nust wash a com-Too bad anyone omplicated bowls the upper picture. sed in one common machine that was arded for a Sharp-Dairy Tubular. ook at the lower

ure. It shows the piece used inside wonderfully light. ole, sanitary, easy lean, wear-a-life-Sharples Dairy ular Cream Sepa-r bowl. Any wonrubulars probably ace more common rators every year any one maker Tubulars skim any other sepa-

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nuendoes were perfectly understood by his hearers, and signs of dissentient feeling were rife among the crowd. Still, the people continued to listen, on the whole respectfully; for, whatever might be the sentiment of Old France with respect to the Jesuits, they had in New France inherited the profound respect of the colonists, and

A few gentlemen, some in military, some in fashionable civil attire, strolled up towards the crowd, but stood somewhat aloof, and outside of The market people pressed closer and closer round the platform, listening with mouths open and eager eyes to the sermon, storing it away in their retentive memories, which would reproduce every word of it when they sat round the fireside in the coming winter evenings.

One or two Recollets stood at a modest distance from the crowd, still as statues, with their hands hid in the sleeves of their gray gowns, shaking their heads at the arguments, and still more at the invectives of the preacher; for the Recollets were accused, wrongfully, perhaps, of studying the five propositions of Port Royal more than beseemed the humble followers of St. Francis to do, and they either could not or banquet to be given away to the would not repel the accusation.

"Padre Monti deserves the best thanks of the Intendant for his sermon," remarked the Sieur d'Estebe to Le Mercier, who accompanied him.

And the worst thanks of His Excellency the Count! It was bold of the Italian to beard the Governor had dined at his table. in that manner! But La Galissoniere is too great a philosopher to mind a priest!" was the half-scoffing reply wife, who still lived in his memory of Le Mercier.

"Is he? I do not think so, Le Mercier. I hate them myself, but egad! I am not philosophic enough day, and upon some other special to let them know it. One may do times and holidays, his bounty was Besides, the Jesuits are just now our preparations as he jocularly used to fast friends, and it does not do to say, quarrel with your supporters." apor

"True, D'Estebe! We get no help—as well! from the Recollets.—Look yonder at—He had Brothers Ambrose and Daniel! They would like to tie Padre Monti neck and heels with the cords of St. Francis, and bind him over to keep the grav gowns are afraid of the would not catch the ball when he hall.
threw it. The Recollets are all Her eyes and whole demeanor wore afraid to hurl it back

Reverend Father de Berey would have thrown it back with a vengeance. But I confess, Le Mercier, the Padre is a bold fellow to pitch into the Honnetes Gens the way he does. I did not think he would have ventured upon it here in the market, in face of so many habitans, who swear by the Bourgeois Phili-

The bold denunciations by the preacher against the Honnetes Gens protector, the Bourgeois Philibert. aused a commotion in the crowd of and remonstrance. A close observer would have noticed angry looks and

the crowd did not escape the sharp eyes of Father Glapion, who, seeing his harangue, called him by name. and with a half-angry sign brought his sermon suddenly to a close. Padre Monti obeyed with the unquestioning stopped instantly, without rounding

CHAPTER L.

"Blessed They Who Die Doing Thy Will.

It was the practice of the Bourgeois Philibert to leave his countingroom to walk through the marketplace, not for the sake of the greetings he met, although he received them from every side, nor to buy or sell on his own account, but to note with quick, sympathizing eye the poor and needy, and to relieve their wants.

Especially did he love to meet the old, the feeble, the widow, and the orphan, so numerous from the devastation of the long and bloody war.

The Bourgeois had another daily custom which he observed with unfailing regularity. His table in the House of the Golden Dog was set every day with twelve covers and dishes for twelve guests—" the twelve apostles," as he gayly used to say, whom I love to have dine with me and who come to my door in the guise of poor, hungry and thirsty men, needing meat and drink. Strangers to be taken in, and sick wanting a friend." If no other guests came, he was always sure of the "apostles" to empty his table, and, while some simple dish sufficed for himself, he ordered the whole His choice wines, which he scarcely permitted himself to taste, were removed from his table and sent to the Hotel Dieu, the great convent of the Nuns Hospitalieres, for the use of the sick in their charge, while the Bourgeois returned thanks with a heart more content than if kings

To-day was the day of St. Martin, wife, who still lived in his memory fresh as upon the day he took her away as his bride from her Norman home. Upon every recurrence of that so in Paris, but not in New France. doubled, and the Bourgeois made "not only for the twelve apostles, but for the seventy disciples

He had just dressed himself - with scrupulous neatness in the fashion of a plain gentleman, as was his wont, without a trace of toppery. With his stout gold-headed cane in his hand, the peace towards Port Royal; but he was descending the stairs to go out as usual to the market, when black robes. Padre Monti knew they Dame Rochelle accosted him in the

> an expression of deep anxiety as the dame looked up in the face of the Bourgeois.

> "Do not go to the market to-day dear master!" said she, beseechingly; "I have been there myself and have ordered all we need for the due honor of the day.

> Thanks, good dame, for remembering the blessed anniversary, but you know I am expected in the market. It is one of my special days. Who is to fill the baskets of the poor people who feel a delicacy about coming for alms to the door, unless I go? Charity fulfills its mission of being poor in the persons of its recipients. I must make my round

And still, dear master, go not

What particularly moves you to

"A potent reason, master, but it would not weigh a grain with you as force, they say, to clear the market of the Honnetes Gens. A disturb-

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"Thanks, good dame," replied the She looked at him fixedly for a Bourgeois calmly, 'both for your information and your presentiment; but they only furnish an additional filled with tears. reason why I should go to try to prevent any disturbance among my ing her hand, "I respect your mofellow-citizens.

"Still, master, you see not what I see, and hear not what I hear, and would not believe it did I tell you I beseech you, go not to-day!" ex claimed she, imploringly, clasping her hands in the eagerness of her appeal

"Good dame," replied he. deeply respect your solicitude, but could not, without losing all respect for myself as a gentleman, stay away out of any consideration of impending danger. I should esteem it my duty all the more to go, if there be danger, which I cannot believe.

"Oh, that Pierre were here to accompany you! But at least take some servants with you, master," implored the dame, persisting in her re-

"Good dame, I cannot consult fear when I have duty to perform; besides, I am in no danger. I have enemies enough, I know; but he would be a hold man who would assail the Bourgeois Philibert in the open market-

"Yet there may be such a bold man, master," replied she. "There are many such men who would consider they did the Intendant and themselves good service by compass-

" May be so, dame; but I should be a mark of scorn for all men if I evaded a duty, small or great, through fear of the Intendant or any of his friends.'

"I knew my appeal would be in vain, master, but forgive my anxiety.

"Good dame," said he kindly, taktives, and will so far show my regard for your forecast of danger as to take my sword, which, after good conscience, is the best friend a

in peril. Please bring it to me. Willingly, master, and may it be like the sword of the cherubim, to guard and protect you to-day !

gentleman can have to stand by him

She went into the great hall for the rapier of the Bourgeois, which he only wore on occasions of full dress and ceremony. He took it smilingly from her hand, and, throwing the belt over his shoulder, bade Dame Rochelle good-bye, and proceeded to the market

The dame looked earnestly after him until he turned the corner of the great Cathedral, when, wiping her eyes, she went into the house and sat down pensively for some minutes.

Would that Pierre had not gone to St. Ann's to-day!" cried she. 'My master! my noble master! I feel there is evil abroad for him in the market to-day." She turned, as was her wont in time of trouble, to the open Bible that ever lay upon her table, and sought strength in meditation upon its sacred pages.

(To be continued.)

The annual meeting of the Canadian Jersey Cattle Club has been postponed to Thursday, February 3rd, at 10 a.m., at the Board Room of Street Railway Company, Toronto, corner of King and Church streets. R. J. Fleming, Presi-