



BABY MCKAY.

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59, Meadow Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

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I remain,
Yours faithfully,
Mrs. Tom McKay.

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I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 320C Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.
Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

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Mollie, flouncing homewards, took a vow to everyone she met that she would never speak to Tom Doolan again, and she kept it solemnly. The dairy-girl went on her way, despising all offers of courtship, working hard until a legacy from America made her independent. Tom, sulky and silent, chose no other wife, but toiled on at Drumaleen, until the years, slipping past, left youth behind. Then his old cabin had been condemned, and Fate ordained that his new slate house should be straight opposite Mollie's comfortable thatched cottage.

It was this move which had stirred the still pool of quieted gossip, which had made Mollie Dayly confide to the pig, and had brought old Bid Naylan tramping along to see what she could find out.

This was the story, and Mollie, stirred by memory, slammed a fresh pot of tea on to the table and hit her favorite brown hen on the head, its astonished caw failing to move her heart.

"Cool assurance," stormed Mollie, "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 "bitter 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 ye're haggart atin' yer cabbages, tearin' it up be the roots no less, the schamer." "Murder!"

Mollie hurled herself through the door, the vigor of her passing flinging feeble old Mrs. Naylan on to the goats' backs, when, caught by the chain binding them, 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 a minnit. I thought the fince would 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 long silence so easily, to speak to her as if she were some ordinary woman. She panted, torn between her old vow and her desire for pointed speech, and just then old Mrs. Naylan got to her feet, backed from the goats, and came to watch. The cow stood obstinately still.

"Threaten her," said Tom. "Level the gap and threaten her, while I houlds her. I dunno how she got out."

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

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

"Arrah, threaten her or 'twill be worsel," 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 of her anger bewildered her; she hardly knew what to say. As the cow, once outside the bars, lumbered home, and Tom turned to put them back into place, Mollie broke out again:

"Two pound wouldn't pay," she cried, "for yer blackguardly trespass. Did ye come here to ate me plants? Oh, ye'll see! I'll let ye see."

Tom raised the last bar, scratched his head, and looked at her, but made no answer; then with a weary look and a muttered curse he shambled after his cow, the flood-tide of words rolling at his heels. His once upright figure was bent, his clothes worn and badly patched, 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, as aisy as ye plaze, shpakin' up to her, and meself near to be kilt betune the goats. Oh, I till ye, there'll be doin's with him two."

She stayed now to be revived by a glass of whisky, and to pour oil of sympathy upon Mollie's wrath until it blazed high and clear to patient Heaven.

Mollie, with the doggedness of her 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 her dead.

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 newly-planted flabby cabbages, replacing every loss. Tom must have worked in the dark.

"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 peered from the 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 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, but Fate and the red cow willed otherwise. The taste of the succulent greens had been too much for the red beast. She broke spangles, she bucked over bar and bush, she defied a rope tied from horn to heel, and three times during the following week made her way to Mollie's little garden.

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 helping.

Left alone, Mollie might have contented herself with bitter words, but good counsel so told upon her that by the time the red cow mooded impatient wrath behind a board across its eyes,

HAD INDIGESTION.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH WEST LAND REGULATIONS

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan 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 (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 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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A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

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