

59, Meadow Street, Moss Side, Manchester. Dear Sir.

Enclosed please find photo of my little girl, aged eight months. She has been fed on Virol from being four weeks old. This speaks volumes for the qualities of Virol, considering she has travelled round the country with us from being three weeks old, and has never ailed a thing. She is in perfect health and has cut six teeth. I am never tired of recommending Virol to my fellow artistes.

I remain.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. TOM MCKAY.



Virolised milk-a teaspoonful of Virol mixed with half-a-pint of warm (not hot) milk-is an ideal food for nervous exhaustion.

Sold everywhere-8 oz. tins 75c., 16 oz. \$1.25 Sole Importers: BOVRIL LTD., 27 St. Peter Street, Montreal, who send free on request a valuable booklet "Babies, their

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

never speak to Tom Doolan again, and come here to ate me plants? Oh, ye'll she kept it solemnly. The dairy-girl went on her way, despising all offers of new slate house should be straight opposite Mollie's comfortable thatched cottage.

It was this move which had stirred tramping along to see what she could find out.

This was the story, and Mollie, stirred brown hen on the head, its astonished high and clear to patient Heaven. caw failing to move her heart.

"with the land free an' wide that he must plant himself here! But me tongue's me own. He need niver hope for a word from me."

After this she was silent, so much so that Mrs. Naylan, having made up her mind to tell the country-side that Mollie Dayly was "bitther as a bag of weasels agin poor Tom," rose to go.

She paused in the doorway her artificially-bulked form silhouetted against the clear light in the amber-tinted west. The breath of spring came on the soft wind. The world was still and rapidly fading to a gentle grey. Two coupled goats bleated at the door. Mollie poked her fire needlessly, scarcely heeding the old woman's parting; then, with a sudden flap of shawls, a wave of wrinkled hands, Bid Naylan roused her.

"Mollie," she shrilled, "the Blessed Virgin save us-there's a red cow in her dead. ye're haggart atin' yer cabbages, tearin it up be the roots no less, the schamer." Murther!"

Mollie hurled herself through the door, when, caught by the chain binding them, the dark. she was carried between butting heads, wailing bitterly.

Stick in hand, Mollie flew over the low fence. It was true. A red cow ambled on her garden, chewing and spoiling, and though it fled before her, it would not leave, but dodged her up and down, working havoc as it stamped. Piles of sticky clay clung to Mollie's boots, her breath came short, the storm of her anger rose as she ran across the yielding tillage. Bid Naylan, still carried by the now enraged goats, could render no assistance. "Thin, if I knew where ye came from." Mollie stopped, breathless. "Quit chasin' an' I'll have her out in kape her, but she's strange. Quit chasin', woman, I tell ye." A man jumped over the fence and came quietly, taking the red cow by her neck. Mollie stood open-mouthed, darkly flushed, her eyes ablaze, as the pent wrath of years worked in her. The cow was Tom's. He had dared to break the if she were some ordinary woman. She backed from the goats, and came to watch. The cow stood obstinately still. "Threaten her," said Tom. "Level the little garden. gap and threaten her, while I houlds her. dunno how she got out."

Mollie, flouncing homewards, took a "Two pound wouldn't pay," she cried, vow to everyone she met that she would "for yer blackguardly trespass. Did ye see! I'll let ye see.'

Tom raised the last bar, scratched his head, and looked at her, but made no courtship, working hard until a legacy head, and looked at her, but made no from America made her independent. answer; then with a weary look and a Tom, sulky and silent, chose no other muttered curse he shambled after his wife, but toiled on at Drumaleen, until cow, the flood-tide of words rolling at cow, the flood-tide of words rolling at the years, slipping past, 'left youth his heels. His once upright figure was behind. Then his old cabin had been bent, his clothes worn and badly patched, condemned, and Fate ordained that his his boots were bursting in several places. Bid Naylan, her eyes alight, clung gasping to the fence. She had much to tell to the neighbors.

"Mollie bawlin' for the life afther the cow," she recounted next day, "and Tom, the still pool of quieted gossip, which cow," she recounted next day, "and Tom, had made Mollie Dayly confide to the as aisy as ye plaze, shpakin" up to her, pig, and had brought old Bid Naylan and meself near to be kilt betune the goats. Oh, I till ye, there'll be doin's with thim two."

She stayed now to be revived by a by memory, slammed a fresh pot of tea glass of whisky, and to pour oil of sym-on to the table and hit her favorite pathy upon Mollie's wrath until it blazed

Mollie, with the doggedness of her "Cool assurance," stormed Mollie, race, had got hold of one idea and clung to it. The salve of the law, the public witnessing against her old lover, was the only thing she could think of. She slept ill that night and rose uncheered-still rent by bitter anger. Hot sods of turf, cunningly smothered in ashes, were soon blown to glowing redness; the sooty kettle wanted filling, and she went out into a soft clear morning, dew-washed and sweet, with a sun climbing gently from behind the hills, his rays_mist-dimmed as yet. A west wind whispered among the budding thorns, and with cool rustling fingers stirred Mollie's grizzled hair. She put her hand quickly to her lined forehead; something in the morning seemed to turn her anger to the choke of tears. Then she filled her can, hung her kettle to boil, and with a grim face took up a spade, going to her garden to smooth the trampled ground and count

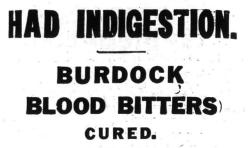
Early as she was, someone had been before her. The marks were forked away, and dotted here and there among their sturdier brethren were rows of the vigor of her passing flinging feeble newly-planted flabby cabbages, replacing old Mrs. Naylan on to the goats' backs, every loss. Tom must have worked in every loss. Tom must have worked in

"The-the-" Mollie paused, looking at the little slated house, no hail of smoke coming from its chimney. 'The-

Then she dashed from plant to plant, plucking furiously, and gathering the young plants into her apron.

"I'll tache him to sind Mollie Dayly his charity!" she cried as she dashed across the road and flung the limp plants down before the door.

A disconsolate face from the



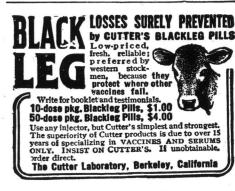
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The red in Mollie's cheeks deepened. She breathed harder, and the hard-kept vow was rent.

"I'll have the law of ye, Misther Doolan," she burst out furiously. "Me cabbage rooinated!"

"Arrah, threaten her or 'twill be worse!" said Tom meekly. "Sure, I see what she did to ye. Go on, knock the gap, let ye. She'll be away."

It was horrible but imperative. Tom dragged at the cow, and Mollie had to walk behind waving her stick. The fury helping. of her anger bewildered her; she hardly knew what to say. As the cow, once

Tom turned to put them back into place, Mollie broke out again:

window; she saw a bare hearth, she heard an old woman's shrill cackle of dismay as she went back to her own house.

Here the fire glowed and the kettle a minnit. I thought the fince would hissed, but opposite it was cold and still. Tom's housekeeper was not an early riser.

"Cold comfort he has," muttered Mollie.

She cut some soda-loaf absently, looking across at the heap of drooping cabbages lying outside Tom's door. The matter might have rested there, long silence so easily, to speak to her as but Fate and the red cow willed otherwise. The taste of the succulent greens panted, torn between her old vow and had been too much for the red beast. her desire for pointed speech, and just She broke spancels, she bucked over bar then old Mrs. Naylan got to her feet, and bush, she defied a rope tied from horn to heel, and three times during the following week made her way to Mollie's

> Three times the enemies met and parted-the man silent and sulky, the woman bitterly aggressive. For each day there were witnesses; once Father Hanlon, who counselled conciliation even as the red cow ramped; again Mrs. Rafferty, Mollie's aunt, who stood and listened and gave advice. Sympathetic neighbors, anxious to please both sides, drifted from house to house, telling Mollie what Tom was saying and what old Bid was saying, and how she could

not be the hard woman to really summon the man for what he couldn't be after

Left alone, Mollie might have contented herself with bitter words, but outside the bars, lumbered home, and good counsel so told upon her that by the time the red cow mooed impotent wrath behind a board across its eyes,



The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Sask-atchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency by proxy

(but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions. Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required excert where residence is performed required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

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The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions

W. W. CORY, C.M.G., Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.-Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

