#### AILEY MOORE

PALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE-LAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIBRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D. DRAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST

CHAPTER XVII

SHOWING HOW AILEY MOORE GOT AN-OTHER "OFFER," AND DID NOT ACCEPT IT

Old Daddy Boran's house was on a gentle rising ground, and looked very cheerless and lonely. It was not a small house; on the contrary, not a small nouse; on the contrary, it was very large, or at least very tall. Its high-pitched roof cut the air long and sharply; two square windows showed how the high-pitched roof had been economized, and useless "garrets" excluded; there were four windows in the front. there were four windows in the front tall and narrow like the house itself; and there was a very large hall door thick enough for a jail, and painted some color which was neither black nor brown, but which was the color aployed to paint the gates of penitentiaries. Before the door was a large semi - circular space covere with finely broken limestone, and from the semi-circular space to the public road there ran a way coated with the same material. The field in front of the establishment bore, at this period, a very plentiful crop of "late potatoes," and the remotest corner of the demesne presented the agreeable view of a lime kiln; and the house was white-washed, and that there was a pump and stone-trough near the door, and you have a fair idea of the residence of

There were no houses near Mr. Boran's—all of them seemed to have moved off, as if Mr. Boran's house was martinet, and the others were not am bitious of near-neighborhood. And Mr. Boran's house, looked too, as if it had the authority which would make a martinetship rather more than a name. The hedges were admirably kept; the stone fences were capped by thick perpendicular slates, from which not a single slate noran ounce of mortar was absent; Mr. Boran's cows were the fattest and most sleek, and his sheep and lambs, and all his live stock, were of the best breeds and most "generous natures; in fact, words are wanting in power to con vey our idea of the perfection of all the appointments of Mr. Boran's farm-only it wanted trees; for Mr. Boran declared trees near the sea to be a nuisance, that kept away the

sun and never could be sold. The reader will understand why we suppose Mr. Boran's house to b a house "in authority," because it had the appearance of needing noth-ing. We hold that to be the crowning line—the signature to a man' charter for local influence-to need

nothing.
Ye patriots of the nineteenth cen -Ye patrons of progress and lovers of an "emancipated loyal lovers of an "emancipated humanity," behold! give the people purses, with something in them them commerce and land, and letters, and religion to teach the employment of wealth; and governments will be ruled by reason, be-cause reason will hold the capital. Wrong will never yield to the hand which trembles with hunger; and right in these degenerate times will not associate with rags. We do not mean that right disdains weakness but that strength will keep it in bond age, until weakness holds the pursestrings and becomes "respectable."
Do not cry "heresy against the
power of ideas—insensibility to the
force of strong will." There is no
power in "ideas," when the "ideas" strings and becomes "respectable. re not there, and people have n 'strong will," until they have a 'cash-box" to guard, and see a fair way to increase it. Give us, O you philosophers, a few sovereigns in every man's pocket, and teach us the Christian bro her's course of educa tion," and we shall have made the opinion of legislation before the Speaker puts on his wig and gown!
Give us time—give us "industry"
and "order," and the hope which
springs from success, and we can spare you infinite speculation, dip-

lomacy, and humbug.
On the left hand side of that pas sage, called by old Daddy Boran entry," and called by aspiring gen-tility "the hall," there was and is in Daddy Boran's house a room—a room like Daddy Boran, and like the house, and like the farm. It is sufficiently commodious, and very neat, though coldish. The boards are fairly sanded; the grate and fire-irons are so polished, that they seem never to have been used; a red deal table is in the middle of the floor— a broad strong table, with "falling leaves;" fourteen red deal chairs stationed like places for immovable things, are around the room; there ow boy," a glass case of books; and various prints of varying merit are hanging on the wall. At this table are sitting Mr. Boran, senior, on the right side, and Mr. Boran,

junior, on the left. the reader already knows, one seems merely a reflection of the other—the wig and the stick excepted. We may also remind the reader of two most interesting qualities of young Nicholas Boran—he never looked any one in the face, when he could help it; and when he did look, it cost him so awful an effort to be civil, that he "grinned horrible and ghastly smiles," all the time he

So Forde has escaped to America, you say, eh? and Snapper's gone to the—?" remarked old Daddy Boran.

"Yes, I heered he escaped: an haun a Dherk said Snapper was turned out o' the drawin'-ro the lord," answered young Nick looking over toward the glass case. "The Moores can't be well off now?" asked the old man, a little

"They were allowed a trifle for the house," was the reply, "but the stock wint for nothing."

How much did they get out and

Four hundhred."

"Four hundhred."

"Ould Forde is in the jug?"

"He is." And young Nick grinned, and grinned, while his eyes shot from side to side, wonderfully.

"Safe in this world!" exclaimed the old man. "You must marry

the old man. "Y her," he continued. out nothing?" demanded

young Nick.

"Pshaw! pshaw! pshaw!" was
the polite, but half indignant reply.

"Can't you do as you are desired?"

"Be course I can; but I suppose there's no threason in asking a quis-

"Well, hould your tongue, now." And old Mr. Boran commenced to fillip the table in tan ta ra ras, gentle but sharp, with the very points of his bony knuckles, because his mind was very much engaged, although the twinkle of his gray eye showed that the engagement was resolute success

and not painful anxiety.

"You must marry her!" he again added, stopping suddenly, and looking his son in the face. Mr. Boran's wig did not stop though, by any means; on the contrary, it went up and down, like a boat pitching in the

well, where is the use in saying "Well, where is the use in saying it, a hundred times over?" very properly asked the docile and gentle Nick, junior. "I suppose if I must I must." he most philosophically con-

'Augh!" was the beautiful re

Gerald Moore, as the reader ware, was proved to be innoce but innocence was no protection against ruin. His enemy was proved to be a villain; but Mr. Snapper's malignity lived longer than his acter. We don't mean to aver that Mr. Snapper, J. P., continued, after his detection, to exercise his revenge-ful influence, but only that the effects of his villany were allowed to take their course; and, therefore, when Gerald Moore came from prison, he allowed to take ound himself homeless and a beggar This is the comfort of justice under the reign of Hibernian landlordism.

The simple fact was, that the Moores, by a legal fiction and legalized robbery, were supposed to have deserted their home, and, besides losing the land which they had enriched by money and labor, they lost which had absorbed a thousand for every hundred which they received as "compensation.' Such are the "land benefits" of our incomparable constitution!" justice be added to the other qual

ies of our noble laws! The little ready money which the family now possessed should be care fully economized, for it was the only support of a sick old man and an un protected girl. Apparently, Gerald's ather would not long need sympathy for his suffering or outlay for his necessities—mind and body had bent under the stroke of injustice; but his many infirmities required more attention, and his imbecility rendered him quite insensible to expenditure. The poor man often called for indulgences which he never enjoyed in the days of his competency; and he would complain even at necessary delay in obtaining all he desired. But gentle with a real, real love, the bedside of because she thought of His words-I was sick and you visited Me.'

Something should be done, and soon, by Gerald Moore, and Gerald Moore was just the young man to see it should, and not to hesitate in the presence of duty. In the shadows of the night he came from the jail to nis father's humble lodging, and he kissed the old man's brow; and he almost thanked God, through his tears, when he found that the sick man welcomed him "home,"—hoped he had a good day's hunting, and expressed some anxiety about the "stock." The poor man added, "that ne was not able to rise for a few days, because there was something the matter with his heart;" but he said, "Ailey was a very kind and obedient darling, and he prayed that Gerald would not allow any one to take her from him." And then old Mr. Moore desired Gerald to kneel down beside the bed, because he thought it was "long since he had blessed him," and because there was "something on his heart," he said. Then the sick man was "sorry that Ailey was not there;" and he besought Gerald to love Ailey, because she was "an angel, and he felt a kind of reverence when she sat by his head, so beautiful and so innocent." He was afraid he sometimes allowed her to sit too long there, for "poor Ailey had got pale of late," he said; and he was "quite sure," he added, "that Ailey grieved when Gerald remained out too long." Ailey stood during this conversation, on the opposite side of the bed, and looked at her father through her tears, dear child,—but Ailey bowed under "the Cross,"—for she remembered the Cross was the

truest portion of innocence, and th

company, and how small things vanish!
"Whoever wants to give true joy a
new life," old Father Mick used to

" and to give sorrow a death. blow, let him live in the presence of God, and love the children of suffer-

more propitious for wooing; the lady was poor and helpless, and the "gentleman" had more wealth than he could count. Moreover, he came with sweet Moorfield in his hand, and opened the door of "home" to a calling father. "He cannot be refailing father. "He cannot be re-fused," thought the old gentleman, Mr. Nick Boran, senior.

Why on earth he had been so be leaugered by his father, and so want-only taken from a "hoith " of things at home, to go seek a wife who had no money, was, on this occasion, the puzzle of Mr. Nick Boran, junior. Besides, Mr. Nick, junior, never met Ailey Moore that he did not wish himself a thousand miles away. He would go the opposite side of the road to avoid meeting her. She was would go the opposite side of the road to avoid meeting her. She was not like any of the people he had known, and "she spoke so," and "glided along so," and "one felt ashamed so," near her, were the comfortable reflections of the son

and heir of the old miser. At all events, both of them, father and son, ascended a huge yellow gig, something like a travelling tub, and each looking in a different direction, they commenced their journey to Clonmel, where they knew the family

still resided. Very little conversation took place between the Borans in their journe; to town, and as the way was sufficiently long, there was plenty of time for meditation. In the earlier part of the afternoon, old Daddy Boran's reflections were frequently quickened by the wayside commentaries of the younger portion of the population. Whether he would "sell his wig," and whether his "goold was in good nealth," were interrogations; while few of the bolder and older wanted o know whether he was going to sel young Nick to the museum. But old Daddy Boran looked at the poll of his hopeful son, thought on his chinking bags in his own "back office," and in the banker's chest, and said, as substantially as Horace's miser "Let the ragamuffins shout—I have the rhino!" And let it be said to his credit, that on this day he gave a beggarman fourpence "for luck," he said, because, though Daddy was no niggard in giving food, he rarely gave money, and even the food was given with so bad a grace, that poverty felt in its soul more than the body

was relieved by his benevolence.

Why is this? God knows the poor are our brothers and sisters, they not? They suffer enough being refused, or in being obliged to beg; why should we add biting words and bitter bearing to our refusal? or why destroy our little alms by them? Ah! how happy a smile or a kind word would often make an old breaking-down spirit, that carries its bag to the open grave! Let us make up our minds to be gentle to the

oor—" God's poor !"
" That hotel—at Cle -at Clonmel-I know well !" was a favorite piece of rhyme with travellers who looked for a blazing fire of a cold winter's evening, or hot after a night outside or ide "the Dublin mail coach!" inside Daddy Nick could say the same, though he never had been guilty of the imprudence of sitting outside or inside the mail coach, and never had travelled very much further than he did on the day of these presents; for Daddy Nick always saw his "room;" and he felt the sheets (by no means a foolish thing) to ascertain if they were damp; and he saw his horses fed, "the master's eye" having a most "fattening" effect on horse flesh, as he declared; infirmity; even had it been a and he saw his clothes brushed and stranger's she would have loved it, folded, and laid by; and he went to the bar to "speak particular," and shout the "time of breakfast," and what he would "have for dinner, and so forth. So that he knew " the

hotel very well." The candles were lighting when he ame; and having entered, he found in the coffee room a gentleman with green spectacles reading the news-paper. The face of the stranger was turned from him, but his hair was gray, and Mr. Boran thought he should know the look of him, when turning round the gentleman at once

revealed Father Mick Quinlivan. The old clergyman started up once. Some of the old light in his eyes, and the hand stretched forth in love. Why don't the world give way a little more to the heart?

Nick! Nick!-old friend!" cried Father Mick; "and your son, too, I declare!—well, well! I am glad to ee you. You're here too, Father Mick,"

answered old Boran, giving his hand as warmly as old Boran could. "Come here, you," Mr. Boran, senior, said, addressing his son. "Why don't you come and speak to the priest, you keolan,' you?"
"You'll both eat a bit with me?"

said Father Mick.
"Throth, 'tisn't the first time," an swered the old man, who saw a sav ing in the matter. We'll have Gerald Moore—an old

friend."

Gerald Moore ?"

share to Ailey?

"Fortune is in my favor, anyhow," answered the old gentleman.
"You wished to see him?"

" Came, in throth, all the way see him."

'You're just in 'the nick of time;' long ago, that presence measures the reality of things. How large things lessen, when viewed with God in our laminy are going by easy stages to Limerick to morrow; going for the present to a sister of the old man —a widow pretty well to do."

"Then I suppose she'll leave her

Father Mick looked at the old liser, for Father Mick saw somebing in the question.

"Oh, her money is not much, but 'tis steady, and she can give Ailey a

"Ailey can have a home, if she lease," said the miser—" She—" Mr. Nick Boran, senior, was inter rupted by the arrival of Gerald, who just entered the room. He was grave as usual, and held the evening paper in his hand. He was startled by the presence of old Mr. Boran and is son ; for so many strange events had recently occurred, that every strange face looked like an indication of a new trial. However, he welcomed old Mr. Boran cordially, and shook hands with young Mr. Boran, and asked and answered all the questions which such an occasion is sure to produce. Although entences sufficed to show the object of Mr. Boran's visit to town, Gerale did not openly advert to it.

Gerald opened the newspaper.

"Justice has seized upon wrong," ie said, addressing Father Quinlivan How ?"

"Snapper has been discovered in something which gravely compro-mises him." Eh?" cried the Borans together.

"He has been seized in Dublin, and is in prison.' Who told you?" cried Father Quinlivan. 'Tis here," said Gerald, pointing

to the newspaper.
"Who accuses him?" continued Father Mick. John Murtagh."

Shaun a Dherk !" cried all, with one voice. And Forde has made full confession," Gerald continued.

"Eternal praise to the God of justice!" cried the priest. Gerald took the old man's hand.
"Father," said Gerald, "you told

me on the day I went to jail, that I was among the arrangements of Eternal love and justice. You were right!" The priest flung his arms around Gerald and embraced him.

Tisn't our country at all, agra this bad world-we are going home, Quando fiet illud quod tam sitio Ut, te revelata cernens facie, isu sim beatus tue glorie !

When will my heart-wish be given, That, beholding thy beauty unveiled, I may shine mid thy glory in Heaven!'

There, at all events, will be found even-handed justice agra, won't it?"
"I have more news," continued
Gerald: "we have letters from the Gerald : Tyrrels."

The young lady that gave Ailey And her brother." "Oh, yes, of course; Frank, they

called him." "And the strange handsome gentleman that shook hands with us in the police office-"

"Is the uncle of Cecily and Frank." Ah! Now, Gerald-is it so, eh? cried Father Mick.
"He has brought them all the

news; they even know that you got back your library."

They ?" " They

Father Mick looked steadily into Gerald's face, but it was a look of dreamy thought. And then his relections began to have a consistency had made a discovery; and the good old gentleman then, in a low voice, and with a moistening eye, said: know-I know how it is !' A nopular French writer says

don't know the rich. Quite true. Many a good heart, and a fresh, free soul, too, are under silks and laces: but the objects they would adore are separated from them. Oh! if they knew what treasures of transcending joy they should find in the love of the humble, and if the humble only knew how honest and fond may frequently be the occupant of a coach! Alas! why will not the rich and poor know on

"They want Ailey to go to France sir, again remarked Gerald. "To France, agra?"

" To France, sir. And Ailey, what did the 'Flower

o' the Valley say ?' "
"Ailey said her father was sick." " Mille beneachth air ma colleen a thousand blessings on my little

girl!" answered Father Mick. And Eddy Browne goes with Ailey."
"Poor Eddy!"
"The shopman loves him, av

offered him a handful of guineas, but he would not be moved. Och! but he wouldn't." No. He looked at the man, he told him he liked him, and said he

would come to him; but that if he left Miss Ailey he'd die; and then he went on his little knees. At what hour do we leave, agra " Early; for, father, you know must part from poor Ireland before a week; and we must settle my poor

"So you have your journey for nothing." said young Nick to his father, at 7:30 o'clock next morning, as they turned the horse's head towards the Carrick-road.
"Hold your tongue, yo'madhawn!" answered Mr. Boran, senior.
And Messrs, Borans' offer failed, as we said at the hearings of the

father and Ailey in the first place.

cried Barble, steadying himself against the pier and straining his eyes to see when the black oblong we said at the beginning of the TO BE CONTINUED shadow rose again on the waves "Never can they live at the pier end there till the priest gets out to join

The deepest truth only blooms ou of the deepest love.—Heine.

THREE BLESSINGS

"May God's blessing attend you and when your time comes, may you not pass out of this world without

the assistance of your clergy."

It was the first time Hugh L'Estrange had come in contact with anything Catholic. He laughed to himself—the idea of either death or clergy seemed incongruous in con-nection with his vigorous life. But he did not forget the blessing that the old Irish woman at the corner of a Liverpool street had bestowed upon him. A gust of wind had sent her battered bonnet flying, and before her old limbs were set in motion he stepped out into the road and re covered the truant headgear. Re turning it, with something in addi tion to replace the mud stained trim ming, he noted anew her patien poverty-worn face. In return she again called the blessing of heaven

On Sunday when he sat decorousl in his pew while the clergyman of his parish read the prayers in a monotonous voice, the Irishwoman's words recurred to his mind. He repressed smile at the thought of how much e would prefer Mr. 'Drake's absence to his assistance, even when death should come to him.

For an instant, too, the thought flashed across his mind that a religion of which the ministrations of the clergy were a vital part might hold something worth having for the

poor and the dying.
At this juncture Mr. Drake's highpitched call to prayer brought him back to the duty of the moment and he rose to his feet with his neigh-

Though he did not know it the blessing of God was attending Hugh L'Estrange. For after this, often this Liverpool man of business came in contact with things Catholic; possibly it was only some reference in a society paper, or the name of a church which he had never forgotten. Perhaps the second direct contact

that Hugh L'Estrange aware of was one day at a meeting of the board of charities. The case of Catholic boy was brought forward on account of some oversight in his registration on the workhouse books was to be brought up nominally in the Church of England; practically according to the views of those with whom he was to be boarded out.

The child, a sturdy young Lancas trian of eight or nine years, was standing near Mr. L'Estrange while a heated discussion went on between the other guardians. Touching the ooy on the shoulder, Mr. L'Estrange spoke to him in an undertone. "What do think you are yourself.

eh?" he asked with a movement of the head to show that he referred to the theme of his guardians' conrerestion.

The boy looked at him squarely. Without hesitation he answered, be a Catholic."

Then he added, "If you weren't a

Catholic what would you be?" A Baptist, a Methodist and a Congregational home were being dis-

cussed in turn. "If I weren't un," replied the boy sturdily, "I'd be one."

"By Jove, so you shall!" exclaimed L'Estrange, throwing himself into the discussion in which heretofore he had taken no part. So insistently did he press his point declaring his intention of calling in legal opinion if necessary to support his claim that before the meeting rose the boy was inscribed a Catholic on the book and handed over to the manager of a Catholic boy's home. Afterwards pointing him out to the priest, who was losing no time in freeing him

from the workhouse. Young George here tells me what you have done for him, sir," said the priest, as Mr. L'Estrange passed him. "God will reward you for this."

That was the second Catholic blessing be received. The third blessing came through no act of his own. He was only a spectator of a scene, and that, it seemed, by chance. Afterwards he understood that God's blessing was attending him.

The instinct of Isaac Walton was strong within him, and the yearly holiday he allowed himself from business was always spent where fishing might be had. It was only natural therefore that the west of Ireland should attract him. There, late in the autumn season, he found himself in a primitive riverside inn. During his stay the equinoxial gales changed the Atlantic into a gray, cruel sea, till rising in mountains of water and foam it seemed like a huge wall of roaring liquid rushing against the sky. A pier to make safe harborage for

the boats coming in for the islands had been built in the congested districts, but on this night the little gray wall was one mass of seething whiteness which seemed to offer neither shelter nor safety to any craft. Yet here it was Hugh L'Es-Barble Joyce, his boatman on the lakes, his self-constituted guide along the river, saw, hardly believing his own sight, a small craft cresting huge billows for an instant, then falling away out of sight. It reappeared at intervals, however. Each time it took more certain shape in the fitful light of the fleeting moon. 'A boat! God help them this night!

'The priest!' repeated the English-man, thinking the wind had misparried his companion's meaning.

"Aye, the priest," returned Barble. What else would bring ten men in their senses over from Irishberg this night?

He turned quickly and disappeared in the darkness and L'Estrange guessed that he had gone to where the parochial house stood in some pretense at shelter. He had learned ong ago that Catholics wish for the presence of the priest to help a passing soul into eternity. But he never realized before how universally, even in the face of almost unsurmount-able difficulties, that presence was

It seemed madness even to try to reach the boat that tossed just be-yord the pier, much less to board her and turn again into the storm. Yet sooner than he would have thought possible, Barble, with half a dozen thers, were back at the pier head again, and from the lanterns some of hem held he could see a tall figure in black tarpaulin and close fitting sou wester standing while a rope was firmly fastened round it. L'Estrange knew intuitively it was the priest. A momentary lull enabled the little band to make their way to where the boat tossed and strained against the determined efforts of the rowers to keep her from destruction

Coming nearer, they threw out a line. The priest took it, winding it around his body. Then he dropped down as the boat waited for him. He loosed the rope afterward and the men on the pier would have hauled it in, only there seemed some hitch or delay. Then they saw that one of the boat's crew was coming ashore in place of the priest. As he reached the pier L'Estrange, by some act of Providence being nearest the boat, neard a groan of pain, and the hands of the sailor as he grasped them were wet and warm with blood Estrange understood then that this man, hurt by some accident, was of no use in the boat, and that they were waiting because they needed an ther rower.

Barble the next man to L'Estrange.

was the father of a family; so, too, was the next beyond. L'Estrange was not a good seaman, but he was as strong a rower. Further, he had neither wife nor child to leave. There was hardly time even for

this to shape itself in his brain. He scarcely knew that he had decided to go, when he felt the rope in his hands, saw for an instant the tossing depths beneath him. Then strong arms caught and held him, and he was in the boat.

The priest facing him was young.

boyish, almost too young, too boyish, he had carelessly thought, to be the pastor of strong men's souls. But his face was white, determined, and his jaw was set. In his eyes was a strange light—excitement, perhaps, but certainly not fear ; young as he was, this was not the first midnight struggle he had had with the sea but to night as before he carried his

passport of safety on his heart. Down went the boat, green walls of water before her and behind ap peared, and nothing was left of the sky but a narrow ribbon of black overhead. The Englishman, straining every nerve at the clumsy oar which he shared with one of the islanders, had no time for thought. Even afterwards, everything seemed to him like a shapeless dream. even the helmsman faltered. The last wave nearly swamped them with a return of foam and a rower from either side was forced to abandon his From the white faces and distended eyes of the men about him Mr. L'Estrange noticed the boy

braved before. Steady, boys !" above the storm the priest's voice rose. Then he pulled himself upright and even now no fear was in his eyes, though his face was white. "Remember we cannot go down. Have you forgotten Remember we we are not alone?"

All except L'Estrange understood. With a stifled sob the helmsman turned again to crest the breaker. For an instant they spun up in the air a blurred black mass, then a col-lection of moving lights appeared in the darkness ahead and the men knew their journey's end was near and they felt assured of safety now

though only certain knowledge and skill could have taken the boat up to the only possible landing place.

But before they touched the land twenty men were in the water at their sides, half drowned by the swirling foam, to meet and welcome the priest. They seized the boat and the exhausted rowers sat at rest. High up onto the shingle they dragged her and suddenly Hugh L'Estrange was aware that he alone of all hose present was not bareheaded and on his knees.

Between two rows of kneeling fig. ures, women bowed down and mer bareheaded, the priest passed up to the rough built quay. He was in time, they told him. Some impulse bade L'Estrange follow him to house of the man who lay dying. They said that for hours he had been calling in agony for the priest. Now he was calm and content; his prayer had been answered.

had been answered.

L'Estrange saw the priest bend over the bed, saw those who had been waiting keep back until he drew himself upwards again, felt himself pressing forward, kneeling with the others saw the flack of the control of the saw the flack of the control of the contr with the others, saw the flash of a silver case, as the priest drew some thing from his breast.

Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi, custodiat animam tuum in vitam eternam. Amen."

Then Hugh L'Estrange understood.

It was not for the priest alone, it was for What he brought with him, for



### An Inexpensive Durable Roof

—a roof that is easy to lay, that looks well, that is suitable for any class of building, is fireproof and is guaranteed.

# ROOFING

fills every one of these requirements. The felt body of Samson Roofing is thoroughly saturated with the waterproofing compound. It is upon this thoroughness of saturation that the life of a roofing depends. Its surface is hard and absolutely unaffected by any weather conditions, and can-not be ignited by sparks or burning brands. The cost of Samson Roofing is much less than shingles, slate, tin, etc., and very little labor is required

With your order for roofing we supply complete direction for applying, and a supply nails, and lap-cement feementing the joints.

We have prepared an interesting booklet "The Roofing esting booklet "The Roofing of Farm Buildings" which should be in the hands of everyone who thinks of build-ing. It is yours for the asking. 5

Ask your dealer for Samson Brand,

H. S. HOWLAND, SONS & CO. Limited 144 Front St. West, Toronto

## Beautiful Rosary



This ex quisitely designed Rosary is made from our best quality of face-ted cut amethyst color beads, with strong lock link attachments, and dainty crucifix.

Our regular price for this Rosary is condelled. our regular price for this Rosary is one dollar but to all creaders of the Catholic Record we are offering a special discount of 25 p.c. and will send one postpaid upon receipt of 75c. Or if you will act as our representative in your district and sell only 12 of our size 165x0 multicolor Oleograph

0000000000000 ach, we will give you one of these beaut Our Pictures are all reproductions of Famous Paintings and sell regularly in Our rictures are all reproductions of Famous Paintings and sell regularly in Art Stores at 50 cents each, so that at our wholesale price of 15 cents, you can sell the entire lot in an hour. Order today. When pictures are sold, remit us the amount of your sa'es \$1.80, and your Rosary will be sent you by return mail. Address:

COLONIAL ART CO., Desk R2., Toronto, Ont.

### Prove It Yourself Without Cost



1900" Gravity WASHER

Washer fo days FREE TRIAL

mot a cent of cost to you-I pay freight. Everybedy who has used this Washer says it is the "best ever." Write me to-day personally for booklet and par-ticulars. H. H. Morris Manager "1900" Washer Co.

359 Yonge St. Toronte, Can.

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES Send for catalog. Our bells made of selection. Copper and East India Tin. Famous for fi



To seekers of a hotel where luxurious quarters may be secured, where charm and congenial atmosphere prevail, and where excellence of service is paramount, the Hotel Powhatan offers just such inducements.

Rooms with detached bath may be obtained at \$1.50, \$2.00 and up. Rooms with private bath, \$2.50, \$3.00 and up.

Спрининализациинализации

Ask for special timerary for Bridal Couples, Conventions, Tourist Parties, and Schools. Write for booklet with map. CLIFFORD M LEWIS, Manager