild and sanguinary appearance. The night was dark and bitter cold. The low and unequal arch formed by the interesting branches of the trees, and illuminated by the flickering light of our pine-wood fire, seemed like a vast cavern, and the old trunks of the rotten trees, which were buried in the snow, looked like the corpses of glunts strewn around. The birches, covered with their white bark, seemed like wandering phantoms in the THE SILHOUETTE.

formed by the shadows into as many spectres watching his movements, our audacious savage appeared as grave and trauquil as if he had been in his own cabin.

"'Comrade,' said I to him, 'do you think we need fear any danger still from those Iroquois whose trail we discovered yesterday?"

"'Has my brother already forgotten that we found it again this morning?'

morning?'
"But there were only two,' said

I. "Yes; but an Iroquois can very quickly communicate with his com-

rades.'
"But these were not on the warpath, they were hunting an elk.'
"Yes; but the snow is deep, and
they could soon kill him without
much fatigue, and then—
"Well."

"'Well!'
"'And then, their hunger once satisfied 'Finish!'

"I say they might, perhaps, amuse themselves by hunting the white-

use themselves are at peace with the Iroquois.'

"The Iroquois never bury but half of the war-hatchet, and besides, have raised the tomahawk they have raised the tomahawk against the warriors of my tribe, and if they discover the track of an Abnakis among yours—'
"'You think, then, that they

might pursue us? Perhaps it we be more prudent to extinguish

"I locs not my brother hear the howling of the wolves? If he prefers being devoured by them to receiving the arrow of any Iroquois, he can extinguish it."

extinguish it."

"The words of our guide were not very reassuring, but 1 was so overcome with fatigue that, in spite of the evident danger to which we were exposed, I fell askeep. But my sleep was filled with the wildest dreams. The dark shadow of our guide, that I saw as I went to sleep, seemed to lengthen and rise behind him, black and threatening like a spectra. The lengthen and rise behind him, black and threatening, like a spectre. The dead in the cemetery, shaking the snow from their shrouds of bark, descended from their sepulchres, and bent towards me. I fancied I heard the gritting of their teeth as the wind rushed through the trees and the dry branches cracked and snapped. I awoke with a start. Our guide, leaning against a post of one of the graves, was still belore me, and from his heavy and regular of the graves, was still belore me, and from his heavy and regular breathing I knew that he slept profoundly. I fancied I saw just above him, peeping over the grave against which he was leaning, a dark form and two fixed and flaming eyes. My imagination is excited by my fantastic dreams, thought I, and tried to compose myself to sleep again I. to compose myself to sleep again. I remained a long time with my eyes half shut, in that state of semi-somnolence, half watching, half nair saut, in that state of semi-somnolence, half watching, half sleoping, my stupefied faculties scarcely able to discern the objects around. And yet the dark shadow seemed to move slightly, and to lean more and more towards our savage, who was still in a deep sleep. At that moment the fire sudsleep. At that moment the fire suddenly blazed up, and I saw distinctly the figure of an Indian. He held a long knife between his teeth, and, with dilated eyes fixed on his enemy, he approached still nearer to assure himself that he slept. Then a diabolical smile lit up his face, and, seizing his knife, he brandished it an instant in aiming a blow at the heart of his victim. The blade flashed in the firelight, At the same

the heart of his victim. The blade flashed in the firelight. At the same moment a terrible fry rang out, and the two savages rolled together in the snow. The flash of the steel, in awakening our guide, had also betrayed his enemy. Thus my horrible night-mare terminated in a more horrible reality. I had hastly sized my gun, but dared not fire, lest I should kill or wound our guide. It was a death-light between them. The snow, streaked with blood, blew up around them like a cloud of dust. A hatchet glitter-d in the air, then a dull, leavy sound, followed by the cracking of bones. The victory was decided. A gurgling sound escaped from the victim—it was the death-rattle! Holding in one hand a bloody scalp, the conqueror, with a smile, raised himself trength? At that is scalp, the conqueror, with a smile raised himself proudly. At that in stant a shot was heard. A ball struck him in the breast, and our struck him in the breast, and our savage, for it was he fell dead in front of the fire. Taking aim with my gun, and sending a ball in the direction whence the shot had come, and where I saw another shadow gliding among the trees, was for me the work of an instant. The Indian, with a terrible death-cry, described an arch in the air with his body, and fell dead to the ground. The tragedy was inished; our savage was avenged, lut we had no longer a guide. I then thought of our conversation that evening, and how his apprehensions of the two savages whom we nad tracked in the morning had been so fearfully realized.

DEATH .- "Abandoned without

DEATH.—"Abandoned without a guide, in the midst of interminable forests, we were in a state of extreme perplexity. We hestated a long time whether to proceed on our route or retrace our steps. The danger of falling into the hands of the Iroquois, who infested that part of the country, decided us to continue our journey.

"The only means left of finding our way was a little compass which my father had fortunately brought along. Several days later found us still on our painful march, in the midst of a violent snow storm. It was a veritable tempest, the snow fell so thick and fast we could scarcely see two feet in advance.

"In every direction we heard the trees splitting and falling to the ground. We were in great danger of

being crushed. My father was struck by a branch, which completely busied him under the snow, and we had great difficult, in extricating him. When we raised him up, he found that the chain around his neck which held the compass was broken, and the compass had disappeared. We searched long and carefully, but in vain-it could not be found. In falling, my father received a severe injury on the head. While dressing the wound, which bled freely, I could not restrain my tears on seing this old man, with his white hair, enduring intense suffering with so much fortitude, and displaying such calmaers in the midst of an agony which he tried to conceal from me by an outward show of confidence. My son, said he, when he saw my tears, 'remember that you are a soldier. If death comes, it will find us on the roll of honor. It is well to die a martyr to duty, besides nothing happens except by the will of 'God. Let us submit at once with courage and resignation to whutever He pleases to send.'

(Continued on Page Seven.)

(Continued on Page Seven.)

## NOTES FOR FARMERS.

A soft pork bulletin has just been issued by Professor Shutt, of the Central Experimental Farm, which contains valuable information for all those engaged in that rapidly growing Canadian industry of pork raising. Firmness was found some time ago to be an essential quality in all pork for English markets. A tendency to softness or tenderness is sufficient to rate the bacon at second class prices and if the softness is at all pronounced to make it entirely unsaleable at a profit. When it was reported that a large number of the pigs sent by packers produced soft bacon and that certain districts were more productive

tain districts were more productive of this kind than others it was conof this kind than others it was considered that an investigation into the causes would be of much benefit. On May 1st, 1899, the work began in the Dominion chemical laboratory at Ottawa.

The samples of fat for examination were obtained fram taking pieces of the loin and shoulder.

Pork is "soft" when it contains too much olein. Palmatin and stearing are the solid matters.

too much olein. Palmatin and stearin are the solid matters.

In addition to olein, no doubt a
certain proportion of linolein—also
a fluid fat—occurs in the fat of soft
pork, and especially in that produced from corn. It will be seen
from the present investigation that
not only is there a close relationship between the consistency of a
fat and its composition. but also fat and its composition, but that the food has a marked upon that composition, and hence upon its consistency or relative firmness. The oil of corn possesses more or less of this fluid fat linolein which finds it way in part through the animal economy into the body fat. In the method of analysis employed, advantage was taken of the fact that these fluid fats are unsaturated and combine with iodine and in this respect differ from palmatin and stearin, the solid fats. From the amount of iodine so absorbed, the fluid fat present was calculated, which, for the sake of simplicity, has been recorded in this bulletin as olein. Whenever the term olein is used it is intended to include all fluid fats present. upon that composition, and upon its consistency or r

present.

After the completion of the first work four very young pigs were examined to learn the nature of the fat of immature animals.

It seemed probable after the data It seemed probable after the data had been procured that the fat of all young animals contained a large amount of olein and was consequently "soft." From this it was concluded that age and maturity are factors of importunce toward a firm fat. A live weight of 180 or 200 pound should be reached. The pork is not ripe enough at 100 pounds. At the conclusion of the first experiment with 180 pigs, the following information was procured:

1. That of all the grain rations

Ing information was procured:

1. That of all the grain rations employed, that consisting of equal parts of oats, pease and barley gave the firmest pork. It may further be added that the fat was deposited evenly and not too thickly, and that this ration gave a very thrifty growth.

thrifty growth.

2. That no difference could be observed in the firmness of the pork from the preceding ration whether fed soaked or dry?

3. That when half the grain ra-

## GOOD WORK

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duties.

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tion consists of corn meal, the resulting pork shows an increased percentage of olein; in other words, a

centage of olein; in other words, a tendency to softness.

4. That in this ration (half corn meal, half oats, pease and barley in equal parts) the feeding of it boiled gave a slightly higher olein con-tent, but this is only apparent when the average from the four pens is-taken into consideration. the average from the fo

taken into consideration.

5. That considering the effect of feeding the ration of oats, peage and barley during the first period (to a live weight of 100 pounts) and corn meal during the finished period, compared with the reverse of this plan—that is, corn first, followed with oats, pease and barley—we may conclude that the former gives a firmer pork.

6. That in both methods mentioned in the preceding paragraph, no marked difference was to be observed from the ration fed dry or

no marked difference was to be observed from the ration fed dry or previously soaked, though taking an average of the two groups on each ration the "dry" feed gave a somewhat higher olein content.

7. That when corn meal formed half the first period ration, and the whole of the second period ration, the resulting pork was somewhat softer than from that of any of the rations already discussed. We conrations already discussed. clude that the longer during which the cor

during which the corn is fed as a large proportion of the ration, the softer will be the pork.

8. That beans produce a soft and inferior pork. The growth of the pigs so fed was noor and miserable and the deposition of the fat mea-

9. That corn meal fed exclusively as the grain ration, either dry or previously soaked, results in an extremely soft fat, the percentage of lolein being considerably higher than from any other ration tested. The pork was of an inferior quality. Here also we noted the miserable growth of the animals, the ration in no sense an economical one. In 1900 the second series of experiments was begun to obtain corroboration of the first results. The influence of several modifications in the rations aiready employed wassought to be investigated.

In all important features the data That corn meal fed exclusively

In all important features the data of the first series were confirmed by the second investigation. There was however much learned in addition from the latter experiments. In every instance, when it was third. every instance where it was tried skim milk produced a much firmer pork than resulted from the same grain ration fed without skim milk. The softening effect of corn which is hard to overcome is counteracted by the use of skim milk. There'ere by the use of skim milk. Therefore where results pointed to injurious effects from a ration of more than half corn without skim milk it is recorded that its use as part of a grain ration in conjunction with skim milk has produced an excellent quality of pork.

Among the most important conclusions of the second investigation were:

Among the most important conclusions of the second investigation were:

1. That the one great controlling factor in the quality of the pork of finished pigs lies in the character of the food employed.

2. That Indian corn and beans tend to softness i.e. to increase the percentage of olein in the fat. If these grains are used they must be fed judiciously if first class firm pork is to be produced. If fed in conjunction with skim milk it hasbeen shown that a considerable proportion of Indian corn may be used in the grain ration without injuring the quality of the pork.

3. That a grain ration consisting of a mixture of onts, pease and barley in equal parits, give a firm pork of excellent quality.

4. That skim milk not only tends to thriftiness and rapid growth, but counteracts in a very marked manner any tendency to softness.

5. That rape, pumpkins, artichokes, sugar beets, turnips and mangels can be fed in conjunction with a good ration without injuring the quality of the pork.

6. That the fat of very young pigs and animals of unthrifty growth is softer than that of finished pigs that have increased steadily to the finishing weight.

SAINT LAUR Dublin, with it pleasant drives, their gentle man specch—the soft, l I have always lo over me to-day charm."
"And why to-

"And why toard," asked Mow
our three girls.
seemed to have fittence, certainly
which," the girls
roused or who k
slip away from a
of these gentle
dover him; and th
stories?" for the
story was meande
Richard's brain,
ful Dublin," as his native city.
"Why to-day?
close to day?
close to day?
close to Rome rence. But Rome

rence."
"But Rome rence, Uncle Kuch comes in August.
"Everyone km man Laurence, bu our Dublin Laurence in which he cam precisely what I Our Laurence, the Maurice O'Tool, a prince in Leinste mother a daught chieftain of an Leinster, which in power and pro Cromwell's time, son caused such a lad count of Ki he had disagreed him to be the g give his name in tha orite name in tha sorite name in tha the christening I the christening I way to Darence of Saint Bridget of Saint Bridget
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this child would
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he would have u
many of the rich
that it was abso that it was abso god-father, the

and the whole p sternation, since ther, had given a the minstrel prop be easily arram himself, see Maur plain everything conditions the pe Darence, the bisl Sacrament of Be fant, giving him ence, and the lit-turned the precio turned the precio ther; to his father love him with a he were his first was the youngest "The flittle" "The flittle years old when, into the world and bring peace was demanded as island named Do O'Tool had bee whom he could not be one condition." this one condition

Laurence should hands to insure boy of 10 years, stead of treating stead of treating giving him a sent him as a creserted pgrt of the suffered for wing, from the colfrost, until he seemingly mortal had gone on fer came to the knother, who arresubjects of Dermit to return his son to return his son put everyone of t Under this threa mith sent the boy years old, to the noch, and the 12

leased.

"The heart of was wounded to the languor of many the young." which the young duced by his su

himself, immediated health and instraing to his years all of this care of the young prince most charming when his father to claim his son clared that he with the bishop and be instead of going "Maurice O'To Christian not to such dispositions son, and willing denoch. Our your derful progress i virtue, finding it such consolation gives. When 25 yithe sorrow to be trained friend, the monastery, was chosen abhoting no limit to half of the poor gion. Above all, came upon the Abbot Lauresce where giving clothing to they have some days of Not only this great lords, who selves powerful meighbors by banditti to injustice they benditti to injustice where giving clothing to the his own days of Not only this great lords, who selves powerful meighbors by banditti to injustice where giving clothing to the his own days of Not only this great lords, who