TWO

## AILEY MOORE

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

ST RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER X MR. JIM FORDE

Six weeks were more than sufficient to make great changes in Kin-macarra. Mr. and Mrs. Salmer were macarra. Mr. and Mrs. Salmer were seen twice as much as they have ever been before; Mr. Snapper had been made a stipendiary magistrate, and had become "the devil intirely;" and the lord of the soil had, in good earnest, begun to believe that "the and the lord of the soil had, in good earnest, begun to believe that "the country" might be converted from the errors of Rome,—if this opinion improved as port wine does, it would be a valuable opinion. The country, it must be understood, always means and the sould be a big lordship and It must be understood, always means such people as his lordship, and those who follow his ways, can pur-chase for the good of their souls; for, in every case, it is plain as the north pole, that "the country" will be "led by the example" of the local-ity leat under example. This owner be supposed to possess no land, and too mean for the residence land, and too mean for the residence of any kind of landlord. It is just the kind of place you would think ought to house men who had no interest in itself, or in anything else unless "duty." That is the police-barrack. Now, just between the police-barrack and the hamlet, are three other houses—"bran new;" they are one story high; they are last under experiment. This pry frequently fails, it must be admitted ; but a reason can always be found for the want of success. Sometimes money is not sufficiently distributed, and then it is the fault of the "Protestant people of England." Sometimes there is too much of it given, and then it is the indiscretion they are one story high; they are slated and white washed like the barrack; in fact, like the barrack of those who have the administra-tion of the funds. Sometimes the "missionary spirit" is too tolerant, and attacks Popery with words in-stead of blows; and this is cowardice and the problem. they are the residence of occupiers not owners of houses, and one in always able to distinguish such edifices. Well, these have been edifices. Well, these have been lately built upon the recommendaor self seeking. And sometimes in-discreet zeal alarms the weak tion of Mr. Salmer and his wife, Mrs Salmer; and they are strictly modelled upon the cottages of the souls of the unenlightened, and the poor people fly without hearing "the Word,"—a course which is evidently "other converts" in other parts of the country. The work has quite commenced in Kinmacarra. impudent and "un gospel-like." It is consoling, however, that all these errors are corrected or modified by the "new minister;" and that as such of the approaching equinoxes, and the air of summer began to chill in a venerable gentleman is likely to be forthcoming for years, the zealous and holy of the London covenant will con-tinue to be supplied with "hopes" on the "usual terms, cash."

We wish to draw most particular attention to a book which cannot have escaped the attention of Lord Shaftesbury, it is the last "Report of the Society for Protecting the Rights of Women." We had been already of Women." A poor man, bent and weak, was directing his way to the fishing quite gratuitously informed by an M. P. that England committed four airecting his way to the hearing village, at the moment of which we have been speaking. He had a long staff, and he carried a rosary — and the old man prayed. As he neared the village he listened several times times as much crimes as Austria, and was so many times more ignorant of God that the multiplication table refused to calculate the excess; and now here comes this "report," to inform us that dancing in a state of nudity has become an agreeable evening pastime to "ladies and gentlemen" in certain fashionable parts of London; and the patrons of the lively amuse and the patrons of the livery and the ment are so influential in Parliament, that its opponents have been beaten hollow in seeking for a hostile "Bill." It is intended, however, immediately after the conversion of Ireland to the one holy Protestant Church, to attend to the education and morality of England, a thing which shows there are great "hopes" for the latter country, and that the charity of Exeter Hall is far more perfect than

that was the village's name. The beautiful moon was there, as we said—and the bright waves rolling in its pure light—and the blue sky, anywhere else, for it "begins abroad." Well, then, to "lead to the conver-sion of all Ireland," and to introduce and the stars, all so lovely-as the good God made them; but, beside the sea, and under the canopy of 'decidedly new class of labor" on the estate, to infuse "the spirit of in--for which all those who light and lovingness, in the midst o dustry,' what the good God made so beautioff the yoke of the priests are remarkable, the households of the ful, was the curse that man brought lord and the parson united together, on God's people and works,

and nartly made Mr. Joyce Snappe good heart of the old man-who the Bl house in the next world if we hadn't was the indefatigable Shaun a wan here." Mr. Joyce Snapper, it must be re "An, he was satisfied, Peggy?" Dberk. "Oh God !" he said, "is poor Peggy An, ne was satisfied, regri 'Och, no sir; he looked cross at the Virgin Mary, an'he said some-thin' again' her; but I said—'Sir,' I said, 'down there in the owld church there He looked to one of the three hovels, which were in various stages novels, which were in various stages of ruin. Of the more distant there were only three of its four humble walls-there was no roof-and the "dresser" and a broken chair lay is my people; an' the Prostituns shot 'em an' burned 'em out an' robbed 'em\_an' you may do the same. But see, sir!' I said, leave us the Virgin Mary ti be a mother for the little wans an' the comfort o' the poor!'" outside the door. The nearest was completely levelled, and nothing re mained but the clay, stones, thatch, "An' then?' and rafters, in a promiscuous heap. The most distant had only the front "An' then he said somethin' sir, an my blood was bilin', bekase he spoke again' God's mother! and I said-'Mr. wall standing; the window-sashes, without glass, still remained in their again 'God's mounter and 'ave me an' my Salmer', I said, 'lave me an' my childher in pace. Don't speak again' the Blessed Virgin Mary, howld your places; as in the case of the first-Looking down from Moorefield, how desolate and lonely was Moorenamed, or described cottage, a table tongue, sir, no, not a word.' An' as he wint on speaking, I lost my sensis, an' swore I'd slay 'im; an' I took somethin' in my hand, an'stood outside the door post; there was a poor but decent bedstead be side it; a pot lay at some distance ; a cradle lay against the back of a house that fronted the ruined dwell. "God bless poor Peggy Walsh!" ings; and, at the end of the little lane, as if the roof had been taken answered Shaun; and he took her hand, in which he placed a piece of off without tearing up the thatch, there was a shed—a shed of the old "A friend sent you that; money. don't fear, agra—'tis an honest man's roof-one side resting on the ground, share, believe me. God gev you enough sence this day week till now; an' he'll give you enough till he send you to your husband." and the other supported by rude posts of timber; standing up in front were a few old boards—a poor de fence against the cold of an autumnal There was much crying and thanks on Peggy's part and praises to the Virgin Mary and all the saints; and Shaun found it hard to depart. However, he did after a while; and evening. A candle was lighting the inside. Shaun a Dherk approachedquietly-softly as a youth of twenty -the beggarman trod the road until kissing Peggy Walsh's hands and settling the old boards carefully, he he came immediately outside the shed. He knelt down, and looked departed. between the chinks and openings, and raising his head, he made the Shaun a Dherk was met a short distance from the village by a boy whom the reader knows; it was little Eddy or Neddy Browne, Biddy and raising his head, he made the sign of the cross on his brow. The Irish always cross themselves when they behold anything very awful, wonderful, or admirable; in thanks, Browne's grandson. He came up and looked at Shaun earnestly. sorrow, or surprise, they are sure to think of God crucified. One may se the religion of St. Paul in the very customs of the Irish peasant. Down near the sea shore, but not Only one of the nice little house Inside the boards-under the shed fore you reach the straid, and where your attention will be arrested by the bold cliff, and the towering light house, and you already walk in the sand, and among sea stones, there is

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

seven or eight years lay at her feet, while at her side was rolled in bod-clothes, and laid upon a door, a little a little hamlet. Two rows of houses run in parallel lines, but not facing each other, both partly, not entirely courses, and isid upon a door, a nucle daughter of four or five. The chil-dren had not gone to rest hungry at any rate, for a loaf of bread lay on a box on one side of the wretched reface the water. Here are wooden seats outside the door, and large nets spread over the walls, and primitive looking children, with their hands to treat, and in another place was "piggin," half filled with milk.

looking children, with their halts to their foreheads, looking out at the stranger; and little fat, red looking infants laid right across the thres-holds, or half carried, half drawn Peggy was crying, and looking through her tears at her infant, along by little things not much older than themselves. Inside you hear the noise of a wheel, or of a pair of when Shaun made a gentle noise-only just sufficient to awaken atten tion, to doubt if any had been made; for he did not want to frighten poor Peggy. She snatched her child off her lap-looked stead-fastly at the door for a time, and then dream article and the start of the noise of a wheel, or of a pair of cards, and often the plaintive song of tradition, that speaks a half under-stood story in a language passing away! "Dteanga whilish or wha-hair," the "sweet tongue of our then drew a deep sigh. After a little, her eyes again fell upon the child, but evidently her attention hair," the "sweet tongue of our mother," is beginning to retire before the language of conquest, and soon the ark which preserved the was directed also to the entrance of the hovel. She looked once or twice orials of Celtic wrong and glory when Shaun made a more decided movement. At length Peggy Walsh shall have shared the fate of that of rose to her feet-quite pale, but not trembling, and she looked firmly to-In behind the fisherman's homes about a quarter of a mile or more, is a well slated establishment-well white-washed, well fenced, and quite smart-looking, though not genteel. It is too nest for the locality, if the

On a night in early September, when the sea began to feel the force

the coming winter, the moor looked

down tranquilly on the spot which

attentively, and looked around, as if

he were not quite certain of his

When he came in a line with the

police barrack, he stood facing it for

evidently felt more assured, for he

rogressed rapidly. It was not long until he reached

what appeared to be his destination

for he turned off the main road, and proceeded to the fishing hamlet.

He had no very cheering scene be-fore him in "Goul na Coppul,"-

moment, and looking

course-

-but he kept steadily on.

wards the passage. "Any wan there?" she demanded.

"Shaun a Dherk," was the reply. "Shaun a Dherk!" she said, in smothered, but ardent accents. Shaun a Dherk!—Shaun a Dherk!" Oh! the blessin' of the great God on Shaun a Dherk! and she rushed towards the opening.

In a moment the boards had been removed; the woman rushed forward and down upon her knees she flung herself; and but for the baby, sh would have kissed the poor beggar an's feet.

"Oh! may the Virgin Mother be near you!-may the sweet angels keep you-may the holy dead watch you-whoever you are an' wherever you cum frum!—an' may your heart nuvur feel the dead misforthune you nuvur feel the dead misforthune you riz up off of mine, Shaun a Dherk!"

"Whisht, agra!" he said; "Whisht! acusha!--I'm only the messenger o' God Almighty and the Holy Mother and the angels! Whisht, agra!--God put justice in my sowl-an' ah! a dhrifure (sister), he put the pow'r in my arm. Never fear!-keep little flock: hush! don't stir 'em, your , keep your little flock, and I nuvur will be far away from yet till ye go beyand the say ti the man ye love! So the min-isther was here agra?—wasn't he?"

we have been describing. It was about eleven o'clock, and the still-"Och! he was-an may God kee his shadow from crosin' my thrashill agin! Oh Lord, save me an' all poor ness was therefore gravelike, unless when the thump, roar, and splash of the neighboring billows gave "the the neighboring billows gave "the voice of the great Creator" to the ear that would listen to His word. Christians!" "He wanted ye to turn, an' the ould

house would be set up agin-is id?" "Oh dhia! wis, sir!" and she looked errified, as if she saw a scepter 'The cross of Christ betune us an' all harm! He wanted to get my child-her, Paddy Walsh's little boy and girl, an' bring 'emover ti the lord's and up to the church-the little ween-

"An' what did Peggy Walsh say?" asked the beggarman, his eyes flash

"Peggy Walsh?" she answered reggy waten? she answerda-and the poor girl grew taller, while her dim eyes brightened as if she saw the Almighty. "Peggy Walsh," she said, "och! I could kill him, God for-give me! I could kill him. They threw lown mi house, an' I could pray for the bodach an' tend him, if he wa

the faver. They left me out in the night wud my babby, but I would aelp 'em to morrow fur sake o' the usip em to morrow fur sage o the cross an' Holy Mary; but to sell my childher — Paddy's childer! — that loved his Sunday Mass, an' loved owld Father Mick that nuvur frowned

'Well-you sent him away?' "Yis; an' I never said a hard won

I said on'y that I wouldn't to 'im!' sell mi childher to the devil fur what they'd ate an' wear; an' that God an'

Yis, ye'll hang Gerald Moore. The divil a bit. I'll get Snapper hanged, 'tis he paid for id an' got id done, an' paid me, an' I was there, an' I can Mr. Jim Forde had been a farmer's servant, a most graceless youth, and a bad man; but he won the heart of the farmer's daughter, nevertheless, hang Snapper! by-, I can. Howld me tongue for you?" and they say, broke it. She had been a gentle girl, although she hap-"Well, there's no use in talking to

pened to love a vagabond. He was drunk day and night. He beat her you, I see, so I'll call to morrow,' answered Shaun a Dherk. "I'm goin' over to the Hartneys." and starved her; and Father Mick Quinlivan bought a coffin and a shroud for her remains, and he buried her. She left one child, a "Yis, but I tell you\_\_\_\_" "Oh, well, no matther now." Well, I don't care for Snapper." half-year old, to be killed after her but it still lived. It was now "No matther.'

"Bad look to you! you old brute, said Jim, when the old man had do seven years of age. Mr. Jim Forde married a second time-a widow. The widow was "quite sure" the first little girl wasn't able to manage him. parted. "So far, so well, Neddy," remarked able to manage him. She was a soft "gomul" of a thing, she said Shaun a Dherk. TO BE CONTINUED

which meant that she, the widow, was "able to manage him," and was not a "soft gomul of a thing." So the widow married him. She ob-tained Mr. Jim Forde, and Mr. Jim Forde obtained two pigs, one cow, one stepson, and the widow. Had he been able to drink the widow and the stepson, all would be right; but alas he could only drink the less valuable he could only drink the less valuable property; and the widow found her-self one day with her eyes black, her arm broken, her son turned out of doors, and her hopes of managing Jim rather the worse for one year's wear. She had neither her dinner nor the price of it, and Jim was

learly "the man of the house." Many advices and many prayer rom Father Mick Quinlivan only hardened the villain they were in-tended to save; till at length Father Mick threatened to denotance him as a scandalgiver. And when he had crowned all his wickedness by mock. ing the piety of the poor, and violently assaulting a young female of the parish, Father Mick did denounce

It was some short time after this that himself and his brother, having made up their minds that "works" were all nonsense, and "faith" in the Bible the great truth, became sincere converts to the virtues of their state and even ministers of the gospel in a certain sense-for Mr. Jim became work." a Bible-reader. Mr. Jim wore quite a black coat, and a muddy white neckcloth, and, by the aid of the police, he contrived to insult as many each day as personal security and time per

There were two rooms in the con vert's house, and one of them had a back window. Shaun spent very little time at this back window, when further said. e came round to the entrance Mrs. Jim Forde was in bed from beating, and Mr. Jim was in the back coom. Shaun and Neddy entered without hesitation, and saw at once

hat Jim was in high spirits. Mr. Jim Forde was proving that a 'vino veritas,' or "truth comes out in drink," was applicable, even though the drink was whiskey and though the drink was whiskey and water. He had placed the two chil-dren on their knees, and several times he made them "Curse Mr. Joyce Snapper!" "Damn paper faced Joyce Snapper!" "Damn paper faced Salmer!" say "Bad look to Lord Kin

macarral" and pray "To hell with the Prodesduns!" which the children loyally accomplished. They began to cry, however, in the end, they had been summoned so often. When this had gone on for some

time, Shaun a Dherk made his appearance in the inside room. "Taiching the childher, Mr. Forde?" said Shaun; "sorry to trouble you this hour o'night; but I'm sure you

again, and then I often can't sleep know me. Mr. Jim Forde was taken aback; for the shooting pains that dart all for the shooting pains that durit and over me—it's nerves, I suppose." "I suppose it must be," said Ellie absent-mindedly, but kindly. "You ought to take a tonic; better get something from the doctor, then it but he was far too drunk to be

cowardly. \_ " said .lim. "I 'Yis, the ould faith, an' I'll die in id, my harty! the d-l take the parsons!" d the cautious answer

She was discovered in this plight an hour afterward by an old lady who had been a friend of her mother's and who knew of Ellie's carelessness. "Where's that girl of yours now ?"

she demanded, as Mrs. Lane hastily resumed her work, murmuring some-thing about just having lost herself

thing about just having lost herself for a moment and resting for a hard day to morrow. "Where's Ellie?" "She's spending the night with Molly and they're going to the new clubhouse to morrow," sa'd Ellie's mother. "I told her she might go, I'm not one bit sick, you know, but I'm not one bit sick, you know, but I'm so tired that it's almost the same

thing." "You are very much to blame for not keeping Ellie at home. It's not true kindness; you are wronging the girl," said her old friend. "To be sure, I don't see what she's made of to need showing, but since she's color-

NOT SEEING

blind to your pallor, then you ought to open her eyes. If you break down, Ellie Lance danced through life as and everything you do now comes on her at once, it won't be easy for her. If you should do worse than break down, if you should die, Mary Lane, irresponsible as a petal on a wave. She was always swift on the trail of pleasure, harmless pleasure, yet harmless only in a negative sense. She loved dancing, gaiety of all sorts pretty gowns suitable to the gaiety of overwork, as many a stronger woman than you has died, then you are laying up for your daughter a heartache that never will be cured." -" fun," as she comprehensively de-scribed it. "What's the use of being "I shall not die of overwork, Mrs. ennon," smiled Ellie's mother old before your time?" she asked, and lived up to this philosophy. Lennon," 'But if anything ever did happen to But some one has to be old when me I trust you to tell Ellie not t another is prolonging youth : some one has to be tired when another

worry about it, nor blame herself, for she had no idea that I was overdoing loafs ; some one must work when another plays, and the unequal divisand it was all my own fault for not telling her." ion bears hard on that some one. Well, I never did believe in wait

There was not much money in the Lane household. Ellie and her ing to send flowers to a funeral, said the old lady decidedly. "I think instead of putting in the papers a notice that it is kindly requested Lane nousehold. Entry and not house which they owned, "clear of mortgage," that ideal of respectable, thrifty dwellers in the country or in that no flowers be sent ' the dead, they ought to add to marriage notices: ' It is kindly requested that small towns. But there was not small towns. But there was not enough income to keep it up to its standard of fresh white paint and general well-being and still hire some one to look after it. So Mrs. Lane did this herself, and always all the flowers, figurative and literal that friends ever want to send to either of this couple be sent while they are living the life begun as stated shove.' said, and tried to believe, that she

Mrs. Lane smiled. "It might be and Ellie "did their own house better to add that request to birth notices, in case one never married." She was a tiny woman, pale and she said. But she was so weary that frail, " just keeping herself going by clear will," her neighbors said. she had hard work to talk, and her There are plenty of people to com-ment on Ellie's light hearted way of old friend, seeing this, mercifully de-

parted to let her rest. She departed with a resolution shirking responsibility, leaving all of it to her mother, who "had suddenly taken, and which she proceeded to carry out on the morrow earned the right to rest long ago,' She waylaid Ellie on her return from the clubhouse, dismissed Molly, s the same friendly commentators her companion, with scant ceremony, drew Ellie into her house, and Mama, dear," cried Ellie one day coming into the house in a flutter of

talked to her without sparing her one iota of her decided and unmis skirts, ribbons and sachets as she always did, for no one is ever in such chronic rush as the professional akable opinion. idler. "Mama, dear, I'm asked to spend the night with Molly and go "It's all very well to excuse youth by reason of its inexperience, Ellie, and no one wants you to be as old as out to see the new clubhouse on I am at twenty three. But love should make you sensitive to feel for Burnside Road to morrow. I told Molly I'd come; I didn't know of your mother what you have not enanything to prevent-there isn't anything you want me for, is there countered in yourself. You have no right whatever to leave her alone as Mrs. Lane put her hand to her side right whatever to leave her alone as you do, working for you while you play. Play, of course; it is your right and she wants you to; but open your eyes to see that she is and sat down quickly she did thi often of late, but Ellie did not see it. Her mother sighed and a shadow crept over her smile of welcome I wish it had been another day breaking down before it is too late, and share her burdens, you who are Ellie," she said, and she rarely sug young and strong! And pray that gested even as much as this to Ellie ou may have time to do this, or you I don't know why I am so tired ; it will suffer beyond your actual desert. seems as though I couldn't get through each day. I fairly goad myself out of bed, and I goad myself every step of the rest of the way

I have done my best for you, child; now, if you don't do your duty you are guilty, for no one can plead gnorance for you again.' until it comes time to drop into bed Ellie went away frightened, con-science stricken, yet in the end rebel-

new sense of miserable proval.

Mrs. Lennon exaggerated.

lious against her clutching fear, her there was nothing wrong with her mother! She might be tired and

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collected, has been a martyr. He has been robbed to an enormous amount; his life has been assailed, and his health seriously affected. He and his health seriously anected. He is obliged to keep police on his pre-mises, and watches on the move-ments of the peasantry; he is every day and night, and every mo-ment of the day and night, ex-posed to attack. Mr. Joyce Snapper posed to attack. Mr. Joyce Snapper has, from all these reasons, a good right to be heard; he is an authority, and speaks "like a book;" and he has had very little of his reward in having been made a stipendiary magistrate, with £500 a year.

field: looking down from Moorefield the scene, as we have said, was very beautiful. The whitened cottages and substantial farm houses spread on every side, now in twosand threes, now grouped together in little villages. From the hills around many looked down smiling in the bright sunshine; and a large number, half hidden by projections and hillocks here and there, were still more lovely in their little shaded nooks and coyish hiding-places. Along, through the whole scene, was a road stretching and twisting, and rising and falling, until it was lost far away near the ocean; and along this road the population was very considerable, and of every order of poverty which Providence or injustice ever made. Yet it was a beautiful road, after all, road from Moorefield to the sea, and no kindlier greeting ever met the stranger, or more welcome hospitality ever received the poor, than bestowed by the simple and happy peasants that looked out from cabins as you passed their doors.

on it, that is, about half a mile be fore you reach the strand, and where

beggarman; "the threes has airs ye "What do I care? ti ten thousand

d-s with them, an' hurroo for the Pope!'

The wife gave a deep groan. "Gie me yer hand, old Shaun! Arrah! you old rascal, aint we th'old stock? an' where's the use o' talkin'?" "Yis, but you see," answered Shaun, "Snapper is a powerful man, agra, an' he'll turn you an' yer childher out, you know, an'-'

"Shaun!" cried Mr. Jim; "Shaun!" he repeated; and he put his left thumb to his nose, and he joined the thumb of his right hand to

the small finger of his left. "Di yi undherstand that?" asked Mr. Jim. "O faith, I undherstand, Jim, that

he may set these houses an' turn you out; he—" "He dar'n't!"

"Don't be too sure." "I am, though!"

'Faith yer not, Jim." 'I tell you I am, though!" said Jim, his color rising. "Ah, nonsense now, Jim; sure

there's Bill Nary made a peace clerk, an' every one said you'd get it." Bill Nary?" roared Jim.

"Yis, in throth."

"Bill Nary?" he repeated. Jim looked almost sobered by the information. He had placed heaven and earth on the clerkship of the peace-and 'twas gone. He looked up and down, and round him, and clasping his hands, "Oh, the mur-derer!" he cried; "the murderer!" "Hush!" cried Shaun; "hush man!

'tis quite asy to put that on any wan; sure he can throw id all on you," said Shaun, taking out his pipe. "Howld your tongue, Jim You have a strong master, an' he pays

"Well avic?"/ "Yes," answered Neddy; and both you well. You know he hadn't hand, turned in the direction of the police

"converts" was occupied, but that was well occupied, because the brother of Mr. Forde was the happy will be the right thing. Why do you perhaps needed a tonic after the seem to think you would rather I summer's heat; she would see to it that her mother went to the doctor went to the clubhouse another day? You know I must go out sometimes." as she had suggested only yesterday.' Yes, I know. It is only that the But there was no quieting the sen of wrong that her grandmother's man is coming to morrow to cut out friend had aroused ; underneath her that weak spot in the ceiling, and it reassurances lay the fact that her frail little mother had borne all the makes a dreadful time; I felt as though I couldn't quite manage it alone, with the other work, and burdens while she, strong and twenty three, had left her to go her selfis would like you here. But run along dear, don't mind, I didn't mean to WAYS.

ways. As she came into the house its quiet struck her. The ceiling had been repaired, the plasterer was gone, but the trace of his passing lay around, flakes of old plastering, nerder of new material. Her mother say that," added Ellie's mother has-tily, instantly afraid that she had clouded her child's youthful happi-She need not have been afraid

powder of new material. Her mother had not tidied the house after his Ellie had not heard her in the sense of taking in what she said. All that sank into her brain was the final work was done. It was unlike her; Ellie suddenly felt panic-stricken. agreement of her taking this latest In an inner room she came upor

bit of pleasure. "Very well; I'll just stop long enough to get my bag ready and hurry off, because Molly's going too. in an armchair. and she will be waiting for me. Why don't you get the plasterer to put off this work till another day, when you feel more rested ?" said cried Ellie. "I'm so glad you've come," said her mother slowly. "Yes, some-thing's the matter. I can't move my right hand and arm. It's a stroke Ellie. Don't be frightened.'

ber that I've been trying to get him for weeks and he was so busy on Mr. Arnold's new house it was use less ? If that ceiling isn't repaired before freezing sets in I don't know how I can make a fire on that side of the house. I must take him when I

patiently. She had been talking of this ceiling to Ellie's inattentive

"I'm going to put you to bed and send for the doctor," cried Eilie. ears for weeks past. As it was, Ellie hardly heard her mother; she "It's just tired nerves; it isn't a waited to be polite, then shot off up-

stairs to prepare to go out. After she had gone her mother went up and set right her room, Forde which always looked as if it were a cyclone centre after Ellie had left in one of her flusters. Then she de-cided that she was too tired and not

sot, or part in that business. I have good reason—you undherstand. Jim Forde, howld your tongue!" hungry enough to make tea worth getting properly, and she spread herself a slice of bread and drank "An' is id for you, for you? because you're Snapper's spy! for you? I a cup of tea standing, and then fell asleep in her sitting room hung, I'll tell id. I'll hang him.

ness.

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stroke. 'Yes, I've been so tired, and those little sharp pains everywhere were here pains, I guess. Ellie, don't let any one tell you you should have been here. I liked to work alone. I uright wanted you to go. It was all right.

clean up after-" Mrs. Lane's voice

died away.

'Mother, is anything the matter ?"

child." said Ellie's mother. "Oh, God, just spare her, just give me time to make up!" prayed Ellie in her agonized heart. And somehow she managed to take her tiny mother up in her strong young arms and carry her up the stairs to her room.

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Ellie. Oh, my dear, don't you remem

can get him," explained Mrs. Lane