AILEY MOORE

TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE-LAND TOGETHER WITH MANY INCIDENTS IN OTHER

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CHAPTER VIII HOW SHAUN A DHERK CONSULTS FOR

THE PEACE OF THE COUNTRY, AND MR. JOYCE SNAPPER LOSES THE

On the following evening, just when the hand of the clock on Mr. Snapper's mantlepiece was pointing to twenty minutes past ten, there were three heavy knocks heard at or on Mr. Snapper's hall door.

Mr. Joyce Snapper had, at the moment taken off his cravat and put on his dressing flowr. For a very

on his dressing gown. For a very considerable period Mr. Snapper had been accustomed to put on his dress-ing gown when he expected any stranger—for a dressing gown is quite a modish kind of garment, and Mr. Snapper thought he "looked well"

Savawl Dhia shing !" cried Jude, in the kitchen—for Jude's horror was night visitors. In fact, she had nearly lost her life by them twice already, as John and herself had been already, as John and herself had been on these occasions put upon their knees to produce Mr. Joyce Spapper's person, and only saved themselves by producing Mr. Snapper's guns, and swearing their book oaths that Mr. Snapper himself had received a sudden call to go some place, of which they—Jude and John—knew nothing, only the direction.

y the direction. Shian-riaghe!" said John in low voice, and looking out under his eyelids, as if he feared to see the new comer present himself in the ceiling. Aisth!" answered Jude in the

same voice.

Three knocks, heavier than the preceeding, were heard, and John seized the poker. Jude was starting

for the barn.
"What the h—ll are ye about there downstairs? Gone to sleep, and so on, as usual? John! John! I say—" 'Choke yer grandher neck!" prayed John, only not loud. "Yis, sir," he continued, "the's dreadhful rappin, continued, " the's dreadhful rappin, faith sir," he said, going to the foot

of the staircase; "and—"
"Open the hall door, you cowardly spalpeen," said Mr. Joyce Snapper "Open the hall door, and don't be there like a dog in a sack, and so on; a nice defender of the house, and so

forth, we have." John stood rebuked, and happily reassured too; for John knew Mr Joyce Snapper sufficiently to believe there was nothing to be feared when Mr. Joyce Snapper was courageous.

Knock! knock! knock! again; but this time John is just opening the

John's heart "rose up to his mouth, as he said himself when he saw the person that stood outside. In fact, only two things prevented him from catching the intruder by the neck—for John had his own intentions and his own views about the country. The two things were, that he saw no use in it, and that he was afraid to do it. John suspected that the fellow whom he that moment looked upon was an informer, for he had seen him at the house two or three time before, and at the same unseasonable

The visitor was Shaun a Dherk, who came to give his assistance in "doing justice," and in "pacifying

Mr. Joyce Snapper stood at the top of the staircase, and recognized his

Snapper.
"Yis, sir," answered John.

"Benaacht Dhiaeruiv!" said Shaun, as he moved across the threshold. God's blessing on you!"
"Dhia as Mhuire goith," John an-

swered mechanically, not heartily.
"God and Mary with you!" for the Irish salutation is always repaid by something more than it gives. But John, as has been intimated, most sadly belied the reply on his lips, by the curse inside his teeth.

Och, but you're the han'some boy, sure!" said Shaun, as he passed by the servant.

But, as if recollecting himself, he turned back after two steps, and sinking his voice to a whisper, while he looked as knowing as a petty session attorney; "I saw some wan, a vic!" continued Shaun, "an' throth don't blame her for sighin,' so I don't hame her for sight, so don't; for faith yave a pair uv eyes yer own, a gra," and Shaun shook his head admiringly; "Mary Fling," added Shaun, "is the finest colleen in the barony, an' a good father an mother's child. Nuver blush, a vic. 'tis the proud boy you ought to be, this night, a vic; an' be sartain I have a word at the Flings, 'Thigin thu, " which means "Do you understand, brother?" and Shaun looked more knowing than ever. left her just now," said Shaun, movan' I hard her sayin' to a showman, that had London showin all the world, that he'd do well if he came up here, uch! but he

have the sights sure enough!" The time of this dialogue was not so long as it may appear; at all events, it did not appear long to Mr. Joyce Snapper. Mr. Snapper was very fond of graceful positions, and he also liked to see himself in the stock—every bit uv it—to pay all stock—every bit uv it looking glass at night. Why the that money. Shaun; an' then—och former was so — that is, why Mr. one!—not a dhrop o' milk to feed the Snapper liked a graceful position is delighted to stand between two agin any one, he'll be hungry—the candles and admire himself at night, let us leave to the learned in human "Well, all that's very good, and so "Well, all that's very good, and so rth—we all know—well?" nature. But assuredly Mr. Snapper forth-we all know-

did like, at night, to stand between two candles and view himself in his mirror; and then he tossed his hair most fantastically, and looked numberless times at his teeth, and flung open his vest, and looked at the studs in his shirt, and at his eyes and eyebrows, and front face and side face; and very naturally Mr. Snapper concluded, that if he was not a handsome man, he was a smart looking.

cluded, that if he was not a handsome man, he was a smart looking,
interesting person, and worthy of
any respectable "match;" particularly, considering the "cold thousands "he had "laid by."

It is not wonderful either, that
Shaun a Dherk found Mr. Snapper
only just seated in his arm-chair,
his arms folded in a free, gentlemanlike way and one leg thrown over like way, and one leg thrown over the other. Moreover, on his feet were two very red slippers.

Letusnotomit, however, to mention, that just as Shaun placed his foot on the lowest step of the stairs, and as Mister John was about closing the hall door, a man appeared approach-ing the house, who beckoned his hand very familiarly, and nodded his head very knowingly, and made certain movements with the palm of his right hand towards the earth, all of which signified that John was to wait for him a little, and that he John) would not be sorry for it if he

The image of Mary Fling rose up in John's imagination, and the images of £50 and four milch cows, which her grand uncle had left her, and which some fortunate man was destined to receive with herself; so destined to receive with herself; so he waited for the new comer, whom he rightly judged to be the show-man, who showed people "London, an' a power o'places abroad." Shaun a Dherk looked like one who would have a long sit above stairs. It was guite reasonable that John, Jude, and quite reasonable that John, Jude, and the showman should have a pleasan

And, in fact, so they had—for the showman was the identical "north countryman," with the large nose and large grey eyes, and heavy eye-brows and thickish lips, that the whole barony was speaking of. Several religious people gave him "the other side of the road,"—old innocent people, however,—for he had a lantern, and when he darkened the room, he brought out upon a sheet, before which he placed persons,—"the Devil and the Miller" being some of the latter. Besides, he was known to have told the fortunes of several with great exactness; it was even said that he foretold robberies, housebreakings, and murders themselves; but of course, only as "dark clouds on the house," or as "red hand guiding the man's soul along a dark way," or as "something going to happen, which he could not exactly see." Young people wel-comed and feared the "north countryman" and old people, as we have intimated, would have nothing to do with him; but all admitted that when he came the way he never ate his bit and for that purpose often opened

came there in their jaunting cars or their carriages. That was Mr. Brian Mr. Joyce Snapper welcomed Shaun a Dherk very patronizingly of course; and as he was in his "best style," he sat with the light full upon his face upon his shirt-bosom, and upon his grey pantaloons and red slippers. Shaun a Dherk through humility, and because he wasn't in any style at all, would rather sit "over near the windee," if his honor "pleased;" and

as Mr. Snapper made no objection, this minor detail was arranged. "Well, Shaun, how goes the world end.
"Let in that man," cried Mr. Joyce through that affair, and so on?" And Mr. Snapper smiled—a very meaning smile—and looked at least one hundred ways in one half min-ute of time. He had an advantage in

his eyes, the reader is aware. "In troth, yer honor, I done a grate dale, an' I hope yer honor will considher me, fur I am a poor man, yer

"What does Shanahan say?" "Och, by coorse, he made a poor mouth, an' he said his owldest boy was in the faver, God bless the hearers! an' his owld father was sick, he said; an' he hadn't the money, an so he couldn't.'

'Couldn't and all that, Shaun, eh? Couldn't?"

"Faith, yis—he couldn't. The place looked poor, sure enough—an' 'twasn't like the house o' Shanahans

a bit, an' tellin' the truth!" Well, Shaun, is that your news confound it!—and he couldn't!—couldn't!—I know—then he'll march as the saying is—the rogue's march. He'll march, if he was to carry his father's coffin in the cart, and his son sitting upon it—he'll march—march cried Mr. Joyce Snapper, indignantly

"I hinted that, yer honor," re-turned Shaun a Dherk. "And I tould him that 'twas better fur 'im to offur bekase yer honor couldn't ax id-but he shuk his head, melancholy-like an' he looked in sorrow."

"Well?" "So I said I was sorry for 'im; an, was goin' away, when he called me back agin. 'Shaun,' sis he, 'wur you spakin' to the agint?' 'Me?' sis I, or liked a graceful position is owld or the young—an' the poor stery to the reader;—why he owld man that never shut his dure

"Arrah! yer honor, faith, I was near cryin' myself, so I was—'case you know—Mich have the name of bein' a goed son to th' owld people, an' I'm growin' owld now," said Shaun, with a sigh. "But to make a long story short, yer honor, he looked round the owld house—he was born in the little room where's th' owld father yer honor—an' I saw he wouldn't fly from the nest. 'My father's heart will brake,' he said, 'if I'm turned out; an' he hasn't long to stay wud us now.' An' thin he paused, yer honors—'Yis,' sis he, 'buy the renewal of the lase, and the son of owld Paddy Shanahan will have enough left to berry his father; an' thin he can go out wud his childher an' his wife to beg.' 'Yis—yis,' he said, 'my father shan't never know—never!' He'll be hare to morrow, yer "Arrah! yer honor, faith, I was He'll be hare to-morrow, ver

Shaun, you are Solomon the Wise,' as the saying is; Shaun, there's

golden guinea for you!" "Thank yer honor—yer honor de-sarves all I'm doin, an' I'll do more,

plase God."
"The remains of that Hynes family —and so on—is a great bother; but the vagabond always pays up." "Och, sure, nothin' is asier than

the way yer honor knows."
"What way? asked Mr. Snappe with quite a complacent smile.

'Faith, then, yer honor, 'tisn't I would be better than yer honor, I'm sure. But you know, yer honor, 'tis parties that way that disturbs the pace o' the country always. Little bits o' howldin's that can't stand; an' thin they want to get a change, some-how, an' all that; an' thin they join 'terries' an' the 'boys' you see whin all the time, if the land together, the place 'ud be full o' re-spectable people, an' we'd have pace

an' quietness."
"Shaun, you speak like a man

"Oh yis, yer honor; an' that's the raison you put the powdher in that beggarwoman's son's thatch, that he as transported fur."
"Me?—eh?—what do you mean?—,

what do you mean, eh? "Och, yer honor," Shaun replied,

in a low, confidential tone.
"Sure Grimes an' I wur hand-an-

"Sure Grimes an' I wur name gluv, an' I know'd all of it."
Mr. Joyce Snapper looked full at Shaun, and Shaun looked as open and candid as the sky. Mr. Snapper and candid as the sky. Mr. snapper spiles a little. turned away from the candles a little.

-a very prudent course.

But Mr. Snapper said nothing,—he felt as if the beggarman knew every-thing and every one. He could kill Shaun, and he might attempt it the thought struck him; but to dispute with him was impossible Shaun knew too much, and he looked like adamant, Shaun did.

"An', yer honor," Shaun continued as if nothing at all had occurred, "I hard something about another that you know; faith, this house would look handsomer if a body I know was there! I hardsomething that brings nome the foul murdher o' Mr. Sherin.

is wallet in a poor woman's cabin, Mr. Joyce Snapper absolutely stood where he left more than men that ap. He looked like a man blackening for death. Shaun spoke in so solemn a tone—it looked like accusa-

tion.

'Di you want anything, yer, honor?" said Shaun, very solicitiously. "Can I do anything fur yer honor?" he asked.

"Nothing—nothing. Well, Shaun, yen, were saving something, and so

you were saying something, and so

"I was, sir—yis I was. Gerald

Moore can——"
Mr. Joyce Snapper's heart beat like "Gerald Moore can be convicted by

evidence." "Eh!" cried Snapper, entirely assured. "Eh!—what's that—tell me that again; Moore the proud scholar—the—Moore—eh!"

'Yis.' "How ? Speak, man!" "I know a man that saw him spakin to another; that other swore his book oath the same evening to murdher Sherin, an' appointed the place an' the hour to do it; it was lone at the place an' the hour, an

there is witnesses that can sware it."
"Glory to Shaun a Dherk! you are better than a dozen police and justices of the peace, as the saying is. Where are the people who help

you ! "Och, sir, many a wan I have to help me, becase I thravel the world wide, an' I sees the world's heart— the inside an' the outside, you know Mr. Snapper, an' I know you're loyal —a loyal man, you know, — an' I'm doin' my duty by a loyal man, in helping him to be a magistrate, an'

to keep the pace."
Mr. Snapper was flattered by this speech; but still Mr. Snapper did not

feel perfectly easy.
"Any more, Shaun?" demanded Mr. Joyce Snapper.

"Och, yis—a dale more, yer honor," answered the beggarman. "I have, in a saycret place, something the dead man had about him that night,

an' I got id from Mr. Moore's house. "You have ?—the d——!—eh?" "Throth, I have, thin-an' I paid well for id too."

'What ?'

"A bond."

"A bond !—to whom ?"
"To Skerin, from owld Moore." "For how much ?" Mr. Joyce Snapper burst out laughing; he laughed very heartily.
Never before or since had nor has

Mr. Snapper laughed so loudly. Shaun looked very confounded "Is all your information like that

Shaun—as the saying is?" demanded Mr. Snapper.

"Why, yer honor?" "Because that's not true."

'Not true, Shaun." And Mr. Joyce Snapper's heart dilated, and his chest stretched proudly forth, when he said to Shaun

Shaun, be easy on that matteryou're wrong—I have that bond."
Shaun shook his head.

"I have, Shaun ; I have that bond

shook them.
"A mistake," said Shaun--"a mistake. Ax the people. Shaun a Dherk is always right. You have a copy, may be.

"Yis."

Mr. Joyce Snapper, more proudly still—a little indignantly, in fact—rose from his chair, and rapidly went to a desk—an old fashioned standing mahogany desk. There stood the venerable piece of furni-ture, with all its brass handles up the front and its broad polished breast. It was against the wall be side the mantel piece. The bell-pull hung just near it.

Mr. Joyce Snapper slowly opened the desk; and having put in his hand, without any search, at once— but tenderly, ever so tenderly—he took out a piece of parchment. parchment was nicely rolled and taped—taped with red tape. Solemn-ly, rather, he undid the knot and unolled the parchment. He brought it over to Shaun.

"Now?" said he.
"The copy," said Shaun.

"Why, you omadhawn, as they say 'm one of her majesty's attorney at law. Look at the names, and so on Look at the names, Shaun! Look And he spread the paper broadly over the table.

Shaun a Dherk rose. He stood right between the candles and the window blind, until his figure was perfectly defined upon it; and he struck his stick on the floor as he struck his stick on the floor as he made a step towards the table.

As Shaun looked over the parch ment, there was a shrick from the kitchen which startled Mr. Snapper, and apparently very much startled

"What's that?" said Shaun.

Mr. Snapper, like a courageous man, rushed to the door; but like a cautious man, he stood there. Shaun a Dherk, like a pious man, went on is knees to say his prayers. Having listened for a moment, and heard no-thing below, Mr. Snapper was gain-ing courage, and really opened the door to go down stairs. But at the same moment the window of the drawing room was raised as if by

Snapper's heart sank - he rushed towards the end of the room and cried "Thieves!"

Shaun a Dherk roared "Murdher!" And the people below stairs were crying out anything and everything but no one paid them any attention.

The barrel of a brass blunderbuss now made its appearance at the open window, and was soon followed by the owner, or the bearer, Mr. Snapper's blood curdled in his heart

he thought his hour had come. The burglar was a powerful man— a fellow of light step and proud bear-On his head was a woman's beaver bonnet, and his face was covered with

a crape mask. He laid down the window, walked right into the middle of the room and summoned Snapper to his pres-

"I'm only a poor man as looks for his bit, sir," cried Shaun, "an' have mercy on me this night! Och, sure you wouldn't," continued Shaun sure you wouldn't injure a poor

"Hould your tongue," said the stranger peremptorily. "Hould your tongue, you old spy. Your gray hair saved you many a day an night, or your ould carcass would be feedin' the crows long ago." The fellow spoke quite majestically.

Again he summoned Snapper, and commanded him to go on his knees The land agent shiveringly obeyed but cried for grace. Shaun a Dherk in agony, struck the table on which the bond lay, and cried "Mercy!" The stranger placed the blunderbuss at Snapper's breast.

"If you believe in God," said the assassin, in a solemn tone; "if you belief in God, pray."

'Oh, mercy! mercy!" cried Snap-

pet.
"Villain!" said the stranger; "the graves an' the highways is full of the dead and the broken-hearted, that you tormented an' scourged, an' dhrove from home, an' happiness, an' hope. Oh, you dark, black devil, the curse o' the poor is upon you, day an' night; an' justice is come at last, Pray, if you have a prayer to say." Och one! och one! och one!"

cried the beggarman.
"Spare me," said Snapper, "and
I'll swear—oh, I'll make every amends,
every amends, all amends. I'll swear, 'll swear. Oh, spare me!'

The rebel deliberately, and fastly too, tied Shaun and Snapper together and just as deliberately tied them both to the grate. He then quietlyeven slowly, it was so quietly—he quenched all the lights—the murderer seemed to have conceived some frightful thought. He would not shoot them perhaps—he would beat out their brains, or cut their throats.

Snapper felt a knife at his neck Humbly and fervently, though not loudly, he cried for "mercy."

repeated "Och one! och one!" repeated Shaun a Dherk. "Silence! silence like the grave of poor Brown," said the stranger. "Silence, like the the stranger. "Silence, like the empty cabins of the roadside," he continued, "or by the eternal——you shan't get one minit longer."

Mr. Snapper shook from head to toot. He pushed closer to Shaun a Dherk, who still muttered his low "Och one!"

There was an awful silence. The heart of Mr. Joyce Snapper thumped so loudly at his breast, that it was audible through the whole room.

Having engaged himself for some minute or two about the old desk, and muttered some other threats and curses, the assassin went down stairs. He was determined to be secure. The servants were first to die, or to be prevented from giving the alarm. What moments these were to Mr. loyce Snapper and to Shaun a Dherk?

However five minutes passed, and no one was heard returning; ten minutes passed, no one came; a quarer of an hour, and steps were heard at a distance—a measured tread it was, and of more than one. Steadtily, steadily, the steps approached the land agent's house. A gleam of hope—he knew not why

shot into the soul of Mr. Joyce

Snapper.
At length the steps were heard on the walk approaching the door; and then at the door, and then in the hall, and then on the stairs. There was scrambling, and tumbling, and curs recognized the voices of the police.

"Hurra!" cried the land agent.

Hurra! he cried again. here !" he cried.

God save the Queen!" cried Shaun a Dherk.

Caps knocked against the door frame, and bayonet scabbards against the door, and guns made a frightful noise as they were "grounded" on the floor; and during all the time Mr. Joyce Snapper was laughing—laughing immoderately. He was almost beside himself with joy—a thing not very surprising, we sh think, considering the time he has had.

Why, Mr. Snapper," said the sergeant of police, here is dreadful work indeed. Where are you? Johnston will you strike a light. So Thunders!' cried the sergeant, when he beheld the pair of captives. "Thunders! but the rascals have left you in an awful pickle, sir."

There was no resisting the impulse to a simultaneous roar of laughter. Devil mend him!" said a private in a side whisper to another who an-

wered, "Amen!" Meantime Mr. Joyce Snapper wa liberated, much to his comfort. He was so rejoiced, that for a moment he did not dream of his losses. Shaun a Dherk came beside

and gave him a nudge.
"Let the polis folly him," whis pered Shaun.
"A hundred pounds for his cap

e!" cried Snapper.
'Has he long gone?" " Not a quarter of an hour," re plied Snapper.

What appearance?" "An able-looking vagabond—6 feet No more than one?"

"No more."
"No idea of the direction?" 'Go towards the say," said Shaun Dherk.
"Hold your tongue, you old hum

bug," said the sergeant.
"Ovoch!" said the injured Shaun. "A hundred pound reward!" repeated Snapper.
"Our men!" cried the sergeant,
"on, in the direction of the hills!"

and, with great noise and clatter,
"and so on," they departed.

At the entrance to Mr. Snapper's
yard—that is, at Mr. Snapper's gate—
they met the man who had brought them the information—it was Mr. McCann, the showman. A very loyal man was Mr. McCann; indeed all

Quite right, old fellow!" said the sergeant, recognizing him "there has been the d—l to do at Snapper's.

Who's here with you?"

"Tis a partner o' mine thit kim
ower to look afther me to Squire
Snapper's, and met me here. But I say, sergeant, ain't I goin' to get nothin for my trouble? I was in risk o' me life, so I was."

Why, you turf souled pedlar, did you not run away? and what fear was there of you?" Ah, very well, but had I na gane oop stairs, and had I no gane for ye?

"O, humbug!" said the sergeant; to which saying all the men agreed. "Then ef I tell ye the rood he's

Well ?" said the corporal. "How do you know?" asked the sergeant. I'll tell ye i' ye promise me £10 o

"Done!" answered the sergeant. "Honorably, an' for sartin," re joined McCann.
"Honorably," answered six voices

"Then my partner here seen him comin' out, takin' off his white shirt, an' goin' towards Biddy Browne, the beggar - woman's, where the's

voman dead." Gobs!" said a tall black looking fellow, with a fixed brow, and very black hair; "Gobs!" said he, "Biddy Browne ought to be burned out of

'I always suspected her," said a second.
"And I." said a third.

"Right about!" cried the sergeant.

"March!" said he. And the police proceeded to the "wake" of Peggy Hynes—poor girl. For Peggy had died—and, as she said herself, "had found a mother for her baby."

"Bamember the (10!" was the "Remember the £10!" were the last words which the police heard

from Mr. McCann,—to which they answered by a shout of laughter. Three men were walking by the foot of the Keeper hill by the gray whin dawn of the following morning. They

stood still for a moment, and raised their eyes to heaven—reverently tak-ing off their hats.

"Twas well done !" remarked the eldest — nothin could be done bet-ther. "Gi, me yer hand, avic—that's an honest hand, an' the's an honest heart shind id."

He took a fine looking young man

by the right hand. "Send by a sure man the money to the Shanahans," the same individ-ual continued, "an' lave the ould man die in his cabin, an' the good sor berry his father in pace. You'll make yer forthune by the peelers," he said, turning to the other, "afther

all ye did last night.
"But ain't the three guns I bought —ain't they angels tho '?" asked the man the man last spoken to. "An' you'll go back for your lan

thern to the squire's, won't you?" "Oh ay, faith wull I," was the reply; and for the reward to the police-

office. Wha' fra no?"
"You're an honest man," said the speaker, solemnly, "an' a man u courage. Well, boys," he concluded 'I go on the business of our poor ould counthry. She have only us—God help 'er. Ye know where we meet The agint have a bit of his reward and the Shanahans a bit of justice and I have the bond—thank God!" And they separated.

TO BE CONTINUED

JOHN CARSTAIRS' STORY

The night was wild and stormy just as the day had been a day of

windy violence.
All day long the northwester had blown with terrible force, bringing with it sheets of rain, and lashing the sea into fury. A miserable gloomy day had given place to a wild and stormy night, and yet we four were gathered in the old spot at Muizenburg, for notwithstanding the weather we never missed Thursday night with our great friend, Pat

Mooney.

To night it was impossible to sit under the veranda even though it was on the sheltered side of the house, but we remained in the din-ing room with the window open where we could discern the raging waters and hear the whistling of the wind as it tore round the corners of the house.

Old John Carstairs, usually talkative, full of humor and anecdotes, sparkling with wit, was strangely silent. He kept his gaze upon the water, withdrawing it only occasionally to fix it on a corner of the room where hung a beautiful picture of Mary the Star of the Sea." out a note of warning of his inten-tion he suddenly raised his hand and imposed silence on the group. Then

he began.
"I never see the ocean in storm, not even in its fiercest grandeur, but it brings to me a message of peace. It brings of years ago at once sweet

and sorrowful.

"I've not told any of you that I was not always a Catholic; partly through a false shame, fearing lest it should seem that even for a portion of my life I was not the recipient of those many graces that fall to one of the household of Christ; partly, mostly rather, because of the intinctive distrust that you Irish, Catholic born, bear for a convert. You always look for the 'drop of bad blood, expecting it to develop into rank disobedience to authority, and heresy. You cannot believe that a convert is sincere in his newlyfound convictions, just as he was sincere in the religion of his fathers before he received the grace of con version. For myself, I was born of Scotch parents, brought up as a Presbyterian, fed with the usual anti-Catholic tales of escaped nuns and idolatrous practices, taught see in the Pope a modern anti-Christ, and warned to look for the cloven hoof and forked tale if ever I had the misfortune of meeting

Jesuit.
"Then I migrated to Newfound land, where I entered into business with a young man, an Englishman, as partner. Those were happy days the days of youth. We never made much progress, but were thoroughly loyal to each other, living as brothers bound in the strongest honds of fraternal love.

One day we went out fishing, sport we thoroughly enjoyed, and after a good morning's work, after a hearty lunch, a spirit of contentment stole over me as I lay down for a snooze and began to philosophize. My philosophy was of a primitive sort and always took the same form.

"This was a good world to live in and I was a jolly good fellow. Consequently it was a good thing for me o be alive in this best of all pos sible worlds. At this point my philosophy was interrupted: "Looking osophy was interrupted: up I saw a mild-eyed individual in elerical dress, his white hair hanging in scanty locks over his neck, with an apologetic look upon the hand-some old face.
"'Excuse this intrusion on your

slumbers, sir,' he said, but my trap has come to grief and I need help. Will you be kind enough to assist

me. My name is Dr. Hartman.'
"A short distance off, we discov ered his trap, a light affair, over-turned at the roadside, while a few yards away the gray mare was peacefully browsing. There was no need to call my partner, for in a short while we had righted the trap and harnessed the horse again. With profound thanks the old gentleman mounted his seat and drove off. Long I stood and watched till at a bend of the road I saw him flick his whip and disappear round the cor-



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