THE FRIAR'S HEAD

A Story of the Penal Days in Ireland.

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

"So there is no hope, then, Chris-ine? No possible hope of getting ou to reconsider your decision?" "None, positively mone, my Lord Viscount. I entreat you not to sub-ject me to further pain by urging Viscount

your suit."
"But, Christine, this is no "But, Christine, this is no new ission, no passing fancy. I have ways loved you—ever since that uppy day when I first set eyes son you," said Viscount Kingscourt thly reaching for her hand.
"My Lord, my Lord!" pleaded the

ly reaching for her hand.

Iy Lord, my Lord!" pleaded the
shrinking from him in distress, must ask you to desist. It

You refuse me, then, absolutely,

A hard light had come into the man's eyes, which narrowed with something akin to hatred, while his firm, set mouth had lines at the corthat betokened anything but

"My Lord Viscount, I might say, if I truthfully could, that I feel flattered by your offer, while I deplore that I cannot accept it. But that were unworthy of me, as I have neencouraged you in your suit.'

never cared for me at all, all

n the way you suggest," girl. "You do but give me 'Not in unnecessary pain by urging me in a not an unacceptable suitor, matter the refusal of which must be esteemed him handsome an a cause of pain to yourself. Nay, nay," as again she shrank from his searching hands, "once for all I must

"Not in words, but there is a no doubt about the inference."

"Oh, my Lord Viscount." said the girl, looking up with flashing eyes, her cheeks aglow. "if you yourself mention the word, bethink you whether it is altogether the mere outburst of wounded pride, or not, rather, the plea of a guilty constituent of the quick by his curt refusal by Christiane Tagfie, daughter of Sir Lucas Taaffe.

He was a harsh landlord to his tendent of the quick by his curt refusal by Christiane Tagfie, daughter of Sir Lucas Taaffe.

or is your past so immaculate that you could fearlessly lay it open to scrutiny? Is it altogether mere idle rumor, or is it not rather notorious? What of the broken hearts on your estate? What of the flowers of innocence wantonly trampled under foot in your merciless career? What of the humble homes, the gray hairs, the wronged daughters, the grieving fathers and mothers brought to shame by your conduct?"

She had arisen and stood confront-ing him like an accusing a popular

ing him like an accusing angel.
"I am inclined to think that this change of heart is brought about not

by any qualms of maiden modesty, but by the treasonable meddling of

enace and hatred.
"I ignore with scorn the insult to den modesty-an insult that is but in keeping with your record and

" 'And Satan took Him to the top "'And Satan took Him to the top of a figh mountain and showed Him the kingdoms of the earth. 'All this will I give Thee. if Thou wilt but worship me," said Satan,'" murnured the girl, softly and reverently, her eyes on the floor.

"You quote Scripture like a nunnery novice," sneered the Viscount.

"Tis a vocation incomprehensible to my Lord Viscount,' smiled the

to my Lord Viscount," smiled the "Faith, I believe you will be tak-ing the vows soon," sneered the

ing the vows soon," sneered the Viscount.
"Ah, My Lord, if I did so I were not the first of my name to espouse so high and holy an estate. If

were worthy-'

I were worthy—"
"Enough, Miss Taaffe, your words
convict you. If you love your cousin, bid him beware."
He strode to the door and paused,
hand on handle, turning to Chris-

"My cousin is in God's keeping," murmured she. "They shall strike the shepherd and the sheep shall be dispersed," she added tremblingly and half audibly.

"Ay, they shall strike the shepherd and that existing the shepherd."

herd, and that swiftly and surely," laughed the Viscount, as he bowed himself out of the room

In person, in wit, in mien and de-meanor, in graciousness of manner on formal occasions, in social prestige, the young Viscount Kingscourt was handsome and desir able. Men envied him his Parisian cause of pain to yourself. May, and envised from his y," as again she shrank from his burching hands, "once for all I must by no."

Miss Taaffe, do you know what really—were proud of his patronage: you are doing? Do you know what it is to refuse the Viscount Kings- tronage to his social inferiors. To orourt?"

He had drawn himself proudly erect before the fireplace. The girl was reellining on a sofa, her face hidden in her hands.

tronage to his social inferiors. To tronage to his squals he was irascible, haughty, intolerant, in keeping with his conception of a viscount s dignity. In a day of lax morality and bitter hated of the subject Irish, his immorweighed all considera- ality and bigotry were none worse "I have weighed all considerations," she said. "I have no doubtnay, I know—that it is a most flattering offer, and that there are
there who would be honored by
your suit—"

"I have weighed all considerations," she said. "I have no doubt—
then prevailed among his class—a hard-drinking, loud-swearing, gormandizing set of men, for the most of the plander of the Irish
and dignerations." "Others might be honored?" His tone was hard and repellent now, and there was a hint of cynicism in his voice. "Then you insinuate dishonor in my suit?" he asked with an ugly smile, displaying his white, even tooth. "Others might be honored?" His and endowed with vast estates

ence."
"Ha! Then you accuse me of dismost sacred traditions. To him "Ha! Then you accuse me of dis-honor?" they were but helots. He had vaded the sanctity of their home on unpardonable offence in Irish ey altogether guiltless of wrong-doing? Or is your past so immaculate that

wrong smoulered in their nearts, so that they hated him whom they feared—hated him with an intensity born of their passionate nature.

He who had wronged the innocent had mistaken caprice for love and in his arrogance had never dreamed that that caprice would be flouted, rejected with scorn by the girl he rejected with scorn by the girl he had chosen to deem honored by his condescension. To him Christine was condescension. To him Christiane was merely a beauty, something more attractive, more worth the winning, than the average girl of his set. He knew nothing of the deep spirituality, the delicacy of thought and feeling that underlay her character, and he had not counted on a refusal that cut him to the heart and made him thirst for vengeance. It was in the heyday of the Penal Laws, when that infamous code was being administered with a harshness and severity that drove the people to de

viscount. My feelwards you. I have never attempted to disguise them. But if there were a change, I beg to assure you that no outside influence were necessary. I am mistress of my own will."
"Miss Tanffe," said the Viscount, speaking slowly and in measured tones, "do you knew that your cousin is in the kingdom in defiance of law? That he is a felon? The state of the courts of the courts, if only he might verify the rumor of the baronet's recusancy. To encourage Papistry, to keep an altar in his home, to be visited by priests and friars, were offences which, if proven, would deprive the baronet of his estate. Sir laughter of O'Range of law ? That he is a felon? The state of the courts of the courts, if only he might verify the rumor of the baronet's recusancy. To encourage Papistry, to keep an altar in his home, to be visited by priests and friars, were offences which, if proven, would deprive the baronet of his estate. Sir Lucas in the courts, if only he might verify the rumor of the baronet's recusancy. To encourage Papistry, to keep an altar in his home, to be visited by priests and friars, were offences which, if proven, would deprive the baronet of o'Range of the courts, if only he might verify the rumor of the baronet's recusancy. To encourage Papistry, to keep an altar in his home, to be visited by priests and friars, were offences which, if proven, would deprive the baronet of its proven. proceed again.

proceed again.

the courts, if only h

were necessary.

were necessary.

were necessary.

were necessary.

were necessary.

speaking slowly and in measured tones, "do you know that your coursin is in the kingdom in defiance of law? That he is a felon? That I have been aware of his presence all this time? And that I have refrained from harsh execution of my duty as Lord Lieutenant of this county only because of my regard for you?"

"So you would have recourse to threats, my Lord Viscount?" smill
with your profession.

have been aware of his presence all this time? And that I have refrained from harsh execution of my duty as Lord Lieutenant of this county only because of my regard for you?"

"So you would have recourse to threats, my Lord Viscount?" smiled the girl. "Such words but ill accord with your profession of love."

"But not my conception of duty. If I have been lax in my duty hitherto, I beg to impress upon you that I shall use all diligence in future to make amends for my past neglect. I have it on good warrant that your cousin, the friar, has been seen visiting your own home here, that your father maintains an altar and oratory in his house, and that he is open to the charge of recusancy. Do you realize what all this means to your family, to your father, to your-eelf, should love change to hatred?"

"For myself, I am ready for the consequences, if you can verify your suspicions or substantiate your charges," retorted Christine calmly.

"If 'livere so, 'twere but a reversal to blessed old family traditions," smiled the girls.

"And if 'twee so, 'there but a reversal to blessed old family traditions," smiled the circumstances a Papist heiress could inherit Taaffee Hall?"

Control Sitted region 2 money

ontempt with King But as his deparand Parliament. But as his departure, with its treasonable purpose, remained a secret with the family, nothing had come of it until some years later, when Ensign O'Rorke of Dillon's regiment returned to Sligo as Father O'Rorke of the Friars Minor.

Then, after a while, he had been apprehended, tried and banished from the kingdom, under penalty of death should he again return. And now, after an absence of two years, he was back in Ireland—nay, had secretly visited Sir Lucas at Taaffe Hall. Of this Viscount Kingscourt had been apprized but, because of his caprice

or this viscount Kingscourt and neem apprized but, because of his caprice for Christine, he had hitherto refrained from running him down, which, as Lord Lieutemant of the County and a loyal servant of the Crown, he should have done. But

Early next morning two sinister individuals from Boyle were closeted with the Viscount at Kingscourt. The Viscount was in a towering rage, and the priest-hunters quailed before his

the priest-hunters quanted beautifully humor.

"Look you here, Bagshaw," he roared at one, "why have you not done your duty and run this Papist fox to earth before this?"

"Your Honor," whined the trembling wretch, searce daring to look at his inquisitor, "I did not know where he was hidin."

"Did not know where he was

"Did not know where he

hiding?" sneered the Viscount. "Is it not public property that he could be found any day at Taaffe Hall?" it, yer Honor whimpered Bagshaw.

whimpered Bagshaw.

"Well, you know it now," roared the Viscount, "and you, Bellingham," he went on, addressing the second man, "do you hear what I say? This O'Rorke is known to visit Sir Lucas at his home. Now, mark me well, you pair of mongrel curs, if this fellow is not apprehended within a week you know what to an extension as week you know what to are in a week you know what to expect. There is gain for you if you bring him to book—fifty golden guineas, mind you! The law allows bring him to book—fifty golden gui-neas, mind you! The law allows five pounds for a priest, the same as But this O'Rorke particularly objectionable to me, and will give fifty guineas to the first

of you that brings him here, dead or alive. But if you are derelict in your duty, there is the hanging oak He strode to a window and pointed to a gnarled old oak tree on a lawn before the hall door.

You know what that means?" he sparled, rounding on the men and showing his white, even teeth in a forbidden smile.

'We know, yer honor," whined the subservient wretches, cowering before him.

"Yes, you ought to know. A long rope and a short shrift. So go now and be about your business. Mind, no excuses, no apologies for defection or failure Gold if you win; if you that old gallow tree outside." ith a contemptuous glance at the With a contemptuous glance at the uailing wretches he strode from the room, banging the door behind

Bagshaw stole a sinister look a Birmingham.

"It's me or you, Jack," he smiled. e you a hard run for the God knows I need it, and money. God knows I need It, and I'm goin' to thry hard to win it—"
"I suppose if you get it Bill, it'll be a weddin' on the Green?" laughed Jack. "Well, I wish you luck in Jack. "Well, I wish you like wooin'; but, mind you, I'm in t. too. I have somethin' mesel that, too to say to Mary Fanshawe, an' you're bo goin' to have a walk-over.
All's fair in love an' war; but as I'd scorn to take a mean advantage in a man an' rival, I give ye fair notice

"Well, then may the besht man win, I say, Jack. Here's my hand

win, I say, Jack. Here's my hand on it."

And the two rivals shook hands and left Kingscourt intent on hound-ing to his doom the innocent man man man wo of nothing more cri-master's business.

passed under the hanging oak on the awn and glanced into its umbrage

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will sure them."

ous height, "many's the poor divil's gone to his long account from your branches, me bucko!"
"Yes, but faith I for one have no mind to dance on air," laughed Bill.
"Well, if vigitance can get him the brush, the game is his already," laughed the other. "Honest, now, Bill, do you fanow where the fox is gidin'?"

"If I did, do you think I'd tell you, with fifty guineas at stake?" growled Bill.
"Well, as long as the fox runs he's

caught "There's a pretty pair of hounds on his scent this mornin', and he'll have to make good runnin' if he gets safe-ly to cover."

"That's all nonsense about his be-in' at Taaffe Hall. I'll say that for at Taaffe Hall. I'll say that for the thing," commented Bill.
"I'm thinkin' so mesel'," answered ack. "He knows too many tricks

Jack Jack. 'He knows too ham,' the to be caught there. Wasn't it*there he was taken lasht time?''
''It was, an' for that raison he's apt to avoid it this time. I, for one, take no stock in that rumor,''

said Bill.
"Nor I," added Jack. "But wher-

ever he is, we'll have to find him. ours later Jack Birmingham paused before a neat whitewashed cottage giving on the Green in Boyle. It was high noon and the streets It was high noon and the were full of people—farmers the adjoining townlands, it townlands, it being market-day, cattle and pig jobbers in heavy frieze ulsters, women with baskets on their arms, here and there a group of soldiers in vivid scarlet with an occasional Buck on horse back riding to or from the notorious Bucks' Club, where young gentlemen of the town and neighboring estates

poystered and made merry in own boisterous way.

Birmingham loitered on the walk, eyeing the passing show. Then, content that he was not observed, he entered the cottage. A young wos sat spinning at a purring in the room that served as sitting-room, dining-hall and f all work. Neatly polished oom of all work. ins sparkled on the dresser snowy whiteness. A pair of brass to showly winderless. A part of order randlesticks and a vase of roses stood on a table in the middle of the floor. White muslin curtained the single on a table in the initial of the single window. Behind the door leaned a cougle of besoms, or brooms of heather, which, to judge by the wellwept floor, had been put to good se that morning. Suspender that morning a kettle was Suspended from an iron crane a softly over the softly over the fire in the op-hearth, and a cat dozed in the glo of the burning turf.

The girl looked up from her spin-The garl looked up from her spin-ning as the man entered. A frown contracted her brows momentarily, but she was not displeased at the man's presence, for a smile presently dimpled her cheeks and curved the

"God bless crimson of her lips.
od bless the work," ejaculated the man, pausing uncertainly in the doorway.

ed the girl, resuming her spinning. knees "Won't you take a stool?" she added, after a moment.

ed, after a moment.
"I don't know whether I'm welceme or not," blurted Birmingham.
He was a good-looking young man
of a swarthy countenance and dark

Mary Fanshawe looked at "You know well, Jack Birming-ham, that my home is open to my friends; but you also know why I

friends: but you also know why I cannot count you as a friend."

"Ah, Mary," said Birmingham, going to the girl's side, "you wor ever an' always too hard on me. You know I like you—"

"Enough of that now, if you please," said the girl, edging her stool away from him. "If I'm hard con you. Lhave good cause and you. I have good cause, and you know the raison

"But it is of that I've come now o spake to you, Mary, do you now where Father O'Rorke is hid-

"Do I know where Father O'Rorke is hidin'? Of course I don't, but if I did, do you think I'd tell you?" Her lips were curling with scorn and her eyes flashed menacingly. "Well, Mary, I don't mane any harn; on the conthrary, I mane good," said the young man. "Good? How do you mane good—you whose business 'tis to hunt God's holy priests? Ah, Jack, if your father knew of your conduct, he'd turn in his grave." "Well, suppose I could save this priest by a little advice?" "Save him?" The girl's eyes were wide with wondering increduli-'Do I know where Father O'Rorke

"Save him?" The girl's eyes were wide with wondering incredulity.

"Yes, if I could save him, would you take it as a change in heart in me, an' not be so hard on me in the future?"

future?"

"The bare idea's impossible," smiled the girl. "When you show a change in heart, then I may change my mind."

"Would you regard it as a proof that I really liked you, if I saved him for your sake?"

"I think that would be a proof," said the girl gravely, with downsaid the girl gravely, with

said the girl gravely, with

said the girl gravely, with down-cast eyes.

"Then in heaven's name," said the young man earnestly, taking her un-resisting hand in his, "if you know where he's hidin'—and no one is more apt to know than yersel'—go to him and tell him at once that his

more apt to know than yersel'—go to him and tell him at once that his life is in danger."

"Do you really mane this, Jack Birmingham?" queried the girl.

"As God is me judge, I mane it," affirmed the young man. "This mornin' Viscount Kingscourt set mesel' an' Bill Bagshaw on his trail, an' it's death if we fail to catch him. For your sake, Mary, I prefer me chances of death on the hangin' oak to takin' this imnocent young man."

"Oh, Jack, Jack." murmured the girl, "if I thought that you really were serious, I'd be the happiest girl in Molylurg—"

"And I'd be the happiest man," smiled Jack, "if I thought I could make you happy."

"Honest, now, Jack, you're not jokin'?"

"Tm as serious as ever I was in

'I'm as serious as ever I was in

me life," urged him get out and go to Taaffe Hall. He'll be safe there, for Bagshav

not believe he'd ever go there, afther bein' taken there once before." There was a ring of earnestness, of d a great joy in "If events prove me thrue, will you promise to listhen to me in the

ture?" asked Jack, tremblingly For a space Mary was silent, ering the hem of her agron.
he looked up with a smile.

hie looked up with a smile.

"I promise, Jack," she whispered.

"For them words, God bless you," smiled Jack, raising her hand to his lips. "So go at once and warn Fa-ther O'Rorke." nks. Jack. I'll go at

"Thanks, Jack, 141 go at once," said Mary, pushing aside the spinning wheel and taking down a heavy blue cloak from a peg behind the door. "But you mustn't follow," "Don't be afraid of me. You may

me. I've put me head in the to do this. so I'm not apt to thrust me. "God bless you, Jack," she smiled, as the young man left the house with a light heart.

Elated at the thought of being instrumental in saving the priest's life Mary Fanshawe, hooded in her blue Mary Fanshawe, nooded in her old cloak, passed through the marketers sought the Abbey road and took the very road to Kingscourt that Birmingham and Bagshaw had retraced but a short time before.

After a while she was skirting the shore of Lough Key, picking way through the dense woo woodland. beautiful lake rippled before he The beautiful lake rippied in crystal clearness, studded with its many islets and dotted with historic flam caunt and grey, the ruins. Here, gaunt and grey, the dismantled castle of the MacDermots was duplicated in the blue waves There a monastic ruin rose from the water's edge. Yonder a green isle held an ivy-clad tower. A lake of softest beauty, a lake of holiness and chivalric romance, good men brave had hallowed and defended the days of Ireland's glory. Now castle keep and abbey cloister were silent, sad and deserted. The chant silent, sad and deserted. The chan of vespers by cowled monks no long er echoed at eve along its dimpling deeps. The song of compline prime was sung now by linnet an lark and goldfinch; but the data still slept in the green isles and rewerent pilgrims yet went there pray for their souls' repose. It is the crypt of the there, too, in the crypt of the they too Trinity Island priests the crypt of the they too the crypt of cient abbey on Trinity Island priests, hunted for the faith, took refuge from sleuth-hound and nunter

from sleuth-hound and manyer.
Thither, then, to Trinity Island, as
the west grew rosy with sunset and
the hills deepened to violet, pushed
Mary Fanshawe in the fisher's boat
she had found in a little sandy cove. A young man in the garb sherman came forth to meet in the garb of as the keel of her boat grated or

Peace be with you!" he murmur as the young girl sank on heres before him.

knees before him.

"Oh, Father, it is you," she murmured.

"Thank God I have found you! I have come from Boyle to warn you of danger. The priest-hunters are, out and seeking you."

"Ah, my child, that is an old story in Ireland," smiled Father O'Horke. "They shall strike the shepherd and the sheep shall be dispersed,"

Alas, that it should be," sobbed the g'rl insistent than ever and are thirsting for your blood. Be on your guard against Bagshaw. He is after you. for your But you have no danger to incur from Birmingham. He it is who begged me to find you and wern

you—''
"God bless him and you and make wou happy here and hereafter:" suited the priest, reading the significance of the blushes that suddenly dyed Mary's cheeks. "If there he a change of heart in Birmingham, I can well imagine the cause of it. I hope he will be worthy of you; and you, my child for heaving bounds should be a superficient to the control of th my child, for having brought about steader. this great change in the formerly re-

creant to his large,
you exceedingly!"
"And, Father, he hade me tell you
that you will be safe at your unthat you will be safe at your unthat you will go here" does not think you will go there "
"Thanks, my child," said the priest. "I shall go there this very night, and my prayers shall follow you, as I hope yours may be lifted for me."

(To be continued.

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The homesteader is required to per-

he conditions connected there under one of the following form the conditions with under one of

upon and cultivation of the land is each year for three years. each year for three years.

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vicinity of the iand entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

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Baby Bobbie's beeand he was fretful a
the delay his mothe
pose upon him.
"You neglected lit
what can I do?" sh
despair, snatching h
her left arms and b
ciliatory caress on t
cheek, while with h
cheek, while with h cheek, while with its As if in answer to pext moment Mrs. J upon the newspaper on the end of the s

serving as a mat a stove clean, and sh vertisement: "In exchange for a girl will help with care of children, generally useful generally useful hours. Address K., hours. Address R.,
"She'd be just the baby dear," Mrs. Jashe set the saucepan not give the matter til later, when Mr. to her, as she sat deter things were in

evening:

"Bessie, you look
stop at the employm
morning and—"

"That reminds me,
arose and stepped i:
She returned with n the stove and ment which

earlier.
"Won't do." commoson decidedly. "She'
bons, giggles and fin neiper. There are girls an the way this one has quest," Mrs. Ja thoughtfully. "I bel quest," M

The next afternoon, son was engaged in t of getting dinne iseping Baby Bobby
fretful hour, a knock
back door. Upon of
Jameson found hersel
girl with a frank, sm
which her dark hair
ed back and held s
with combs.

"We Margin Dale!" "I'm Marcia Dale," nounced in a low, plas she extracted an

n her purse. 'The to my advertisen Which high school Mrs. Jameson invited the caller inde "North Garfield, thi here. It's nice it is isn't it? Please let interrupted herself to Bobby made friendly her. "My home is and I came to the cit taking to live at my taking the year's coutinued, holding out he Bobby, the baby, in showed her no novice. Tried son has come ho wife and baby, and the ied son has come ho rife and baby, and the mough for us all in Auntie wanted me to in the neighborhood, b

and live in the most e I could, and—and—"
Marcia stopped perfoclapped his fat little |
mouth to be kissed.
"I think I understand
son said. "You need a
need a fielper—it will
and satisfactory if we
gether."

"Tm sure I'll do Marcia promised earne And the matter was The next afternoon of When she entered the Bobby, seated in his h fretting, and Mrs. Jaming to pacify him, and ing to pacify him, and time make an apple pie "It's such a lovely of take him out?" Marcia "That's just what he Mrs. Jameson replied. I'll do Mrs. Jameson replied.
haps you will go by
market, Marcia, and b
for supper."

marset, Marcia, and b for supper."
"Yes, indeed!" M Cheerily. "Mother says one to send to the mar lawshed as she took to of his chair.
Mrs. Jameson stood dow a moment

of his chair.

Mrs. Jameson stood down a moment co-down a

THE LITTLE FE

He was a little fellow parently was angered indurance. He wasn't