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n English village well-cared-for

lish) Court Journal says le furnishes the unusual-le furnishes the unusual-nace of a baronial es-continued for nearly se-s and a half in the heirs ancestor on whom it had lly conferred. Henry in anor to Richard de Tal-k, and his male descal-sided at Malahide ever for a brief period dur-l's time, when they were or seven years.

Is time, when they were or seven years. Journal also says that hall at Malahide is a or with a gash in the which a romantic story which a romantic story which a romantic story which a romantic story there or a story of the sto a wearer of this armor married in Malahide there came a sudden and though the bridewas successful, he him-e fray. This is evident-which forms the subject riffin's poem. The poet escribes how the war-th back from the battle s shield" by his follow-r the young wife

on the meadow, in one ng tide widow, a maid and

the fact-grubber omes the fact-grubber all the romance askew that the bride soon, isoled herself, for, he soled herself, for, he s married twice after lay, the first time six ward. By her second had a son, Thomas Tal-Edward IV. appointed of Malahide and the g, a hereditary honor cessive heads of the fa-the present Lord Talthe present Lord Tal-ide. The lady's third John Cornwalshe, chief ry VI. Dying when ghty, she was buried where her tomb may

## oldsmith's Old Home.

## etter From Very Rev n Kelly, D.D.

ing last week of ing last week of the bunty Council, Mr. Rob-hairman, presiding, the er, addressed to Mr. J. er, addressed to Mr. cretary of the Coun

. Peter's, Athlone 2nd Feb., 1910, venture, through you, attention of the Co. ttention of the Co. stmeath to the present uined residence of the foldsmith, the home of ith's childhood and 'illage precher's 'mod ,'' the house of Wake t Lissory, ''Sweet Au t village of the plain.''



CHAPTER 1. Sheela Molloy had the enviable reputation of being the prettiest girl in all Lisnamore. The daughter of a small and struggling farmer, her were dozens of men to envy Jack Dwyer when Sheela consented to be his wife. Jack was a fairly prospe-rous farmer, and the sole support of his widowed mother. Young, hand admired by the girls of the parish as Sheela was by the boys. "Tis a good girl he's gettin'," the ancient gossips would say, "and well he de-grandfather before him, he is kind."

After a while she felt more at ease. The great man had come down from his pedestal. He was interested in little matters she had thought to be far beneath his notice. She found her tongue, and talked about herself and her own affairs ; and Bellow Moore was an attentive listener. She didn't feel the time passing and was astonished when Jack Dwyer came over and laughin ly informed them that the last dance was commencing. She danced with Jack, and then be escorted her home. He thought her unusually quiet, but said nothing—the excitement had up-set her. he decided. At the gate he kissed her "Good night" and wish-ed her pleasant dreams. His wish was not realised. All night long she lay awake" with strange thoughts running through her mind. Bellow Moore had received many After a while she felt more at

Bellow Moore had received many invitations—some from well-to-do people; yet on the second day of his visit he went, uninvited, to Michael Molloy's humble cabin.

and cooked a couple of chickens and sent Sheela to the village for some dainties. But Bellow set them at ease by saying he disliked dainties and luxuries of every description and by flattering the frugal fare they they placed before him.

informed she was milking the cows. Although warned that his patent-leather boots would be "ruined en-tirely," he betook himself to the turely, he betook himself to the byre and helped to carry home the flowing pails. He remained till nearly midnight; and Sheela, at least, imagined that no evening had ever passed so quickly before. After that he was a constant call-er at Molloy's cabin. His affability endeared him to the old couple and er at Monoy's cann. His anability endeared him to the old couple and as for Sheela, she neglected her fiance and devoted all her time and attention to the new-comer. Jack Dwyer, however, was loath to complain. Moore's holidays would scen avpire and Sheela mea to complain. Moore's holidays would soon expire, and Sheela was in merely trying to make things pleas-ant for him while he was a mongst them. That was Jack's opinion. e he Some of the neighbors took a differ-the st view ond womed look that ent view, and warned Jack that Moore was a dangerous rival; that house was a dangerous rival; that he was endeavoring to win Sheela's affection, and seemed to be succeed-ing. But he was not to-be convinc-ed of that. He trusted Sheela, and would continue to trust her. So he declared time of the time to be

declared, time after time. He soon discovered his mistake Having occasion to cross his neigh-bor's farm one evening after night-fall he, quite unexpectedly, came across Moore and Sheela engaged in Their earnest conversation. Their backs were turned towards him, and they seemed unaware of his presence. No wishing to play the part of eaver dropper, he would have turned away but that he heard his own away out that he heard his own name mentioned. It was Moore who was speaking. "What a fool you'd be, Sheela, to marry a man like Jack Dwyer. A girl with your beau-ty and ability was never meant to be the wife of a clod-hopper." Jack could listen to no more. "You cur "he said and made a

who is to be your

der. "Oh, I quite believe that," said Father Brophy apologetically, "and I'm sorry if my remarks have oi-fended you. No doubt my fears are groundless. It's your welfare and Sheela's I have at heart-I want to see you both happy. I'l marry you on' Sunday next, please God. It's sudden, rather sudden-but your vacation is nearly up, and I don't want to keep you from your work." The marriage was very unpopular. The bride's parents were opposed to it, but were powerless to prevent id-Sheela had a will of her own, and was not slow in asserting it. They had always liked Dwyer, and al-though they had fallen under the spell of magnetism, they would have preferred to see their daughter led der. "Oh, I quite believe that," preferred to see their daughter

dal, and the interloper was denou ced at every fireside in the parish. Jack Dwyer himself seemed the

least concerned of all. The blow had fallen heavily upon him, but he was dazed, and he did not reflize its full significance. "She says she loves him—why then should I interfere?" he would say to the neighbors when they expressed their pity. pity. On the day of the ceremony th

little church was nearly empty, and not a cheer was raised when the happy pair set out on their long journey to England, It was not until Sheela had gone

It was not until Sneela nad gone away-the wife of another-that Jack's sorrow really started. He was a proud, sensitive man, and disliked words of sympathy. For that reason he tried to conceal his grief. But his acquaintances could not help noticing how changed he artel. But his acquaintances could not help noticing how changed he was. Before his misfortune he at-tended all the social gather-ings in the neighborhood, and was always the gayest of the gay. Now he kept at home of a night; and in-minifium allow found to the social soci quisitive callers found him sitting dejectedly by the fire, and some-times with traces of tears in his eyes. In the fields he used to sing eyes. In the fields he used to sing as blithely as a blackbird. Now he as bitney as a blackbird. Now he was sulten and silent, and had only a nod for the passer-by instead of the usual friendly banter. Nobody sumpathized more deeply with Jack than Michael Molloy. Be-ing not door as inhered

year's rent, and he has been threat-ening me with eviction. He has giv-en me six months to pay off the arrears, and with God's help 1'll do it. Of course, I can't make the money here. The cattle are all sold, and I'm not able to pay for help to get in the crops. My only with Jack than Michael Molloy. Be-ing nextdoor neighbors, they fre-quently met; but for many months after the marriage Sheela's name was never mentioned. The old farm-er had tact enough not to rake up so painful a topic. But one Sunday morning, on their way to Mass, Jack, with assumed indifference, in-wirad. quired :

hope is to go with you to England, and save every penny I can èarn." "Tis hard to save money over there," one of them remarked. "Well, I won't waste any-that's certain." said Jack. "I have been playing the fool long enough. Father-Brophy gave me the pledge yesterday and I mean to keep it till my dy-ing day. The old farm must be sav-ed if I have to kill myself with work: But I'm going to come back a live, "Any word from Sheela lately ?" "We get a long letter from her ev-ery week," was the reply. "Is she well-and happy ?" Jack

asked

asked. "She is, thank God," said the old man fervently. "She finds the city a bit strange, but is getting used to

The next time Jack made inquiries the answers were different. "It's over a month since we had letter," Michael said, sadly. ""I

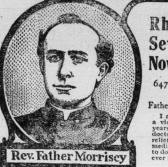
ope there is nothing wrong with ne colleen."

Every day Michael walked to the post office, but the wished-for letter was not there. "It was a black day when Bellow broad dialect that Jack laned to un-derstand—was treating them to a mixture of advice and warning. "By gun! I'm not going to waste money on duffers," he shouted. "If you work well, I'll pay you well, but if I find you shirking, or slip-ming area to the nublic jourge dur

Moore took her away from us," he would say with a sob. People began to whisper that Shee-la's married life was unhappy, that her husband was treating her badly and her, ominous silence, lent col. or to the rumor. Had Jack been sure that his best

but if I find you shirking, or slip-ping away to the public 'ouse dur-ing working hours, or turning out late in the mornings-" He left the sentence unfinished, but his frowning face spoke volumes. "You," addressing Jack, 'you 'ave never worked in this country before. "I'll give you a week to study our methods, and after that I'll hexpect you to be as well up as the others. You must drop your lazy Hirish habits. We work 'ere, mind you. Work-mot shirk." love was contented, he might have overcome his disappointment. But the fear that she was unhappy kept his wound unhealed. It haubted him night and day. He seemed to see her in every dream, and her face was always pale and sorrowful. At work he could think only of her, and the crops and cattle suffered in equence

mind you. Work-not shirk. Fortunately Jack did not grasp the meaning of his words or he would probably have knocked burly Saxon into a cocked hat. He considered his country and his coun-trymen to be above criticism, but Finally, he sought forgetfulness in alcohol While under the influence of liquor he went into company, and was as gay and careless as ever. The neighbors, although glad to have him out amongst them again. greatly regretted his dissipation. To be an anchorite was bad, but to be



'We are used to the work, Jack

but you are not." said one of his companions. "We know what it is to be the slave of the hard-hearted stranger. The harvester has to put up with a lot of suffering in Eng-

up with a lot of suffering in Eng-land, and if the wages are bigger than at home, God knows he earns them. You have always been your own master, and 'twould drive you mad to be cursed and shouted at by a man not half as respectable \_\_as yourself. Take my advice and stop at home."

"But beggars can't be choosers, Patsy," said Jack, with a forced laugh. "I'm no better off now than any of you. I owe the landlord a year's rent, and he has been threat-

help to get in the crops. My only hope is to go with you to England

But I'm going to come back

and pay my debts, and—be what I used to be. We'll only be away six

used to be. We'll only be away six months—and I won't be missed—now that my poor mother is.dead." The following evening they were standing in a large Yorkshire farm yard, and Farmer Brown—in a broad dialect that Jack failed to un-

alive,

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out for England, and Jack Dwyer, hope of attaining it he willingly de-was one of them. The others ap-nied himself every luxury. him.

## CHAPTER IV.

At last the longed-for day arrived At last the longed-for day arrived when Jack and his companions in toil were free to return home. It had been a prosperous season to Farmer Brown, and that gentleman was in a cheery mood as he handed each worker his hard-earned hire. Owing to his strict economy, Jack Owing to his strict economy, Jack had as much as twenty pounds to draw. He felt elated. The little heap of shining sovereigns that he had carefully wrapped in his hand-kerchief would give him a new start in life. As he partook of his dinner for the last time in the gloomy 'Paddy-house'he had hardly a word to say-he was busy drawing up plans for the future. He resolved to work as hard on his own farm as he had done on Brown's, and to trans-form it from a wilderness to a verit-able Eden. The little white-walled house should be renovated, and he would have a neat flower garden be-side the door, same as all the Eng-lish cottiers had. Never again would he touch the drink under any circumstances. He had shunned it now for six months, and felt young-er and stronger in consequence. in life. As he partook of his dinner

er and stronger in consequence. His pleasant musing was cut This pleasant musing was cut short by a call from Brown. He hur-ried out, and met his late employer in the yard. "Look 'ere, Dwyer," the old far-mer said, "I'm willing to give you

a permanent job. I want a reliable man to look after the cattle during the winter. You won't need to work so hard as in summer, and, besides, I'll provide you with com-fortable diggings in my own 'ouse.'' Jack politely declined to accept his offer, and explained the reason for doing so.

his offer, and explained the reason for doing so. "Oh! I wasn't aware you had a farm of your own," Brown said, "I hope you'll get over your diffi-culty, and succeed as well as you hexpect. If you don't, come straight to me. I'll give you a constant tack any time." Having, thanked him Jack joined

Having thanked him, Jack joined his waiting comrades, and, with light hearts, they set out on their homeward journey. On reaching Li-verpool, they found they had a few hours to spend before the boat sail-od, Luck erranged to meet his mate thanked him, Jack joined ed. Jack arranged to meet his mater ed. Jack arranged to meet his mates at the pier at eight o'clock, and then went off with the intention of taking a ramble through the city. As he quitted Exchange Station his heart was beating wildly. At any moment he might meet Sheela. He

moment he might meet Sheela. He did not wish to speak to her; he merely longed to see her; to know if she looked happy or miserable. For an hour he walked up and down the bright, fashionable streets eagerly scanning the faces of the well-dressed folks who hurried along. He glanged through the window of every passing carriage, half expect-ing to catch a glance of Sheela and her husband. But every face was unfamiliar. Feeling fatigued, he took her husband. But every face was unfamiliar. Feeling fatigued, he took to the by-streets, where he could stroll leisurely, without being jostl-ed by a selfish throng. He reached a third-rate music hall, and paused to watch the long queue of people patiently waiting for the doors to be opened. Half a dozen young women were improving the shining hour hy hawking fruit and cakes. hour by hawking fruit and cakes. "Three oranges a penny—only a penny," one of them called out. Jack started. There was something very familiar about that voice. He could detect the melodious roll. He could detect the melodious roll. And looked at the orange girl's coun-tenance. His heart gave a great bound—it was Sheela! He staggered against the wall and rubbed his eyes. Surely he must hour by hawking fruit and cakes. rubbed his eyes. Surely he must be dreaming. He had expected to see her in a carriage, dressed in fine clothes. Could it be possible that she was really earning her livelihood in the gutter?

any person who is the sole head of a family, or any make over 13 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-tion of 160 acres, more or less. Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is stuncted. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the enther, mother, son, daughter, bro-ther or sister of an intending boxes steader. The homesteader is required to per-form the conditions connected there with under one of the following love for his native country, and was

plane: (1) At least aix months remdemo-spon and suitsvetion of the land in such year for three years, (2) If the father (or mother, If the father is deceased) of the house-black reides upon a farm in the steinity of the land artered for, the Lisnamore. Lisnamore rose to the occasion. A bonfire blazed on the gair-green, and the inhabitants turned out in their hundreds to welcome their noted townsman. Bellow, of course, had never been lionized like that before, but he took it as if it were an eve-ryday occurrence. His superior air and condescending smile were simply ublime He had changed considerably. The He had changed considerably. The brogue was gone. He spoke with that strange, mongrel accent that only the Irishman who is ashamed of being an Irishman speaks. He was much taller, and assumed a scholarly stoop. The rustic ruddiness had left his cheek. But he still re-tained most of his early good looks, and had he been less vain and effe-minate, no girl could have been blamed for falling in love with him at first sight. "Was much taller, and assumed a schoolarly stoop. The rustic ruddiness had left his check. But he still retained most of his early good looks, and had be been leess vain and efferminate, no girl could have been blamed for falling in love with him it first sight." The first partner chosen by the hero of the hour. was Sheela diace. The first partner chosen by the hero of the hour, was Sheela was by far the pretiset girl there. It was a high honor, and Sheela was moto stit. There was a high honor, and Sheela was fully conscious of it. There was a first dance of the your schede and honored. No first dance over, Bellow was glad when others paid a tribute to her beauty."
The first dance over, Bellow Moore complained of fatigue, and let. Sheela to a moasy bank, as short disturbed his hore there. The was not girl of sealary. "Shella has no experience of eity more there was not so optimistic. "Sheela has no experience of eity is a mode for fatigue, and let the girl, Father-that's all need say," was the laconic rejoinThe first dance over, Bellow Moore complained of fatigue, and let Sheela to a moasy bank, as short disturbed his her crowd. The girl was I need say," was the laconic rejoinSheela to a moasy bank, sa short disturbed his her crowd. The girl was I need say," was the laconic rejoin-

be forgotten for howrs, while the young farmer 'whispered to his fair companion the old sweet story of love that should never end. It is an old proverb, and perhaps a wise one, that hasty marriages en-til logiculty scenario.

a wise one, that hasty marriages en-tail leisurely repentance. But cer-tain it is that if Jack had only act-ed contrary to it the melancholy events I have to narrate would not have taken place. He and Sheela had been engaged about six months and men engaged 10-12 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL irers of the Famous D. H. W mels and Everton Toffee. Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal PHONE MAIN 5301

He and Sheela had been engaged about six months, and were soon to be married, when Bellow Moore ap-peared or reappeared on the scene. Moore was the only son of the vil-lage schoolmaster. Being rather de-licate as a child, his parents petted and spoiled him. At school he had no friends : his vanity and overbear-ing ways found no favor with the simple peasant lands. The boy had simple peasant lands. The boy had one redeeming quality-he was apt pupil. In a few seconds he an one receering quality-ne was an apt pupil. In a few seconds he could master a problem that would puzzle his mates for an hour. As a consequence, he was often at the top of the class—and that did not tend to

the class—and that did not tend to lessen his unpopularity. In his early teens Bellow Moore showed signs of literary ability. He took to writing topical verse, and it found its way into the "Poet's Cor-her" of the local weekly. Old stor-ies that were told by the fireside he liched into shore, and they too an

ated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's Heil, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald Mc Shane, P.F.; Presitient, Mr. H. J Kavanagh, K. C.; 1st Vice-Presi-dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corres-ponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Ber-mingham; Recording Secretary, Mr T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Se-cretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-shal, Mr. P. Conrolly. licked into shape; and they, too, ap-peared in all the glory of print. Publicity fanned the flame of his va-nity. His egotism grew intolerable, and his acquaintances, although they and ins acquaintances, although they appreciated his writings, never praised them in his presence. At eighteen—chiefly through good luck, and partly through his knowledge of shorthand—he obtained a berth in the office of a Liverpool daily. In the latters to his forther he In the letters to his father

boasted of the fame and fortune he swinning in England, and the gentleman proudly lent them to literate and read them to the Synopsis of Canadian North-Wes illiterate. When the news went round that he was about to publish

his works in book form, the Lisna more folk were agreeably excite Writing stories and poetry for the papers was an ordinary affair—half a dozen youths and maidens in the a dozen youths and maidens in the parish were doing it — but being the author of a book was a great and unusual distinction. The little volume arrived in due coarse. It received a favora-ble review in the local paper, and was eagerly read by old and young. Those who had before withheld their praise openly boasted of the fact that Bellow Moore was a fel-low-townsman, and hoped he would soon revisit home, so that they might make amends for their former ap:thy. Bellow, however, had little lows for his native country, and was

in no hurry to see it again. Four annual holidays were spent in Lon-don, and it was only after an ab-sence of five years that he honored Lisnamore

serves her; like his father and his grandfather before him, he is kind-hearted and neighborly." Jack's farm bordered on Molloy's and he had many chances of meet-ing his sweetheart. Often in the pleasant days of summer would he fling down his spade or scythe and jump the boundary ditch with a hearty "God speed ye, Sheela" to the blushing girl, who, more by de-sign than accident, had wandered there while in search of a wayward duck or goose. And the bird would be forgotten for howrs, while the

Michael and his wife, poor souls, were overwhelmed with embarrass-ment. If they had onlu known he was coming they would have killed and cooked a count of the source of t

He inquired for Sheela, and was

"You cur," he said, and made a rush towards his rival.

But Sheela threw herself between them. "Oh, Jack, you mustn't harm him," she said. "Sheela," said Jack, hoarsel

led The bridegroom's 'relations were equally dissatisfied. They thought it sheer madness for a rising author to wed an ignorant and penniless girl. But the rising author ignored their adventions. The meregenet their admonitions. The general pub-lic considered the marriage a scan-dal, and the interloper was denoun-

of the pla ts gate is the ancie ts gate is the ancient from which it takes it the Goldsmith wrote to -law, Daniel Hodson: Hampstead Hill, that payse actabliched -law, Daniel Hodson Hampstead Hill, that never established ent prospect. I confest nen I had rather b the little mount befor and there take in the pleasing horizon is old chimney, which sold chimney, which capacious fireplao sat the groups depic icar of Wakefield" an <u>Village</u>," is gone. The mere shell, and a zim as been erected with of the famous o t creditable to Wes as been crected with e of the famous of t creditable to We ally when Councils a advertise their touril e is probably no mo of the past in Wes the old home of the liver Goldsmith. Man there every year fro land. America, a o visit, this shrine re they to find its n ion ? It occurs to n Council might recer ion ? It occurs to Council might re-ere ev and fireplace, re photos, remove to suard the walls whi rely yours. approved of Dean B d suggestions, and tter to the Secreta teps could be taken

visiantly of the land attered for, the exhistence of y such persons may be sublished by such persons residing with the father or mother. (8) If the mettler has his perma-nent resteres upon farming lands wound by him in the visinity of his formestand the requirements as to the the setter has be antisted by rest-tenets upon mid-land. Bit mouths' motion in writing thould be given the Generalisations of formition to apply for patent. W. W. OORY, Dopving Ministers of the Attention. R.B.-Unawthorised publications of the advertisement with not be paid by.

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me ?" Her eyes fell to the ground. "I'm sorry, Jack, she said. "I--I'm going to marry Bellow Moore."

a drunkard was ten times worse. "'Tis a terrible pity," they would say, "to see him takin' to the drink —him that was always so sober and

Father Brophy could scarcely be-lieve his ears. "Has Sheela really consented to marry you?" he asked. "Certainly she has," Bellow Moore replied. "Surely, you don't think I'm jesting, Father." "Oh, no. But it's wanshed, and the grey hairs were making their appearance. Like its owner, the farm had altered for the yearse. Jack had been noted for his model farmer. Now he seemed to take no interest in his work. The

trymen to be above criticism, but learned later that it was necessary for the toiling exile to listen quietly to many an offensive remark. Jack soon found that his com-rades had not exaggerated when they spoke of the hardships endured by the ligh barvester Most of they spoke of the hardsmap ended by the Irish harvester. Most of their English 5:dow-workers were married, and had their own homes to go to when the day's work was over, and those that were single lodged at the farmhouse. But the Irishmen had only a "Paddy-house" to choltor thom

mind you. Work-not shirk.

A "Paddy-house" is to be found on many English farms. It is usu-ally a wooden shed, containing only a few discarded cooking utensits, and sacks of straw for sleeping on and sacks of straw for sleeping on. In this dismal abode the average Irish harvester is obliged to live during the summer and autumn. From the time he goes home-gener-ally in October-till his return the ally in October-Ull his return the following spring, his lodging is uti-lized for sheltering cattle. And yet the English farmer reads a chapter of his Bible every night, and would be highly indignant if one charged him with not doing unto others as would have them do unto him Jack Dwyer proved to be a will-ing and skilful worker. Farmer Brown never praised any of his men -he considered it had policy to do -he considered it had policy to do so-but he showed his appreciation of our here by not scolding him. as he did the others. He carried out his resolve not to spend any more money than was absolutely neces-sary. On Saturday evenings his mates used to go to the red-brick village down in the valley and en-joy a well-earned spree. But Jack remained alone in the hut. He had a grand object in view-the saving of his ancestral home-and in the

It was Sheela, undoubtedly, but how different from the girl he had loved and lost long years before. Her face was still beautiful, but it look-ed bold and cupning, and there was a strange light in her bir hine eyes. For fully five minutes Jack stood in the shadow of a doorway, with his eyes on the girl who, had al-most ruined his life. Had he found her as he expected to find her-a

(Centinued on page 0.7