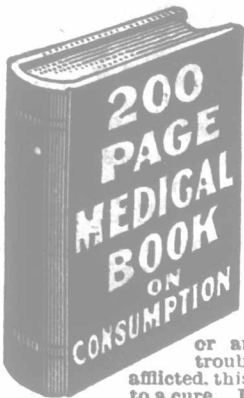


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This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

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A large touring automobile containing a man and his wife met a load of hay in a very narrow road. The woman declared that the farmer must back out, but her husband contended that she was unreasonable. "But you can't back the automobile so far," she said, "and I don't intend to move for anybody. Besides, he should have seen us." The husband pointed out that this was impossible, owing to an abrupt turn in the road. "I don't care," she insisted. "I won't move if I have to stay here all night." Her husband was starting to argue the matter, when the farmer, who had been sitting quietly on the hay, interrupted: "Never mind, sir!" he exclaimed, with a sigh. "I'll try to back out. I've got one just like her at home."



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2272

sure, in having a sharp notary like you to conduct me through it."

"Conduct you! Your Honor is leading me! But the road to Beaumanoir is as intricate as the best case ever drawn up by an itinerant notary."

"You seldom ride, Master Pothier?" said Philibert, observing his guide jolting, with an audible grunt at every step of his awkward nag.

"Ride, your Honor! N—no! Dame Bedard shall call me pleasant Robin if she ever tempts me again to mount her livery horse—if fools only carried cruppers!" as Panurge says."

"Why, Master Pothier?" Philibert began to be amused at his odd guide.

"Why? Then I should be able to walk to-morrow—that is all! This nag will finish me. Hunc! hanc! hoc! He is fit to be Satan's tutor at the seminary! Hoc! hanc! hunc! I have not declined my pronouns since I left my accident at the High School of Tours—not till to-day. Hunc! hanc! hoc! I shall be jolted to jelly! Hunc! hanc! hoc!"

Philibert laughed at the classical reminiscences of his guide; but, fearing that Pothier might fall off his horse, which he straddled like a hayfork, he stopped to allow the worthy notary to recover his breath and temper.

"I hope the world appreciates your learning and talent, and that it uses you more gently than that horse of yours," remarked he.

"Oh, your Honor! it is kind of you to rein up by the way. I find no fault with the world if it find none with me. My philosophy is this, that the world is as men make it."

"As the old saying is,—

"To lend, or to spend, or to give in,
'Tis a very good world that we live in;
But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

And you consider yourself in the latter category, Master Pothier?" Philibert spoke doubtfully, for a more self-complacent face than his companion's he never saw—every wrinkle trembled with mirth; eyes, cheeks, chin and brows surrounded that jolly red nose of his like a group of gay boys round a bonfire.

"Oh, I am content, your Honor! We notaries are privileged to wear furred cloaks in the Palais de Justice, and black robes in the country, when we can get them! Look here at my robe of dignity!" He held up the tattered tail of his gown with a ludicrous air. "The profession of notary is meat, drink, and lodging; every man's house is free to me—his bed and board I share, and there is neither wedding, christening, nor funeral, in ten parishes that can go on without me. Governors and Intendants flourish and fall, but Jean Pothier dit Robin, the itinerant notary, lives merrily; men may do without bread, but they will not live without law—at least, in this noble, litigious New France of ours."

"Your profession seems quite indispensable, then!" remarked Philibert.

"Indispensable! I should think so! Without proper acts the world would soon come to an end, as did Adam's happiness in Eden, for want of a notary."

"A notary, Master Pothier?"

"Yes, your Honor. It is clear that Adam lost his first estate de us et fructibus in the Garden of Eden, simply because there was no notary to draw up for him an indefeasible lease. Why, he had not even a bail a chaplain (a chattel mortgage) over the beasts he had him of named!"

"Ah," replied Philibert, smiling, "I thought Adam lost his estate

through a cunning notary who persuaded his wife to break the lease he held; and poor Adam lost possession because he could not find a second notary to defend his title."

"Hum! that might be; but judgment went by default, as I have read. It would be different now; there are notaries in New France and Old, capable of beating Lucifer himself in a process for either soul, body or estate! But, thank fortune, we are out of this thick forest now."

The travellers had reached the other verge of the forest of Beaumanoir. A broad plain, dotted with clumps of fair trees lay spread out in a royal domain, overlooked by a steep, wooded mountain. A silvery brook crossed by a rustic bridge ran through the park. In the center was a huge cluster of gardens and patriarchal trees, out of the midst of which rose the steep roof, chimneys, and gilded vanes, flashing in the sun, of the Chateau of Beaumanoir.

The Chateau was a long, heavy structure of stone, gabled and pointed in the style of the preceding century—strong enough for defence, and elegant enough for the abode of the Royal Intendant of New France. It had been built, some four-score years previously, by the Intendant Jean Talon, as a quiet retreat when tired with the importunities of friends or the persecution of enemies, or disgusted with the cold indifference of the Court to his statesmanlike plans for the colonization of New France.

A short distance from the Chateau rose a tower of rough masonry—crenellated on top, and loopholed on the sides—which had been built as a place of defence and refuge during the Indian wars of the preceding century. Often had the prowling bands of Iroquois turned away baffled and dismayed at the sight of the little fortalice surmounted by a culverin or two, which used to give the alarm of invasion to the colonists on the slopes of Bourg Royal, and to the dwellers along the wild banks of the Montmorency.

The tower was now disused and partly dilapidated, but many wonderful tales existed among the neighboring habitants of a secret passage that communicated with the vaults of the Chateau; but no one had ever seen the passage—still less been bold enough to explore it had they found it, for it was guarded by a loup-garou that was the terror of children, old and young, as they crowded close together round the blazing fire on winter nights, and repeated old legends of Brittany and Normandy, altered to fit the wild scenes of the New World.

Colonel Philibert and Master Pothier rode up the broad avenue that led to the Chateau, and halted at the main gate—set in a lofty hedge of evergreens cut into fantastic shapes, after the fashion of the Luxembourg. Within the gate a vast and glowing garden was seen—all squares, circles, and polygons. The beds were laden with flowers, shedding delicious odors on the morning air as it floated by, while the ear was soothed by the hum of bees and the songs of birds revelling in the bright sunshine.

Above the hedge appeared the tops of heavily-laden fruit trees brought from France and planted by Talon—cherries red as the lips of Breton maidens, plums of Gascony, Norman apples, with pears from the glorious valleys of the Rhone. The bending branches were just transmuting their green unripeness into scarlet, gold and purple—the imperial colors of Nature when crowned for the festival of autumn.

A lofty dove-cote, surmounted by a glittering vane, towers and pinnacles with every shift of the wind stood near the Chateau. It was the home of a whole colony of doves, whose pigeons, which fluttered in and out of it, wheeled in circles about the tall chimney-stacks, or gathered, cooing and bowing together on the green roof of the Chateau and its outbuildings.

"To be content,"

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



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Waist, 32 to 42 bust.

6194—The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3½ yards 21 or 24, 3 yards 32, 2½ yards 44 inches wide.



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The above patterns will be sent to any subscriber at the very low price of ten cents per pattern. Be careful to give Correct Number and Size of Patterns Wanted. When the Pattern is Bust Measure, you need only mark 32, 34, 36, or whatever it may be. When Waist Measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When Misses' or Child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. Allow from one to two weeks in which to fill order, and where two numbers appear, as for waist and skirt, enclose ten cents for each number. If only one number appears, ten cents will be sufficient.

Address: "Fashion Department," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

"I was with the teacher, who had been some of the necessary talk upon architecture, and a little boy tell me what a

"I was with Tommy Smart. "A