THE ATHENS REPORTER OCTOBER 24 1900



The Prior started up with as exclamation and a conviction that delirium had again seized upon the sufferer. But Brother Cyprian lirium had again selzed upon the sufferer. But Brother Cyprian caught his robe in his feeble nand, and assured him that he was not raving, entreating him to sit still and hear him. There was no dis-turbance in his face, no hurry or in-coherence in his voice, and the Prior, inexplicably constrained, obeyed him. "There, opposite to where you are sitting, I saw him. He was dressed as he was when he left us that morn-ing which, until yesterday, seem-

as he was when he jet us that morn-ing which, until yesterday, seem-ed so long ago, and now might be yesterday for its mearness to me. The shining courage was gone from his face, but there was a light in it such as I have never seen, and yet seem to know. He stood just there and graded at me and i worke to him and gazed at me, and I wooke 'to him, and gazed at me, and 1 spoke to ham, not with my (pps, but as spirit speaks to spirit, and so he answered me, not in words of this world's lan-guage. I told him that I was not afraid, that I knew he had been re-leased long since, and now knew that he had occur to the me my itime was he had come to tell me my time was at hand. And the spirit of my brother said to my spirit that it was so; and, father, listen, listen, that you may be very sure "-the was so; and, hatner, here,"-the that you may be very sure,"-the monk raised himself slowly, and asseveramonk raised numser sound, tion.-"My brother bent over me tion,—"My brother bent over me, nearer and nearer, and I was not afraid. His hand was hidden in his breast, until he was leaning quite close to me; but then he withdrew it, and touched my lips with some-thing which it held."

'My God! with what?" said the A faint smile dawned on Brother Cyprian's face, as he fell gently back, and his outstretched hand dropped at his side-"With the Queen's Token."

The grass had not covered the new-made grave in the monks' burial ground at Kilderran when the worst that the community had feared befell thom—the destruction teared beteil them—the destruction of their home, and their disper-sion. This was the time of which the Annals of the Four Masters tell, when 'Sir Henry Sydney, Lord Justice of Ireland, marched with a great force against the people of Munster, after the peace and league which they had ratified. people of Munster, after the peace and league which they had ratified. The direction which he took was through the southwest of Leinster, and he did not halt until he entered the territory of Hy Maccaille in Munster, and, having constructed a strong camp of active forces at Balle-na-Martra, and remained for a week na-Martra, and remained for a week besieging the town, the Momonicans besieging the town, the Momonicans threatened every day of that week to give battle to the Lord Justice and his force, which, however, they did not put into execution. The town was at length taken by the Lord Jus-tice, and he garrisoned it on behalf of the Queen and then proceeded on-ward to Cork and remained some time, when several of the insurgents, adherents of James, Earl of Desmond, came to seek protection and pardon admerents of James, Earl of Desmond, came to seek protection and pardon. Then the Lord Justice went thence to Limerick and destroyed portions of the towns of Munster between Cork and Limerick.... The Lord Justice returned to Dublin at the end of that harvest, after he had victorionaly brought the country under subjection; and no Viceroy of Ireland, with such a force as he commanded, ever

such a force as ho commanded, ever performed so prosperous an expedi-tion as the did on that occasion. It was this expedition against the Desmonds which furnished the occa-sion for the suppression of Kilferran Abbey and the taking possession of it for the use of the English authori-ties. The transaction was of the sim-plest, according to the record of it, the misery and suffering it created no more than ordinary at that time, plest, according to the second of it. the misery and suffering it created no more than ordinary at that time, and in many lands. The decree went forth thus (the date is 1566): "The meetest places for President to lie in is as follow-eth: To have a house in the town of Ballycashel, and to have all the country of Pubbelbrean to be lotted unto him for his pro-visions. The meetest house there is St. Dominic's Abbey, of Kilferran, which is the Earl of Desmond's lands. The decree went forth thus (the ballycashel, and to have all the section and fines had frequently lessend their wentility wealth con-siderally. But through all, the visions. The metest house there is St. Dominic's Abbey, of Kilferran, which is the Earl of Desmond's lands. Also to have the Grey Friars of Adare for his dwelling house, and to have in farm from the Queen's Maj-estr all the abbay titles and rehe esty all the abbey titles and glebe lands belonging to the same town, the house being called the Grey Friars and the White Friars." So, Sir Henry Sidney, in the plen-titude of his power, and with all the triumphs of his conquest, came to Kilferran, and took possession in to kilferran, and took possession in the name of the Queen's Majesty, and his troopers harried the monks and drove them away, they making put passive resistance and little plaint, but the people looking on terrified, and with anger subdued by fear in their hearts. The graves where the brethren hay-happHy re-leased before these evil days-were trampled under foot by the soldiery; the chapel was stripped of its orna-time. When the rough division of the spoll was made among the men by an umpire of their own choosing, there was load and angry dispute concerning the cumbrous brazen lectern, which had been in their hearts. The graves wore the brethren lay-happHy re-leased before these evil days-were trampled under foot by the soldiery; the chapel was stripped of its orna-time. When the rough division of the spoll was made among the men by an umpire of their own choosing, there was load and angry dispute concerning the cumbrous brazen esty all the abbey tithes and glebe lands belonging to the same town, there was load and angry dispute concerning the cumbrous brazen lectern, which had been in the formation of the South in their car-chapel for many scores of years, and which was valuable, not only for its weight in beaten and chased metal, but also for the eyes of the engle in whose form it were thread and wedded with the Tredathlyns. There could but also for the eyes of the cagle in whose form it awas wrought, which were of rubies. The fame of this lectern had reached the ears of the Lord Justice's soldiers, and they resented its disappearance as a wrong done to them in their claims as licensed spoliators. But none wrong done to them in their claims as licensed spollators. But none could gain or give tidings of the goodly wrought meta: cage, with spread wings and fretted throat, be find whose noble, stern shelter the gospel-had been pronounced daily, for more years than any man there could have told, and not even by threats of torture could the solicity is or ran the story; and she for more years than any man there could have told, and not even by threats of torture could here soldiery induce the monks to reveal its hid-among them who could have re-vealed it-the Prior, the last who lingered about the ancient precinct after the others had been driven out to seek the precarious hospitality of the frightened country people, un-unity should effer for their

jcining some other community of their order. Late in the evening of the day which witnessed the final dispersion of the monks, some of the soldiers and a few people of the vicinity, who had timidly offered them the friendship of fear, enter-ed the denuded chapel. The light was dim, and the stripped walls and undecorated altar presented a rue-ful picture of desolation. In the gloom they discovered a figure, prone upon the outermost step of the sanctuary ; the head resting against the altar rails. It was that of the Prior, and he was quite dead, his face bearing no mark of violence or distortion. The long heavy sleeves of his white robe were tightly wrapped round an object firmly pressed against his breast. When they loosed them, the crucifix, which had stood upon the altar, fell from their folds. The Prior's face was caim, serene, happy and he had evi-dently died without a struggle. But the monks held ever firmly that he died of a broken heart. The new possessors of Killerran Abbey were rough and warlike men, but not exceptionally brutal.

The new possessors of Killerran Abbey were rough and warlike men, but not exceptionally brutal, and they suffered a remnant of the brothren such as still lingered near to lay their Prior in the abbey ground. They made his grave next to that of Brother Cyprian, and when he rested there the secret of the treasure confided by Louis de Valmont to the keeping of Kilferran was buried with him.

value of the receiving of killerran was baried with him. The monks had contrived to de-tach some of the refiguaries and other ex votos from the walls of the mon-astery chapel, but the iron heartshaped wase, which contained so unsupected a gem, was not among the number. Neither did it fall into the hands of the soldiery, but no one remembered that there had been such a thing, or marked that it was

such a thing, or marked that it was missing. So came the evil days upon Kilfer-ran Abbey, and it was good for Bro-ther Cyprian that he was at rest— he and his secret. The years rolled on and on, and the abbey ceased to be garrisoned, or in any way inhabit-ed, and like all places which have once been the dwellings of men, and cannot lose the subtle essence of the human life which has been within their shattered walks, it had a grim and sinister repute. The abbey was their shattered walls, it had a grim and sinister repute. The abbey was haunted, people said, not by the gleesome, mischlevous, soulless fairies-the 'gcod people whose 'rings' and 'hills' were numerous in those parts, but by the sad, unresting, awful spir-its of the dead, flätting solemnly through the ancient cloisters now ruined and laid low, open to the beating of the mekancholy rain and the walling of the fairsweeping wind.

CHAPTER IV.

Forty years ago, tourists in Cornwall, who did not then form a numerous class, had their attention carefully directed to the situation and the architecture of Tredethlyn Cas-tle, the ancestral dwelling of Sir Bernard Tredethlyn, and to the beauty and luxuriance of the gardens which stretched seawards, under the castellated walls of a mansion which had all that is most romantic in nat-aral severy to recommend it. and had all that is most romantle in nat-ural scenery to recommend it, and no drawback but its remoteness. It was indeed a remote piace, out of the way of all but special visitors, and in a district whose inhabitants had preserved the traditions and customs of olden times with quite surprising fidelity and persistence. The castle was a stately dwelling, and had, during the centuries of its existence, housed a stately race, true to the ancient fealties in faith and in polities. No Tredethlyn of Tredethlyn had ever conformed to the Established religion, or, while the standard of the House

bers resided at home. The old feudal spirit still dwelt strongly in them; they loyed their people, as they still, without the slightest insolent mean-ing, called their tenants and neigh-bors, who, being still a primitive people, loved them. But the Tredeth-lyns were a travelled race, and even in the later times the castle was of-ten empty, while its mesters were exploring the beauties of nature, or the treasures of art, in distant lands. From a long spell of such emptiness and silence the castle was aroused, in the early summer time, forty years ago, by the return of Sir Ber-nard Tredethlyn, with a numerous suite, including his only daughter, a young French lady her friend, and several servants. The people were very curious to see Sir Bernard's daughter, who had been sent to France, and placed in the charge of certain persons of rank, just then basking in the light of the second Restoration, and who were relations of her mother. The young lady of Tredethlyn Castle would be no unim-portant person among her humbler Tredethlyn Castle would be no unim-portant person among her humbler neighbors. No Tredethlyn had ever been known to contract a second marriage, even when no male heir had been born of his first, and Sir Bernard was not likely to depart from the customs of his forefathers in this respect. The estates in Corn-wall were entailed on heirs male, but during her father's lifetime there was no doubt that Miss Tredethlyn would remain undisputed mistress of the castle. It was said in the county that Sir Beriard had saved very that Sir Bernard had saved very that Sir Bernard had saved very large sums of money for the purpose of purchasing a landed estate for bis daughter, which should place her, at his death, or her marriage, in a position almost of equality with

a position almost of equality with his successor in the Cornish property. Sir Bernard had been travelling in Ireland for some time before he join-ed his daughter at Paris, and people had heard tell that he had bought a fine place there, down in the South, but that there was no house upon it, only a beautiful old ruin. But all this was hitherto only hear-say, and the chief concern of the place was that Sir Bernard and his daughter were coming home, and that it was to be hoped the young lady was nice in her ways, and could

lady was not in her ways, and could speak like other people, and not only 'gibberish," which was to be appre-hended, considering that she had lived so long in a place where it was natural, and more was the pity, for everyone to talk gibberish. Sir Bernard and his daughter ar-ived duly and ware created with

S:r Deruard and his daughter ar-rived duly, and were greeted with the heartiness, quite **de**void of ser-vility, which characterizes the Cor-nish peasantry. The carriages were closely scrutinized as they passed the groups collected at the gates of the castle, and along the carriage read. every one being desirous of There was but one opinion of the young lady's personal appearance, and it was as freely expressed as

unanimous.

unanimous. "Did ever eyes see a more beauti-ful face?" the men and women asked each other: "such a fine, ruddy color, and such piercing, bright black eyes, and such dark, thick curls, and such a smile?" "When she got out of the carriage with the little dog in her arms, she looked like a gueen." Such arms, she looked like a queen." Such and such like were the remarks made and such the were the remarks made concerning the young lady, and the speakers were still lingering about, giving vent to their admiration, when Daniel Penfold, the steward, came down from the castle, and joined the foremost of the groups, when they once more commanted on Miss Tredeth-Jur's hearty grace and along all International provided on Miss Treatminister on Miss Treatminister

was a story current that a Venice glass had once been borne inshore un-injured, and carried to the lady of Tredethlyn, who gave the salvage imed a fch reward, and had the glass placed in her own chamber. But it lay broken on the ground next morn-ing, and the lady told her waiting-woman that she had thrown it down by accident, and accounted for her paleness and disorder by saying that it was of ill omen to break a mirror. But people said it had transpired af-terwards, the lady not being able to keep the knowledge of the terrible thing undivulged, that she had dashed the mirror to the ground in a sudden access of terror, having seen in it an-other face beside her own. The face was that of a woman, very pale and sorrowful, but dighified and beautiful beyond belief, with hazel eyes and rich brown hair, adorned with a strange head-dress, the like of which the lady had never seen. As she looked into the mirror, the fair face grew dim, and began to fade, and then a slender hand was passed across the white throat, adout Tredethlyn, and it is certain that the lady caused every alcon of the broken glass to be ground up and buried in the earth, and that she en-treated her husband. Sir Michael, to take her away from the castle, which, she declared, was hanced. In the chapel attached to the

take her away from the castle, which, she declared, was haunted. In the chapel attached to the ctstle there were also many pieces of deeply-carved wood, sad other walfs from the sea, netably the wrought brass lamp in the sanctuary, with its long swinging chains, had belonged to a noble ship in which a Spanish bishop had salied, and which had gone to pieces off the coast of Cornwall. Not a 'lfo was saved, but many of the drowned were washed on shore, and the Spanish bishop's grave was made before the altar in the chapel of Tredethlyn Castle. Blanche and her friend heard these and many other histories from the Elanche and her friend heard these and many other histories from the old priest, who had lived there since before her birth, had indeed been her grandfather's private chaplain, and was still her father's, and pas-tor of the scanty flock who dwelt in the vicinity of the castle. Mr. Yaughan was a learned man, quite a recluse man, with great local know-ledge, who had never seen much of the world, and had not liked what he had seen. He was very tranquil and happy at Tredethlyn, where he took care of the library, and watched over the well-being of the pictures. He had not been particularly delight-ed at learning that his beloved soli-tude was about to be interrupted by the return of Sir Bernard and his daughter: but he had soon become daughter; but he had soon become reconciled to the change, and found he could take a lively interest in Blanche and in 'her young friend. Their tastes were similar to his, while their knowledge was so immeasura-bly inferior that he had the pleasure constantly instructing them. (To be Continued.)

WOMAN TO WOMAN.

Why Do Girls Prefer to Work for Men?

My own opinion is that the most serious cause of the scarcity of do-mestics is the hateful way that so nany women act towards one another. A woman would rather work for a man in a factory at almost starvation wages and have her even-ings free, than work for a woman in a household at twice the pay, but with only a few hours in the week when she is not at the beck and call of a mistress, who seems to ignore the humanity of her servants. When is see the way that women act to one another in street cars, so frequently

TIMELY TOPICS FOR THE FARMERS.

The Farm Cream Separator.

We have had occasion more than once to refer to the farm separator We have had occasion more than once to refor to the farm separator system now so largely practised in many of the Western States. This system, properly speaking, is a plan by which each patron of a creamery has a hand or small sep-arator and separates his own milk at home, sending only the cream to the factory. As contrasted with the whole milk pan, where the whole milk is hauled to the creamery and the skim milk returned, this sys-tem has many advantages. There is tem has many advantages. There is a great saving in the cost of haula great saving in the cost of had-ing. This is figured out very nice-ly by a Nebraska creamery man. His weekly make of butter was 08 tubs. To have hauled the whole milk to make this quantity per week would have cost not less than \$220. By each patron having a sep-arator and sending only the cream, it cost but \$68 to gather this, a saving of \$152, or between \$6 and \$7 per patron for the season. Another distinct advantage claim-ed for this plan is that the quality of the butter is improved. It is ren-sonable to suppose that this would be the case. Where the cream is separated from the milk as soon as taken from the cow, there is not so much danger from bad flavors. A

much danger from had flavors small quantity of cream can be taken better care of than a large quantity of milk by the average patron, and therefore the maker gets the cream at the factory in a much better condition than the milk would be from which the cream is taken. taken. Then the farmer has the skim-milk

Then the farmer has the skim-milk in perfectly sweet condition both morning and evening for his calves or other animals on the farm. This is a very great advantage, and in itself, where a comparison is made with the whole milk plan, is sufficient to enable the patron to pay the cost of a sep-arator in a very short while.

arà tor in a very short while. This farm separator system is splen-didly adapted for Manitoba and the Territories, where milk has to be hauled long distances to the factories, and we understand that a great many separators are being sold in the Cana-dian West for this purpose. It is in our opinion about the only plan that could be successfully followed in con-nection with creamery work in that part of Canada. But it should work well in the eastern provinces also. Though there would not be such a great advantage as in the west in the cost ba haulago it would be beneficial in other ways in producing a better quality of product and in leaving the farmer his skim-milk perfectly sweet and clean for whatever purpose he might care to aso it. The farm separator is also of great

The farm separator is also of great might care to ase it. The farm separator is also of great value in the farm adairy. Where a farmer has, say, ten cows, and is not supplying his milk to a cheese factory or creamery it will pay well to pur-chase a cream separator. With that number of cows a separator will about pay for itself in one season in the extra quantity and better quality of butter that can be made from the milk, let alone the increased value of the skim-milk by being fed in a sweet condition. The centrilugal as com-pared with the gravitation method of creaming milk has been tested over and over again by our experimental stations with the results decidedly in favor of the former or cream separa-tor method.

them all winter. Mr. A. S. McBean, of Thornhill Farm, Lancaster, is a far-mer who has so succentully managed certain departments of his farm that he has become a specialist, and a very successful one, in vegetable, fruit and poultry raising. He has telephonic communication with Montreal, and so

A New Forage Crop for Ontario What red clover is to Canada, what alfalfa is to the Southern States, so in the cow pea to the south. Throughout the Southern States there is scarcely a nlanter who does not know this the Southern States there is scarcely a planter who does not know this valuable crop and who does not use it for either hay, for ploughing under as a green manure, or as a covering for the ground after the last cultiva-tion of corn and cotton. This plant, however, does not stand the severo climate of the north, and repeated ex-periments at the College Farm at Guelph have proven that cow, peas cannot be successfully grown there. In the Magara Peninsula.—We were somewhat surprised, therefore, while visiting the great section about Ham-In the Ningara Peninsula.—We were somewhat surprised, therefore, while visiting the great section about Ham-liton on September 11th, to find on the farm of Mr. Erland Lee, Stoney Creek, a most luxuriant crop of cow peas. They had been planted in rows and had made such growth that he was then cutting and feeding them to his cows. He said the cows ate them eagerly and that though they did not look to be a heavy crop, still 'the vines spread so much that he actual-ly got more feed off a given arcon. The pods though not ripe were in, than he did with his best sliage corn. The pods though not ripe were in, probably the best stage for feeding. They cracked open readily and the seeds were as plump and so well-ma-tured as to leave no doubt in our mind that they could be successfully grown to maturity in this elimate. This may be the year open the twet grown to maturity in this elimate. This may be the very plant our fruit growers are looking for to sow in their orchards and vineyards after they have finished cultivating. Like all other leguninous plants they take free nitrogen from the atmosphere and store it in the soil; they also, by the decay of their long tap-roots, improve the mechanical condition of the soil and also add to its human the soil and also add to its human If any of our fruit growers have any knowledge of this plant, I would be glad to hear from them. I will also make enquiries as to where the seed can be obtained, what varieties have been successfully grown under similar conditions, the best time of

planting, etc.-Farming World. Artifical Incubat

Experiments in artificial incuba-tion and rearing, carried on by means of incubators and brooders, showed: 1. The necessity of having the lay-

1. The necessity of maying the lay-ling stock in robust condition. 2. That they be properly fed and treated so as to avoid an overfat condition. 3. That eggs laid in early Janu-

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ary seemed to hatch a greater percentage of strong chicks, with fewer dead in the shell, than eggs laid in March and April. The whole subject is being made a matter of scientific investigation in both Canada and the United States.

States. One feature in connection with arti-Construction of the section with arti-ficial incubation worthy of note is the number of farmers and others who have bought incubators and brooders during the past year. In two in-staticus, I know of farmers' wives who staticity, I know of farmer' wives who have so successfully managed their in-cubators that machines of 220 egg capacity have been ordered to take the place of smaller ones. By means of incubators and brooders the far-mer is able to get out his chickens at an early date, of the same age, and in larger numbers. It is import-ant to have early pullets, for they certainly make early layers. How early should they be hatched? Experi-ence has shown that late April and May obleks do better than others hatched at other pariods. This applies to both incubator and hen-hatched chickens. My remarks do not apply to the specialist in positry raising, who has all the necessary plant and facil-lities in the shape of incubator room, brooding touse, and outside runs to permit of his beginning operations at the end of December and continuing them all winter. Mr. A. S. McBean, of

em all winter, Mr. A. S. McBer

lessened their workly wealth con-siderably. But through all, the Tredethyms kept their faith, and kept their ancestral home. Some-times the castle had no sojourner within its precine's, except the few old retainers of the family left in charge of it, for a score of years together: sometimes there was right noble state kept there. But, in the latter case, the company invariably included many foreign elements. Frenchmen, Italians, the great world of the English metropolls, were welcome at Tre-

after her in her own country. She'll be setting her cap at Sir Bernard and putting Miss Blanche out of her place next."
"No, no, Mother Skirrow," said the steward, "no fcar of that. A Tredethlyn marrics but one wife. And for all she's so pale, and thin, and little, Sir Bernard thinks there's nothing like his daughter: that's plain to be seen; and they say there isn't, in point of learning and such like, speaking forcign languages, and playing music." Miss Tredethlyn had been so long absent from her home that she had almost as much sense of novelty in making her friend acquainted with it as the handsome young Frenchwoman had in being introduced to the ancient, stately mansion, which combined the graundeur of the old and the comfort and elegance of modern times ac out the four dependence of modern. Night.

bined the grandeur of the old and the comfort and elegance of modern times, as only the feudal dwellings of England combine them. The two girls roamed about through the long galleries, in the quaint, rich chambers, and in the ancient turrets, where a ghostly, assemblage of old furniture and antique chests supplied them with the objects of curiosity and interest. Trodethlyn Casile was rich in ancient chinà, in tooks and manuscripts, and in many specimens of carved wood. The treacherous sea had often cast up upon that wild coast rich treas-ures, whose owners it held in its tosom for ever more; and many of the most A Defence for the Missionary. The missionaries in China have been criticized for many things. It has been questioned whether they had lawful business in China at all. They have been accused of meddling in Chinese politics, of thwarting the operations of Chinese law, of shielding evil-doers from punishment, and of making hy-pocrisy profitable to insincere con-verts. No doubt there is some truth in most of these allegations. No doubt the missionaries have leaned hard on in most of these allegations. No doubt the missionaries have leaned hard on the secular arm and relied perhaps too much on consuls, ministers and warships to promote the ends to which they have been devoted and their personal safety. But no one has charged that at the pinch they have not lived up to the best traditions of their perllous calling. At least, those who have suffered have suffered with fortitude and constancy, and those who have died have died as well as any group of Christian martyre that how many we do not know the most their end. But so far-learned, the Christian of Consult hat and foreign-have shown stout hearts and as ture faith and, how ures, whose owners it held in its bosom for ever more: and many of the most famous and prized possessions of Tre-dethlyn were of Spanish origin, the spoils of the superb galleons which had been lost in the Hl-advised ex-pedition against. England in the old, old times. In the north gallery there stood, under the long lanceolated win-dows, two huge low chests of some precious black wood, carved so richly and so curiously that many who had seen them said the Florentine palaces had nothing more beautiful or costly to show, and that, with their costly to show, and that, with their beads and cunningly-twisted silver handles, they were fit to have been the coffers of a queen. Many bits of quaint jewelry and armour were also among the castle's gear, and there

It Daniel Penfold looked at first puz-ignoring the presence of those of zled, then anused, finally he said, "Tut, tut! you are all wrong to gether. The young lady with the black eyes and hahr, who is so tall and slender, and looks as if the casil, reacognize the truth of the paraphrase that "woman's in-humanity to woman makes servant is not Miss Tredethlyn."
"Not Miss Tredethlyn."
"Not Miss Tredethlyn."
"Tut, twow her a saft the casily recognize the truth of the paraphrase that "woman's in-humanity to woman makes servant is not Miss Tredethlyn."
The Very Million cream sep-rators. These are 'a delusion and a snare as was very well shown in these columns about a year ago by Mr. T. C. Rogers and other thoroughly mitor and the stew will have the to a cer-nation first particular and the stew or is not Miss Tredethlyn."
That young lady is a friend of Miss Tredethlyn call her Geman I cou't know her name-ler surname I mean-it is a long one : but I heard, Miss Tredethlyn call her Geman I mean-it is a long one : but I heard, Miss Tredethlyn call her Geman I which is French, and Wiss Tredethlyn all her Geman I mean-it is a long one : but I heard, Miss Tredethlyn and her Geman I which is French, she used the should not feel that she is losing the governess, or 'the chambernaid, should not feel that she is losing in about a shown by repeated in the ordinary gravitation the governess, or 'the chambernaid, woman, who had followed the stew, and' She'd ha' cone tetter to leave her woman, who had followed the stew, and's words with keen attention or what a shew they chan a she watch on the form and there and cont the stew or woman is better born, better bred, and careful to the marke separation method, and no more is governess, words with keen attention the proveness, or 'the chambernaid, woman, who had followed the stew, and's words with keen attention there own county for Miss Blanche," shid har is between the there attent woman who desire to be able to after her in her own county for Therefore, when purchasing a scpar-ator for the farm or dairy, be sure and get some good centrifugal ma-chine. Though the first cost may seem large, in the long run the regu-lator cream separator is by far the cheapest and best. better educated than she is heresif. As long as this sort of thing exists, women who desire to be able to marry any man they can get will not put themselves absolutely out-side the better social pule even for a comfortable home and good wages, though no one can properly ex-plain why a factory girl, or a clerk in a store, or a typewriter, is so

in a store, or a typewriter, is so-cially more fit to be a wife than someone who has been employed at someone who has been employed at housework. Indeed, given the same conditions of birth, education and temperament, the woman who has been at housework is much more likely to make a good wife than one who has become used to the clatter and excitement of a factory, or the presence of numerous men, or a throng of customers, by working in an office or a store.—Saturday in an office or a store .- Saturday

A Defence for the Missionary.

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REMARKABLE CURES OF ITCHING PILES By the Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, the Only Positive,

Thorough and Guaranteed Cure for Every Form of Piles.

If there is one single reader of this paper who is at all skeptical regard-ing the value of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for any kind of piles, the following statements by well-known business men of Western Ontario should be sufficient to convince him that his unbelief has no foundation. The only better or more convincing evidence you can possibly get is to be had by a personal trial of this mar-velous cure. By using Dr. Chase's Ointment regularly you are certain to be cured of this drendfully annoy-ing affliction, and will be just as en-thusiastic as thousands of others in praising this ointment, the only ac-tual and absolute cure for piles. Here is the evidence. Weigh it carre-have been, profit by their experience, which they have related for the here sure to filter, years

communication with Montreal, and so is in direct and constant communi-cation with his customers in that large market, All farmers are not so favorably situated, it may be said. But there are many farmers situated in the nelghborhood of cities and large towns throughout the Dominion who are not alive to their opportunities. It was a farmer who said so, and he spoke truly.-By A. G. Gilbert, Poul-try Manager, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa,

and me, The