

Love, life's fire with hope, fear, for, surrow, pleasure and pain, its comhath wrapped me in longin and desire, and I I am so weak that for a woman's smile I cast aside my good respect; break my vows and turn to a chitty-faced coward who trembles and dares not look his Lord in the face for fear his traitorousness will beam from his eyes, and announce, Here is a monk foresworn a rene gade.' How say the Scriptures? 'Whosoever hath looked upon a woman-Aye, I am foresworn. This woman hath bewitched me. It is sorcery. O caru me Jesu Nunc libera me!" And Jocelin fell upon his knees to tell his rosary. But as the beads slipped through his fingers he seemed again to feel the slight, warm pressure of Rohese's hand: and with every "Ave" came the tones of her voice, or the tinkling of her coldly sweet laughter. The monk was betrayed by the natural man within him; and as he arose from his fruitless endeavor to pray, and passed from his chamber, he realized with shame and delight that his heart beat faster, his pulse throbbed quicker, his eyes shone brighter, and his whole being seemed reanimated,

> baptism of "Heavenly fire which men have called love." When Jocelin had broken his fast in the great hall, he went out into the courtyard, where the retinue was already assembling, impatient to gone; the dogs straining at their leashes, baying their delight at the prospect of a long scamper over hills and downs. Raoul, his gergeous dress half covered by a cloak of green and gold brocade, a feathered cap on his head, was on his horse with a hawk upon his wrist; and Mordred, the page, behind him on a pillion, holding his harp carefully wrapped in a samite covering, Gilbert O'Dice was mounting a gentle old mule, grunting and groaning as he drew his furred cloak about his old limbs.

enlarged, made stronger, more ready

to do and dare, by this mysterious

"Good morrow, Brother Jocelin," he said; "Zounds, but the air nips keenly, it benumbs the limbs."

'Nay, old shrew, not if there be the Master of Horse, from among his ed with lances at rest, while behind them were half a score of foot soidiers, armed, some with bows, and some sally, for Gilbert O'Dice was no favorite in the household.

"Yea." said Raoul, in his clear, boyish treble, "we all well know that Master Gilbert hath sawdust for blood, and dull Sheffield whittles in place of bones." This had reference to the fact that Gilbert presided at the retainers' table, cutting the meat. The Seneschal moved uneasily in his saddle, and looked wrathfully from one tormentor to the other; but re-inforcement now appeared in the person of Mistress Mary, who came forth from the keep, bustling and rosy, in blue kirtle and hood, bewitching the hearts of all beholders.

"At least, variet," she said sharply to Raoul, as she superintended the strapping of a huge bundle upon a sumpter mule, "at least, Master Gilbert hath not two left legs and Judascolored hair, as have some jack puddings we ken of."

This thrust went straight home, for ed that red hair accredited to the betrayer of our Lord. So the discomfited young minstrel sat biting his lip, with tears of rage and mortification in his eyes, while loud guffaws resounded through the courtyard at this sally, and Mistress Mary, well pleased with her retort, went forward with smiling face to greet her mistress, who just then emerged from the doorway of the castle, wrapped in a pelisse of rabbit skin over a red gown of richly brocaded satin. Rohese went up to her palfrey, which stood near by neighing with joy at sight of his lady. She laid her jeweled embroidered glove lovingly upon his mane, and declining the proffered aid of Master Nicholas, turned a dazzling glance on Jocelin, who stood staring. Awkward, not knowing

what was expected of him. "Mary's eyes!" exclaimed the impatient beauty, frowning haughtily. "Art, flesh and blood that thou standest there dumb and still as a stone? ed the graceful, swaying figure beside I tell thee, Sir Monk, belted earls have him. sued for such a privilege."

"Gosling" whispered Mary, giving him a dig in the side with her rounded little elbow, "lift her to the saddle." Socelin, with blazing face, lifted; the soft, fragrant burden in his arms with a contrite murmur. "I did not know, Madam," and as for one blissful moment its sensuous sweetness brushed his breast, he felt that heaven could give no greater joy. Rohese, in worth fifty million dollars a year less. the saddle, relented when she saw his face, and dimpling with smiles, ex-

tended her hand graciously. "Well-a-day, of course thou did'st not know, thou cell-bred fellow. I forgot me thou hast never been to court, any other agricultural crop. On the nor learned aught of chivalry. Mount, Brother Jocelyn, and ride beside me." Jocelin, with a pang of humiliation at tility of the Canadian farm. the lowliness of his steed, mounted Forest conservation has no quarrel his mouse-colored jennet: and Mary with the reasonable and patriotic being swung up with right good will numberman. Correct methods of forbehind Master Nicholas, with a small est management maintain and inpretesting squeak against the pres- crease both the productiveness and sure that burly squire brought to bear; the capital value of forest land and upon her waist, the train moved draw from it the best return it is capthrough the portcullis and down the able of giving. in their skurry by his doorway to path leading to the ancient Roman Forest conservation does not mean roadway, which wound through Suf- a "Hands Off" sign on every area of folk, close by De Cokefield castle, and trees. It means care as opposed to led almost direct to St. Edmundsbury. carelessness. construction as opposed At its head rode Rohese and Jocelin, to destruction, good use as opposed to followed by Gilbert, Nicholas and abuse. The conservationist is not a Raoul. On either side the horsemen faddist. He believes in cutting crops trotted, the foot soldiers bringin; up of trees with an eye to future as well the rear with several pages, who often as present profit. He does not look broke away from the cavalcade into on a forest as a silver mine, to be the corse to join their hounds' excit- gouged out as fast as possible and ing chase after some skurrying hare; abandoned as a waste. and Raoul, too, sometimes lagged be- The Federal and Provincial Governhind to fly his hawk when prey was ments of Canada own 99 per cent. of sighted.

here's side, but she kindly restrained forest area of the country. no harm; many a lord of the church feast spread to mack my unable heart, others, they moved slowly, deeply en- truths like these.

CONTAINS

gaged in conversation. While ever and either as suitor or admirer; indeed, she felt for the young monk a kindly ence for his calling.

Thus their intercourse was danger quously sweet, for Robese, throwing aside the hauteur of a dowered lady, and the fibes of a maid familiar with Indigestion and Similar Troubles the extravagances of chivalry, fell inblood in them." interposed Nicholas, to a simple, joyous mood, as seductive as it was insignificant. And poor Jocetwenty odd horsemen, who sat mount- lin, while marveling at her wit and evident knowledge of things he knew not the existence of, could but thrill at her warm tones and friendly

> "The Abbey prison, Madam," Jecelin answered, and as the two rode by, its shadow lay across them in the fast gathering twilight. Rohese shivered. to thy marrow?" she cried, urging her

not beside me. Cold and darkness cannot abide where thou art."

CHAPTER IX.

The glow of the sunset faded: shadhad sought its nest, its den, or home; recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and lay there close curled, or sat ing in its domestic love and its home-ly joys. This thought was in Joce-paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes lin's mind as they rode so close in for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medithe narrow. dusky lane, as he watch-

(To be Continued.)

are worth one hundred and seventytwo million dollars every year.

Yet the continuance and development of this enormous harvest of trees does not conflict in any sense with the enlarging of the wheat or contrary, the preservation of the forests is the best guarantee of the fer-

the forest lands. A very considerable The autumn sunlight fell athwart part of these lands are under lease, the roadway as they passed, glowing; but the ownership remains vested in upon the motley hues of their dress, the people. The situation in the much to do to keep his jennet by Ro- adopt will blanket 99 per cent. of the

Your neighbor might like to know

anon Mistress Mary, from her pillion tain motions of the stump of the flesh behind Nicholas, looked backward and blood 2rm, and no little knack is with many an arch smile and nod at necessary to the successful working of her lady, as if to say, "On to it, Ma- the artificial member, and yet withal dam; make him curse the day he took it is not very difficult to acquire. monkly vows." But to do Rohese justice, she did not think of conquest, ing his big cigar can pick a pin from and whatever coquetry she displayed the floor without difficulty, but it is toward Jocelin was but the inherent not on record that he can give the preening and speaking all creatures of her sex naturally fall into, in the by the batter like a projectile from a presence of the male of their species; high powered gun. As a matter of and if her voice took on a softer tone, fact, he is theroughly satisfied with and her blushes came and went under the many very necessary things that the ardent glances of her companion. she was conscious of no desire to attract or enthrall one whom she could consider neither eligible nor desirable Buffalo News. condescension one feels towards a child, mingled with a touch of rever-

hind the Abbey. As they passed beneath the prison tower. Robert asked: "What is you grim turret?"

horse forward as she snoke.

The afterglow shone golden through the laced branches of the forest, and interchange of speech and song. but Mistress Mary leaned on Nicholas' bread shoulder fast asleep, and he, for fear of losing so pretty a burden, spoke not to his companion. the Seneschal: who jogged on, numbed, cold and drowsy with his long ride in the keen air.

ows gathered about their pathway. there by the cheery hearth fire bask-

FOREST FACTS.

The forest productions of Canada

No other crop compares with it in value. The wheat production is

THE ONLY CURE FOR A WEAK STOMACH

ical Arm Has Been Brought.

with such perfection to day that

echnical observer who is also in en-

thusiastic baseball "fan" declares that

he would not be surprised to see in

the not far distant future some wood-

enarmed pitcher making a good re-

cord. What is known as "glass arm"

'wooden arm."

would be effectively superseded by

Though this is a daring leap of the

magination, which, however, need

not worry the perfectly good armed

pitchers of the big leagues, still some

of the things that can be done with

artificial arms are simply amazing

Here you see a man lighting a cigar

and with a naturalness of action and

ruse which would deceive the casual

The mechanism is controlled by car-

It is said that the man was is light-

"pep" to a ball so that it will speed

can be done with the mechanical arms

without venturing afar into the luxur-

ies and excitement of outdoor sport.

They are making artificial limbs

lunst be Treated Through the Blood.

Indigestion can be treated in many ways, but it can only be cured in one way-through the blood. Purgatives with guisarmes; all grinned at this glances, and fall more in love than cannot cure indigestion. By main force they move on the food still indi-St. Edmunds was but a day's jour- gested. That weakens the whole sysney from De Cokefeld castle, and the tem, uses up the natural juices and cavalcade, after a short noon rest, leaves the stomach and bowels parched pressed briskly onward, until at sun- and sore. It is actually a cause of set they wound down the chain of indigestion-not, a cure. Others try chalk hills which surround St. Ed- pre-aigested food and peptonized munds; past several granges, skirt- drugs. But drugs which digest the ing the village wall; and the forest be- food for the stomach really weaken its power and makes the trouble chronic. The digestive organs can never do the work properly until they are strong enough to do it themselves. Nothing can give the stomach that power but the new, rich, red blood so abundantly "Doth its shadow not strike a chill supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills: So the reason for the success of this medicine is plain. Nothing can stim-"Yea, Madam, it would, were thou ulate the glands and nothing can absorb the nourishment from the food but pure red blood. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills surpass all other medicines in giving this new, rich blood. Miss B. E. Johnson, Hemford, N. S. "For months I was a great sufferer within the Abbey walls a bell rang, from indigestion; food of any kind mellowed by the distance. The monk was distasteful to me, and after eating and maid rode on in silence. Be- I would suffer much. Naturally I grew hind them, the cavalcade indulged in weak and was but a shadow of my former self. I was taking a doctor's prescription, but it did not help me in the least. Then I read of a case similar to my own cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try this medicine. By the time I had taken six boxes the trouble had entirely disappeared, and I could eat heartily of all kinds of food. More faint stare shone in the gray-blue of than this, I found my general health the sky; and a hush seemed resting greatly improved through the use of over all the world, as if each creature the Pills. I can therefore strongly

> as a cure for indigestion." You can get these Pills through any cine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Imitation Tewels.

Nature is often copied with conspicuous success by those engaged in the imitation of precious jewels. Zircons are composed of silicia and zicenia. Their lustre is deceptive, a means having been discovered of extracting the color, thus leaving them diamonds to all appearances, atthough their falseness promptly proclaims itself when put to a test. Precious stones are often dyed with such thoroughness and cleverness that, it is asserted, the stone may be broken without discovery of the process; that is to say, by the uninitiated.

In Oberstein, Germany, the sole industry is the manufacture of imitation jewelry and the dyeing of chalcedony and other stones. The enyx, carnelian, bloodstone and agate may be enriched in color by immersion in the dyepot. The stones are placed in vessels containing the coloring matter and are then subjected to great heat for periods varying from a few hours to a week or more. In the case of chalcedony, which shows bands of different degrees of intensity, certain of the bands take the color and others donot. The stones then receive a further stewing in pots containing other dyes. Fluorspar is capable of great improvement in tint when subjected to a heating process and crucidolite is given a hue of blood red by a similar method.

The emerald and the catseys are of all stones the most easily imitated. One family at Oberstein is said to persess the secret of converting crucidolite into catseye. Catseye also masbe made of aragonite, some of the hernblendes, and even of fibrous gra-

Easily Arranged.

"How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a very homely friend "Well, you see," he replied, "after I'd vainly tried to win several and that I wanted I finally turned my tention to one that wanted me, then it didn't take long to arm matters."-London Strand Maga



Jocelin's Penance

"Truly, ere sunrise, Brother Jocetin, Tis far to go alone and a darksome way by evening. Yea, I now bethink me. Each forest hath its John Scartet and Robin Hood these days, and by my Christendom, an unarmed monk would little avail against such sturdy robbers."

"Alas, madam, methinks they would not care for the rough serge of a monk's robe, and I have naught efse, for poverty is the vow of the Benedietine; yet though I wear no mail, and carry no sword i fear not. God protects His own-they need no steel.'

This doctrine was new to Rohese; reared among men whose sole aim in life was war; who learned early the motto, "Mine honor and mine good sentiments, though she could but ad-Jocelin voiced his faith

"Yet, sunset or sunrise, Brother Jocelin," she said, "thou must have food and rest; so let us offer thee fair water for thy toilet, and a cup of wine and pasty for thy stomach's sake: whilst I read the will of the Abbot. and write me an answer to it. Nav not so wonderful that I should say 'write,' for I am not the only woman in the realm who can both read and write, and perhaps construe their bit of Latin, too."

"By my troth," she murmured to her maids, as Jocelin followed Gilbert O'Dice from the bower, "but these Abbey lubbers are but green goslings -but half men; and yet I would not dub ye dolts by saying he was half made.

"Set away the 'broidery frame, girls, and leave me; save thou, Mary; bring parchment and inkhorn." arose, and, moving to a desk near the row of windows which lighted the bower, sat there turning over in her hand the letter sealed with the oval seal, bearing the imprint of a steed (the Abbot's insignia), and tied with a purple cord; her thoughts strayed to the monk and his strange behavior, and she murmured, "Now, Pardie! I

wonder what his meaning is?' "Perhaps if thou wouldst open it. madam, thou wouldst know." Mary said, smartly, as she placed the ink

and parchment on the desk. "Tut, thou art pert; get thee gone to thy mates, and see that thy tongue prove not the unruly member." The girl gone, Rohese broke the seal and read, in the Abbot's crabbed script:

"Greeting to Rohese, Lady de Cokefield: As thou art the daughter of my chief Milite, and of my cousin, the Lady of Framlingham, it behooves me. now that thou art at marriageable age. to give thee in marriage as befitteth thy rank and station. Because thou art ward of our Abbey. I would that ye come to me that I might know thy will concerning the wedding. Jocelin of Brakelond, who bears this missive, will convey thy answer. So I bid thee set a time to visit me at Bradfield house. Our Lady's benison on thee. "Given under my hand and real at

"Jocelin de Brakelenda, lady, and she flung the letter from her, and senting Jocelin's superior air, she said the Appot commands that I bring back stamping her foot with rage, cried, rather haughtily, "we have been trainto some lout, who shall govern my people and rule my castle? Shall any bed or at the board where Henry of love! And had not some cursed infidel's spear laid thy proud crest low, I should have been a happy wife, the Christendom. Parentless and husbandless," and laying her head on her

arms, she sobbed bitterly. Then she dashed the tears from her face. "Yet, let me think. How says the Abbot?" taking up the discarded letter, "Thy mother's cousin. Aye, I have oft heard old nurse tell of the rude Norman baron who, for love of my mother, his cousin, sought the sword;" and she rather caviled at such cloister. Surely, then, if this be he. he will not force a hateful marriage mire the uplifted look with which on me when he knows how my poor heart is widowed. I'll to him, and tell nim all my mind. Yet. Abbot though he he let him heware if he cross me: the De Cokefeld will bends not." Rohese blew a silver whistle, suspended from her neck, and a page appeared. 'Mordred, send Mary hither, and tell the monk when he has finished his repast I'll speak with him i' the ballum. 'Tis after the mid hour and

> the rain is past, is it not so?" "Aye, my lady." Mary returned, rather sulky after her mistress' reproof, but her face soon lost its pout in her delight at

the news. "Mary, we go to the Abbey on the morrow: our lord, the Abbot, hath invited me to visit him at Bradfield house. See to it that our apparel is ready, and that Gilbert prepare fit:

"Wilt thou take sad colored robes, madam?"

"Nay, wench; the gay 'broidered ones, as thou lovest me: the Abbot is a man, girl, an' I've a favor to ask of

Mary smiled appreciatively, and hurried away upon her errands. Rohese drew her cloak about her, and passed through the arched doorway which led from the tower into the balium. The rain was over, the air was damply sweet, and the noon sun shone warm and bright on the steaming walk. By the keep wall some asters were flaunting their purple sprays in the sunshine, all rain-befeweled. Jocelin. advancing up the walk, thought she was as beautiful as an angel, as she stood outlined by the gray stones, the lewels of her headdress not more sparkling than her eyes; her robe, as she stooped to pluck a flower, moulded to her exquisite figure. She raised her-

self as he came near. "Ah, Brother Jocelin, is this not a day to warm thy monkly blood? See. Dame Nature hath finished her family wash, and hung it out to dry in

the sunshine." "In truth, Lady, it sendeth forth a fragrant steam. But pardie! why mock at me for being a monk? I am a man, no less." A resentful hese saw that her careless jibe had

hath led his men to victory. said that thy Abbot, Samson fought with my father on the neid of Flemmings.

"Aye, madam, so he did. But brute force and fighting valor are not all that is desirable in a man. Wisdom, learning, gentleness, to my mind, are more to be desired than fame in joust or journey. It will not be many years, Lady Rohese, till every man of quality shall be learned in our lore, and no one shall be called 'gentle-

man' who hath not this knowledge.' "Poor monk." she thought. prates of what he knows not," and reed in different fit motto for a gentleman; yet, 'God Pope-holy Abbot put man into the and my book' may serve thy turn as well. But a truce to these cross-Leicester should have been? O, my questionings; my lord the abbot. commands my presence at Bradfield house, and I will go to-morrow."

,"I will bear thy message, madam," proudest lady in the realm; whereas, said Jocelin, bowing coldly, for she now I am the dolourest maid in all had vexed and wounded him by her open contempt.

"Yet stay, Brother Jocelin." called, as he moved slowly toward the donjon entrance, reproaching herself for her lack of courtesy, and wishing to make amends. He turned, and she came up to him somewhat hurriedly, her cheeks flushed by her generous

"Forgive me if I were rude, and go not from De Cokefield to-night. The way is long and darkness will o'ertake thee.. I fear for thy safety in the forest. Delay for the morrow. and ride with me to the Abbey." And she put out her hand and touched him on the arm. Jocelin was young, in love, the hand of the woman he loved lay-lily white on his sleeve, sending a thrill through his veins. He looked deep into her eyes, with a smile like a caress on his delicate red lips; then he broke the first rule of his order-

"Obedience." "Lady I will not go to-day. Do as thoù wilt with me," and he hurried from the ballum.

"Grammacy." murmured Rohese, hese, gazing after him half smlling, tis the strangest monk I ever saw;

yet methinks he is a man after all." CHAPTER VIII

The morning dawned bright and clear and Jocelin awoke upon a soft couch, as different from his own straw pallaise as his thoughts and feelings differ from those of yester-Through his chamber window day. there came a great hullaballoo from the courtyard; a neighing of horses, barking of hounds, and the seneschal's shrill voice calling out orders. Within the castle all was bustle and preparation. Tittering maids paused greet some saucy page on his way to unleash the dogs.

Jocelin lay for a moment on his luxurious couch, contrasting the elecant arras-hung chamber with his bare cell in the abbey.

robe and sandals: love meant-a calm, sweet regard steel, until silhouetted against the trast. There, the people possess a A resentful ents, or the abbot. But now, wretched by a master hand upon a russet back- Whatever policy of forest note quivered in his voice, and Ro- wight that, I am, love hath slit me unground. As they rode, Joselin had tion the Canadian people choose to ficked him.

blinded eyes and vouchsafed to me a hear's side, but she kindly restrained have," she said, kindly, "I meant dazzling vision of his joys. Tantalus" her palfrey; and falling behind the

"There is like comparison to be made of the life of monk and knight," he muttered bitterly, as he donned his "one all bareness, coldness and desuctude, the other all light, life and action, crowned by fame and love. Love! Beshrew! me! What hath a menk to do with love? He has taken the church to spouse, and 'tis a deadly sin for him to adulterate his conjugal thoughts. Yesterday me-thought I knew what and gleaming upon gold, silver and United States is a remarkable constrong in affection and admiration: dark woodland, the gay company mov- title to not more than one-fifth of such an emotion as one feels for pare ed like some bright pageant illumined their magnificent timber resources. awares; too late hath he opened my