

OBITUARY

LIBTY—Estab- 1856; incorp- 1840. Meets in 2 St. Alexan- day of the eets last Wed- lev. Director. P.P. President. at Vice-Pres- 2nd Vice, E. W. Durack; ary, W. J. ecretary, T. P.

. & B. SO- second Sun- St. Patrick's street, at 8.30 Management on the first month, at 8 Rev. Jas. Kil- P. Gunning; onnell, 412 St.

, Branch 26 November, 1888. New Hall, (In- St. Catherine's regular meetings of business are 4th Wednes- ath, at eight s: Spiritual Killoran; Chan- dy; President, Vice-President, Recording Se- polan, 16 Over- c. Sec., E. J. Secretary, J. t. Urban st; elly; Marshal, rd, J. A. Har- W. A. Hodg- D. J. McGills, Jas. Cahill; H. J. Harri-

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COCOA MOST ECONOMICAL

Arthur Content, areal, give notice to the legislature next session, for w authorizing the of the Associe- of the Province of ing the said As- me amongst its I cause my name the secretary and and arrears pay

R CONTENT, or 13, 1906.

STITUTIONS SIGNS. SPS DONE. PPLY TO

A Broken Bramble

(By Seumas O'Kelly, in Donahoe's.) Even the blackbird that perched on a swaying bramble looked with round eyes on her without the thought of fear. And seeing that none else was near he shook out his wings, wiped his yellow beak smartly on the bramble, now on one side and then on the other, stood as straight as a soldier at attention, filled out his throat, much as a piper might fill his bag, and poured out an evening melody. It fell and rose with the breeze and the swaying bramble and throbbed its echoes away over the purple hill lightly tipped with the first crimson glow of the sun going down in the west.

She looked up and smiled. That melody had come in on the peace of the evening without breaking it. It was an accompaniment to the glory of the close of the day and to her thoughts. So she dropped the stocking she was knitting in her lap, for a minute, looked over to the hedge, and smiled at the black-coated, red-beaked songster, swaying on the bramble. Yes, it was a very peaceful day and a very, very, beautiful evening.

The song stopped suddenly, and the blackbird, with a cry of fright, flew away over the hill clothed in the crimsoning veil of the evening light. A footstep was breaking the silence in the field the other side of the hedge. The breeze brought over the hedge to the ears a deep, heavy sigh—the longing of some weary heart. And her own bosom heaved in response a deep sigh—the longing of some weary heart awakened from the drowse of a great peace.

Then a man came out the gap in the hedge and broke the bramble on which the blackbird had swayed and sung.

He was a very tall young man, with a rugged face, red hair, and great broad shoulders and chest. His eyes were large and fearless, and ever a puzzle. One never knew whether they were a dark blue or a deep grey; and they were ever reflecting the thoughts of a busy mind. He stood still and took in that scene—the thatched house with the wealth of rose leaves and roses trailing over the white of the walls, the big stone seat near the door, and the woman with the round sweet face, the auburn hair, and the sensitive lips, knitting a stocking. She looked up, saw the man, and with a start rose from her seat.

"God bless the work, Honor," he said, walking over and taking her hand in a grip like a vise. "The same to you," she said, smiling a bright smile of welcome. She was conscious of a strained, unusual manner about Con McDermot. "Were you at the fair?" she asked. "I was," he said. "'Twas a good fair, and we sold early. So did your father—I was speaking to him, and your mother told me she left you at the home to mind the house."

"She did; 'twas easy to mind it, and I have everything ready for them when they come home. I know it's tired they'll be after the hardships of the day and night. Did they sell?"

"They did. He got thirty-five shillings for the hoggets and thirteen pound for the milcher."

"Thank God! It was as much as the was saying he'd get. What's delaying them?"

"I don't know. I was about the first home."

"Won't you come in," said Honor, brightly, "and have a cup of tea? The kettle is singing this quarter of an hour on the fire, and I have a cake the height of your knee in the oven. You must be hungry."

"I'm not then. I couldn't eat a bit if you were to pay me."

"Oh, nonsense! You must be starved. And besides I want to hear all the news. Sure you must be full of it after the day. The whole countryside is talking of marriages."

A cloud passed over Con McDermot's face, leaving a drawn line on his lips, and his eyes glowed like coals in the dark.

"I heard no news," Con said rather shortly. "And what's more, I don't believe in match-making at all."

Just the very thing she had been thinking that very evening! But she was not going to give her thoughts away, and especially to Con McDermot.

"Well, and don't you? That's queer. Sure it's not going to be an

old bachelor you are, Con?" she asked archly, putting her beautiful head a little to one side.

"I don't know," he said gloomily. As he spoke the light in his eyes went deep and dark and a cloud seemed to settle on his brow.

If Honor could only know the news that had driven him home from the fair like a bird fleeing before a hawk! "Tess McFadden was telling me she expected a great match of it; some man near Athenry with a new two-story slate house and up to forty acres stocked with the best."

"Yes, but I heard 'tis broken," he said. "There! I knew you had news. But that's the way with the men—they never tell a body anything."

"I had forgotten it. I was thinking of something else."

"I knew that, too. It's easy for a body to see you are troubled. What's on your mind, Con?" She asked the question with a softening voice, a tender appeal in the clear eyes, and a delicate color mounting on the sweet round face that made hope beat in Con McDermot's breast like a clap of thunder this very day. "Did you ever see the dark, forbidding-looking hill that frowns down on Killmeen? Well, I felt just as that hill looks on the world, when it came upon me. I thought the clouds should be thick and black on Slieve Dubh, but there was the sky as clear as the water above on Loughbellshragh!"

"The Lord be praised! but what happened you?" Honor ejaculated. Con McDermot took one of her hands in his, and his hand was as hot as fire.

The blackbird had come back again to the hedge. He had found another swaying bramble to sing on—but, oh! where's the heart to sing to when it is broken? Where is the music of a shattered lute or the swelling chords of a harp with its strings torn asunder?"

The hill above was now entirely clothed in a great spreading cloak of crimson and the sky behind it one broad wealth of shining gold. The blackbird poured out a melody from his flexible throat and a whispering breeze that went by had in it the delicate perfume of blossoms newly-opened to the soft dew.

"Honor," said Con, and that one softly spoken word—that ejaculation with the suppressed emotion—that name enshrined in a human heart as a sacred treasure, coming from the warm lips of the generous, overmastering love—that whispered exclamation that blended with the deep melody of the liquid song of the blackbird and floated on the perfumed breeze that played around freshly opened blossoms—how much did it say! Con was conscious that his love, his heart, his joy, the one great secret of his life, had gone out in the world. Honor knew it. It went straight to her heart, wakening up a thousand answering emotions, the blood suffused her face and set the sensitive lips twitching in tender sympathy. Two lives that had gone on beckoning to each other

invisibly—two loves instinctively drawn together, two longings gushing to meet and mingle and become dissolved in each other had reached the threshold of bliss and unity. Then?

The blackbird ceased his song, gave a cry of fright and fluttered away from the swaying bramble, over the hill; the light that glorified the heaven and the earth paled and grew grey; the breeze sharpened and lost the delicate perfume of the freshly-opened blossoms; the silence was broken. A car came rumbling up the road with grinding wheels, and a man's strong, rough, jerky, half-drunken voice was roaring—

"So fill up my cup and fill up my can, There are good things in store, I'm a fortunate man, For Gladstone is back, and I still an M.P., By the laws of the land, for the town of Tralee."

Con let Honor's trembling hand go quickly, and without a word he was striding over the hill which the sun had left desolate. The car turned in at the gate and Honor's father jumped off.

"A curie," he said, "are you tired waitin'? But don't be uneasy. We brought something home that will make you the proudest girl in the parish—aye or in the country if it went to that."

"Father," said Honor reproachfully, "I asked you not to take drink, and you broke your promise."

"Musha, what did I take? A thimbleful! Maybe it's to insult the man that bought the hoggets I'd do."

Honor's mother came over and kissed the girl on the now pale cheeks. "Oh, it's the news we have this day!" she said. "We made the best match of the year for you. Mr. Tom Moloney, no less. He broke with Tess McFadden and we have all settled for you."

"Mother!"

A big, sturdy man, with a very black whisker, who had also got off the car, came over.

"Is this Honor?" he asked. "Tis, in troth. A better girl does not stand in the country. This is to be your husband—Mr. Moloney—Honor."

Honor shook hands mechanically with the stranger.

"Come on in," said her mother, "until we see what she has for us; we are all starved."

Honor wakened up and led the way in, and gave a supper to the hungry people that pleased them beyond measure.

"Indeed I see I made no mistake," said Tom Moloney, looking proudly at Honor.

"Too good she is for you," said her father, roughly. "Now, father!" said Honor, severely.

"Oh! You needn't be afraid I'll frighten him; the bargain is made and he must stick to it!"

Tom Moloney laughed the words over as a joke, and they all drew down to the big, roaring fire on the hearth, the men smoking. And Honor went about the house, tidying up after the meal, silent and grave.

"My husband; my husband; my match made; Con gone over the hill with the truth unspoken!" These words danced before her eyes and throbbled through her brain. She stole quietly into her little bedroom, knelt down, and thought it all out. And while she knelt there her heart was silently broken. The bramble on the hedge on which the blackbird had swayed and sung snapped and cracked when it broke, but no sound came from Honor when the love in her heart was crushed and broken while it was yet opening up in beauty, sweetness, and tenderness to the soft love-dew falling from heaven like the blossom that filled the whispering breeze with delicate perfume.

It is hard to do housework with a sobbing heart. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause, Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world. But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

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will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. F. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."

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LITERARY REVIEW

NEW MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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