

AILEY MOORE

SALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVILIONS, MURDER AND SUGAR-LAKE PARTISANS ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD W. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED

Poor Doctor Whately, of the city of Dublin, consumer of £20,000 a year, and writer on many things of which he knows a little, and of some things (e. g. theology) of which he knows nothing, informed his "dear" and reverend friends the other day that his objection to invoke our Lady was not that she had been once on earth, because, he said, that would prevent people from asking one another's prayers—but because, to invoke her, would suppose she was omnipresent and make her a God. And so the angels, when they rejoice "at the conversion of a sinner," are necessarily supposed to be omnipresent; and the Scriptures, therefore, in so speaking of them, give them the attributes of God!

"O fie, Doctor don't attack the Scriptures!" The young peasant has been giving Father Mick strange news, and sad news indeed. He was just come from Kinnacarra, and has had, from sources of information that cannot be denied, the fact of Gerald Moore having been accused of murder, and privacy and complicity with and to the crime of burglary. Everything had been most silently concocted and secretly arranged. Up to the moment he spoke to Father Mick, only two constables had been made aware of the existence of the warrant. A strong guard had been summoned from the barracks at Kinnacarra. The soldiers were expected in two or three hours, and then the most public and most defamatory display was to be made in taking into custody Gerald Moore, of Moorfield. The leading malignant in this frightful movement was Mr. Joyce Snapper; but he was assisted by many as bad as himself. Mr. Salmer was engaged in the conspiracy, and so were Mr. Boran and a girl who had once been, and not long since, in the service of Miss Ailey Moore. Everything was planned most perfectly, and Mr. Moore could not escape a trial. But Mr. Moore had friends—friends that would save him, and could save him, if he liked, though not now. He (the peasant) came to tell the parish priest, in order that the old man's heart might be broken, and to his reverence to get Ailey—the poor child's Ailey—out of the way, when her fine brother would be taken.

It was not surprising that the old clergyman was solemn. Father Mick made a very poor breakfast, as may be very well supposed. Whatever was to be done should be done quickly; and his heart's most warm affection was concerned in the issue. Ailey was to be saved from the scene of arrest, Gerald informed, and the poor old man removed out of the way. So Father Mick brought forth his old mare. No one knew how old she was, not even Father Mick himself. But she had been blind of an eye, and of good sober age, when he bought her, from a widow, to whom he gave treble her price, and ever since, seven long years, the good "old Bess" had borne him, night and day, in rain and sunshine, and never fell or stumbled even once. Bess knew Father Mick, and would follow him like a dog, though she was a large-limbed heavy ungainly brute; and she would trot at the same pace any weather or any hour, and never one inch in a day faster. Bess had fixed the amount of her duty, and performed it; but, like other, strong-headed people whom we know, it was she herself fixed it. Be all this as it may, she matched Father Mick to a "T," and people never thought of stealing her, we feel quite sure, or of even borrowing her, which was some convenience, in fact, some people even talked to Bess, and thought she had a grain or two of sense.

Well, Father Mick gave many injunctions, very many more than usual, about the two altars, viz. the one in the church and the one in the dwelling house. The flowers were to be all changed, and the vases all polished. Then there was a piece of embroidery to be done, and ever so many things about the house, in fact, Ailey laughed outright, and most joyously, at the day's occupation which he gave her. She spoke of "home," but he replied her Father and Gerald should come ever and join them there; and he said, "the other house was her father's, but the house she was in was her own, and she should make Mr. Moore welcome." Many other things said old Father Mick in his own pleasant way, but certainly his voice had lost a certain ring of merriment, and his eye was not half so bright as his kind words; but Ailey did not notice this. For a moment only a moment—she thought he was unwell, and then he banished the apprehension by his leaving. She went on her knees.

"May the great God bless thee Ailey!" he said, "my own Ailey, and teach thee to love Mary thy Mother, and to follow her in everything!" "Amen!" answered the gentle girl. Here the little ones were all between his feet; even Peggy Hyne's baby was got upon its fat knees, and held perpendicular by its fat arms.

"Beneath, ahair!" said one of the girls, who knew how Father Mick loved his own Celtic.

"Oh! Calleen oh—benacht uriv go leir!" "Dear little children, blessing on all of you!" "And you," he said, taking up the little infant—he looked into its blue eyes—"Suffer little children," he said; and having kissed the baby, he left it. He mounted old Bess then, and proceeded on his journey.

It was an interesting thing to make a journey with Father Mick. As the old man jogged along, he had a good word or an inquiry for every one, and every one had a good word for him. The mother snatched her child from the cradle, to bring the wondering little thing to the saddle, and "get the sign o' the Cross" upon it. The little girls were right in the middle of the way, making their "curchys," and looking for medals of their "patroness;" and the men crossed the fields from their work to meet him—old Father Mick—as he passed to have a word of news and a good wish from "Ahair Michael."

As he did one's heart good to see "Ahair Michael," they said, "and there was luck in his word." Many a one would prefer Father Mick's touch on their journeys "to the station," to all the skill of Dr. Creamer, and all the physic in Kinnacarra; and many a one would swear to that same touch's healing efficacy. But of course this is all "superstition" to a body such as Dr. Whately, simply because he cannot comprehend anything, unless a nice house and a good dinner; it is all "folly" to him, as the Cross of Christ was to the Jews.

It was remarked that poor Father Mick was in rather bad spirits; he was kind as usual, but not so hearty. The men said some one in the parish had "gone astray," and the women were angry with some one—nothing to them who the individual might be that "crossed poor Ahair Michael."

The good priest soon arrived at Moorfield, and he was not obliged to await admission. The tread of the priest was familiar in the hall of Moorfield, and his voice was known to every living thing in the house. All the dogs started to meet him, and the servants stood in corners and at the stairfoot to wait his greeting. Old Mr. Moore used to say that Father Mick's visits to Moorfield did more to keep the house in order than all his own authority; for, although he never scolded, his presence preached duty.

As Father Mick trotted up the avenue, he thought of many a happy day, and many a gentle deed which the trees and shrubs had witnessed, and the people who passed that same road so often with joyful hearts and pure ones, and who, perhaps, should be soon "without a place to lay their heads." Poor Father Mick knew everything regarding the ability of the Moores and the turpitude of Snapper, and had done a little to meet the wiles of villainy, but what could he do?

Father Mick had a thousand welcomes from man and beast, and a thousand smiles and requests from the women of the establishment. Everything looked as usual, and poor Father Mick thought it ought not to look so. There stood the clean hall-table, on which lay a black straw hat with broad brim; the clothes-rack kept its place at the foot of the staircase, and the staircase, light-some and open, bore all the marks of care and taste. There is a bust of Gregory XVI. on the first landing-place—a very fine one, of composition, which a friend had presented to Gerald—Gerald was fond of Gregory XVI., in fact, he was proud of him, and the Holy Father was a theme and a hobby of his, for Gerald was a Catholic.

Old Mr. Moore was from home, and Gerald has just come in—how fortunate. The young man soon heard his visitor's voice, and the next moment was with him in the drawing-room. He gently led Father Mick upstairs to his "sanctum," opened the door and asked him in. Father Mick was astonished—everything was packed as for a journey! Gerald put his hands in a bosom pocket and took out a packet, which he placed in Father Mick's hands. He then flung his two young vigorous arms around the priest's neck, and kissed him as though he had become a child again, and embraced him tenderly.

Gerald did not weep, nor sob, nor wring his hands; but he was pale, and solemn, and resolute.

"You see, father," he said, "I know all—I have known it for a day, mysteriously; and I could have gone easily gone away; but that would not do."

"No, no!" answered Father Mick. "Much better even to suffer innocently than to be disgraced and to scandalize the world. I may—"

"Oh! I don't talk of may suffer, or can suffer, Gerald, Providence will take care of that. Of course you may—I know you may, alas! I know it too well you may; but it is not God's usual mode of proceeding. The true philosophy, as well as true religion, is to seek for nothing in this world, and to put down the innocent under the feet of the guilty; nor even in most cases, and 'twon't be in yours, sure it won't?" And Father Mick's voice was husky when he asked that childlike question.

"Father," said Gerald, "I have grown up at your knee, and so has poor Ailey. I—"

"Oh, oh! Gerald, give up; give up that now; do not talk so. Ailey—our own Ailey Moore!" and the old man took out his handkerchief. "Oh, Gerald, Ailey is more to me than anything—anything outside heaven, avic, avic, macreel Son of my heart!" said the old man, everything of yours shall be mine, Gerald, as if you were my son, and—"

"And God's will be done!" answered Gerald. "My brave young man!" exclaimed Father Mick, passionately, and embracing his young friend.

In about one hour after this interview, Father Mick and Gerald Moore were seen riding side by side into the town of Kinnacarra. Of course the priest was often interrupted in his course, and Gerald, too, had many greetings. As we have said, Gerald was a magnificent young fellow; but mere personal appearance was not a large portion of his advantages. It was the soul which one saw and felt, and which felt—in everything, in every movement of his hand and glance of his eye, in every word and gesture, and which told you that there was deathless energy without passion, and irresistible force without impulse, in the man. Hence, Gerald Moore was a small man's horror—a small man shrunk from him; and he was for the same reason the pride of the noble-minded—they took him as a "representative man."

Kinnacarra was composed of two streets, one of which "fell perpendicularly" upon the other. The slated houses were the police barrack, the hotel, the police constables', and one public-house. The thatched houses were all the remainder. Dungeons were gathered at convenient distances, and a few pigs enjoyed themselves by a quiet roll in the sink; some half starved curs enjoyed their "hunger and ease" in the sun; and two or three cows, apparently without rhyme or reason, were here and there tossing up their noses and lowering, or occasionally charging, any of the curs that felt it a duty to bark at them.

There was a crowd in town to-day. The police-barrack is just midway in the street which has been said to close and cross the other at right angles. On the left, at some distance, is a long, melancholy-looking, hilly road, on the right, a small bridge, sunk in trees and sweet shade. The stream flows on between two woody banks to the sea.

On the bridge is a company of soldiers, and about twenty yards distant are a score of mounted police. The former have "piled" their arms, and are loitering about, but within reach of their revolvers. The latter are standing by the heads of their horses, ready to mount. Country people are in threes, fives, and tens, more or less, according to circumstances, up and down, and every where; while "the peelers o' the place" are stepping just as authoritatively as may be, among all parties and through all places, taking care that there be no "breach of the peace," and no ignorance of their "power and influence." The great crowd of all is at the police-office door, and they all seem waiting an eventuality.

In fact, it is petty session day, and litigants and litigators are waiting for the magistratus.

At a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon, a carriage appeared in the distance; at the same moment, in another direction, a tax-cab, and shortly after came a gig, holding Joyce Snapper, Esq., attorney at law and land agent, and by his side, Mr. Forde, his familiar demon. Every likelihood possible was there that "justice would be done" that evening.

After a very moment, Mr. Joyce Snapper is deeply engaged with the officers commanding the soldiers and the police. He is impressing upon them, with energy, some duty, and laying down some plan. He stamps his foot, and strikes one hand against the other, and then makes a series of mathematical imaginary lines, not on the ground, but a few feet above the ground, in the air. Very important the looks, and the two officers look down, from under the shades of their caps, the smallest bit in the world of humbug in their attention.

A man approaches Mr. Joyce Snapper—a man pretty well-subspectively dressed; that is, he wore a blue coat, with brass buttons, corduroy breeches, and gray stockings, and he had good brogues on.

"See yoursell the trouble," whispered the stranger in Mr. Snapper's ear. "See yoursell the trouble, hay's an toon. Hay's kem to gie imsell's oop."

"What? eh?" "Mr. Moore's jist gone into the magistratus," said the first speaker. "An' you've better hay's in to the court."

"Gob! said Snapper; 'Gob!' he said. 'Some one has blabbed, and all that—I say, McCann, who was with him, with Moore?'"

"The parish clergyman," answered McCann. "The priest?" "The priest."

"To the d—l with him, and so—" "Mr. Snapper," roared a voice from the police-office door.

"Here!" cried Snapper. "I say, McCann," he said, turning to the showman, "keep close to me, every step." And, whispering in McCann's ear, he continued: "McCann, if this criminal get justice, you'll get a golden guinea, and so on. Come!"

"I am with you," said the showman, whose brow bent fearfully as he turned to walk after the land-agent. There was great bustle, but no excitement. The priest and young Moore had gone into the "court;" and seldom they were there. Parson Salmer had gone in, and 'twas odd to see the priest and the parson together. The "sojurs" were in great force, without any apparent reason; and a strange man, or gentleman, as a duke, they said, came down with the "Laird," and Mr. High-chin, as the peasantry learned to call the Honorable Hyacinth, whom we know already. These of

themselves created curiosity, but there was no excitement, until Mr. Snapper had disappeared from the street. The soldiers then peached, however. It became known that young Gerald was charged with murder, and that Snapper, McCann, and Forde were the evidence against him. In a few moments the news stole through the crowd. Hands and eyes were raised, and ejaculations and exclamations followed. Onward moved the feeling, and far on every side of the door, was one wedged mass of human beings.

Lord Kinnacarra was on the bench. Beside him, on his left, was Corkoran Kelly, Esq., and on his right the "strange gentleman."

The strange gentleman was fifty, grey-haired, hair closely cut, forehead noble, and appearing as if it would move forward from under the light silver weight. He "the strange gentleman," was pale, and had the most beautiful mouth, and most beautiful teeth, and most musical voice, that could be seen and heard. The strange gentleman wore a light summer cloth coat with brown buttons, light neckerchief, and white trousers. The strange gentleman also had dark eyes—and, in fact, "struck" every one.

The Honorable Hyacinth was on the "bench," still engaged in curling the moustache—that was to grow—and he wore a glass to his eye; moreover, the glass had gold mounting.

Mr. Salmer was in a seat near the bench, and Mrs. Salmer near the seat, of course. Mr. Snapper was among the attorneys, and with him, Forde and McCann. Gerald and Father Mick were right against the wall, facing the whole assemblage.

There was an under moan—and move, and crush, occasional cries and occasional curses—every minute things were becoming worse, and the crowd more intolerable. The attorneys were writing away, and perspiring profusely.

At length there was a frightful silence—a policeman approached Father Mick—passed him by, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of Gerald Moore.

Gerald bowed—never changed the least in look or bearing; but Father Mick shook.

The court burst into a cheer—like nothing we ever heard; it was a kind of "We're here!" to the young favorite and the pastor.

"The court must be cleared!" cried an attorney. "Clear the court!" cried Snapper. "Anything dangerous?" asked Lord Kinnacarra.

"Decidedly, my lord," answered Snapper in a whisper. "Pshaw! no; it's nothing," said the "strange gentleman."

"Why—a—a—really, you see—a—a—Snapper," cried his lordship. "Yes, my Lord—clear the court!" said Snapper.

"O, you serpent!" said a voice. "Put him in jail!" said Snapper. "Beauty! arrah! Beauty! sure you wouldn't hide your sweet face?" cried another.

"Jaypurs!" roared some fellow, like a Stentor. "A cheer for Gerald Moore," cried ten voices; and an immense cheer followed. "I shall—I say, Snapper—I shall read the—"

"Riot Act, my Lord!" answered Snapper. "Just so—a—"

"Will you allow me, my lord and gentlemen," said the clergyman, stepping forward. Will you allow me to save your lordship and the others any trouble dangerous to you and to the people?"

"The priest—Mr. Quinlivan?" asked the "strange gentleman."

"Yes," laconically answered the lord of the soil. "Boys," said Father Mick, "don't fear for Gerald—God Almighty is with him, and He will bring him through the toils of the bad-minded and the misled. Let everything go on here—Providence will settle it when men are done, and while they're doing it. Pray for Mr. Moore, because I know you love him, and you have good reason; and pray for the old man at home, that never shut his door in the face of the poor; and pray for—"

The old man paused, but the crowd well knew, No one spoke the name aloud, but every one murmured "Ailey Moore."

"Go out," he added—"Go out, a dharvrahtin, every one!" The strange gentleman looked amazed; for in five minutes the court contained only the officials and witnesses, besides the accused and Father Mick.

The reader will not be interested in the details of the conspiracy, for he knows, almost, them all. A servant of Ailey Moore had, the night of the murder, opened the door for Gerald at a quarter before twelve o'clock. Mr. James Boran, who wore a new suit of black clothes, saw him a quarter of an hour before the murder, going in the direction of Lord Kinnacarra's domain. Forde was coming up to the lord's mansion to see Mr. Snapper, when he heard the report of a pistol, and saw a man flying in the dusk; that man he positively swore was Gerald Moore. He, Forde, did not give information before, because he was afraid, until his conscience overcame him, and he knew now that he would not be able to stand the country; and, finally, a handkerchief—a very nice cambric one—was found on the spot of the murder, bearing, in a beautiful lady's hand, the name—"R. Moore, 12," Gerald himself looked a little astonished, not at the charge, but at the individuals who supported it. He

asked himself how he had wronged them, offended them, or in any way crossed their happiness, but he could not remember. On the contrary, three of them he had often served; and the fourth had eaten of his bread for a year or two! 'Twas wonderful!—but "God's will be done!"

Of course, discrepancies and contradictions were found in the testimony; and likely a jury would "tear the web into a thousand fragments," as Father Mick said; but there was a case—a prima facie case—against the prisoner, and he should be sent for trial. The prosecutor (the police) even said, that at the assizes he could produce more, which was not now available; for the present, he thought, there was sufficient.

And so there was. Snapper looked triumphant. Lord Kinnacarra looked big with magisterial importance. Hyacinth looked through his glass. The "strange gentleman" looked flushed and thoughtful. Father Mick was shedding tears.

The multitude was outside the door, talking loud, some cursing, some abusing the court, and many—very many, solemnly anxious.

At length the door opened, and Gerald appeared inside. Perfectly awful was the cheering, and "Thank God! Thank God! Glory be to God! Mr. Moore!"

He bowed just as usual; full of urbanity and of dignity was Gerald's bow! There was another tremendous cheer.

"Friends," he said, aloud, "it is Father Quinlivan's wish, and my prayer, that you immediately disperse—every man, woman, and child. You don't serve yourselves, and you injure us. Let me see how you will obey the man who has been your servant since before the most of us were born. Trust in God and in the Blessed Virgin Mary."

There was no cheer, but a deep low moan. The poor love God and the Blessed Virgin, His mother.

"Now, every one to his own home," continued Gerald. "Home! home!" cried a hundred voices together.

"Thank you! thank you! God bless you; don't fear for me, pray for me!"

And looking behind them, occasionally stopping, but still moving, the mass began to break, and they fell off in little batches, as they were in the beginning of the day; and soon the streets were clear.

Gerald presented himself to the magistrates, and there was a pause. "Send for the guard," said Snapper.

"The guard; a—yes, oh!" said Lord Kinnacarra; "ay, send for the guard."

"Why," said the "strange gentleman," "you'll make a riot."

"Then I shall—have to read the—a—"

"Riot act, my lord."

"Just so—a—"

"If you will allow me to make a suggestion," said the prisoner—Mr. Snapper looking quite indignant— "send the guards a short distance from the village, and do not allow me to join them. One constable can easily take charge of me, for I need not say, I hope, to any respectable person, that my business now is to stand my trial, not to avoid it."

The Lord looked at Snapper, and Snapper looked around him. He was divided between fear and malice. The "strange gentleman" finished the discussion by descending from the bench, and approaching Gerald Moore.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, in his own fine tones—the strange gentleman "had a fine sonorous voice, we have remarked—" Pardon me. You have filled me with admiration for your courage and ingenuities. No man of your look and manner ever committed murder. My proposal is the only sensible one that has been made."

Poor Father Mick is slowly and sorrowfully returning to the home where an innocent heart is waiting the sword which will pierce it; and an old man is awaiting his son—the son that never "turned upon" his parent. Ailey Moore, go to the foot of the Cross! Look up at the Virgin of Dolours now! Your spirit will be crushed and torn, and the old home shall receive thee never again! Alas, poor Ailey!

At half past twelve o'clock that night—or next morning, rather—a thundering knock awoke the jailer of Clonmel; the sounds of many arms were heard outside the prison door, and horses neighed and pawed the paved road at the entrance.

A lock was shot back; another, and a chain fell. A lamp then shot its rays into the morning's dimness.

"Who's there?" "Guard and prisoner."

"A warrant?" "Yes."

"Come."

At the moment of crossing the threshold, Gerald felt his hand seized convulsively, and dragged downwards. He looked, but did not recognize the figure, which was small, and on its knees.

"Oh, Master Gerald! get me in! get me in!" "Why?—who?" "Oh, get me in; I must go in, I must!" "You! you!—poor little Eddy! I declare, why—"

"Oh, I must get in!" "The sergeant of police recognized Eddy."

"Why?" said the sergeant; but before he could get an answer, little Ned had fallen like one dead at his feet. "Must get—!" were his last words.

Little Ned realized his words, "I must get in."

The gate has closed upon Gerald Moore.

TO BE CONTINUED

MARY, THE MOTHER OF GOD

A TRUE STORY By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

In my mail one morning, came the following letter addressed to "Rev. Richard Alexander:"

Dear Rev. Father: We are sending to your address a manuscript which was found amongst the papers of the late Rev. J. J. C., pastor of St. James' Church, who died January 11, 1912. Our convent is located in the parish, so they sent it to us, to be forwarded to you, as it was the evident intention of our Rev. Pastor that we should do so. It was written in lead pencil. We have taken the liberty of copying it in ink, and herewith transmit it to your care. That the contents is absolutely true, we know, and we wish to have it published only to show how tenderly God deals with upright souls, who sincerely desire to know the truth. Please do not mention our name, nor the town where the occurrence took place.

Yours in the Sacred Heart, SISTERS OF

I read this letter with interest, and then enrolled the manuscript, written by hands now moulding in the dust. It was with a feeling of reverence that I followed the record of a conversion so full of God's love and mercy, and thought of the joy this good priest felt when he met this ransomed soul so soon after he had brought her to God—so close together were their deaths. This good Father in the far West, remembered how the Missionary scattered abroad such soul stories, and wrote up the account for its pages, little dreaming that he would be among the dead when his true tale would appear in print. God rest his soul! and may this narrative touch many a doubting heart. Here is his manuscript exactly reproduced:

"It was in the afternoon on St. Patrick's Day, in the year 1909. I went to the barber shop for a shave, as I intended to spend the evening with a neighboring priest. While there, my housekeeper sent a messenger to me asking me to come home as soon as possible, as there was an urgent sick call by phone. The call came from a nursing sister of St. Francis, who was at the house of a sick lady, a non-Catholic. She begged me to come at once, saying that the lady was very low; she wanted to be baptized and become a "Roman Catholic," and die in the Faith; that this time was a favorable opportunity as her family was very prejudiced, and not thinking her condition as serious as it was, they were absent, leaving her to the nurse's care.

I hesitated a moment, because the location of the residence was beyond the limits of my parish, but the Sister urged me, saying that their parish was German, and that an English speaking priest could handle the case better. I consented, and went to the house, taking with me the Blessed Sacrament. Two Sisters met me at the foot of the stairs, kneeling for the blessing. They whispered to me, that the lady was entirely prepared; instructed, and ready for the Sacraments. I went into the room, and after some conversation, found all as the Sisters had said. The lady was a remarkably favored soul, full of faith, and yearning for the Blessed Sacrament. She was about forty-four years old; came from a wealthy Southern family, was highly educated and cultured, a graduate in music, art, etc. Her religious training was in the High Episcopal Church. She was a zealous church woman—the organist, and a Sunday School teacher. During her residence at times in a village where there was no church she would gather an assembly at her own house, read the Bible, and talk of God to them. She was careful to warn her audience against the superstition and idolatry of the Roman Church, which called her visitor here during her illness—bringing her much consolation, and the "Lord's Supper." She noticed that his services were not of the highest Episcopal Rites. Therefore, she suggested to him to bring some candles and "wafers" from a Catholic supply house nearby, and said that she would be pleased to see her little son act as one of his acolytes. To all this the minister tolerantly acceded.

I asked her many questions; found her well instructed, and quite ready for conditional baptism, for Confession, and reception into the Catholic Church, all of which she ardently desired. Her firm belief in the Real Presence was most remarkable; her one desire was to be a Catholic and receive Holy Communion. When I told her that I had the Blessed Sacrament with me, her joy knew no bounds, and she implored me not to delay. I went to the adjoining room, where the non-Catholic nurse, the two Sisters, and her little son were, and brought them into the sick room, that all might witness the whole procedure. They heard her ask once more for the



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