JIM'S RUSTIFICATION

Blue hills stretched away in the distance. The sky was blue and the green meadows hadn't yet felt the searing touch of the sun.

Jim Bayliss lay on his back on the hillside and did some thinking. And it occurred to him presently that this was an occupation that hadn't engrossed him nearly as much as it should have done. The trouble was he hadn't been enough by himself. A man can't think with a crowd about, nor yet when he is stupidly sleepy. And Jim Bayliss was a popular fellow with no end of college played friends, and when he slept it was like to the slumber of seven sleepers.

So Jim lay there on the soft turf with the gentle breeze fanning him, and did a lot of thinking-made up for arrears, as he himself put He thought over his college life, of his triumphs, of his disappointments, of the years of mingled toil and pleasure, and finally of that grand finale when by the grace of his fellow classmen he was the envied marshal of the day. And the honor had been all the sweeter because his dad was there. His dear old dad, who had toiled for him, and saved for him, and begrudged him nothing. His dad who had been father and mother to him in one.

Jim drew a long breath. Well, he had never really disobey-ed his father. If he was ever tempted he thought of that good gray head and found the thought strengthened him wonderfully. They had differed occasionally, but there was nothing serious about these little arguments. When they found they couldn't agree they dropped the subjects—Jim's dad being a wise man and Jim not unreasonably obstinate. In fact, they had worked along beautifully together, and Jim was going into bisiness with his dad as soon as he rested up a bit from his last year at college.

And then this affair over Millie

Thompson had to occur. Jim had told his father about lillie. She lived in the college town where Jim had known ner only dur-He fancied he was very fond of her. Millie was the town beauty, and Jim felt highly flattered when she showed a preference for him. There was a fascination about the girl, born of much experience in the ways of college youth perhaps, that caught Jim's susceptible heart and held him fast. She was so pretty, had asked him. she had such arch little ways and such an infectious laugh-albeit, tather loud

And all these charms had united to enslave him. Millie became his Canova nine having won the first fad—and a somewhat expensive fad round—largely owing to the absence she proved. That she really liked of the ex-professional Munson, and Jim there could be no doubt. He felt that he had only to say the word and she would consent to marry In the first inning both sides were

waited until the day after a close decis He commencement. His father listened to him gravely. He nodded when Jim finished his glowing description fitness for an ideal daughter-in-law. "I'd like to see the girl," he said in his abrupt way.

ing," he cried.

Jim's father shook his head.

"I won't bother you," he said, "I'll see her in my own way." And Jim, knowing his father, held

They did not meet until late in the the Hicksville contingent to urge him Jim looked the question he was so

anxious to ask. his father.

most interested is supposed to choose for himself," he said.

"I'll put it in a different way," said his father. "She is not the ed. girl your mother would have chosen for a daughter-in-law." "What's wrong with her?" cried the the batter's limits."

His father was merciless. "She is your senior in years, she is that way in this game."

a flirt, and I doubt if her feelings are any more genuine than her com-Jim boiled within. But habit was everything with him. He clenched his teeth on the bitter words that

threatened to escape him and abruptly turned away.

That night his father blocked his

"Jim," he said, "do you still respect parental authority?'
The lad hesitated.

"I am twenty-one years old," he "Yes," said his father. "I have reason to know just what your age

"I respect your authority, sir," he answered, somewhat lamely, "with limitations."

"Very well. Do you respect it sufficiently to rusticate yourself for two weeks and think things over?"

"Where do you want me to go?"
The father hesitated. think Canova will do. It is both quiet and restful. Go to Can-

doing his best to think it over.

He had written to Millie the day after his arrival, a guarded letter. Jim wasn't entangled and he didn't umpires. mean to be until he was quite ready Perhaps the shouting disturbed the

Jim had taken the precious missive off to the woods to read it, where he was quite alone, and there he read it through and through again.

And represent the precious missive way, he only pushed the ball to the pitcher, who promptly started the double play that sent the baserunner and the captain both to the bench. And somehow it seemed a little dis- After that Jim's position was no

the letter aside. He would wait a day or two before answering it.

He had been there ten days, a rather dull ten days, and he was longing for the town again, and for some employment to keep him busy. He was a little tired of thinking, more especially as his thoughts seemed to revolve in a circle, and as far as he could see, no good came of them.

And now he was lying on the grass in his favorite haunt, with his hat over his face, when he heard a voice allies him.

"Bayliss, Oh, Bayliss."

tience, but he reversed no decisions. They Advertise Themselves.—Immediately they were offered to the public, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills became more imperative in his cautionary remarks.

"Play hall!" he cried in the midst of the eighth inning. Then he looked over towards First Baseman Munson and raised his, voice. "Hy you don't live they made for themselves. That renutation has grown, and they over towards First Baseman Munson for use in attacks of dyspepsia and billousness, complaints of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague and the innumerable complications to which these ailments give rise.

He raised up and glanced down the slope toward the roadway. A man, a young man, was looking up at him. "Is that you, Arthur Porter?" "Yes. Sorry to disturb you. One of the boys saw you coming this way. I want a favor of you. I think you can grant it if you care to."

can grant it if you care to." Jim came down the slope.

"What is it, Arthur?"
He liked this fellow. An honest, open-hearted farmer's boy, whom he had met several times at the village store. "Do you know anything about base-

Jim laughed. "Something," he replied. "I have played it."

"Know enough to umpire?"

"Guess so." "Well, we want an umpire for our game with the Hicksville team tomorrow. John Nelson, of the Claytons, promised to umpire, but he's scared out."

"Scared?" "Yes. The Hicksville ellows are a pretty hard lot. They win by bulldozing when they can't win any other way. Their captain is a fellow named Munson, who used to play in the Tri-State League, and he's as big a bluffer as ever swung a bat. Our team can beat 'em all right if we have fair play. It's our turn to select an umpire, but nobody wants to serve. I'm frank with you."

"I see you are." "You'll help us out wonderfully if you'll take the job. I've got confidence in you. I'll bet Mr. Bill Munson can't bluff you a little bit. What

do you say?" "Will I be acceptable to the other side?"

"Sure. It's our choice." "Where do you play?"
"On our grounds at two o'clock."
"I'll serve," said Jim.
"It would be a little excitement for

him. He really welcomed the oppor-tunity. And Arthur was delighted. "All we want is fair play and a

man to stand up for it."
"I think you'll find me on my feet when the game is over," said Jim, with a quick laugh.
It looked as if most of the country

was at the game that memorable afing the latter half of his senior year. was at the game that memorable ar-Millie was the town beauty, liss was passed upon by the Hicksville captain, the redoubtable Munson, big and burly, and duly accept-ed. Jim had waited with a quiet smile as the big fellow ran his eyes over his somewhat slender figure.
"Know the new rules?" Munson

> "Yes." "All right." And so the game had commenced. It was the third of the series, the

him. But his father's image rose before him before he took the irrevocable step.

The first inning both sides were
blanked, and Umpire Jim found his
duties easy. The pitchers were fairly
regular, and there was no chance for

"He knows his business," he re-

"I'd like to see the girl," he said his abrupt way.

Jim glowed.
"I'll take you up there this evening," he cried.

Jim's father shook his head.
"I'll won't bother you," he said, "I'll bet a horse he won't stand any fooling."

The second inning opened up with the Canova pitcher a little wild, and the first Hicksville batter was sent to first on balls. And then the re-doubtable Munson came to bat with a wild whoop of encouragement from

"Home-run! Home run!" shrieked anxious to ask.

"She is not the girl your mother would have picked for you," said

the Hicksvillers. "Smash it out, Bill!" came from the lanky coach.

And Bill did his best to smash out

is father.

A shadow fell across the lad's face.

"This is a matter where the man raised his hand. "You can't meet the ball in that fashion," he said. The burly captain looked around. "What's wrong with it?" he growl-

is delivered. You clearly outstepped ful

The big fellow's face flamed.

"Do you think you can teach me how to bat?" Jim threw aside his mask and chest

protector. "Give me that bat," he said. The mighty Munson yielded it with a sneering smile. Then Jim carefully drew certain lines in the dust about the plate. "Here are your boundar-ies," he added. "Keep within them."

The ex-professional grinned "Perhaps you can show me how to hit the ball?" he suggested with profound sarcasm. "Perhaps I can," said Jim with a

sudden smile. He threw himself into Something in the words disarmed his favorite batting attitude and

surprised left-fielder and smote the fence with a heavy crash.

Jim thrust the bat into the ex-pro-

fessional's hands. "Play ball!" he sharply cried. both quiet and restful. Go to Canova and report back here to me two weeks from to-day."

So Jim had taken the train to Canova that afternoon, had secured board at a hospitable farmhouse close to the little village and was doing his best to think it over.

surprisingly long hit each faction raised a wild howl of delight. Here was something new in the way of to ask the girl to marry him. And redoubtable Bill. Perhaps the bat-ting restriction bothered him. Any-

appointing. It seemed to lack sin- sinecure. But few of his decisions cerity. But Jim told himself that he went unquestioned. He stood the expected too much. And then he put constant wrangling with smiling pathe letter aside. He would wait a tience, but he reversed no decisions. The harsh growl and hig fist of Mun-

He raised up and glanced down the with joy. Nobody had ever dared to ope toward the roadway. A man, talk to Bill Munson in that fashion before.

At the beginning of the ninth inning Canova was one run ahead, and Canova batters went out in one-two-three order. The strain was too much for the Canova pitcher and he let two men walk. And then came the burly cantain. the excitement grew intense as the the burly captain.

gy, for Hicksville had been keeping rather quiet.

second ball came directly over the give you a piaster."

plate and Munson struck at it victously. It was a glancing blow, and the ball rose high in the air, almost directly above the plate. "I don't want a piaster," Plucked the ball rose high in the air, almost directly above the plate. most directly above the plate. Chal-mers, the Canova pitcher, moved up and set himself for the catch.

The burly Munson dropped his bat and waved his arms at the base runners in well simulated excitement. "Watch out there!" he roared.

And then still waving his arms and roaring his warning, he lurched heavily against Catcher Chalmers just as the ball was about to settle in his outstretched hands.

There was a groan from the Can-ova crowd as the ball fell to the ground, and a wild vell rose from the Hicksville adherents. Then Jim's voice rang across

"Foul ball! Striker out!" "What!" shrieked Munson, as strode back. "Didn't you see catcher run into me?' "Batter up!" cried Jim.

Munson came closer, his eyes glaring, his fists clenched.
"Change that decision," he snarled. "or I'll smash your face!"
Jim looked him in the eye.

"Striker out for willful interference with the ball," he calmly said. Go to the bench." He suddenly raised his voice. "Go to the bench or I'll have you put off the field!"

The bully laughed scornfully

"Who'll put me off?" he cried.

Jim looked around. His anger suddenly arose. His eyes blazed.

"I'll put you off myself, you loafer," he growled, and took a step for-

But the bully was a coward at heart. He gave one glance at his menacing young athlete and discreet-

If retreated.

"Play ball!" roared Jim.

The rest was easy. The next three Hicksville batters, discouraged by their leader's discomfiture, perhaps, fell easy victims, and Conova came out victor in the game and the series. out victor in the game and the series. able, and I have no other to give A's the last batter went out Jim

"Thank you, boy." Then he gently added: "If you hadn't given in, I would."—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland

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Not even are the lungs more sus-ceptible to the effect of cold drafts, of overheating, of dampness or cold than the kidneys.

This accounts for workingmen so dollars a year." "You can't run forward as the ball is delivered. You clearly outstepped the batter's limits."

This accounts for workingmen so frequently becoming victims of painful and deadly kidney diseases.

Pains in the back are usually the first note of warning. Then there is "Well, it's wrong. You can't bat that way in this game."

The big fellow's face deadly kidney diseases.

Pains in the back are usually the first note of warning. Then there is for an education to Dr. Ham
The big fellow's face deadly kidney diseases.

Pains in the back are usually the first note of warning. Then there is desire for an education to Dr. Ham
The big fellow's face deadly kidney diseases.

Pains in the back are usually the first note of warning. Then there is desire for an education to Dr. Ham
So papa pushed on until the dory was well up on the march. She of the digestive system and bowels.

> To be certain of immediately arresting disease and bringing about thorough cure, you must use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which have so many times proven their su-periority as a treatment for the

swung the bat lightly.

"Throw me one," he called to the Canova pitcher. Jim's bat swung forward, there was a sharp crack and the ball soared over the head of the surprised left folder and specific that I had to leave work. I could ago I found my condition so serious that I had to leave work. I could not sleep nights, my appetite was very poor and my kidneys were so affected that I could hardly walk on

> glad to say, I was able to resume work and now feel as well as I ev-er did. I therefore say that Dr. Chase's remedies are excellent family

> Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are so thorough and far-reaching in their influence on the kidneys as to thoroughly eradicate the most serious disease. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

God's gifts put man's best dreams The little ills of life are the hardest

to bear, as we all very well know.

PLUCK'S COLLEGE COURSE

A little hut in Bulgaria, made of mud and stone, was Pluck's home, and his father was so poor that he

Pluck was a bright, ambitious boy, "Home run! Home run!" shrieked with a great desire for study, and the Hicksvillers with redoubled ener- when he heard of Robert College, at Constantinople, he determined to go there. He told his father one day, "Steady there, Golden!" cried Second Baseman Arthur Porter to the pitcher. "Brace up and strike him out!" when they were away together tending sheep, that he had decided to go to college. The poor shepherd looked at his son in amazement, and said: But the first ball pitched went wild "You can't go to college; it's all I and each man advanced a base. The can do to feed you children; I can't

"Besides," the shepherd continued,

"you can't go to college in sheep skins. But Pluck made up his mind, and he went-in sheepskins, and without

a piaster. He trudged sturdily on, day after day, until he reached Constantin-ople. He soon found his way to the college, and inquired for the presi-

Pluck asked for work, but the president kindly told him that there was none and that he must go away. "Oh, no," said Pluck, "I can't do hat. I didn't come here to go that.

away. When the president insisted, Pluck's answer was the same-"I didn't come

here to go away."

He had no idea of giving up. The King of France, with forty thousand men, went up a hill and then came down again, but it was no part of Pluck's plan to go marching home, and three hours later the president saw him in the yard, patiently waits

Some of the students advised Pluck to see Prof. Long. "He knows 'all about you Bulgarian fellows," they said.

The professor, like the president, he had better go away. But Pluck bravely stuck to his text-"I didn't come here to go away.'

The boy's courage and perseverance pleased the professor so much that he urged the president that he should take care of the fires. That meant carrying wood, and a great deal of it, up three of four flights of stairs, taking away the ashes and keeping

amencement. His father listened him gravely. He nodded when him gravely. He nodded when him glowing description Millie's sweetness and general latter went about his work, his face for an ideal daughter-in-law.

Arthur Porter had looked at Jim a little anxiously. Then as he watched the distribution that having his led down to business, and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a party of six, so none of the boys found it a burden to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a party of six, so none of the boys found it a burden to help him with his lessons in the evenings. After we turned the first bend far above the wharf, papa and Joe threw out the seine, and let the dory drift. Pluck one evening in a week.

examined to enter the preparatory over an hour. Then, as we turned out boat, Joe found our floating "Do you expect," asked the presi-

"but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat.

another a pair of trousers, and so rules of the college required each stu-

lin, the ex-president of Robert Col- was well up on the marsh. IF YOU WOULD PREVENT lege, who was in America. The doc-jumped for him, took his coat sleeve BRIGHT'S DISEASE AND OTHER tor told the story to a friend one in his mouth, and led him away DEADLY FORMS OF KIDNEY DIS-day, and she was so interested that through the wet and weeds, out of EASE YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY.

other hundred.' A boy who had so strong a will dory, wondering what Shep meant. was sure to find a way.— Child's Companion.

most serious diseases of the kidneys.

By acting on the liver and bowels as well as on the kidneys, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver PiHs effect a thorough cleansing of the whole filtering and excretory systems and entirely rid the body of all poisonous waste matter.

THE POPE AND SOUTH AFRICA.

The Pope received in farewell audience Mgr. Simon, the Apostolic Vicar of Orange River Colony. His Apostolic benediction upon Mgr. Simon and all the faithful under his jurisdiction, adding that he did not forget South Africa in his prayers, and that he hoped for the prosperity of its people.

THE POPE AND SOUTH AFRICA.

In a moment, and papa laughed and took from each pocket a tiny white kitten—one with a little black mark on its face and the other with black spots on its ears and tail. Shep diction upon Mgr. Simon and all the faithful under his jurisdiction, adding that he did not forget South Africa in his prayers, and that he hoped for the prosperity of its people.

After we pulled off papa told us that he prosperity of its people.

agreeable to the taste, and is a cer- and Shep had gone out and found tain relief for irritation of the them; and, moreover, that he had throat that causes hacking coughs. made a little bed for them of the If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and leaves. need to recommend it to those fam- When account of backache.

"I resolved to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Backache Plaster. After three weeks' time, I am to use, the advice is—try Bickle's we led him away to his own small

November

DAY

T. W. T. F.

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Su.

M. T. W.

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THE SOULS

+ 1904 +

> ALL SAINTS. Holy day of obligation. Commemoration of All the Faithful Departed. Of the Octave of All Saints. S. Charles Borromeo
> Of the Octave of All Saints. Twenty-fourth Sunday After Pentecost.

Vesper Hymn, "Lucis Creator Optime." Of the Octave of All Saints. Octave of All Saints. Dedication of St. John Lateran. S. Andrew Avelling S. Martin of Tours. S. Martin I., Pope.

Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Vesper Hymn, "Ave Maria Stella."
S. Deusdedit, Pope. S. Gerurude. W. S. Josaphat.
S. Gregory the Wonderworker.
Dedication of the Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul. W.

8. Pontianus, Pope. Twenty-sixth Sunday after Pentecost S. Felix of Valois. Vesper Hymn, "Ave Maria Stella." Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. S. Cecilia. S. Clement, Po

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost

S. John of the Cross. S. Catharine. S. Sylvester. First Sunday of Advent

Vesper Hymn, "Iste Confessor," S. Gregory III., Pope. S. Gelasius I., Pope. Fast. S. Andrew, Apostle.

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Brave Shep

It was a bright moonlight evening when brother Joe proposed a fishing trip up the river. Papa agreed, and Cousin Dorothy and I were always ready for any such fun. We always thought it delightful to sit in the little dory and glide along with the tide, letting the seine float out be-hind, and then in an hour or two to haul it in and find some fine fish for

As the last batter went out Jim slipped away and ran plump into his father. And his father met him with father. And his father met him with a smile and an outstretched hand. "Hullo, boy."

"Hullo, dad."

"Hullo, dad."

"It's the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away."

Evidently there was no getting rid of Pluck, and he was allowed to stay. After he had gained his point he settled down to business, and asked "Glad you did, dad. I've done all "Glad you did, dad. I've done all "Glad you did, dad. I've done all "Some of the students to help him with show up behind papa in the bow, as "Twas very pretty as we started out, the moon full and golden, papa and Joe at the oars, Dorothy and I in the stern. We had called Shep, our shepherd dog; but he was nowhere to be found, and we had set out without him, and I felt rather lonely without having his fine head show up behind papa in the bow, as "Texture region of the students preparing out, the moon full and golden, papa and Joe at the oars, Dorothy and I in the stern. We had called Shep, our shepherd dog; but he was nowhere to be found, and we had set out without him, and I felt rather lonely without having his fine head show up behind papa in the bow, as "Twas very pretty as we started out, the moon full and golden, papa and Joe at the oars, Dorothy and I in the stern. We had called Shep, our shepherd dog; but he was nowhere to be found, and we had set out without him, and I felt rather lonely without having his fine head show up behind papa in the bow, as "Twas very pretty as we started out, the moon full and golden, papa and Joe at the oars, Dorothy and I in the stern. We had called Shep, our shepherd dog; but he was no-where to be found, and we had set out without him, and I felt rather lonely without having his fine head show up behind papa in the bow, as "Twas very pretty as we started out, the moon full and golden, papa and Joe at the oars, Dorothy and I in the stern. We had called Shep, our shepherd dog; but he was no-where to be found, an

out the seine, and let the dory drift After some weeks he asked to be with the tide. We glided along for seine was not in sight, and we had dent, "to compete with those boys to begin a search. Papa took the who have many weeks the start of oars, and Joe, Dorothy and I kept you? And," he continued, "you cannot go into class in sheepskins— all the boys would cry 'baa."

"Yes, sir, I know," Pluck said, barking up the river. We stopped and start for home, when we heard a faint barking up the river. We stopped and listened. First it was a bark and then a whine.

We girls thought it sounded like Although Pluck had passed the examination, he had no money, and the we got nearer Joe called, "Shep! rules of the college required each stu-Shep!" Answers came, excited and dent to pay two hundred dollars a loud. When we reached the neck at the farther end of the plantation we "I wish an assistant in the labora- could see that it was Shep, and that tory, and I will give him one hundred he was prancing up and down in the marshlands as though half wild with

Joe and we girls sat silent in the Before long we heard a bark of delight, and then papa's voice, "Brave boy, brave Shep!" They came up THE POPE AND SOUTH AFRICA. in a moment, and papa laughed and

that some one must have carried the Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is kittens to the march to perish there. weeds and covered them with the

When we reached home we told house in the woodshed, where he al-

GOD SAW THE CHILD

I saw a little kitten in the strangest place, And it had the softest hair. With stripes on its legs and stripes on its face; And stripes on its ears and everywhere;
And stripes on its back and stripes on its tail;
And a dog chased it into a large drain tile,
Where it made its home for the longest while. Now what do you think of a home like that For a real clean little striped cat?

And what do you s'pose this kitten ate ('Cause all cats have to eat)? A good little girl fed it out of a plate
That was filled with bread and milk and meat,— Now wasn't she good to a strange little kitten? Of course she was!—and what do you think? One day this cat came out for a drink
Of milk, and it sang to the child so dear
A song which only the child could hear.

And the child put her hand on the striped fur,
And smoothed the nice, soft hair,
And the cat continued its loving purr
To a child that was dear, and a child that was fair;
And the child seemed to know what the kitten said,
For she lifted the kitten that lived alone
And carried it gently to her home.

And God saw the kitten and heard its purr,
And He saw the child—and remembered her.

—Allen Ayrault Green, in The Advance.

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Laboratories.

A. T. LAING, Registrar. ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street.

ways keeps watch during the night. But we found, after much coaxing and going back and forth, that Shep would stay only on condition that the kittens should share his house. So we brought them and put them in, and there they all have lived ever since, sharing their meals and perfectly happy.

The next morning papa took us out on the river again in search of the seine. We found it four miles below, caught on a rock on the shore of a little uninhabited island. How many fish? There were thirty fine-

Time has Tested it.—Time tests all things, that which is worthy lives; that which is inimical to man's welfare perishes. Time has proved Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. From a few thousand bottles in the early days of its manufacture the demand has risen so that now the so that now the production is run-ning into the hundreds of thousands of bottles. What is so eagerly sought for must be good.