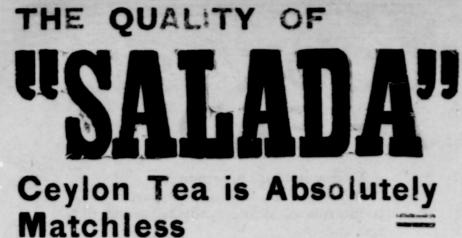
Thursday, October 12th, 1905



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### WEAVER THE

The cottage lay close by the narrow roadway, on the other side of which a mountain torrent, unprotected by wall or battlement, forced unkempt, plying his shuttle as if its way over boulders in a mad race to the sea. On its shelving banks Tom Garvey's blue-eyed children played all day and every day, and people used to wonder how Tom and his wife Biddy saved them from a watery grave, for the brook abounded in treacherous pools.

Tom was tall and fair, with genial blue eyes and a face that might be considered handsome were it not for the weak, receding chin. He was never busy, never in a hurry. He tilled his acre of land and grazed his cow along the road dykes in summer time when her usual pasture land was stopped for the growth of hay. Sometimes he did a day's work for a neighbor for hire or kindness-generally the latter. He had always the kind word for young and old, always the spare time to stop for a chat, always the willing heart to do a neighborly act, and, in consequence, was much liked, if not too much respected.

Biddy, his wife, had been a beauty in her youth, and, as the mother of youngsters, was still comely. six She had chosen Tom out of many admirers, although he possessed nothing he could legally call his own, for the cottage and three acres of land belong to his elder brother. They were married by the parish priest one Sunday and the pound-offering made by Tom was borrowed from a neighbor. They returned to Tom's brother and made their home with him without even asking his leave. Paddy Garvey did not welcome them, neither did he resent the intrusion; the only evidence of feeling showed was a little pallor of the face and a tightening of the lips. as of one who did not quarrel with fate and bowed to the inevitable. Biddy noticed these things as she sat by the kitchen door and watched Paddy as he went on with the preparation of their modest evening meal, for he and Tom had lived alone cottage since their mother's death-the former doing the housework

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worked so hard that he never had any time for kindliness. He was by trade a weaver, and the bright, sunny cottage had one gloomy chamber set apart for his entire use, where bales of wool hung suspended from every beam over a big, ugly loom, in the midst of which Paddy sat, unwashed,

impelled by an unseen power. Sometimes the children peeped shyly in, but ran away again as they might at the cry of a bogie-man, and, at such times, an observer, had there been any, might have seen a swift dark mornin'. spasm of pain pass over the man's tired face. Occasionally Eiddy came not notice the rain or the darkness into his den with a cup of tea, a few for the brightness that was al potatoes, a bowl of milk, or some around you. I was the queer old such scanty portion of their meal man for sure, to be askin' you to when he delayed joining them over- stop with me, when I knew from the long, and laid them silently on a first you had eyes only for Tom small table at his back. Often the Sure I carried him on my back when neighbors called in with work for he was a little lad, an' when he him and the will to tarry for a little fought with the other youngsters, as mild gossip, but he usually cut them boys will, I beat them till they were short, and they went away more con- black an' blue for darin' to lay hand vinced than ever that Tom and Biddy on him. I was always more like his were much-enduring mortals. When father than his brother, an' I never their concern evinced itself in words, wanted a thing from him but the girl Biddy had a peculiar trick of sucking he wasn't man enough to work for, in her lips and looking at her hus- an'band with an expression that was not kin to love, and he had an adroit Biddy interrupted, starting up way of quickly changing the conver- can't help being made as he is." sation, or rising suddenly with an "Was ejaculation about some important him? I'm the queer old man, an' business left undone through forget- the sooner J lay my bones to rest fulness, which set more than one beside my poor old mother, the bet-But curiosity remained ter for all. thinking. Biddy could close her But Biddy was of an active mind, unsatisfied. lips to some spoke ill of Paddy, of her husband, of words where deeds would serve betanybody. When she had no good to ter, so without more ado, she narrate she held her peace. Tom treated to the kitchen and bustled

mained grim, silent, unapproachable. eldest boy, was despatched to parish priest hunted him out to per- procured there. form his Easter duties, that the tern.

blue-eyed child, when Biddy, entering way, it was surely his own fault,

## THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

"Paddy," she said brokenly, "we didn't heed you much, but we'll be different when you are better again. The children-

'Ah, yes; I was only an old crank, Biddy, an' you were a fair young colleen. Who could expect that you'd take me an' leave Tom?"

"I couldn't help likin' Tom best then, but if I had the time over again-"

"If you had, you'd have married Tom just the same, an' ye'd have let poor ould neglected Paddy work fill the children's mouths.

"Don't," she moaned. " 'Tisn't that I mind, "for when a man goes around with a heart of lead, day in an' day out, 'tis bound to weigh him down at last; but I pity the children with a lazy father like Tom, although they always kept me far away from their little hearts an' I pity the girl I gave my life for-

Biddy's sobs broke into his speech. and he raised himself on one elbow with a painful effort, while, with the other hand he gently stroked her head

"I was the queer old man, to be sure," he went on half unheeding, "but the first day I ever saw you, when the boys gathered down in the kitchen for a dance an' you stood

beside Tom, I thought the ould kitchen wasn't the same while VOU were in it-so bright like, as if the sun had come out suddenly after 'Twas rainin' hard, remember, as ye ran in, but I did

"Don't say anything against Tom, I sayin' anything against

purpose. She never and did not believe in sympathetic laughed good naturedly at everything about the wants of the sick man. or joked facts away when they came Tom was sent at once for the priest persistently before him. Paddy re- and doctor, while little Patsy, the It was only once a year, when the village for such dainties as could be

"'Tis the way we didn't heed him neighbors caught a glimpse of a enough," she said to the doctor, and clean, uncomfortable man attired in the doctor laughed. The idea of any best clothes of a very ancient pat- deeper meaning in her words did not filter through his murdane mind. Ac

The strange trio had thus lived cording to his thought, a sufficiency their lives about a dozen years, with of food and drink y/as enough to satlittle or no break in the monotony isfy any man's needs; and if the sick save the periodical arrival of a fair, man had not had a sufficiency in that



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"I've brought home a housekeeper,' said Tom at last, looking at his brother sheepishly.

"Aye!" ejaculated Paddy without ceasing his work. "She'll be handy," went on Tom.

'You'll need some one handy when answered his brother. I'm gone," 'An' some one more than that, I'm

thinking," he went on in a tone slightly suggestive of bitterness. Biddy flushed, but she took off her bonnet and mantle and sat down to the meal without an invitation. The three ate in silence and the monotonous tenor of their lives began.

The marriage was more than nine days' wonder. People were never tired of praising Biddy-never in an awed whisper. wearied setting her up as a brilliant example. her at work, yet the cottage was always as neat as new pins, the children tidily and cleanly, if poorly She devoted a goodly part of clad. each day, when weather permitted, face, lingering on its rounded curves pacing the roadway with fingers busy and pouting red lips. building up, stitch by stitch, abnormally long stockings. The inqui-sitive puzzled their brains as to the probable destination of these, since Tom could not possibly wear out as many as she knitted and so far as any one knew, she had no relations, near or otherwise.

Tom and Biddy were popularly supfor the gloomy presence of Paddy, and much pity was bestowed upon neighbor, he might call for him on the young pair for this dark cloud his way to-morrow." their bright household, for Paddy Garvey was dark and sullen and sildy crossed his threshold, and he

the dark chamber one morning with since trade was brisk and wages good the customary cup of tea, found the in his line of life. loom still and the dark figure absent. Yet for all the care and ministra-

It took her several seconds to take tions of physicians for body and soul, in these facts, and her breath came Paddy lay iner, slowly but surely a little quickly as she climbed the bound for the lind of shadows. The ladder stairway to peep into the attic heart of the big, ugly loom in the bedroom. Not that she expected to dark chamber ceased to throb, and see him there, for Paddy rarely lay the bales of wool made uncanny shaabed after the sun; since he seldom dows when the moonlight filtered went abroad it was useless seeking through the uncurtained window. him in the fields. The summer sur The children peeped in, and seeing the was fighting its way in at the small dark figure absent, whose will moved attic window, and lingered on the the uncanny thing to weave great lowly bed and a still figure with pal- bundles of flannel and frieze, they lid face which lay there. The eyes took to playing hide and seek were wide open and sad, the mouth | tween the beams and joists. drooped, and the hands lav limp and Paddy heard them as he lay still inert on the quilt. Biddy's breath in his attic bed. Sometimes a shout "Paddy!" she said of delight warmed his heart a little, came quickly. but such manifestations of joy were quickly quelled by the mother.

"I couldn't help it, Biddy," ans-Nobody ever saw | wered a weak voice. "I set the kitchen in order, lighted the fire, fed the fowls, and then I turned in again. Biddy, do you know I am dyin'?" The sad, patient eves searched her

"Paddy!" she reiterated as she blood crept away from her cheeks and a mist swam before her eyes.

"'Tis thrue," he said. "Mortal head peeping over, only to disappear man couldn't stand it, an' I've been givin' this year or two." him?

ing home

one day.

eves.

Biddy came close to the bedside, and kneeling down, looked into the posed to be an ideal pair, and should sick man's face, saying: "I'll send have been ideally happy were it not for the doctor. Pat Donovan will get us a ticket, an' bein' a kind

The sick man smiled, answering : "Never mind the docthor, Biddy as-No one ever 12w him since Bid- there; I'm thinkin' I won't be in his need to-morrow."



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lest they might disturb him. It troubled him, for he had loved them in his slow, silent way for her sake, and the bade her leave them free, since childhood was a time of joy. He wished they would come up and

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on applica-tion to the Minister of the Interior, Otta-wa, the Commissioner of Imnsigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for he dis-trict in which the land is situate, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. share a little of their vouthful gavety with him, but they never came further than half way up the ladder stairway, when he would suddenly see two big round eves and a fair, curly again as soon as his eves turned in that direction. Why did they fear

HOMESTEAD DUTIES : A settler who They had always held aloof has been granted an entry for a home-stead is required to perform the condi-tions connected therewith under one of the from him. It was time he was go-"You are tired. Biddy." he said following plans :

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. "I never thought I would live to give you so much trouble." The tears came up and stood in her

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence She knew now it was no use striving against the Reaper. Paddy had entered the valley of shadows, and the neighbors, although they had been kind and sympathetic rior to obtaining patent may be satisfied y such person residing with the father during his illness, could not but feel

that Bildy and Tom would be hapor mother. pier when time had softened the sor-(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the re-quirements of this act as to residence may row that usually follows in the train of death. They did not know that want came and sat an unwelcome be satisfied by residence upon the said visitor in Paddy's place at their land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homeboard, for Biddy was ever one to keep her own counsel, and when they still came with bales of spun wool to be woven, thinking surely Tom

stead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Domin-ion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to worked the loom in his brother's place, she never let them know that, in the morning and late at do se night, her own hands threw the shut-SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-

WEST MINING REGULATIONS. tle that transformed their wool into

Coal.—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for an-thracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output 'God rest his soul," she would sav to herself as she arose early for her day's toil, and the same again as, wearied and over-burdened, she lay down for a brief rest .- N. F. Degigross output.

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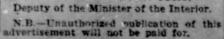
times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into feet.

men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking ha-bitation in those who by cardess or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dis-lodge him. He that finds himself so The fee for recording a claim is \$5.

possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foc is Parmelee's Vegetable Dillo feet square ; entry fee \$5, renewable Dallo feet square ; entry fee \$5, renewable vearly.

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