AILEY MOORE

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

T RICHARD B. O BRIEN, D. D. DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WE CHAPTER XXVI.-CONTINUED

Let me kiss little Mary!" said the mother.
"Lie down avourneen," said the

Ochone !" she answered, " I fee!

se queer—my head is so giddy Daddy Jim. take care of Mary—poor little Mary—Mary," she said.
The child's face fell in towards the

eld man's cheek, and he trembled from head to foot—the face was icy celd. He ran from the little room to the cradle-night was just falling. the fire was nearly out, the two elder children lay in a little straw

"O Hierna! Hierna! — Lord

Lord !" cried old James Nolan. He ran to a corner, collected little turf mould, got together a few sticks, and took some of the straw from beneath the two children. A momentary blaze illumined the sabin, and the grandfather ran to the cradle again. He looked in, turned the cradle towards the light, looked in again, steadily—steadily.

A groan burst from the old man's

Dead !" he exclaimed ; " dead ! he repeated. "Starved!" he cried and he went down on his knees Old James' first impulse in every excitement was to go on his knees.

Glory, honor, an' praise be to i Almighty, an' the Virgin God Almighty, an' the Virgin Mother!" prayed old James Nolan.

I'm a sinner, a sinner, so I am."

And then the old man prayed over the dead body of the innocent baby and he wept for the poor young mother: and he stooped over the little skeletons that slept through weariness, and cried in their sleep for bread, and he kissed them gently.
"Wonderful I don't die!" he said

"Father !" cried Mary Nolan from the room.

Bring in little Mary."

"Och, she's asleep, agra gall."
"Oh, she's dry; bring me in th

Not a bit of dhruth is in her; not a bit a cushla," said old James, going to the door. "Mary, a lanav," he said, "the little angel is so quiet, that you must leave her new, an' get some rest, avourneen. Sure, Paddy will be soon in, an' then you can get up an' take—" The idea

was so terrible.

"Oh, I was dhreaming, Daddy
Jim," she said. "I was dhreaming
little Mary was dead—poor babby."

"Dead!" said the old man, yet half-trembling.
"Aye, throth, I thought she died

of starvation-ochone! my head! cries the young mother.
"God is good!" said old James

Nolan.

The old man went on his knees in the cold, dark, desolate cabin, and his right hand was on the cradle of the dead infant.

Little Mary!" he whispered. " Mary! pray for your poor mother, an' your brother an' sister, an' your father. Oh, pray for them !- pray God's hand is on them ! an' pray for your gran'father an' gran' You're happy now, ma

He had not finished speaking, when a step was heard at the door, and soon a female form entered

son.
"God save you, kindly," answered James faintly. I b'lieve you don't know me, Mr.

Nolan. 'Och, but I am growin' stupid an' queer, Biddy; but sure I ought to know you, particularly these times. You ought to know poor Biddy Browne, that owes you many a meal

an' many a good hand's turn.' "Wieha, no, Biddy, 'tis I'm far in your debt—far, deep, indeed, a dhrifure (sister.)

How is young Mrs. Nolan, an' the James placed his finger on his lips,

and drew Biddy Browne over to the

O Iosa Chriost!" ejaculated Biddy. Starvation!" answered James an. "Starvation! an' we'll all Nolan.

follow 'on ! Oh, Mr. Nolan! "God's holy will be done!" cried the grandfather.

Poor Biddy Browne knew very well how things were with old James Nolan. She had met his son, brokenhearted and despairing, on the road, with hands lifted up to heaven, praying for succor. His clothes were dripping wet, and he was ghastly pale and much exhausted. He had gone to two, three, four houses, which contained honest and benevolent neighbors; but they saw the dreadful morrow, and every hour they heard of death—death—death. They wept with him or flew from him-only one could give him any relief and that relief was little. When he met Biddy Browne, he had just determined on selling his only coat for a meal or two, and returning home naked and despairing; but the beggar-woman changed the current of his thoughts. Rapidly she saw his mind and the ndition of his family, and as rapid ly she had resolved what to do. 'goin' over to old Mr. was just " Nolan's," she said, for poor Biddy made no scruple of a white lie, in

a crown, an' gev id to her to pay 'im." she said, " an' she was goin' to call in at Kinmacarra to bring a few things with her, for fear the family might want any of 'em. An," Biddy con-tinued, " maybe you'd want a shillin' o' the money sence yer down here," said poor old Biddy, putting her hand in her bosom and taking out the money.

"God is always good!" cried Patrick, seizing old Biddy by the hand and taking the proffered coin. "Biddy," he said, "I know who owes the money to my father, an' who's payin' him," and Patrick Nolan's eyes filled, and he shook Biddy Browne's hands convulsively. Patrick saw through old Biddy's kindly fraud 'Run, Biddy, for your daughter's soul—run! Oh, run to the gap—to the old house, where we spent the pleas.

ant winter's evenings. Run, for God's holy sake! I saw my baby turn pale, and poor Mary—Biddy, tell 'em I'm and poor Mary—Biddy, tell 'em I'm goin' up the countbry a bit. I'll get work—or I'll sell myself—or I'll beg —or—Oh. Biddy! for sake of God's plessed mother, run!" and the young man kissed the embrowned hand of old Biddy Browne, the beggar woman. Thus Biddy was prepared somewhat for the condition in which she found the Nolan's. "An honest father an' mother's son and daughter were the young couple, an' I remember old James to be the pride o' the parish, and the beggar's Sunday was the day he went to James Nolan's father' A bad right I'd have to keep house. A bad right I'd have to keep all little Eddy's money—an' I havin' near apound note—an'see the Nolan's want," old Biddy said; and many a one, thank heaven, that thinks like

poor Biddy.

So the beggerwoman had light— and she brought in the peat or turk— and she had meal, and flour, and bread, and it was quite wonderful how she contrived to bring so many things along with her. She saw the old woman of the house, and consoled her and wept with her over the sorrows of latter times—and told her sadder stories than her own—and how "the Blessed Virgin suffered that never had any sin," and how all that we suffered was fer the better. And she went to the young woman, too, and induced her to take a little tea-poor tea enough to be sure-but something supernatural for her. The young mother's mind was wander ing. She seemed in a kind of fever, and talked of her children and her husband, and of splendid banquets that herself and the saints had together; and fixing her fine eyes upon Beindy Browne, with a smile all heavenly, she said: "As sure as you are there, Biddy Browne, I saw my little Mary among 'em—oh! she was so bright an' beautiful; an' tho' they wouldn's give her back to me if I axed 'em I was satisfied. Biddy, I'd ike to stay there with little Maryon'y poor Paddy would be lonely—wouldn't he? Ah, Biddy—how good good Paddy is!

My love is the life o' my young heart -ma boushill-So strong and so gentle, so firm and

"Och, I can't think o' the English songs at all. Biddy, bring in little Mary and Paddy. 'A baby was sleepin', won't you, Biddy?" And then the poor thing wandered off

again. By the gray of the next morning, old James Nolan might be seen carry-ing a rudely made little box of unplaned old boards down the mountain road, on the way towards Kinmacarra A cold thick mist covered both moun tain and valley, and the yellow streams tumbled down by the rough hedges, occasionally rushing across the traveller's way and tearing up the yellow mound, and hurrying underwood that impeded its progress. Poor James Nolan was old, as we know, and weak too, and very wretched. His beard had been allowed to grow, and his cheeks and eyes were sunk, and he had no coat, his shoulders were covered with piece of unlined patchwork, in a fold of which his burthen was gathered under his arm. He looked right on before him, and seemed to have ac-

quired strength by the power of excitement, and he prayed continually." Hail, Mary!" Yet sometimes he would draw a long, deep sigh. Poor James Nolan!

He had gone a mile or two, and dawn had yielded to a wet winter morning, when the old man began to feel nature yielding. The old kneed began to tremble, and the poor hear to beat hard, harder, as if it had been too much tried. "Ahair ailecuagh-tach! omnipotent Father!" cried James Nolan, as the idea of becom ing unable to proceed further crossed his mind. "Muire Mahair! Mother Mary!" he cried, and hurriedly went over and sat upon a rock beside the mountain stream. "Lord give me strength," he cried, and the old man panted for breath. What might have been the consequence if succor has not presented itself one may easily

James had been heard by God, and God's holy Mother, he said, had prayed for him, for he had lost his recollec tion, and when he awoke he found himself in the arms of a young though worn man, and the rude little box and a spade were at their feet. poor sufferer soon remembered him-self, and got new life in the presence of assistance. "You were sent to me! you were sent to me!" were

the first words which he uttered. After a short conversation the stranger helped James across a shallow part of the torrent, and both entered the adjacent field. The stranger commenced to dig, and went on until he had dug very, very deep; and the old man went on his knees order to spare "a dacent boy's feelings. "There was a body owed him

still; he wept, the old man did, and the young man's eyes were filled with tears, for he pitied the grand-father's corrow And then the young man took old James Nolan's butthen, which stood by the mouth of this deep pit, and while the old man's hands and eyes were raised to heaven, his gray hair dripping with the rain, the saturated rags clinging to his shivering frame, the stranger deposited it reverently in the deep hole and he covered it up and religiously placed the seds of withered gress in their own place, and went upon his knees beside the man whom he had helped and saved, and they prayed

together.

The young peasant was not sati fied with the services which he had rendered, and determined to accompany the afflicted James Nolan back to the "gap." In fact, the old man required such charity from the stranger, for a lassitude, or rather a prostration, had succeeded to his excitement, which would have rendered his return to the house nearly im-possible. Together then they commenced the way back, the stranger giving the good old man such aid as he could bestow in ascending the

They had not long proceeded on their route, when Cusack the Bible reader overtook them, and, to say the truth, appeared horror-struck the woe begone condition of old Nelan. He approached him with an unusual degree of respect, and pre-sented his hand; but Nolan did not perceive him—the poor man was so absorbed in his own sad reflections.

"Why, then, Mr. Nolan, where were the cold an' wet this winter's

morning?"

James raised his eyes and he saw eeling in the countenance of the sectarian.
"I was planting little Mary," an

swered James Nolan.
"Your little granddaughter, the flaxen-haired little colleen ?" "Dead." answered Nolan.

"An' what——"
"Starvation," quietly interposed James, but looking into the face of usack steadily.

"Ves Mr. Cusack little Mary died a marthyr, like the holy innocenes, thank God! The longest life she could have wouldn't have so happy a death :" and old James looked up to the black sky.

"You could have full an' plenty,

Mr. Nolan," said Cusack, shaking his "And the curse o' God along with

it!" said the shivering old man.
"Well, well!" ejaculated the apor

tate.
"See !" said old James, suddenly acquiring almost a miraculous energy; "Mr. Cusack, you know I'm only one out o' handhreds an' thou sands that see their daughters fade, an' their sons dhrop down day atther day into the grave; an' there's joy in the funeral when we know we follow it for God. Ochone! Mr. Cusack, nature never gave the hearts and sowls that bear the heavy cresses we are carryin'; an' well you know, you wouldn't do it for the creed that pays you. I beg pardon Mr. Cusack—pardon an ould man-the day will come whin you'd give the universal world you were starved in the cause of little Mary."

True for old James. There were hundreds and thousands to whom the gibbet would have been mercy; who aw each other sink minute minute for months into the arms of leath. Such martyrdoms the days of Diocletian never witnessed.

The darkest hour of the night is nearest dawn.'

entering his own house, the good man was seized by Biddy Browne the beggarwoman, who summarily clasped him in her arms, and kissed him vehemently over and over again "Arrah! God is good! oh, God is

good! Daddy Jim, and bad luck to his enemies!" cried Biddy in triumph, and darting a look at Cusack, who had entered with the others.
"What's the mather? what's the mather, Biddy, eh?"

"Glory be to the Mother of God! exclaimed old Mrs. Nolan. wasn't she praying for us?" continued the old lady.

There is the man that has all the news, and the lether and the money! Irrah wisha ma grein chree hu Paddy Hynes!' Paddy! Paddy! Peggy Hynes'

good, honest husband-oh welcome

to th' ould land wance more !" cried Daddy Jim. " A lether for you, sir, an' £50 from your son," said Paddy Hynes, placing his two arms round the old man's neck. Old James fell into the trav eller's arms in a state of insensibil-

ity. Was it wonderful? But this morning brought more news and more luck. Mary Nolan had become rapidly conscious; and what was most wonderful, her dream about seeing her little baby in heaven had assumed for her such reality, that she was quite conscious the child had died. Indeed, it is likely that when she parted from it last, she had some notion of its fate, and that her mind had yielded under the pressure of the belief in its melancholy death. She was calm then and thoughtful, and grateful when she saw her little household rescued from

an impending and terrible ruin. "O murdher, let me alone!" cried Biddy, once more. "O murdher! if there isn't Paddy Nolan, clapping his hands for joy, comin' up the road, and Father Mick—ould Father Mick wid 'im. Glory be to God !" James Nolan blessed thimself, Cusack looked pale and confused.

"Bennacht ahair!" cried Biddy, going on her knees at the door; "a blessing, Father!" cried the old beg-

Blessings on all here!" said Father Mick, looking the very sun-shine of happiness; "blessings on all and every one!" cried the old

Great news !" cried young Nelan "Och, Father," cried old James, you're always the image o' God to us ; you wur hungry an' we all knew

id before any of us wanted a meal."
"Hold your tongue, you old Rapparee," said Father Mick, fondly.
Den't you remember when we were bon t you remember when we were boys together? Go now an' make a gentleman o' yourselt," he said, fling ing him a bundle, "and pray for happy days to the Moores of Moorfield!" The Moores of Moerfield ! ahair !

the Moores of Moorefield !" "Everyone has his own again. Daddy Boran has left Moorefield to the 'Flower o' the Valley' and her brother, and ten thousand golden guineas besides.'

"O Muire mahair!" cried Betty flinging herself on her knees.

"And Biddy Browne' is to go over to the great house this very day to commence the clearing out and settling," continued the priest.

Father ! O Father ! marcy on me -marcy !" "Go along, you old thrush," said ther Mick. "And Biddy?" he

said. 'Oh! well, sir ?" "Do you remember the pale man in Clonmel?"

'Yis, sir.'

"God ha' mercy on 'im!"
"And he left Eddy three hundred

ounds. "Three hundred pounds!"-Eddy

'Aye, in truth. murder ! oh ! oh!---" and Biddy began to weep most profusely, and to strike her breast. "Glory be to God!" she said,—"Glory be to God!" and she could say nothing else. Poor Biddy was quite bewil-

I thought the woman that buried Peggy Hynes would be on my flure forever," said the man from America; and his eyes were moist as he said

"You'll live with your daughter and Ailey, maybe," said Father Mick. "Where's unfortunate Cusack?" Father Mick demanded.

"He went out the back door whire you turned round just now," said old Nolan ; "an' he was cryin' like rain!

He's coming back to the old Church," said Father Mick. "Oh! isn't God very good if we let Him? Isn't He?" said Father Mick.

TO BE CONTINUED

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

Charles MacMahon, sub lieutenant of the dragoons of Clare, in the serv ice of His Majesty of France, and presently engaged as recruiting officer on his native heath, sighed deeply into the fold of the collar of his riding coat. Was it a year ago or a hundred or a thousand, thought he, since he left Dunkirk with its camp bustle and stir, and the gay jests and laughter of his gallant comrades? In faith so it seemed. And it was

but a score of short days.
Yet he was young and lone; the whistle of the curlews as they ran down the wind was not joyful in the darkness overhead; and the thin soft drip of the Irish rain did not help to cheer him as he sat on Father Tom's good cob, in the shadow of the fir-Old James Nolan had strange news to welcome—perhaps reward him, this chill March dawn of 1709. And when he arrived at the "gap." In Gad knows there are the cost of 1709. for joy in the heart of a young Mac-Mahon of Clare in the reign of Anne the dutiful daughter.

And so he sighed. Down the wind there came, swift

and sharp, a woman's shriek. With a touch of his knee Mac-Mahon sent the cob into the middle of the road, and waited, alert, grim, he soldier. His life was in his hands. Death he knew well-it might be shameful death -could be the only end of capture and conviction through the horde of spies who watched for such as he. Yet he did not pause to think. Death had no terror for an Irishman of the Brigade, in any case; but when a woman shricked on a lone coad in the dim dawn of a March morning—oh, well what would you?

He had not long to wait. From the east there came a murmur ; then rumsle; then, with a rattle and a clatter there was the swift rush of the thundering hoofs of mad fright. Through the dusk, two bright eyes of carriage lamps swayed and swung towards him at break neck speed.

MacMahon wheeled the cob and cantered along the near lockspit away from the runaway pair; then he shoot the reins, and the gallant animal spread herself. Faith for a moment he enjoyed it. But that shriek! and the long hill of Moreen a hundred yards ahead ! now was the time for brain of ice and heart of fire and arm of steel. And now they were on him. One skilful touch of the left hand and he was alongside the near horse. One swift swing to the right to grip the rein-but no rein was there. Neck and neck, neck and neck, neck and neck—and then the pace told on the cob. They were gaining, and death was certain for the girl. But these dragoons of Clare were horsemen -and they were Irishmen, quick of brain and quick of hand. One little check on the cob's neck, as delicate as a child's caress and then -to stoop and wrench open

into the hollow of his arm; with the ease of lifting a dainty trinket he swung her across his saddle. At once he dismounted and assisted her to the ground.

"Oh, good sir" she half whispered in a voice that trembled, "how am I to thank you? You have saved my

do not mention the matter," and Mac Mahon swept the toe of his right boot with his hat in that magnificent gestfriend, Viscount O'Grady of the King's Guard. "I trust you are not hurt. No? Then permit me." He teek off

his riding coat and gently placed it on the shoulder of the trembling maid Her protests he laughed off with a jest; "but," she said" my poor father, he will think me dead."

"Let me bring you to your father,"

he said gravely.

But even as he spoke, down the road came the thunder of hoofs, and two horsemen appeared from the shadows. At sight of the lady they pulled up and dismounted. The first, a thick set, middle aged man with a strong, kindly face, rushed forward and clasped her in his arms. "Thank God! thank God! my little girlie, Marjorie," he cried, as he kisses her forehead and hair, while she clung to him, sobbing. The second man was a groom. One glance at Mac-Mahon was enough for him. They

had played as boys tegether in Dough more strand; but he made no sign. Squire Stodart wheeled around Two hats together flourished in the salute courteous of the time. Was there a sudden glint of recognition in the Squire's eye, or was it but a reflection from the east where now

the sky was bright?
"Sir," said he, hand outstretched ' I am everlastingly in your debt. I perceive you are a stranger "—Mac-Mahon bowed—" but let me tell you that in these parts the name of Stod art carries weight. Count me and mine at your service. May I have the pleasure of knowing to whom owe my daughter's life ?'

'My name is MacMahon. I am s dealer, in search of good horse " God forgive me," he thought, "but,

sure, cavalry is horse."
"MacMahon? MacMahon? Anything to the MacMahons—Ah! Yes. suddenly producing a snuff box, and taking a huge supply which produced a violent fit of coughing—then, to be sure, Mr. MacMahon, I can show you some in my stables that will be hard to beat. By gad! that reminds me. Lynch, go and look after those poor brutes.

Tim Lynch leaped into his saddle. When thirty good yards away he said to himself: "Glory be to God! Is Master Charles mad, or what the mis-

chief is he doing here?"

Continued the Squire: "Faith, sir, 'tis a cold place to welcome a stranger here on this road. 'Tis but a short way to my house. May I have the pleasure of your company to breakfast? I am honored, Squire Stodart,

but, believe me, business of the most pressing nature forces me to go to Dunbeg without delay." "Well, sir, let me hope we may meet again. You are welcome any

time you are passing Carrigmere. Do not forget I am your debtor.' I am proud to be your creditor, sir, for such a cause." Two pure gray eyes set in an aureole of golden hair smiled trustfully into his dark strong face. Wistfully she said, "My life-long, life long thanks, Mr. Mac-

Mahon. Au revoir, I trust.' "I hope so, madam, from my Two pistol shots snapped down the road; Tim Lynch rode up and to

touched his cap. Both ?" said the Squire.

Both, sir." said Tim. In a moment they were gone. she waved her hand once as he stood there bare headed watching them He sighed again, but not this time into the folds of his riding coat, for just then he woke up to the fact that this useful garment was cantering towards Carringmore on the fair shoulders of Mistress Marjorie Stod

Inside the cottage there was peace On the open hearth the turf fire burned dimly. There was no other light, but it was enough. A neat dresser with rows of shining plates that glistened in the firelight; a deal table; a few straw chairs; a clock; a little bookcase; a prie dieu, over which was a crucifx. That was all.

And by the hearth sat two men talking. One in peasant dress; the other in the riding costume of the horse dealers. They talked low; these were times when one could not pru dently shout in the market place

Brigade—or if one were a priest. The fire lit up the fine features and silver hair of Father Tom. Sad memories had this old man, who for fifty ears of priesthood had devoted his ife to his flock, crushed by the infamous code that held him and them little better than the beasts of the field; but there was no sadness in his voice to night. They talked of pleasant scenes and memories in the old days before the blight of bigotry had made the land a wilderness, and its people outcasts.

one were recruiting officer of the

At last the old man rose. "My child it grows late, and you have an early start for Dunbeg; let us say

the Rosary."
There, in that little cottage, those two men, the old priest and the young soldier, knelt; and they raised to neaven their hearts. In the cottage was nought but peace.

They were shaking hands, when

suddenly there came at the cottage door a double knock, loud, short. the carriage door was the work of an instant. The maiden understood. "Now!" he shouted. She slipped Mahon towards the inner room.

" Open at once, in the name of the Queen." came a rough voice, followed by a pounding on the door. Father Tom hesitated; then, with a

silent prayer, he undid the bolt. In rushed half a dozen soldiers, their muskets at the ready, bayonets fixed Fellowed a young officer, sword in hand. A fine young fellow, with the stamp of breeding. His sword came up to the salute, as he gazed on that grand old man standing there, leon ine, silent. "Pardon, reverend sir," he said, "pardon this intrusion. My duty you harbor one Charles MacMaken engaged in treasonable practices

impossible. But, if you give me von word of konor as a gentleman that he is not here, I withdraw my men—" "Don't do it, don't do velled a cracked voice : and from the a cringing, ragged figure, of evil face hawk eye and nose, one of the famous priest hunters—" don't do it, sir, the wicked Popish massmonger will

against our sovereign lady, the Queen

swear anything.' Leisurely, the young officer stuffed the hilt of his sword full against the mouth of the intruder; so the creature suddenly sprawled on his back, spit-ting blood, and curses, and teeth.

"As I was saying," remarked the young efficer, when I was interrupted, if you give me your word of honer—"
"There is no need," said a grave

voice at the bedroom door. "I am Charles MacMahon. What is your business with me, sir? He stepped forward, head high, and that smile on his face that comes in time of peril to men of blood. The young officer's face hardened. Then," said he, "I arrest you, Char-

les MacMahon, in the name of the Queen;" and, turning to Father Tom, it is my duty, reverend sir, to arrest you also.

The old priest bowed his head.
God's will be done," said he. "Let us trust in heaven. I am ready."
"And so am I," said MacMahon.

ket butts rang as one on the hard flashing in the cold March sunlight were sent home with a whirr. fifty troopers, staring stolidly at the square, of which the fourth was the front of Dunbeg courthouse.

The tense, anxious crowd waited and watched—and prayed. They could do nothing more, though there in that little court was to be settled that day for their loved priess and for their loved young chief, life—or, it may be death The prisoners were brought from

the cell, and stood in the dock be tween armed troopers. Father Tom laid his hand protectingly on Mac Mahon's shoulder and he stood up like a soldier, looking straight in front of him at two magistrates on the bench. After formalities, the clerk read

out the long charge and the young officer entered the box. Before he could be sworn there was a hustle at the door and Squire Stodart, look. ng hot and breathless entered and sat on the bench. The young officer gave formal evi-

dence of the arrest. Neither prisoner asked him any question. There was a lull, and the prosecutor looked anx ious. There were whisperings amongst his underlings, and shakes of the head, and rustlings of papers-'Call the next witness!'

Squire Stodart in his clear, strong "William Monroe," cried the clerk. No answer. Again he called, and

The sergeant bustled to the door, and bellowed over the heads of the soldiers "William Monroe!" but from that crowd, praying from their hearts

there came no sign. Up jumped the prosecutor, "Your worships, I must ask for an adjournment. Through some extraordinary reason, my most important witness Mr.—er—Monroe, is absent. Does your case depend on-er-

Mr. Monros-?" said Squire Stodart. Yes, your worship; he can prove the charges up to the hilt." Do you mean William Monroe, the sneaking rascal who has been going about the country for the last year hunting down peaceful men, and holy

men, like dogs ?"

"Well, if your worship likes to put it that way, that is the man I mean.' Then," said the Squire, "I can tell you that William Monroe will never again prove anything up to the hilt this side of doom. With my own eyes I saw him lying dead of a broken means he got into the loft above one of my stables. Disturbed by the ar rival of my groom, he jumped from the loft, fell on his head and, as I said, broke his neck. No doubt the coroner will inquire fully into the matter, and my groom and myself will have great pleasure in giving evidence. Have you any other witnesses? No! Then I see nothing to nesses?

detain us here." A hurried whisper followed amongst the three magistrates, and then the

senior announced—
"The prisoners are discharged." MacMahon never moved a muscle. but Father Tom raised his hands and muttered a prayer. Maybe that good man included a Pater and Ave for the wretch who was gone. Who knows? Down from the bench came Squire Stodart, and wrung Father Tom's hand. He did not make any sign of recognition to MacMahon. "Come, Father Tom," he said, "the carriage is waiting. You and your friend are coming to lunch with me." The sergeant touched MacMahon on the

shoulder. "You must remain," he said. "as suspected person.'



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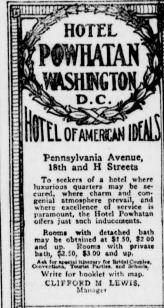
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