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Jocelin's Penance

"Confessional, my brother? What would be there? The wench lies sulking in her chamber, contending that she is unable to rise, though I have reproved her sorely."

"By the rood!" muttered the Abbot. "What fools men be. Such an Abbot as I should change his mitre for a fool's cap."

"Hark, said Jocelin to Rudolph, 'the holy man prophesied already. And the Abbot, made aware by her whisper that he was thinking aloud, ceased his muttering, and followed them in silence, tugging at his great beard until he was pulling it forth from the hood in which he had so carefully concealed it."

Rohese lay like some white lily cut from the stalk, languid and drooping, against a dark background. As long as she was free she braved danger and bore her lot well; but continually persecuted by a relentless jailer, who daily declared her abasement, her hold on life loosened, and she sank into a melancholy whose next state was madness or death.

Tears glistened in the Abbot's eyes as he looked on this penitent, who, too weak to kneel, folded her transparent hands upon her breast, and bowing her head, began the low whispered words of the confessional. "Father, I have sinned, and I confess the story of the journey to Bradford; her connection with Jocelin, his love and the result. Then the trial, and the lie she had told to save him from the torture. Her confessor uttered an exclamation, and instead of uttering admonition, he said eagerly, 'Continue, my child.' Rohese then told of her flight to Ely with the witch, and her final intercession by the Prioress. Then she spoke of the marriage which they entered upon here.

"Indeed, Father, I would that our Lord, the Abbot, had not so utterly cast me off, for should I finally force me into this hated alliance, he would be full wrong, I know. He loved my mother long ago, as once he thought he loved me, and the Abbot, remembering one who wrote in the sand, saying, 'He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone at her,' bit his lip till the blood came.

"Nay, my child, but thy end is far distant. From these days, Thou shalt return to De Cokfeld, and resting there among thy bowyer-maids and scribes, breathe the pure air and soon grow lusty again."

The Prioress returned at noon, the next day. Her humor was not of the best, for the anxiety and the long journeys she had made of late had tired her exceedingly. When Sister Isopel, in fear and trembling, led the way to Rohese's chamber, and saw what the vigaro had compassed in her absence, she fell into a cold fury, terrified to see, with one glance sending the frightened Isopel scurrying from the room, following her with a sentence that made the robust nun tremble.

"Thou has not yet been tried for that flogging of the novice to death in Flanders some eight years ago, dear Sister Isopel."

Rohese was speedily removed to the comfort of the Prioress's own bowler. Brother Simon prescribed for her, and the daintiest fare and the kindest treatment were showered upon her; for who could be sweeter than Rohese when she chose? So with such assiduous care and the cheering memory of her promise, Rohese revived and lifted up her head like a drought-parched flower after a summer's rain. The wily Prioress humbled herself before the girl, confessing her anger at the refusal of Geoffrey's suit, but maintaining that she intended no cruelty, and had punished the wicked woman who had so unkindly treated her guest. Rohese, touched by the assiduous nursing, believed in her, and out of the goodness of her heart forgave her enemy, who only sought to woo her back to the comfort of the Prioress's own bowler.

Some ten days after her return, Rosamund, walking daintily over the damp floor of the office corridor, came upon a kneeling nun, who, with cloth and pail, cleansed the passage. It was Sister Isopel, reduced to menial service, by her superior. Looking up, in a spiteful voice, which she vainly tried to render respectful, she begged the lady to pause.

"What! Darest thou speak to thy offended superior, thou murderous, ill-tempered creature? Thou art so full of sin, that I should not think it at thou turned not to a warty toad."

"I did but obey thee, madame," sullenly muttered Isopel; "but that is neither here nor there; I have this for thee," and extracting a folded slip of parchment from her bosom, with her rough, wet hand gave it into the wily hand of Rosamund, who when she had read it, started as if stung by an adder.

"When hadst thou this, fool abroad?" she almost shrieked, stamping her foot and shaking the kneeling Isopel by the shoulder. "Why, in sooth, lady, from the Norman father from the Abbey, who wrote it ere he departed with the Abbot's secretary."

he did the Prioress expected to lose her holdings, or at least be punished in some other way.

"Yet, what matters it," she argued, as she paced the night, "so long as Geoffrey is Rohese's husband? If this be compassed, then I can brave even Samson; and as he has not yet discovered the maid is still detained here, I'll risk it further, by my troth!"

Thus the Prioress planned by her fire far into the night, while outside the wind shrieked and moaned, as if the spirit of old Bernice strove ineffectually to warn Rohese of the danger which menaced her.

Ere noon the next day Rohese and the Prioress, with Sister Isopel and the attendants of the maid's horse litter, set off for Godstowe; the Prioress despatching Brother Simon to Bradford for news.

Our Lord, the Abbot, hath so appointed it, dear child," pursued Rosamund, as she rode beside the litter. "Thy firewoman and belongings await thee at Godstowe, and she shall attend on thee there until thou art quite restored. The nunnery is of cheerful situation, and, as soon as these snows have melted, I'll show thee merry Oxfordtown, and we shall make a pilgrimage to the fair bower at Woodstock where Henry built the labyrinth of walks and ways to hide me from the Queen."

Thus Rohese, gladly anticipating a reunion with Mary, went to Godstowe like a lamb to the slaughter. As the Prioress suspected, there was good reason why Samson had not seen further to the safety of his ward. On his return from the Priory he had found a letter from the Regent, Longchamps of Ely, the Duke of Austria's duncun, whence a great ransom would release him. A statement of the amount demanded and the name of the King's prison completed the epistle.

Now, all the world knows the story of Blondel; how he wandered from France into Germany, and by good hap came to a tiny village upon the bank of the Danube, near the Duke of Austria's stronghold, Greifenstein. Blondel took lodging here, as he knew the grudge which Austria bore toward the Duke of Austria, and hoped to find some trace of the King in this stronghold of his enemy.

Finally he discovered that there were two Englishmen imprisoned in the square tower of the castle, on the charge of attempting to poison the Duke. When he learned this, Blondel went to the castle, and, as a minstrel easily makes acquaintance, it was not long before he was free of hall and bower, and had learned all that the servants knew, not much more than what the villagers had told him. In vain he spied and bribed; the jailer was unapproachable, and none but he and the Duke himself went near the tower; till at last, when almost despairing of learning the identity of the prisoners, Blondel walked one night beneath the moon, surrounding the tower and struck lily on his lute the chords of a song he and King Richard had composed. Then he began to sing:

"Your beauty, lady fair, None views without delight," when the well-known tones of Richard's voice completed the stanza: "No nymph my heart can wound, I favor she divine, and the King, in finally hailing his faithful minstrel, imparted the story of his capture, and the news (which Austria had lately revealed) that the Emperor, in dire need of money, was sending to England a demand for a great ransom; threatening if it was not forthcoming to put his prisoners to death.

"But by the rood, my dear Rimer, is my brother so rich in love for me that he'll relinquish any part of his inheritance for the saving of England's rightful ruler? Nay, only friend of mine go back to England with the message if thou wilt, but thou'll never see thy master more."

Outstripping the Emperor's messenger, Blondel hastened back to England, and soon the news was spread over the realm that the lost was found, and England could have her King again. So the Abbot set forth in state for London, attended by the Prior, escorted by a score or more of archers and spearmen, and preceded by the monks bearing his silver cross, mace and purse; and in due time they came to Westminster, where he joined the Parliament convened in one of the small chapels of the Abbey. The chapel was a long rectangular room, lighted from one side by windows set half-way toward the ceiling, between these were stucco effigies of saints and monarchs overlaid with gold. Opposite the windows a balcony extended over many low-arched doors, and the room was embellished by blue tapestries embroidered with golden lions hanging on the walls by tenter hooks.



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to sit in the presence of these mighty ones of the realm. Hidden by the balcony's rail, the monk peered down directly into the face of his beloved Abbot with a steady, hungry stare, while Rosamundly have drawn an answering glance of the great man had not been engaged with the Bishop of Ely, who was stating the amount of the ransom demanded for the King.

"Who shall be sent, my lords," asked John de Mohale, "and how should he be neither so high as to risk another imprisonment, nor so low as to offend the dignity of the Emperor. Therefore I stipulate that no one of royal blood shall be sent."

The Regent, desirous that the Church should have the honor of ransoming the King, agreed readily to this, and asked that the legate be chosen from among the churchmen. Then followed long discussion as to who was fitted for the task. Some of the parliament nodded in their chairs, as the day wore on; some meant to say, some of it have, he chosen from among the churchmen. Then followed long discussion as to who was fitted for the task.

"I myself am prepared to go in quest of our Lord, the King, working by subterfuge, or openly, as the accredited agent of the Emperor, by the arrow of St. Edmunds, I'll have audience with the Emperor and ransom forth our monarch. Fie, my lords, should loyal subjects hang back on mere pretence of their pressing duty."

"You would straight, my lords, how shall we raise this ransom, for I shall carry it." "In all England," said the Bishop of Norwich, "there is no treasure enough to pay this sum."

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Then spoke certain lords of the treasury who had been in deep converse with Geoffrey and the Earl of Figo, suggesting that as the shrine of St. Edmunds was covered with gold, part of it could be removed for use in this extremity. Samson, who had been computing the amount his Abbey could offer, exclaimed angrily at this: "I know ye for certain that I will in no wise do this, neither is there power to force consent from me. Though by the Saint's covered head, I will open the doors of the church that he who will have offended our holy St. Edmund have been known to suffer therefrom. What punishment think ye, then, will be meted to those who strip his vestment from his sacred body? Let him who dares stand forth."

Things You Ought to Know

Brooklyn, N.Y., is soon to open 30 new streets.

Cincinnati school children last summer cultivated 2,800 gardens.

General Joffre, of France, is a Protestant.

Queen of Norway spend \$1,000 a year on dress.

Buffalo has 461,335 population.

New York state has 9,750,000 population.

English Established Church has 2,328,707 communicants.

Quebec has no pawnbrokers.

Iowa has nine cities under commission rule.

A Japanese company that has planted 200,000,000 pearl oysters in a bay in that country believes that it will harvest millions of pearls through a recently discovered process.

Buffalo has 85,198 registered voters.

Philadelphia has an organization of blind boy scouts.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh railway is rebuilding 7,000 freight cars in Buffalo shops.

Russia rules 36,000,000 Poles.

There are 2,000,000 Germans in Russia.

Germany before the war contained 845,661 more females than males.

Egypt last year bought 170,867 Bibles.

Bulgaria in 1914 bought 18,000 Bibles.

After extensive tests French experts decided that modern violins were equal in tone to, if not better than old ones of marvelous reputation.

More than 100 miles north of the Arctic Circle the Swedish government has built a hydro-electric plant to produce power for a railroad in Lapland.

A fuel for internal combustion engines that is said to be as efficient as gasoline, but much cheaper, is being made from gasoline, kerosene and benzol in England.

HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM

The Disease is in the Blood and Must Be Treated Through the Blood.

There are almost as many ways of treating rheumatism as there are doctors. Most of these treatments are directed at the symptoms and are considered successful if they relieve the pain and the stiffness. But the pain and the stiffness return particularly if the patient has been exposed to dampness. This shows that the poison was not driven from the system by the treatment employed. Rheumatism can be relieved in a number of ways, but there is only one way to cure it, and that is through the blood, expelling the poisonous acid that causes the aches and pains and stiffness. To remove and enrich the blood there is no medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which go right to the root of the trouble and cure rheumatism to stay cured. The following is an example of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do in cases of this kind. Mr. Henry Smith, St. Jerome, Que., says: "For upwards of a year I was a victim of rheumatism in a most painful form. The trouble was located in my legs and for a long time was so bad that I could not walk. The suffering which I endured can only be imagined by those who have been similarly afflicted. Doctors' treatment did not help me and then I began trying other remedies but with no better results. Finally I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I had begun to lose faith in medicine, I finally decided to give the pills a trial. I am very grateful now that I did so, for after taking eight boxes of the pills the trouble completely disappeared. I have since taken the pills occasionally as a precautionary measure and I cannot speak too highly in their favor."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Literary Family.

Ma's writing a book on the training of husbands, to end the dispute. She spends twenty chapters explaining the best way to manage "the brute. It soon will appear in a binding of the cover's delightful, the cost, though, is frightful. But father is paying the bill. Jim's hustling like mad getting ready. His pioneer volume on "Squash." He never before worked so steady. But sister declares it all book. Her book's on "The Lost Art of Egypt." Jim says it's a terrible book. Although on all other points sister and brother are in agreement. My mother, pa's paying the bill.

The twins are compiling statistics on defects of the baboon. It's meant for their work on Ingalutels and has had a rough time. The White father—you ask what's he doing? To keep up his end. Never fear. He's busily studying the census, while replying. His book will not balance this year. William Wallace Whitecock.

"Give three reasons for saying the earth is round," said Sandy in an examination paper. "My teacher says it's round, the book says it's round and a man told me it was round."—Christian Register.

No man likes to be overworked, especially when even his friends try to work him.

SERVANTS OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

They Are Well-Treated and Hold a Permanent Position.

There are no servants so fortunately placed as those in the royal household. They are practically always sure of being able to retain their positions until too old for work and then are certain of receiving a good pension.

It is, however, extremely difficult to obtain a position as a servant in the royal household. They are recruited entirely from the sons and daughters of people who are, or have been, in the employ of royalty and there are always a number of candidates for a vacancy.

When a man servant enters the King's employ he is put on what is known as the "personal" staff of the Master of the Horse, under whom he serves as a probationer for six months.

The general staff consists of six of the royal men servants who are specially detailed to attend on the Master of the Horse, and are relieved practically of all other duty.

The Master of the Horse is the only member of the household who has such a staff. At the end of six months the probationer, on the recommendation of the Master of the Horse, is placed on the indoor staff of yeomen, and comes under the control of Mr. Darren, the palace steward.

The royal men servants are divided into three different classes: yeomen, groomers and pages. A man serves, as a rule, for five years as a yeoman, and is then put on the staff of groomers. He may remain in the groom class for ten or twelve years and is then promoted to the page class.

A certain number of the Royal servants are put daily, when the court is in residence, on what is known as "close wait." That is personal attendance on the King and Queen.

The close wait attendants are selected from the groomers and pages only; the list of close wait attendants in the state apartments is made out daily by the palace steward, and in the personal apartments of the King and Queen, the list is made up by the yeomen. Servants on close wait dress in black, and wear an ordinary morning and evening dress, with a white waistcoat; all the others who are on ordinary duty about the place wear the royal livery. In this respect it may be noted that the custom of the English Court differs from that of other European courts where all the servants on duty wear livery, the close wait attendants being unusually distinguished by a badge worn on the left arm.

There are altogether close on three hundred men servants in the royal household, but the attendance of the full staff is only required on the occasion of great state entertainments, or when a foreign monarch is visiting the English court.

Normally there are from 150 to 200 men servants in residence at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle. A large number of the servants are non-resident, that is to say, they live at their own private residence, usually in London, near the palace; but some live in the country, and come up to London when their attendance at the palace is required.

There are some very well paid positions, which every man entering the royal service may aspire to. The steward, the chief page, the chief yeomen and the chief page of the presence receive salaries varying from \$1,500 to \$2,500 per annum, but the rank and file of the servants are not better paid than the servants in any ordinary wealthy gentleman's service.

The majority of the royal servants are fairly good linguists. Most of them speak French and German, and several speak three or four languages as well as their native tongue. In the English, as in all royal households there are some foreign servants employed, but there are as a matter of fact, fewer foreigners in the English royal service than in any other court in Europe, except that of the Czar, where custom forbids any but Russians being employed.

Jupiter Warmer Than the Earth.

"The gigantic mass of Jupiter has a much larger warmth than that of the earth," says a scientific writer. "It is the result of the molecular movement produced by the compression of the strata, and must be greater the more powerful the masses and hence the larger the pressure of the strata. Jupiter surpasses the earth in point of mass 300 times, and for this reason the inner temperature or individual warmth of the planet is probably high enough to evaporate the water upon the surface quickly, so that water vapor forms the principal substance of the atmosphere of Jupiter. Water vapor is an excellent reflector and readily accounts for the bright radiation of light emitted by the planet."

THE ROUND ROBIN.

William Henry P. Fyfe in "Five Thousand Facts and Fancies" says that round robin is the name given to a remonstrance or petition signed by a number of persons, generally in a circular form, so as to avoid giving prominence to any single name. He continues: "This device is said to have been first used by the officials of the French government as a means of making known their grievances. The most celebrated round robin in the English language is the one signed by Burke, Edmon, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others and sent to Dr. Samuel Johnson, requesting him to amend the copyright to Oliver Goldsmith in Westminster abbey and suggesting that it be written in English and not in Latin. Johnson accepted the round robin in a kindly spirit, but told Sir Joshua Reynolds, the bearer of the message, that he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster abbey with an English inscription."

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