### THE FRIAR'S HEAD

### A Story of The Penal Days in Ireland.

(By P. J. Coleman, in Rosary Magazine.)

III.

Late that night Father O'Rorke reached Taaffe Hall. He was gurb-ed as a peddler and carried a pack on his back—a pack of jewelry, trin-kets, ribbons he had brought from With them passed from village to village, from town to town, gained entrance to houses of the rich and put himself in with his

widely scattered flock. facade of the house was dark he approached it from the ancient as ne approximate them are all a serious account of elms, and a feeling of apprehension—the sense of some unknown danger or disaster—suddenly

chilled him.

Christine Taaffe met him in hall. She was pale and haggard and her eyes were red, as from weeping. James," she cried, running s him. "God has answered my

her distress, cle him to the heart. clearly visible, smote

is it, Christine?" he asked, trembling hands in his

own. "What is it?"
"Father," she sobbed, her tears
flowing suddenly, "father is very
ill. He was stricken last night and we thought he would not live to see you. We did not know where to seek you; but we prayed for you to come and the good God has sent

'Is it, then, so serious?" asked the He will not live during the night.

here and rendered what aid he could. But he has pronounced his case hope-less."

less."
"Is he conscious?" asked the priest.
"Just now he is, thanks he to
God! Let us go to him!"
Christine led the way upstairs,
where her father lay. An old ser-

where her father lay. An old servant-woman was kneeling by the bed, and clustered candles in silver candelabra made a soft light in the room. The sick man's face showed white and drawn in its franke of dark beard and bear the conservers clustered. and hair. His eyes were closed wearily, and from his pale lips came a stentorous breathing.

The old woman rose from her knees

as the girl and priest approached the

"God help the poor Masther this blessed night, and God bless an' comfort his pritty colleen!" sobbed she, fingering her beads. Christine leaned over the pillows.

The soft touch of her hand on his damp forehead aroused her father.
"Is he come?" he asked feebly.
"He is here," whispered the girl.
"God be praised for His mercy!"

murmured the pale lips. "James, my ' he went on, groping on coverlet for the priest's hand, glad you came to me. I w make my peace with God!" "Deo gratias!" murmured wish

"My fathers erred in leaving the old faith—I see it all now, here in the valley of the shadow, with earth's transitory things fast fading away: You know their motive worldly interest and power. But was all a mistake. 'What doth profit a man to gain the whyworld and suffer the loss of soul?' For the good they did, their secret affection for the whole his faith despite their outward apostacy, farth despite their outward apostacy, for the protection they gave the priest and friar in hours of danger, may God be good to their souls! But I have long seen the light and now am ready to follow it—even at the eleventh hour, if it is not too late."—"It is never too late to accept God's gree?" sighed the priest. 'It is never too late to a d's grace,' sighed the priest.

in His mercy sent me an an-God in His mercy sent me an angel of light in my youth—your beautiful and sainted mother, Christine, my child," resumed the baronet.

"And she left an angel of light behind her in her daughter," mur-

mured the priest.

mured the priest.

The sick man smiled feebly. "Yes, yes, I know it," he went on. "You will be good to her when I am gone, James, my boy?" he asked.
"I will be a brother to her in all that a brother can," assured the

"Thank you, my lad," winds."

"I Lucas. "Her mother first led me my lad," whispered

to God. The example of her sweet, unselfish life showed me the error of my ways—and the errors of my fathers' in forsaking the Church for a little worldly power—to retain an estate that passed from them, as it is now passing from me. For her sake I braved the displeasure of the Government in keeping an altar, har-boring priests, and having the Mass in my home. But those Masses have hallowed the old place and called down God's mercy on me at last. Father, I am ready to recant my errors and be received into the old Church of my fathers. But first I must speak of Christine. Christine,

d, draw near."
father, I am here," sobbed

"I had hoped to see you settled in life before I died—hoped to see you married to some good man—"
"I desire no earthly espousals," sobbed Christine. "My heart is set

the girl.

"I had hoped to see you settled in life before I died—hoped to see you married to some good man—"

"I desire no earthly espousals," sobbed Christine. "My heart is set above."

"Thanks to your good mother's teaching," murmured Sir Lucas, ""Tis just as well—may, 'tis the best I coulds wish for my darling. But I did not always think so. I saw with pleasure for a time the attentions of the Viscount Kingscourt. That again was human prides, for I now know that heis unworthy of one so good and pure and lovely, and I'm glad you refused him as you did. Then there was 'young Captein MacDermot—in every way a desirable suitor."

"Cormac MacDermot is a mothe

sneered the Viscount,

skull of yours. 1 suppose you know that Sir Lucas Taaffe is dead?"

gentleman," replied Christine. "H I desired earthly honors and earthly happiness, I know I should have found them with one so good and brave "And young Philip MacDonogh-too, would have secured my daught happiness."

"He, too, is honorable and brave,
"The too, is honorable and brave,

as becomes the son of distinguished sires," added the girl.
"But now all that is changed, and

In would not alter or influence your decision by an iota, my child," murmured Sir Lucas. "The estate will still remain in the family. You, darling, as a religious cannot retain it. The Government would not permit you believer the still remain in the results of the still remain in the still remain in the still remain the still r mit you-heiress though you be. I will go to Richard Taaffe, my bro But what of it? pass away. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away, but My word shall not pass away.' Ah, my child, yours is the true wisdom—laying up riches in heaven where the moths cannot con-I approve of your decision to sume. I approve of your decision to take the veil, and your prayers will be an aid and a comfort to me here-after. Listen, Christine! When I am gone, you will find in that old chest in the library money enough to in the library money enough to you for your new life—a dow-had intended for your earthly "Do as you plase," snorted bridal. Do not worry about the estate. The Government will see to satisfactory disposal tate. its safe and But you may not become a religious in Ireland—"

"I wish only to leave the tracted country form tracted country forever and devote my life to God," sobbed Christine. "You, Father James—to your pro-tection I commend her. You will see to her, and the consummation of her wishes. Some place on the Conti-nent you will find her a community of Irish purs." Irish nuns.

There is one is Paris, under protection of King Louis, endowed by Irish nobles," said the priest.

"I leave the rest to you, my lad. I know you will not forsake her," faintly smiled the sick man.

""" second

"Tis a sacred trust and I will be loyal to it, so help me God!" protested the priest with fervor.
"Then I die happy," sighed the weary baronet. "But one thing more—to fulfill your protesters.

to fulfil your promise you must leave Ireland at once. Your life is in constant peril here. And, think would become of my ling if you, her protector, should fall Ing if you, her protector, should lar, into the hands of the persecutors? For her sake, then, and until you are safely embarked for France, you must run no unnecessary risk.
obligation you have taken
yourself implies extraordinary taken upor caution on your part to avoid ar while you are in Ireland. I ke that you carry your life in your hands every hour you are here, so you must promise to be careful."

you must promise to be careful."
"I promise," said the priest.
"I know, too, that in the pursuit of souls and the discharge of his sacred ministry the priest is willing to brave every danger. But, once again, until you have discharged your obligation to my danghter, you must not be over-zeeleur. not be over-zealous.'

'If I am remiss now, for your daughter's sake, God will overlook my failings. You have imposed on me a holy trust, and God will help me in my weekens to did not be to the control of the me, in my weakness, to discharge it Some day, if it be His will, I may return to Ireland to complete

ministry. But now—"
"Thanks, a thousand thanks, lad," murmured the baronet, fingers pressing feebly on his phew's hand. "And now, Fa James, I am ready for your sacred

When the windows began to glos in the rising dawn and the were twittering in the park, Lucas Taaffe, with Christine, ther James and the servants of household kneeling about him, feebly closed his eyes, the "Miserere mei, Domine!" of the priest sounding an assurance of divine mercy in his \* \* \*

TV

Once again the priest-hunters we closeted with Viscount Kingscourt his library at Kingscourt, an again the Viscount was wroth his servants. In ungovernable rage he had sent for them peremptorily from Boyle

"The week's half gone. The hanging oak still stands, but the fox is yet uncaught," he greeted them sarcasti-

"Your Honor," whined Bagshaw,
"I've done all that mortal man could do, but I've not got the scent yet."

"A pretty priest-hunter, you!"
scoffed the Viscount. "I could do better myself if I might descend to such dirty work." sneered the contractor of the dirty work. "And you, Birmingham, what have you to say?" grunted Birmingham. "I got on the thrail, but he got away. You Honor," you Honor, it's the whole country again' the two of us. The priest has a thousand friends where we

'you've run down friars before this, so you're no novice at the game. You needn't be scrupulous at taking him alive. Remember, he's a felon, and his head is as good as his hide. But I'll drive a hint into that thick stull of yours. I suppose you know

from there, with his pretty cousin in Jack released her, and she took distress. He'll be buried to-morrow down her cloak, filled a basket with

"I do, Your Honor." "Very well, then. A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. I'll expect to hear from you here the evening of the funeral."

And he dismissed the twain.

"What do you say, Bill? Are you going to Taaffe Hall?" asked Bir-

ningham.

"Are you?" queried Bill.

"No, not I," answered Birmingnam. "I take no shtock in such stoies. The friar's not likely to be
hore with the whole country. there with the whole counthry, tholic an' Prodeshtant, flockin' to the

cottage and was greeted with by Mary Fanshawe. ary," said he excitedly. "I've

"Mary," said he excitedly. "I've more news for you." "What is it?" queried the girl eagerly

"You told me that Father O'Rorke was hidin' at Thrinity Island and that you warned him away from ere yestherday." ll, what of it," asked Mary.

"Well, to make a pritense of my duty, I wint to the island mornin', mesel', an' found this book
—a priesht's book." mornin',

thinks I'm mins I'm fee on the scent of the priest, and he regards this book, which the priesht musht have dropped, as good evidence. The truth is, Mary, Bagshaw's watchin the priesht and I'm watchin Bagshaw, so's I'll countherfoil him. Now, Mary, if Father O'Rorke's at Taaffe Hall—son', he's likely to be there with his an' he's likely to be there, with his uncle dead—go at once, this very hour, an' tell him to leave. Bag shaw an' meser have jusht com-from Kingscourt, and Lord Kings very from court has ordhered us to watch Hall till afther the funeral. I thried Bagshaw because 'tis a fool's errand, but he's goin' there this very the priest dead or alive. As for me, I'll not stir hand or foot in the dirty work, except to throw Bill off the thrail. An' it's all for you,

Mary."
The girl arose with a smile and approached Birmingham, a light in her eyes that made the young man's heart beat fast.

"Jack," she said, putting her arms about his neck, "Jack, I thank you.
I had a Prodeshtan't father and a Catholic mother. I remained a Prodeshtant until this same Eather O'Rorke, when he was here in Ireland before, brought me back to the old faith. For that great grace I'm his servant forever. And because his servant forever. And bec

## **Cold Settles** on Kidneys

Cure is obtained promptly by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Medical authorities place colds the most frequent cause of kidney It is customary to consider

It is customary to consider the ungs alone in danger from colds.

This is a mistake.

The kidneys are quite as susceptible and the effect is to congest and clog these filtering organs until the whole system is poisoned and there can be a supposed by the proper because he had a supposed to the constant of the constant

comes backaches, lumbago, aching head, painful limbs and urinary de

angements.

In a wonderfully short time Dr. A.

J. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills afford

W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills afford relief and cure.

By reason of their direct and com-bined action on kidneys, liver and bowels they cleanse the system, pu-rify the blood and carry away the poisons generated by reason of the cold

cold.

The great secret of health lies in keeping these filtering and excretory organs regular and active and this en the control of the cont

n't admit it until you changed your evil ways."

evil ways."

"Twas you made me ch
Mary," blurted Jack husktly.
I'll never again do anything
save the priests, so help me, G
"I'm proud of you, Jack, and
I hate Bagshaw worse than
He thinks because he has a bag
dirty gold and I'm an orphan
that he can have me any time
likes. He's here

that he can have me any time likes. He's been comin' afther these two years, but I hate "Every one knows it, Your Honor," whined Bagshaw. "The news of his death is the talk of Boyle."
"Very well, then! Suppose you watch Taaffe Hall? At such a time the friar is not likely to be absent from there with his pretty course in a lack released her and she

distress. He'll be buried to-morrow at Kilronan Abbey, so you might be on the lookout for strangers. Do you follow me''.

"I do, Your Honor," growled Bill
"And you, Birmingham, do you understand!" went on the Viscount of the Cullow Meyer and Lough Arrow, and the road led through the passes of the Cullow Meyers in the Could by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be a could be compared by Meyers in the Could be compared by Meyers in the Could be compared by Meye

of the Curlew Mountains, famous in the Elizabethan wars for the astrous defeat of Sir Conyers Clif-ford by Red Hugh O'Donnell. It was gathering dusk when Mary Fanshawe reached the darkened house. Men on horseback had passed her at intervals gentlemen of the country hurrying thither with sympathy and condolence. Once a chaise with emblazoned panels, postilitions and outriders had stopped to enquire of her the way—some great lord, doubtless, who lived afer yet had travelled through lived afar, yet had travelled through mire and rain to pay his respects to the the memory of Sir Lucas; so that the the cloaked and hooded girl, basket that on arm, made an incongruous figure amid the powdered dames and bno-caded gallants when, finally, she was

dead."

"Do as you plase," snorted bill, "but I'm goin' to watch the Hall this very night."

"Twill be a wild-goose chase, I'm thinkin'," smiled Birmingham.

"Think as you please, but I'll do it," growled Bill as the worthies parted on the bridge of Boyle.

When Bill had left him, Jack Birmingham went his way to the Green.
There he entered the whitewashed cottage and was greeted with a groom.

"I'm thruly and heartily sorry for your trouble this night—may the good Lord comfort you!" said Mary impulsively to the beautiful girf, who, in her bitter grief, looked like a rain-besprinkled lily.

d and from "I know it, dear, and thank from my heart. But, Mary, are that good angel that v are that good angel that warned Father James from Trinity Island when danger threatened him? For his sake you have my eternal gratiwould have

"Sure, any Catholic would done the same, alanna," prote Mary, "and now I am here on -a priesht's book."
"You did?" questioned Mary, in astonishment. "You surely aren't playin' thraitor, Jack Birmingham."
"Nonsense; but I did it to clear my conscience with Lord Kingscourt. He is in danger and that an effort will be made to take him here I'm hot on the scent of the at the Hall, and I couldn't and he regards this book, step till I had warned Ever his good angel! May God

reward you, smiled Christine. "He must leave here this hasn't

night: He the bloodhoun to lose. Already the bloodhounds are on his trail. Oh, for heaven's sake, Miss Christine, if he is here, tell him to leave at once. If he delays an hour 'twill be too late. can't rest aisy while he is in danger."
"He is here, dear, and I will tell

him at once. 'Tis a hard trial to lose him now, when I need his supporting strength and sympathy; but God will give hin! back again. ever be the result to me, his life mus be preserved at all cost. You shall have the blessing of a persecuted saint—I am sure of that, and the blessing of the saints is precious
"Then you will tell him," sig

sighed "Then you will tell nim, signed Mary," "That's enough for me, and I am happy. And now I musht be goin' back. It may be that I may be able to aid him further by information from a friend—" smiled (Christine, "I have beard of him

Christine. "I have heard of from Father James, and pray that God may reward him. But," she God may reward him. But," she added admiringly, "he already has his reward. May he be worthy of one so good and devoted."

given her, "here's a book belongin' to Father O'Rorke, Jack found it in the old abbey on the island." Christine recognized the lost bre-

viary.
"He will indeed be glad to recover it," she said. "He dropped it in his hasty flight from the isle. It is a nasty fight from the isle. It is a present from a class fellow at Louvain and he values it highly. But surely, my dear, I may offer you some reward for your goodness—some small token of my gratitude?"

"No, no, Miss Christine. Nothing, if you please. Do you think that money could repay me for helpin' Father James? I have my reward here," she added, placing her hand on her heart.

"True, true," smiled Christine. "A "True, true," smiled Christime. "A conscience at peace with God—what reward can equal it? But your neward will be even greater hereafter in heaven. You shall have my prayers, and, oh, my dear, I beseech you not to forget me in voûrs."

"They are yours now, alanna," sobbed Mary as she kissed Christine. "God aid and comfort you and yours this night and forever!"

An hour after Father O'Rorke had bidden a hasty and affecting farewell to his tearful cousin, a way-worn traveller, who had evidently journey-ed afar, to judge by his mud-sphattered rainment, knocked for admission at Taafe Hall. He was clearly of the mendicant class, who tramped afoot free bown to town, subsisting on the charity of the country. An old man, wrinkled and bowed with years, he was the class of the country of the country and beautiful to the country. supported himself with a stout staff.

His lone gray hair, his tattered clock, like J seph's coat in its murtiplicity of patches, his venerable

appearance and his voluble prayers for the prize of the soul of Sin Lucas won him easy admission to the riall, where it was regaled on a good meal, after which he unfolded to the rosy, goodnatured cook the prime purpose. his visit. "I heard in Boyle that Sir Luca:

was dead. God resht his sowl, he was ever a kind friend to the poor and disthressed. The laughey gentlema he was, indeed, may Gou give him the light of glory this blessed night! And, of coorse, passin' this way on me way to Sligo, it would ill beseem the not to turn aside and "twill be a charity if any of ye kind good people can help me good people can help me. I came by Castlerea, yesterday mornin', an in the town I met the coachman of Misther Nicholas Blake—an ould friend of Sir Lucas. He was look-in' for a phriest and said that Mr. Blake was on the point of death and beggin' some one to find him a holy soggarth before he died. 'The Lord bless ye,' sez I, 'there's ne'er a priesht in these parts. I've travelled all the country over an' over an ought to know. But," sez I, 'I hear ought to know. But, sez 1, 'I hear that Sig Lucas Tgaffe has a nephew who's a holy friar, an' as I'm go-in' that way I'll stop at the Hall an' lave word to have the priesht sint to Misther Blake. It's more than likely, sez I, that some one at the Hall 'll know where this Father o torke, the nephew, is, an', of coorse, he'n' all good Catholics, they'll only be too glad to help a dyin' man.' So that's me chief raison for bein' here now."

"Ah, then," said the cook, he had fimished, "you come late. If you O'Rorke, the nephew, is,

If you wor here two nound har found the priesht earlier you'd ha' found the priesht himsel'—God bless an' save him from

informers an' spies!"
"Amen, amen, asthore!", sighed the
beggar. "But if ye should chanst to
lynow where he's hidin', I'm sure yelet him know

"Il let him know."
"It's more than likely that poor
Miss Christine, the heart-broken colleen, knows where he wint. P'll
spake to her whin I get a chance.
Of coorse she's too much taken up now wid the gentry and the quality in the house, comin's in' from mornin' till night to pa their respects to him that's dead-God resht his sowl!" 'Thank you, ma'am, thank

"Thank you, ma'am, thank you. You wor ever kind an' good, an' if you can do anything for poor Misther Blake 'twill be a charity—a great charity out an' out," replied the beggar.

"I don't think we can do anything

afther the funeral to-morrow," the cook. "Miss Christine'll be said the cook. too busy, disthressed an' all as she is now, poor little colleen! But do you think Mr. Blake's that bad that he'll need the priesht at once?
"Well, maybe he'll lasht a

"Well, maybe he'll lasht a couple of days longer. At last the coachman thought so," said the man co-gitatively. "But the sooner the friar's found the betther," he added. "Of coorse, if nothing can be done till ather the Masther's funeral—an." it's raisonable to suppose there can' it may be just as well. events, I know ye'll do yer best, an' may God bless ye all. I've done my part any way, and ye'll do the resht, I'm sure."
"'Deed, then, we will. You may

be sure of that. But, me poor he bengar rose to go man, as the beggar rose to go,
"you'll be hungry on the way and
ye'll want a bite. So hand me yer

The poor man gladly surrendered to her solicitous hands which placed in it a roast fowl, 'God bless ye this night!' he mumbled at the kitchen door, hat in

hand, "bless ye and save ye an' al-ways sind ye full and plenty!" After which, shouldering his bag and taking his staff, he hobbled out of the kitchen yard and was lost amid the trees.

It was a warm harvest night, and the sweet weel.

his servant forever. And because you're loyal at last to the faith of your dead parents, which for a long time you forsook and engaged in priesthunting, an' because you put me in the way of savin' Father O'Rorkie—oh, Jack, I love you. I loved you all the time, but I could—own the breviary Birmingham had given her 'bbry's across the stables and out-houses back of the Hall and emerged into the avenue, me alive to their doin's. And, by the away;' said she, talking from her bosom the breviary Birmingham had given her 'bbry's professional and devoted."

It was a warm harvest night, and the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the stables and out-houses back of the Hall and emerged into the avenue, be lay down in a clump of ornamental or the profession with the contraction of the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the stables and out-houses back of the Hall and emerged into the avenue, be lay down in a clump of ornamental or the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the stables and out-houses back of the Hall and emerged into the avenue, be lay down in a clump of ornamental or the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the stables and out-houses back of the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the stables and out-houses back of the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the stables and out-houses back of the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the sweet smell shrubbery, safely screened from view by the dense foliage of the laurels, but clearly in sight of the door and All that night he lay there,

sleeping, but keenly alert, his on the hall door. No one passed it after midnight, and in the morn ing, when the larks began to quiver and carol heavenward, he aross and sought a neighboring field. There in the shelter of the haycock he ate in the shelter of the haycock he ate his roast fowl and awaited until about noon, a shrill wailing of women's voices came over the field. It was the signal of the funeral, and in an instant the beggar was on his feet. But now he stood actively erect, discarded his staff, and with surprising agility crossed the field

feet. But now he stood actively erect, discarded his staff, and with surprising agility crossed the field broke through the hedge to the Kilronan road and went along that highway at a rapid gait. When, some miles away, he reached the gray ruins of Kiloran Abbey with the circumjacent graveyard, he once more resumed his staff and there at the gate he stood, mournful, mendicant and dejected, the picture of abject misery in his patched cloak and venerable white hair.

Hat in hand he stood thus, until, heralded by the keening uluacions of the women, the funeral hove in sight—along cortege of gentlemen on horseback, riding two abreast, their hats draped in streaming white, the manes of their horses beribboned in white, followed by coaches and chaises with emblazoned panels containing the ladies of the country families, and the tenantry of Sir Lucas Tudging afoot and bearing in their midst on the shoulders of four young men the black-palled coffin of Sir Lucas Taaffe.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

### MORRISON & HATCHETE

Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors 97 ST. JAMES STREET. Phone Main 3114.

KAVANAGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, Etc.
7 PLACE D'ARMES
H. J. KAYANAGH, K. C. PAUL LACOSTE, I.I. B.
H. GERIN-LAJOIE, K.C. JULES MATHIEU, I.I. B.

## JOHN P. WHELAN

M. A., 1

ADVOCATE AND SOLICITOR

93 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST.

Montreal.

MULLIN & MATHIEU

ADVOCATES

Room 6, City and District Savings Bank
Chambers,
150 St. James St., Montreal.

BARNARD

Barnard & Dessaulies ADVOCATES
Savings Bank Building, 160 St. James
Bell Telephone Main 1670.

### Atwater & Ducios ADVOCATES Guardian Building, 180 St. Jam

W. ATWATER, K.C. C. A. Du

#### GOUIN, LEMIEUX, MURPHY & BERARD

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Hon. Lomer Gouin, K.C., Hon. R. Lemieux, K.C.
D. R. Murphy, K.C.
J. P. Berard, K.C.
J. O. Drouin, K.C.
E. Brassard, I.L. B. New York Life Buildin

T. Brossard, K.C. H. A. Cholette, L.L.B. Thomas M. Tausey, B.C.L.

### BROSSARD, CHOLETTE & TANSEY Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors. Phone Main 1490 160 ST. JAMES ST. Guardian B

Tel. Bell Main 278 CODERRE & CEDRAS

ADVOCATES 8 Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal Street Railway Bldg

## EVENING OFFICE: 3663 Notre Dame Street West, 53 Church Street Verdun,

FRANK E. MCKENNA

NOTAKY PUBLIC Royal Insurance Montreal.

#### STUART, COX & MCKENNA. Bell Tel. Main 3552, Night and day service. Conroy Bros.

193 CENTRE STREET Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters, Estimates Given.

Jobbing Promptly Attended To

Lawrence Riley

PLASTERER Successor to John Riley. Established in 1860. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to.

### 15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles. 3) nopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS nion Land in Manitoba, Saskatche wan and Alberta, excepting S and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of

any person who is the sole head so head age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by

father, mother, son, daughter, bro-ther or sister of an intending home-The homesteeder is required to per

form the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in

each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permenent residence upon farming lands

(8) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior,
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

# SPECIAL OFFER

During the Month of September, 1908, or until our stock is exhausted.

FREE: Along with the regular premium we will give One Class Fruit Bowl on Stand to every one returning more than 3 Dozen 6 lb. empty XXX Self-Raising Flour Bags, and for less than 3 Dozen 6lb. Bags one medallion (picture.) medallion (picture.)

# Brodie & Harvie

14 and 16 Bleury St., Montreal

BC

BOYS WA ted! Boys that

strong,
To stand for the right
the wrong;
Boys who have cours
rades among,
To say on which side
belong. Fanted! Boys not a

Wanted:
Who'd scorn, although dry to shirk,
Who do not stand wanter or smirk—
Boys in whom idlen lurk. inted! Boys who'll here mother or sist Where mother or shall to be seen; Whose lips are kept hearts—ah! but t What's wanted is sometimes be need

Our country is needin to-day,
The future will need
wanted alway;
So, boys, hasten nor
backs to the fray for lawyers and sta

sidents, too, Must come from to boys such as you Then God bless the courage renew.
Wanted! Brave boys WHEN PAPA'S When papa's sick, nry Such awful, awful t He speaks in oh! such And gives such gha

groans,
And rolls his eyes a head, And nakes ma help I While Sis and Bridge Hot water bags to w And I must get the d We have to jump when

When papa's sick ma When papa says

Right side the bed an

While Sis she has to

For he says he's 'a

And wants the childre

Be there when "suffe

through:"

And kiss us all and the

Then means and says side the bed and Then moans and says

When papa's sick he a Until he hears the de "You've only got a c You'll be all right'n And then-well, say!

see, He's different as a m And growls and scold night
Just 'cause his dinner right, And all he does is fur We're all used up whe

The folks at home do And that's why summ A time of tribulation There's always someth

Some kind of horrid And prim Aunt Jame The duties that I s My sister Nell insist The worst she ever And she says that I'r

And brother John, de He helps to rub it in By saying I'll grow u Of less use than a p

He tells of all the we When he was home f To hear him talk you His boyhood went by pop and mom re By lecturing on slot Though I'm sharp enor It's just a trick wit

I'm as bad as they a but underneath their Can see they're very I'm this, I'm that, I'a

An imp, a plague, a To make me think the They try their level But no one dares to s When grandma is are They keep, the peace at As if they were all t

Cause grandma has a
And knows they used
Far worse to unge to
When they were youn
—Edwin Angelo Lens BOB'S PRIZ A group of boys wer day by a village pont evidently tormenting so water and enjoying the nach. Only now and hardened than the other claim, "Let the poor be!"

be!"
Portunately for the present which was struggled ter there was more great at hand, or it must hand then the great unight not have won a Suddenly a deep-tor

It's awful sad when