

with natural grass pastures intended for stall feeding. The fall marketing cannot be had for than to be allowed a good field of rape. The cows respond well to a rape treatment must be exercised in evil odors may find their way to the milk pail.

ing rape to cattle and sheep should be taken to prevent. They should never be allowed to enter a rape field when very early especially should this be observed if the rape is in dew, rain, or frost. Once it is to the feed, however, and less to it at all times, it may be anticipated. Pigs are affected in this way.

ount of its very juicy nature, practically impossible to eat and when cured it is not as nor so valuable as when it is not much used in making.

ns where rather steady rains (once the hard frosts may be cut and put in to freeze. It should be the stable the day before or feed and allowed to completely before being fed, hawing and freezing spoilage.

al composition and feed-rape resembles clover. It is her than clover in flesh constituents, and is excellent. Analyses show it is to run from about 89 4 per cent. The nutritive proportion of digestible (forming constituents) to carbohydrates and fats (forming constituents) is 3-47. Such a large proportion of digestible protein accounts at feeding value of the rape, since average, growing require a ration of a nutrient of about 1 to 5.5, it is why most animals rather food not so rich in other food with rape. Timothy grass pasture would be this purpose.

roduce rape at Ottawa—  
n spring ... ..\$2.00  
(4 times) team, 3  
hour ..... 75  
at 8c ..... 30  
hours at 13c ..... 24  
el hoing, once, 4  
3 times, single ..... 53  
ay at \$2 ..... 1.50  
e, 1 day, ..... 1.33  
\$6.95

nt of land be considered commercial fertilizer or manure, be applied, the cost would, of course, be as already indicated, rnyard manure may be bly applied to land used

sheep have been fed excellent results. No ex- as kept of the amount however, as they were

been pastured here on od results secured. A steers made an average live weight, in 3 area of 2 acres. About been allowed to past- of this same area for 10 sheep had had at the access to a limited area grass pasture. A great fed annually on rape rimental Farm at Ot- following record is sub- strate the part taken pork production, in one pigs were pastured from till snow in 1900 on hs of an acre of rape.

## premium TO subscribers.

er as a premium subscriber a neatly copy of the Golden Book, who will send and cash for 5 rbers to the True

s a splendid op- to obtain a most chronicle of the Irish Catholics and laymen in during the past

# THE COLLEGIANS.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW  
AN  
UNEXPECTED  
VISITOR  
ARRIVED  
IN  
ELLY'S  
COTTAGE.

Towards nightfall, Elly awoke with that confused and strange feeling which a person experiences who has slept at an unaccustomed hour. The sun had already set; but the red and faintly lustrous shadow of the window, which was thrown on the opposite wall, showed that his re- fracted light was yet strong and bright on the horizon. While she lay back, endeavoring to recall the cir- cumstances which brought her into her present situation, a voice assail- ed her ear which made her start in sudden alarm from her reclining posi- ture! It was that of a person sing- ing, in a low voice, outside her win- dow, the following words:—

"As I roved out on a fine summer morning,  
A speculating most curiously,  
To my surprise I soon espied,  
A charming fair one approaching me,  
I stood awhile—"

Here the melodist knocked gently at the door of the cottage.

"I stood awhile in deep meditation,  
Contemplating what I should do;  
"Till, at length, recruiting all my sensation  
I thus accosted the fair Colleen rue."

At the close of the verse, which was prolonged by the customary nar- gal twang, the singer knocked a lit- tle more loudly with the knuckle of his forefinger:—

"Oh, was I Hector, that noble vic- thor,  
Who died a victim to the Grecian skill;  
"Ot was I Paris, whose deeds were various,  
As an arbitrator on Ida's hill,  
T'd roam through Asia, likewise Ar- abia,  
Or Pennsylvania—"

Here he knocked again.

"Or Pennsylvania, looking for you,  
Through the burning regions, like famed Orpheus,  
For one embrace of you, Colleen rue."

"I am ruined! I am undone!" thought Elly, as she listened in deep distress and fear; "my father has found me out, and they are all come to look for me. Oh, Hardress! Hardress!"

"They're all dead or dhranking here, I believe," said the singer; "I'm in fine luck, if I have to down the old gap again after night- fall." Stimulated by this reflec- tion, he turned his back to the door, and began kicking against it with his heel, while he continued his song:

"And are you Aurora, or the god- dess Flora,  
Or Euthersia, or fair Vanus bright,  
Or Helen fair, beyond compare,  
Whom Paris stole from the Gre- cian's sight?  
Thou fairest creature, how you've enslaved me!  
I'm intoxicated by Cupid's clue,  
Whose golden notes and infatu- ations,  
Have deranged my ideas for you, Colleen rue."

Here the same air was taken up by a shrill and broken female voice, at a little distance from the house, and in the words which follow:—

"Sir, I pray, be aisy, and do not tease me  
With your false praises most feet- ingly;  
Your golden notes and twainway- shuns

## A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

Are vaunting speeches, decaiving me,  
I'm not Aurora, nor the goddess Flora,  
But a rural female to all men's view,  
Who's here condoling my situation,  
And my appellation is the Colleen rue."

"You're not Aurora!" muttered the first voice. "Wisha, dear knows, it isn't aisy to contradict you. They'd be the dhrill Auroras an' Ah, Mrs. Naughten!" he added, rais- ing and changing his voice as the shadow of the female figure crossed the window of Elly's apartment, "How are you this evening, ma'am? I hope you got well over your voy- age that morning?"

"What voyage? Who is it I have there at all?" said Poll, in a tone of surprise. "Oh, Lowry Looby! Oh, magra-hu! how is every inch of you, Lowry? It raises the very cockles o' my heart to see you."

"Purty well, indeed, as for the health, Mrs. Naughten, we're obleest to you."

"Oh, vo, vo! An' what brought you into this part of the world, Lowry? It's a long time since you an' I met."

"'Tis as good as two months, al- most, I b'lieve."

"Two months, eroo? 'Tis six years if it's a day."  
"Oh, iss, for good; but I mane the time we met in the cottage behind at the dairy-farm, the night o' the great storm, when ye were near all lost in the boat as it wasn't the will o' Heaven."

"The dairy farm! lost in the boat! I don't know what is it you're tal- in' about at all, man. But come in, come in, Lowry, and take a sate. Stop here's Phil. Phil, this is Low- ry Looby that you heard me talk of being a friend o' the Hewsans for- merly."

Thus introduced, Phil and Lowry took off their hats and bowed re- peatedly with a most courteous and profundity of obeisance. The door was then opened, and a polite con- test arose as the right of precedence between the gentlemen, which was finally decided in favor of Lowry, as the visitor.

"Well, Lowry, what news east- wards?" was the next question.  
"Oh, then, nothing strange, Mrs. Naughten. I was twice by this way since I seen you that night. Coming from Cork I was to-day when I thought I'd step over and see how you wot after the voyage. I left the horse an' car over in Mr. Cre- gan's yard."

"I believe you're lost with the hunger. Phil, stir yourself, an' put down something for supper."

"Don't hurry yourself on my ac- count," said Lowry, affecting an in- difference which he did not feel; "I took something at Mr. Cregan's. I saw Master Hardress there in the parlor windee, playing chests (I think it is they call it) with Miss Anne Chute. Oh, murder, that's a darling, a beautiful lady! Her laugh is like music. Oh, dear! oh, dear! To see the smile of her, though, an' she looking at him! It flogged the world! Mike, the boy they have there, an' old Nancy told me she's greatly taken with the young mas- ther."

"Why, then, she may as well throw her cap at him."

"Why so, eroo?"

"Oh—for reasons."

"There's one thing Mike told me, an' I'm sure I wonder I never heard a word of it before; that there was some talks of herself and my young master. Mr. Kyrie Daly. I know he used to be going there of an odd time, but I never heard anything that way. There's a dale that's the looking after her, Mike tells me. Whoever gets her, they say, he'll have as much jewels to fight as will keep him going for his first quarter, any way."

"The go-bragh," said Phil tossing his head; "that's what bothers the gentlemen. Jewels, jewels, always." "Jewels always, then, just as you say, Mister Naughten," said Lowry. "It's what ruins em. body and soul. At every hand's turn, nothing but a jewel! Let there be a contrary look, and pistols is the word at once."

"An' if a poor boy is reflected up- on, goes to a fair to thry it out with an innocent little kippen. 'Oh, the savages!' the gentlemen cry out at once; 'oh, the bloodthirsty villians!'

And they'll go themselves and shoot one another like dogs, for less reason."

"It's thrue for you," returned Low- ry. "Sure 'twould be a blessing for a man to be aiting a dhrill platie from morning till night, an' to have quietness. I'll tell you what it is, Mister Naughten I spake for my- self; of all things going, I wouldn't like to be born gentleman. They're never out of trouble, this way 'or that way. If they're not fighting, they have more things upon their mind than would bother a dozen poor men; an' if they go divarting, ten to one they have a jewel before the day is over. Sure, if it was a thing two gentlemen axed a lady to dance, an' she gave into one of em, the other should challenge him to go fighting! Sure that flogs Europe! And they have so much books to read to be able to converse genteel before the ladies. I'm told a gentleman isn't fit to show his face in company till he reads as much books as would stretch from this to the foore over."

And then to be watching yourself, an' spake Englified, an' not to ate half your 'nough at dinner, an' to have 'em all looking at you if you took a bit or done anything again manners, and never to have your own fling, an' let you do what you liked yourself. I wouldn't lade such a life if I got Europe. A snug stool by the fire-side—a boiled platie in one hand, a piggion o' milk in the other, and one (that I won't name now) smiling overright me, that's all the gentility I'd ever ax for in this world, any way. I'd a'most as lieve be born a female as a gentleman, making no offence to the ladies, Mrs. Naughten."

"Every one to his taste, Lowry. Many men have many minds. Phil, will you go out now and help Danny to put up them goats, not to hur- them strayin' over on Myles. Mur- phy's ground as they wor on Teus- day week? I see Danny coming down the mountain."

The obedient husband did as he was commanded, and Lowry took ad- vantage of his absence to enter into a more confidential communication with his formidable hostess.

"Well, Mrs. Naughten, if I was to hear a person swear this upon a book, I'd say 'twas a lie he was tell- ing me, if I didn't see, it with my own eyes."

"What is it you see?"  
"Oh! then, nothing but what I'm pleased to see. Well, I thought that one that once gave themselves to a bad habit, could never be broke of it again, no more than a horse could be broke of starting."

At this the virago fixed upon him a kindling and suspicious eye.

"And tell me now, Mrs. Naugh- ten," continued Lowry not perceiving the indication of incipient wrath, "how did it come on you first when you dhrapt the cursing that way en- tirely? I think I'd feel a great loss for the first week or fortnight."

"Folly on! Mister Looby, folly on! You're welcome to your sport this evening."

"Sport! Fails it's no sport to me, only an admiration. All the people that I ever heard of making a vow of the kind wor sure to break it a- gain, if they didn't get inside of it one way or another by shaming. Sure there was, to my knowledge, John O'Reilly, the blacksmith, near Castle Chute, made as many vows as I have fingers an' toes again' the drink, and there isn't one of em but what he got the advantage of. First, he made a vow he wouldn't dhrink a dhrap for six months to come, any way, either in house or out of a house. An' sure 'tis where I found him the fortnight after, was at Mike Normile's an' he dhrink- ing as if it was for bets, an' sitting in a chair upon the threshold o' the door with a leg at this side and a leg at that. 'Is that the way you're keeping your vow, Mister O'Reilly?' says I, when I see him. 'Tis,' says he, 'what else? Sure I can dhrink here,' says he, 'an' no thanks, while I'm neither in the house nor out of it. An' sure 'twas thrue for him. Well, there's no use in talking but some people would live where a fox would starve. Sure, of another time, he made a vow he wouldn't dhrink upon Ireland ground, an' where do you think did he get him after, only sit- ting cross-legs upon a branch o' the big beech tree near Normile's, an' he still at the old work, dhrinking a- way. 'Wisha, long life to you,' says I, 'if that's the way; a purty fruit the tree bears in you,' says I, 'this

morning.' People o' that kind, Mrs. Naughten, has no business making vows at all again' the dhrink or the cursing either."

"I'm hearing to you, Lowry," said Fighting Poll, with an ominous sharpness in her accent.

"An' do you hold to the same plan still, ma'am?"

"What plan do you mane?"  
"The same plan as when I met you that night at the Dairy Cottage. Not to be talking, nor drinking, nor cursing, nor swearing, nor fighting, nor—Oh! murder, Mrs. Naughten, sure you're not going to strike me inside your own doore?"

"To be sure I would when I see you dear mave a hand o' me!"

"Me make a hand o' you, woman! what hand am I makin'?"

"Every hand!" exclaimed the Pen- theslea, raising her voice. So say- ing, and with the accustomed yell of onset, she flourished her short stick, and discharged a blow at Lowry's little head, which, if it had not been ward off by a dexterous interposi- tion of the chair on which he had been sitting, would have left some- thing to think of for a week to come.

The scuffle waxed hot and would have doubtless terminated in some serious bodily injury to the party assailed, but that the sudden re-en- trance of Phil with his brother-in- law, Danny Mann, brought it to a premature termination.

"Poll, Poll, aye! Mister Looby! What's the matter? Worn't ye as thick as cousins this moment?"

"Ah, Lowry, is dat you? What's all dis about?"

"Don't hould me, Phil, an' I'll bate him while bating is good for him; an' that's from this till morn- ing."

"Here's usage, Mr. Naughten! Mr. Mann, here's thratement! G! me my oold hat an' let me be off; I was a fool to come at all! And after my civility, eastwards, when you came dhripping wet into the cottage! Well, it's all eroo!"

"Whist, eroo!" said Danny Mann, in a conciliating tone, "come dis way, Lowry, I want to talk to you."

And he led him out of the cottage.

Elly, who was perfectly aware of the cause of this misconception, had listened to the whole scene, at one time with intense and painful an- xiety, and at another with an inclina- tion to laugh, in spite of all the difficulties and dangers with which she was surrounded. Before long, however, an idea entered, her mind, which wholly detached her attention from the melee in the kitchen. She resolved to write to her father by Lowry, to make him aware, at least of her safety, and of her hope to meet him again in honor, if not in happiness.

This would at least remove one great load from her mind, and pre- pare him for her return. While she arranged her writing materials at the small table, the thoughts of home came crowding on her so thick and fast that she found a difficulty in proceeding with her task. It was an humble home, to be sure, yet it was her home. He was an humble father, but he was her father. She painted a little picture unconsciously to her own mind of that forsaken dwelling. She saw her father sitting by the turf fire, leaning forward with his elbow resting on his knee, a finger beneath his temple, and his gray watery eyes fixed on her accustomed chair, which stood empty, on the op- posite side. His hair had receive an- other shower of silver since they parted. She scarcely cared to breathe aloud, lest she should dis- turb the imagined loneliness of his condition. On a sudden she figured to herself the latched door put gen- tly back, and the form of Lowry Looby entering with her letter in his hand. She marked the air of sold and sad indifference with which the old man recognized him and received the letter. He looked at the direc- tion—started—tore off the seal, and looked within, while his whole frame trembled until the gray hairs were shaken loose upon his temples; she saw the passing struggling in his throat, and her own eyes were blind- ed by tears. The picture here be- came too vivid for her feelings, and pushing the little desk aside, she sank down into her chair in a violent fit of sobbing.

While she remained in this condi- tion, Poll Naughten, entered the room, arranging her disordered head- dress, and bearing still upon her countenance, the traces of the van- ished storm. Its expression, how- ever, was completely altered when she observed the situation of Elly.

"What ails you, a'ra gal?" she asked in a softened voice; "An' do you better after the sleep at all?"

"Poll, do you know that man who is in the kitchen?"  
"Is it Lowry Looby? Ah, ha! the second-drill! 'tis I that do, an' I'll make him he'll know me, too, be- fore I part him."

"Hush, Poll, come hither. I want you to do me a service. I know this man too."

"Why then, he's little credit to you or any one else."

"I want to caution you against saying a word or my name while he is in the house. It would be ruinous both to your master and myself."

"Fails, I'll engage he won't be a bit the wiser of it for Poll Naugh- ten."

"And I wish, besides, that you would give him, if he intends going to Kimerick, a letter, which I will have for you in a few minutes. You need not tell him from whom it comes; do not even let him know that it is from a person in the house. And now, Poll, will you light me one of those candles, and close the window-shutters?"

This was done, and Elly commen- ced her letter. Before she proceeded far, however, it occurred to her, that the superscription might awaken the suspicion of Lowry, and besides she felt a very accountable difficulty about the manner of addressing her offended parent. Finally she decided on forwarding a brief and decorous note to "Mr. Dunat O'Leary, Hair- cutter, Garryowen;" in which she re- quested him to communicate to his old neighbor the circumstances of which she desired the latter should be made aware.

Whilst she folded the letter, she heard the cottage door once more open, and two persons enter the kit- chen. A stillness ensued, which was broken by the voice of Danny Mann.

"I was spaking to dis boy, here, Poll," he said, "an' I see 'tis all rising out of a mistake betune de two o' ye. He didn't mane anything by it, he tells me. Eh, Lowry?"

"It would be long from me, Mrs. Naughten, to say anything offensive to you, or any o' your people. Mis- ther Mann here, explained to me the nature of the matter. I own I didn't mane a ha'p'orth."

"Well, that's enough, that's enough. Give him the hand, now, Poll," said her husband, "and let us ate our little supper in pace."

Elly heard no more, and the clat- ter of knives and forks soon after informed her that the most perfect harmony has been reestablished amongst the parties. Nothing further occurred to disturb the good under- standing which was thus fortunately restored, or to endanger the secret of our heroine, although Lowry was not without making many inquiries as to the name and quality of the lodger in the inner room. It was a long time, too, before he ceased to speculate on the nature of the letter to Foxy Dunat. On this his hostess would give him no information, al- though he threw out several hints of his anxiety to obtain it, and made many conjectures of his own, which he invariably ended by toss- ing the head, and declaring that "it flogged the world."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW  
ELLY  
UNDERTAKES  
A  
JOURNEY  
IN  
THE  
ABSENCE  
OF  
HER  
HUSBAND.

Elly heard Lowry Looby take his departure on the next morning with as lively a sensation of regret as if he had been a dear friend. After the unkindness of her husband, she tem- pled while she wept to think that it might be a long time before she could meet one more interested in her fortunes.

Happier anticipations than this might not have been so perfectly ful- filled. The first weeks of winter swept rapidly away, and Elly nei- ther saw nor heard from Hardress. Her situation became more alarming every moment. Her host and hos- tess, according as she appeared to grow out of favor with their patron, became at first negligent and surly, and at last insulting. She had hi- therto maintained her place on the sunny side of Poll's esteem by sup- plying that virago with small sums of money from time to time, al- though her conscience told her that those donations were not appropri- ated by the receiver to any virtuous end. But how her stocks was run- ning low. Hardress—and this was from mere lack of memory—had left her almost wholly unprovided with funds.

She resolved to write to him, not with the view of obtaining more pec- uniary assistance, but in order to communicate the request which is subjoined in her own simple lan- guage:—

"My Dear Hardress,  
Do not leave me here to spend the whole winter alone. If Elly has done anything to offend you, come

and toil her so; but remember that she is now away from every friend in the whole world. Even if you are still in the same mind as when you left me, come at all events, for once, and let me go back to my father. If you wish it, nobody besides us three, shall ever know what you were to your own "Elly."

To this letter, which she entrusted to Danny the Lord, she received no answer, neither Hardress nor his ser- vant being seen at the cottage for more than a week after.

Matters, in the meantime, grew more unpleasant between Elly and her hosts. Poll treated her with the most contemptuous rudeness, and Phil began to throw out hints which it was difficult to misconceive, re- specting their poverty, and the un- reasonableness of people thrusting idlers upon them, when it was as much as they could do to maintain themselves in honesty. But Poll, who possessed the national reck- lessness of expense, whenever her hus- band spoke in this niggardly humor, turned on him, not in defence of Elly, but in abuse of his "mainness;" although she could herself use the very same cause of inactivity when an occasion offered. Thus Elly, instead of commanding like a queen as she had been promised, was compelled to fill a pitiable situation of an in- secure and friendless dependent.

(To be continued.)

## A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

To Those Who Suffer From Head- aches, Backaches and All- ments Peculiar to the Sex.

Every woman needs plenty of pure, rich, red blood and sound nerves to carry her safely through her times of pain and sickness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good in a special way for women. They actually make new health-giving blood. They will ease, strength and vigor. They stimulate all the organs to perform their func- tions regularly and well. They ban- ish all pains and depression, all headaches and backaches, and all the secret distress that only a woman knows.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills bring the sparkle to dull eyes and the rosy glow of health to cheeks once pale and pinched with silent suffering. They bring health and strength when all else fails. Here is a bit of strong proof from Mrs. John McKerr, Chick- ney, N.W.T., who says: "For some years I was greaty afflicted with the ailments that make the lives of so many of my sex miserable. I tried many medicines, but found nothing to relieve me, until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have made me feel like a new person; the almost continuous suffer- ing I endured has passed away, and life no longer seems the burden it once did. I know other women who have been similarly benefited, and I think the pills are worth their weight in gold to all who suffer from fe- male complaints or general prostra- tion."

All over the land are suffering wo- men who can obtain new health and strength through the use of these pills. Only the genuine should be taken and these bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, or sent by mail by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock- ville, Ont.

## A FATHER'S DUTY.

The greatest duty every father owes to his children is to walk where it will be safe for them to follow.

## DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

During a terrific thunderstorm at Greenwood Lake, N.Y., last week, Samuel Carey, a guide, was killed by lightning, while Mrs. R. V. Ter- hune and her baby narrowly escaped death. Carey was in the employ of Mr. Terhune.

Mr. Terhune, his wife, their baby and Carey, who was only twenty- two years old, went out on the ver- ande of the house to see the storm. While the party was watching the dazzling spectacle, a blinding flash came, accompanied by thunder.

The bolt struck Carey and he fell dead. It glanced off and struck Mrs. Terhune on the back of the hand. It then passed on to the infant, burn- ing it severely.

Mr. Terhune went to the rescue of his wife and baby and Carey. The infant screamed loudly and Mrs. Terhune nearly fainted. When Mr. Terhune went to pick Carey up he found he was dead.