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BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

- - - WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1901.

"Who'd ever thought of that !" interupt- The Honor of Shaun Malia. grew very chilly and Shaun put a fresh piece Poetry.

ed a chorus of voices, as Ralph's scheme suddenly flashed upon them."

"As I was saving it is just the thing for s to make use of on "Bloody Monday." gone
A purblind novice, striving in the dawn
Of learning's fuller day to spell a page
Now read of schoolboys; yet each later age,
Old problems solving, others still muss Life's surface-puzzles change as years roll And questions new successive times engage.

One problem only constant is, the same
In this our day as then on Sinai's hill
Jehovah spake athwart the lightning's excited query of a number of the boys. "The president of the class, of co How live my life? Its one solution still: leed not the babble of men's praise or But love thy God, and do His sacred will.

The sparrow falls, a brief life quickly ended, Some wanton hand has blotted out the thought of him !" exclaimed Ralph. sun, The throbbing pulse of life for aye suspended, Unheeded and unmourned except by One. "Your Father careth" for a sparrow falling, His eye hath marked the dying agony Which rent the veil of life with throbs apcause his death, and the class would be his

And choked forever its sweet symphony. "He has so far recovered as to get the en-Poor fluttering heart! at rest at rest for ever.
Life's fitful fever ended soon for thee,
So speedily for thee its cords must sever;
Was it to set thy tunefulness at liberty?
We know not, little bird. Thy Maker
knoweth:
We only understand he loves and cares;
His brooding spirit like the wild wind blow-

Interpreting all dumb, beseeching prayers. If He so care for these weak, tiny creatures, O, soul distressed! doth He not care for thee? Can He not read in all thy anguished fea-Thy mute appeal against the things that "Your Father careth," cease thy vain re-

pinings;
All that thou needeth He will send to forneoon for some of the glory." Mercy and love through all the intertwinings Of the mysterious working out of His

Select Literature.

Visiting Cards, Business Cards, How Hazing Was Stopped. or any Special Order

Try as hard as they might the profe Bradford were powerless to stop hazing in the famous old institution. It seemed as much a part of the undergrading life as No one could tell when the custom originated and surely no one had prophetic vision keen enough to predict when it would end. To all appearances the spirit of hazing was a part of the college endowment. As class after class graduated, the traditions of sophomore daring increased until it

became the ambition of every underclassman to leave a record of "Bloody Monday" doings unsurpassed by any previous class.
"I tell you, fellows," exclaimed Ralph Gilman, the son of the president, leaning against the bookcase in Cyrus Downing's on, where they had gathered for consul ation the Saturday before the memorable 'Bloody Monday" "I tell you we must do comething out of the ordinary this year. There's no use talking, we must eclipse last In Flour we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Five Diamonds, Marvel, Perfection, Hurona, Pride of year's class or we'll be the laughing stock of the college. Got any plans, you fellows !"

Huron, Glengarian, Campania, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose annd Goderich. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian younger than most of the others present, slowly arose. It was "Billy" as the boys In Feed we have Meal, Corn Chop, Feed Flour, Middlings, Moulie, Bran, Chop Feed and Oats. called him. William Dunlap, who, to pay his way through college, did various odd jobs for different members of the faculty. "Well, Billy?" as Ralph gave him the floor. "Hope your plan isn't anything rash -we don't want to run any risks," and he smiled meaningly to Tom Ellis and Carl Whitman on the sofa.

> thought it would be." He rested his left hand on the table beside him. The eyes of all the class were curiously turned his way. "The fact-or rather my plan, is to do

away entirely with "Bloody Monday" night, and to stop hazing this year, and then to use our influence to prohibit it being practised in college in the future." A murmur of surprise went round the room, followed by determined head shaking.

as a class, and a member of it the son of the college president?" exclaimed Ralph frown-

"That-that's one of the reasons why I suggested the plan," continued Billy calm-"That a member of the class is the esident's son-and if the contemptible practice (you know the indignities we were subjected to last year) is ever to cease, it's the time now to act. You know how the fac ulty feels about it, and how it worries Presint Gilman and-and the disgrace of it all. I say it ought to stop-it's gone far enough." The only Provincial Fair in the There was silence for a moment in the room. Ralph was the first to speak.

"I partly agree with the gentleman who spoken-hazing isn't a covetous honor to the school, I admit. I think we lost a umber of students this year just on that ount. You know the Packard boys went o Tipton, and three of the class who graduted from Hudson entered Know. If it's thought best after this year to act as Billy proposes we'll do it, but not this fall. Five Days' Racing. Trotting, Pacing and Sunning for purses amounting to over \$3000. They'd all say 'twas because I was a sopho Running for purses amounting to over sound.

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splendid programmes of other years. The leading European and American artists.

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Railways and Stambasts. more, and I was compelled by my father's position to persuade the class to give up hazing, and that would put us all in an unavorable position! I for one am strenuous y opposed to taking any such action as ould lead to such a conclusion.

"So am I !" "And I !" "And I-we all "No; we are not-at least I'm not !" and Billy remained firm in the attitude he had

said Ralph, after quiet was again restored. "Now, if there is no other plan for next Monday, I have a proposal to make. "By Monday night the workmen will ave got the ditch dug from the street in as far as North College, where they are going to lay the pipe for the new bath rooms, and

"Go on-go on !" shouted others who had not comprehended the plan. "Ralph has the floor."

We can take the fellows-not all, of course, but only the freshest"-and stand them up in a row in the ditch, and fill the earth in around them, leaving only their heads exposed. 'Twill be great when the fellows get about in the morning—to see the campus grown up heads !" "Whom had we better put in ?" was the

George Petersonn, and Frank Clarke and Charles Mason-'twon't do to leave him out -Henry Hammond and-anybody suggest Edward Stanley-what's the matter

He nustn't escape-wonder I hadn't Billy hurriedly, "it would be the death of

from our own preparatory school," interrupted Ralph, sarcastically. "I guess he can stand it if the other fellows can. From 11 or 12 o'clock till daylight isn't longthere will be enough about to dig them out by that time !" "I'm sorry for one thing, boys, that is, I

can't be with you during the whole perform-11.30 express to do an errand for father. He wants me to take an invitation to Judge Cornish—he's the oldest member of the trustees, you know-to be present at the dedication of the new library. But I'll get some of the fun, and will be back the next

"Yes, we must put in Stanley," whispered Ralph, determinedly, on Monday even-ing after they had buried up to his head be the next man in-quite an honor to be next the president, yes, Stanley's an honor tables.

"Come! we must hurry!" looking at his watch. "I want to see one more in-Stanley's the man." "I-I'm willing to submit to anything,

gentlemen, that won't injure my health," declared Stanley calmly, as the sophomores led him to the ditch, "but to put me in there in my condition would be-" interrupted Ralph, tying his arms.

"Ready!" And they lifted Stanley in and began throwing the earth about him.
"There—good bye, fellows. Must hurry to catch my train. Wish I could see it out. Enjoy yourselves." And he was off. "Weren't they a sight though?" laughed Ralph Gilman, as he sat in the train the next forenoon, on his way back to Bradford. "Twas the most comical thing I ever saw." "All about the hazing-awful accident-

told in the Jeurnal-three cents a copy called the newsboy as he entered the train Ralph almost sprang from his seat. "A Journal, please." "With trembling hands he hurriedly held the paper before him. His eye caught the headlines, The paper dropped to the floor. "Freshman Killed by Hazing !"

"It-it's Stanley-oh! and I-" He made a motion again to take up "I-I can't-I know it all-no use to read

it !" And he raised his hands to his head. "I-I am to blame, and father at the head of the institution-that makes it doubly culpable. Oh father !" and Ralph bowed his head on the seat in front of him and didn't look up till he heard the breakman call, Bradford, Bradford !" Almost too weak to stand Raiph picked

up his grip and started for the door. "The police will be there when I get off," ught, and he could see his father's haggard face among them. "I could have used my influence to prevent it—the boys didn't want to put Stanley in."

"Why!" Ralph stopped almost dazed. "There's nobody here—only the usual number of passengers going to Carville. They probably telegraphed to hold me at Auburn, and missed me. "Carriage ? Have a carriage ?"

But Ralph preferred to walk. "I'll get there soon enough without riding," he groaned as he left the platform. Billy was the first one he met on reaching

exclaimed Billy, reaching out his hand to

"Needn't try to hide it, Billy. I know all about it. What have they done. Any of the others injured? Seen father?" "Saw him at prayers-same prexy he was yesterday. But what do you mean by the others being injured, and all that sort of

thing ?" "Why, Stanley-he-he's dead !" "Dead! Nonsense! He was alive enough only ten minutes ago, and that's saying a good deal after one's been in Professor Taylor's class for an hour."

"I-I thought-haven't you seen the "Oh, I see! Why man, that was not Stanley. In fact, it wasn't anyone here, it was at Hartland. Prexy-excuse me-Dr. Gilman spoke of it at prayers. Didn't you

read the whole account ?" "No; I thought 'twas Stanley." "It might have been, if after the boys had gone I had not-" Did-did you release them ?" interupted Ralph, catching hold of Billy's arm, his tone

a tremulous prayer of thankfulness. each other." That—that will be the last hazing at

Bradford !" exclaimed Ralph with tears in his eyes, "If I can help it." It was -- and not even the faculty understood the reason for it. Only Billy knew the reason why the president's son used every influence in his power to eradicate

yourself you are making character for pos- her, for after nightfall she comm

AN IRISH STORY. (John A. Foote, in the "Catholic World

*Of the terrible periods of starvation that swept over Ireland, beginning in the year 1845, the famine of 1848 will be remembered as the most destructive and devastating. While the suffering in the congested districts of the larger cities was widespread, yet, to counterbalance this, there was in these places an organized system of relief conducted along both public and private lines. It was in the small hamlets and among the isolated tenantfarmers that the famine wrecked the greatest

philanthropists to give aid. a barren tract of land, in the mountain region, as best he could by the turf light, his eyes some twenty five miles north west of Cork.
There he lived with his wife and child for the five years that had ensued since the death of Captain Sanderson. This death "Edward Stanley-why boys," interposed marked an epoch in Shaun's hitherto uneventful life; for the old captain and his him—to be kept out all night exposed in that way! Don't you know he has just recovered from a dangerous illness—it would son Manor. A typical country "equire" of an ardent sportsman, and a poor business man. His estates were so heavily encumbertrance prize away from Dick Farwell, who's ed at his death that his son despaired of reclaiming them, and consequently they passed

into other hands. With the passing of the old family, Shaun lost his position as gardener, for the manor house was boarded up after the sale and the Sanderson family moved away. Many a time afterwards, while tilling the soil of his stony farm on the mountain-side, he sighed for the ance on Monday night -- have got to take the good old days of the easy going captain. It was hard work, the markets were far away, at the longest." and rent-day came with certainty whether the crop proved good or bad.

It had been a weary enough struggle since the first famine year to keep starvation away, but now, with the failure of the potato crop through the blight, the end seemed very near. For a while they managed to subsist on the half-decayed potatoes that they dug from the ground, but Shaun knew that this must soon be made ill by the decaying vege- ve're a brave man to come an' tell me."

hausted when little five-year-old Mary fell ill. The first day of her sickness Shaun sat plazed with his money, for 'twas not ours. by her bedside, motionless, a despairing glare An' sure he knew best anyhow. Don't be in his eyes, and his pale, bearded face haggard with both mental and physical anguish. Maggie, his wife, with a wistful smile on her wan face, sought to comfort him with words of hope as the night wore on; but in the gray hours of dawn, when she thought that he was sleeping, she stole softly out of the cabin. When he followed her he found her leaning against the window-ledge, sobbing

as if her heart would break. "Come, Maggie, machree," he said; "s it'll de ve no good to be actin' this way. I was thinkin' uv a plan just whin ye wint out, an' whin the daylight comes I'll thry it." Drying her eyes confusedly, she allowed him to lead her back to the dwelling, while he eagerly unfolded his plan.

"A good many years ago," he said, "I had a chance to do a favor fur a great an' good man-a priest now he is, in the City of Cork. At the time he told me if I ever needed a friend to write to him. Maybe he's orgotten me, but it'll do no harrum to thry an' see. So whin the daylight breaks, I'll walk to the village, an'-although God knows it'll go against me to do it-I'll beg the price uv the paper an' postage, an' write to him. "It's a long way to the village-a good eight miles," she said, dubiously; "an' ye're

not sthrong." "Yes," he answered wearily, as he sat on the side of the bed where the sick child lay tossing uneasily, "it's a long way, but it's our last chance. We must thry and save

With the first glint of the rising sun he made ready to depart, and he kissed the child before leaving. Maggie followed him to the door and laid her hand on his coat sleeve with a pathetic little gesture. "Are ye sure ye have the strength, Shaun?" she said. "Ye know Pat Murray, the ould man, started for the village two days ago,

Shaun looked at her curiously as he noticed her hesitation.

found him along the road yesterday. But don't worry. I'm sthrong, an' I'll be back o night, with the help of God. Good-by !" She stood in the door, crumpling her worn apron in her hands, and watching him until ne was swallowed up in the hazy mist of the dawn that covered the valley and made the landscape a nebulous blur. A cry from the sick baby drew her into the cabin. She smoothed the little sufferer's tangled auburn Ralph. "You look as though-why, man, looks and moistened her fevered lips with water. Then, taking her in her arms, she crooned a soothing air until the child slept. It was night when Shaun returned, dragging his feet after him as if they were weighted. He stumbled toward the bed, and lay on it with a long-drawn sigh of weariness, closing his eyes that he might the more thoroughly enjoy the sense of rest

that came to him. Maggie came close to him, with evident anxiety to hear the result of his errand. After a while he opened his eyes and spoke: "I sent the letter on the first mail. I met

Squire Bagley -him that used to visit at Sanderson's-and I tould him that I wanted sixpence to post a letter. He gave me a shillin', an' I bought this for her." He pointed with his thumb towards little

Mary, and Maggle noticed for the first time that he held a package in his hand. She ened the parcel and found a sixpenny load of dark bread, and then she broke some of the loaf into water, treasuring the crumbs as if they were gold. Before feeding the mixture to the child, she offered some to Shaun, but he would not eat any, and turned to gnaw the sodden potatoes that were on the rude table.

Another day dawned with no change in the situation. Towards evening a gale began to blow, followed by a cold, pelting rain -a hint of the approaching winter. Here and there the rain dripped through holes in tne worn thatch and fell in monoto plashes on the earthen floor of the hut. The scanty nourishment that had been given to Mary seemed to have served no purpose -Remember that in making character for but to feed the fever that was consuming

of turf, of which he had a plentiful supply, on the smouldering embers in the huge stone fireplace. The wind wailed dismally down the chimney, and, as if in answer to an unexpressed thought, Shaun shook his head dejectedly, saying, "No, there's no use

thinkin' that any one would venture to night." A few minutes later there was a contra tion to his speech, in a guarded knock that came to the door. Shaun and Maggie both rose to their feet and listened. The knock

was repeated. "It's the answer to me letter," said Shaun, trembling with agitation as he started toward the door to unbar it. A tall, heavilycloaked man in riding costume stepped in, havoo, for among those people there were no in the wake of a gust of wind-driven rain and dead leaves. He shook the rain from The cabin of Shaun Malia was situated on his hat and took in the outlines of the room at last resting on Shaun.

"You are Shaun Malia?" His voice, proportioned to his physique, was deep and

"I am," said Shaun. The stranger walked over to the door, and, after peering out for an instant, set the bar in place. Then he continued: "You wrote to a certain priest in Cork that period, the captain was a heavy drinker, asking for assistance. He was on the point of sending you some money when I came to him, a fugitive from justice on account of a political offence. My needs were urgent. immediate; I had to leave for America. I knew that I could not take shipping from Cork, so I decided to ride through these mountains on horseback to Limerick and sail from there. He gave me the money that was intended for you, and he told me that I might take refuge with you to-night, and tell you that he would send you relief as soon as he could—within two or three days

Shaun reeled as if he had been struck. 'Two or three days!" he muttered weakly, clutching at the door-post for support. "Two or three days!" Lurid fires of anger burned in his sunken eyes, and grasping th stranger roughly by the coat lapel he drew him over to the bedside of the sick child; "Will death wait two or three days? ye tell me that, you that was so ready takin' the president of the class, "and he'd better was almost as bad as starving, and that they what was hers to save yerself? Oh! but "Shaun! Shaun!" cried Maggie, clutch-Even this source of food was nearly ex- ing his arm in alarm, "don't be talkin' like

> abusin' the man that comes to our door for The stranger, surprised at Shaun's outburst, remained silent, gazing with an ex- a while both slept. pression of sympathy at little Mary, who tossed and muttered in the throes of her fever. Then, when Maggie began, speaking slowly:

"I'm very sorry. Of course I did not not have taken the money. But it is not yet too late, and if yeu will accept—"
"No, no!" said Shaun. "Don't mind what I said. I'm not right in me mind, I guess, since she took sick. Maggie is right,

or the money didn't belong to me." "Hark!" said the stranger, and he stole over to the single window and peered out Mathew. into the darkness. Commanding silence by gesture of his hand, he listened intently for a few moments and then came back to him and grasped his hand. the group at the bedside. He spoke without any evidence of excitement:

"It is as I suspected; my trail has been discovered, and I have been pursued. There is a company of soldiers down there in the the house. Of course, I cannot escape, so, my friend, you can free yourself of blame for harboring me and save your child's life reward offered for me; if I am captured here gardener in Cork when I was a young priest

it may go hard with you." sudden turn events had taken. vacantly following the outlines of the one room of the cabin, "an' it'll mane life to her, I-but, O God! help me; I can't be a have forgotten him!" thraitor!" He said this with a sudden energy, as if he feared that the temptation

might prove too strong for him.
"Quick! Decide!" said the stranger. I hear footsteps outside." Shaun, not answering, ran across the room

to the chimney.

"Come on," whispered Shaun; "there's awaited his decision. a way to escape. Off with yer cloak an' up the chimney. It's wide enough to hould ye, an' it's built rough inside, so ye can climb. Go to the top an' stay there until the soldiers lave. Maybe they won't find your horse." "But-" said the stranger, making ready

"Hurry," said Shaun, stripping off the stranger's cloak and throwing it under the bed. "In with ye now an' up; an' may heaven speed ye!" The stranger disappeared from view in the

yawning black hole above the fireplace, and an occasional chip of plaster falling told of his progress upward. The hammering at the door redoubled; and Shaun, quickly re. apron and sobbed hysterically; while Shaun, moving his coat to make believe that he had just risen, withdrew the bar and let the ing as if it would burst, could only say: searching party in. Two officers came first, followed by a file of soldiers. "Well," said the elder officer, "you seem a year after these events took place, Shaun was trinming the hedge in

to be mighty hard sleepers here; it took you a long time to open that door."

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"We have sickness here, an' I'm not overly

"We are in search of an escaped criminal accused of several treasonable acts against Her Majesty's Government," said the officer, "We have every reason to believe that you are harboring such a person, in defiance of the law. But before searching the premise I will inform you that a reward of fifty

lead to this man's apprehension." Maggle sat by the bedside soothing the sick child. The little sufferer began to call her father's name in a piteous tone of voice. pering terms of endearment in her ear.
"Well, what do you say to my propos tion? You need the money; your child re-

quires attention; we will capture him any-Shaun sat at the head of the bed staring at the wall with a strange, blanched face. "I need the money an' she needs it," he repeated, absently, fingering the bed-clothes. Maggie looked at his face and became fright-

ened at its expression.

"Shaun! Shaun!" she cried. He buried was heard. The soldiers looked on curiously. Suddenly Shaun rose to his feet and shout tempt me any more; I can't tell ye any-

It took but a few minutes to examine the hut. The cloak worn by the fugitive, still wet with rain, was taken from under the bed. Shaun looked on with a stolid face, roaring fire in the fireplace, so as to smoke the fugitive out if, as they suspected, he had taken refuge in the chin several shots were heard, and a soldier ran in, saluting the commanding officer, and said. "Sir. a man on horseback has just ridden

wounding him." "What luck !" said the officer; "we shall never find him now among these mountain roads. But to your saddles and after him;

through our lines on the roadway below.

Then he addressed himself to Shaun, saving: "The finding of the criminal's cloak here in your dwelling looks bad for you, my man: but in view of your unfortunate con dition, and the consistent, though in this case reprehensible, sense of honor you have manifested, I have decided to overlook your part in to-night's business."

In a few minutes the cabin was cleared of that. The priest had a right to do as he its unwelcome visitors and Shaun and Maggie, uttering prayers for the escape of the unfortunate they had harbored, sat down to ness, coupled with the exciting events of the night, proved too much for them, and after

Sunlight was streaming in through the before flying to the south. The sound of strange voices blended with the song of the know that things were as they are or I would bird, and Shaun, throwing open the door, up the path from the readway. One of ther was a stranger to Shaun, but in the other, a gray haired, kindly-faced man in clerical garb, he recognized his friend of long ago-the man to whom all Ireland turned in the dread years of famine-Reverend Theobald

"Thank God! Thank God!" was all that he could utter as the priest came towards

"I was afraid that you had forgotten me, until you sint word last night," he managed to say at last. "I have often thought of you, and often roadway: even now they are surrounding prayed for you, since that time when we mes

Turning to his companion, he said : by giving me up to the soldiers. There is a whom you have heard me speak. He was a there, and one day I asked him to do some Shaun stood for an instant, dazed with the work on the grave of a dear friend of mine, "If ye can't escape," he said, his eyes and when I returned I learned, quite by accident, that he had cared for the grave all

Father Mathew laughed-a merry, con tagious laugh it was; and the doctor said: "Father Mathew does not forget friends in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry. "Won't ye step inside?" said Shaun. The two visitors entered, and the doctor made an examination of little Mary while Father There was a loud hammering at the door Mathew learned from Shaun and his wife of and a voice shouted: "Open in the Queen's the escape of the mysterious fugitive. Then, the doctor having finished his diagnosis, they

"It is a condition of malarial fever, brought about by improper food and exposure," said fear of an unfavorable prognosis if she receives proper treatment and nourishment. "That's the point," said the priest. "Now, Shaun, I have made arrangements with Dr. Burnham to have your little girl taken care of at his hospital until she is entirely well. The doctor needs a hostler and a gardener,

Father Mathew, smiling expectantly, look ed from Shaun to his wife. The little woman, overcome with joy, buried her face in her with a lump in his throat and his heart beat "God bless you! It's more than I de-

Burnham's lawn when one of the servants handed him a letter. It was addressed in bold hand and bore an American post-mark.
A thought of the fugitive he had harbored and saved a year before came to Shaun's "It must be from him," he said; "nov He eagerly tore the envelope open and found enclosed two slips of paper. One of the was a draft for a hundred dollars, and on the other, written in the same bold hand writing, were the words:

"A birthday present to the laste girl, from one who has had reason to know and appreciate the honor of Shaun Malia."

Permanent mascular Strength.

There is this to be borne in mind in these
days when so many young men are giving so
much attention to muscular development,
in gymnastic and athletic expecises, that
there cannot be permanent muscular strength

RED ROSE TEA makes friends, and better to, it keeps them.