(By Wili. W. Whalen.)

A slender little creature, with short -that was Lalite Frazer.

Helen of Troy might have been proud to claim for her own, and graciously -the end is come!" bowed to the Sisters that she met on "Lalite," Laidet responded, trying me his wife unless I became a Catho- but the Almighty Being whom I nea man whom they nursed back to What do you mean?" health. He never could forget their kindness, and tried in this way knife to-morrow, Bridget," she sob- had not been what it should have Bridget murmured, supporting the to show his gratitude.

is your name, isn't it? I think Sister told me that Miss Purcel would get; I want to see no one but you."

"May I send our chanlain to you?" be my nurse.'

Bridget bowed in assent to the last question and replied:

assure you, we nurses at Mercy Hos- can, and-" pital do not spend our momen's poring over the pages of a novel."

"Perhaps," her brows knit in "it would have been better for me will displease me." had I read fewer novels. I think, she added, smiling brightly, "you and I shall be friends, Miss Purcel.'

That afternoo Bridget had a few moments' further chat with Miss Fra- quivering mouth! zer, and found her an excellent conversationalist.

no longer called her Miss Purcel. "Is my home was too quiet. I have one Roger Carroll up." it a pretty one?"

"Very: I am sure you will like it, Miss Frazer.'

"Miss Frazer! Why not Lalite?" she queried, with an arch smile. that I am not a Catholic

persisted in calling a picture of St. ful, but I am sorry-sorry." Teresa, which hung on the wall of her "Haven't you seen any of your rela- Carroll came to my room. With an room, "that beautiful Virgin," mean- tives since you left them? Haven't exclamation of welcome I turned to ing, of course, the Mother of God; you heard from your home?"

a priest. heightening her rich, dark beauty. dear mother in the letter." wished that she might prove to be fingers. Miss Frazer's St. Agnes.

on the light." "Bridget"-how soft her voice was and giddy.

to me in the morning."

me an egg for breakfast.'

Next morning Miss Frazer was not have sinned so grievously." dressed in a pretty pink gown, cut | Some Catholics sin often, and in low at the neck, displaying her round, grave matters," Bridget answered, white, pillar-like throat, at which a "but they repent, Lalite. You can single jewel blazed.

"Do you care to see our chapel this | Miss Frazer was silent. morning?" Bridget said, as she chat- The soft summe breeze came you have never attended Mass?"

prettily. "I know very little of any say to cheer her? Christian.'

for me at nine o'clock; I'll attend was on the stroke of eight. your service."

ed the atar steps. Miss Frazer genu- a shudder ran through her. she sat beside Bridget. The "Mass- dear; I feel certain that you will not them." Book for Non-Catholics" which Brid- die. ence, at the Consecration.

lying on her bed, her face bathed in diately after leaving the harbor; for girl has but a few hours to live."

ears.
"You are not well?" said Bridget, fortune, I found heartache.
"You are not well?" said Bridget, fortune, I found heartache.
"You are not well?" said Bridget, fortune, I found heartache. as she brushed back the thick dark "I have loved, ah! loved so frondly" side.

hair and tear-wet eyes. She drew Bridthat was good and true and noble; "only you, Bridget, no one but you." get down beside her. "Bridget, I nenot like the other men I knew." "Pray for her," whispered Bridget ver before met a woman I liked so 'Oftentimes my shallow, sinful to Sister Antoninus as she left the a selfish, a sinful life, and now-now and the sun of my life set.

her way to the room assigned her. to be cheerful, "you speak as if you lic; but since the Catholic Church glected has cut me on short. Brid-It was such a pretty one that the were old and had seen long years of had such sons, why should I not be- get, I look now to you; is there any nurses called it the "fairy" room. It crime. Why, you are scarcely out of come her daughter? When Roger hope for me in eternity? After my had been fitted up for the Sisters by your teens; and you speak of the end. Carroll joined our company I had miserable life in this world, what

Miss Frazer came to the hospital on "I have known a number of patients past, and I was happy that he had sins are as a little grain of send bea Saturday. The following Monday who felt that way," Bridget said, not. During the brief month he knew side the mountain of God's mercy. she was to undergo a surgical opera- "yet they left the surgical table and me he so bound himself up in my A sudden thought struck Bridget.

brought her lunch, on the day of her state as I am; and, oh, I have had Paradise was short; already a serarrival, she was lounging in a wicker dreams." shuddering, "such terrible pent was planning my ruin.

-"have you ever been baptized?" She arrival, she was lounging in a wicker dreams." arrival, she was lounging in a wicker dreams," shuddering, "such terrible pent was planning my ruin.

chair, buried in a deep reverie. Her dreams! I am sure that at the first "One of our actresses, Leah Stroud, "No, Bridget; I belong to no sect." hands were clasped behind her head, cut of the knife I shall die," she per- conceived a violent passion for Roger "Thank God, oh, thank God! Laland her face wore a look of mingled sisted; "and, oh, Bridget, it is an Carroll. She was a tall, majestic ite, you believe in God, that Christ remorse and fear. She murmured a awful thing to die when one has led woman, a perfect blonde, far more is the Redeemer of the world?" kindly greeting as Bridget set down such a life as mine. It is a fearful beautiful than I; and I feared with a "Yes, Prioget." Her voice was the tray. How pretty she looked as thought that I must face a God whom jealous fear, when she cast her eyes growing fainter. she ate the crisp toast and sipped her I have never honored. People say upon him, that she might steal Roger God's all-powerful grace must have that He is merciful, but they also say from me. Many a pang of jealousy I been pouring into that poor worn A book was lying on the table, one that He is just. Bridget, Bridget, you suffered when I viewed her wonderful heart. Perhaps in the peace of some

get's eye resting on the colored title- to your dreams, dear Lalite; they are treated her as a friend, nothing more. leave the world. Perhaps Roger Car-'I suppose you don't read novels, Perhaps, dear, you would like to see Roger Carroll's love she came to me girl he had loved Miss Purcel?" she said, a smile flit- a prie-I mean a minister-a prie-" one day as I sat in my room at the "Bridget, all Roger Carroll's teachting across her face. "Miss Purcel She interrupted with "No, no, Brid- hotel. "May I send our chaplain to you?"

Bridget pleaded. minister, no priest.' "I don't have much time to read "Lalite, dear, please do let me "'Conscientiously!' I echoed n.y

> She lifted her hand with a little "You know what I mean, Miss gesture of angry impatience. "Brid- Frazer,' she said, with bitterness. get, I declare that I want no one but Roger Carroll knows absolutely in-

Bridget drew the yielding head down "Ah, heaven, she knew all! on her bosom. How like a child the

an empty life. I ran away from home softened as she gazed upon me. "You must take me to your chapel over two years ago. I wanted to go this morning, Bridget," she said. She on the stage and have my own way; she said, not unkindly, "if you give a hard, stern brother, Bridget, who love, I leaped at her; I could have never forgot. They then closed, to was never kind to me. He-" She torn her limb from limb. paused, her voice choked with tears.

"However, Bridget," she subjoined, she love you, and wasn't she kird to regardless of all consequences. "you know by this time, I dare say, you? And your father loved you?" With a cold, sneering smile, that of a zephyr, "Mercy!" Yes, Bridget knew that. She had and were too kind. Oh, I was so wil-

and, though about to undergo a seri- "I succeeded on the stage from the ous operation, she had not asked for night of my first appearance, Bridget; my voice and talent won recog-That evening when Miss Fraser and nition for me. I wrote home a vear Bridget entered the chapel it was only after my mad flight, and my brother dimly lighted. She knelt while Brid- answered my letter. I shall never forget made a little act of obeisance to get his cruel words; they have blastthe patient Watcher of the Taberna- ed my life. He said that he never cle. Bridget looked askance at her cared to see me again; that my fathbeautiful face as she knelt there, her er was dead-dead of a broken heart. slim hands folded, the faint light There was not one word about my

Bridget thought of proud, lovely pa- Miss Frazer buried her face in her I can bear. Forgive me, forget my gan Fabiola, and in her secret heart hands, and tears trickled through her past; I have begun anew.

"Remain here a minute, Lalite, gently, "you did wrong in running and with a groan that came straight please," she whispered, "until I turn away from home, but your sin is not from his heart be left me, left me, nebeyond forgiveness. You were young

now-"I do not care to see the cha- "I have not told you all, Bridget; pel this evening; you may show it my running away and becoming an ac- spell of sickness; I was kept to my tress was not all-not all." She re- bed for nearly a month. I never saw She arose hastily and turned to peated the words mechanically. "You leave the chapel. When the portieres can guess the rest of my story; a gidhad closed with a gentle rustle be- by young girl, gifted and beautiful, on the stage without a mother's warning "I am going to lie down now, Brid- voice to guide Ler. Perhaps if I had shall never forget the hours that Roget. Good-night," smiling; "bring known more about God then, if I had ger and I spent together, the relibeen a Catholic, like you, I should gious instructions he loved to whis-

do the same.'

ted with Miss Frazer. "We shall have through the open window-Bridget high Mass at nine o'clock. I dare say could feel it for years afterwards bringing with it the scent of the flow-"No; but I know what your Mass ers in the garden below. It played Carroll before I fled from my home I is like. One of our actors"-for the with the dark curls that clustered should not have fallen so low; I first time Bridget learned that Miss about the actress' ears and throat. Frazer was an actress-"was a Ca- Bridget could see the sky, with its I dare say all wicked women would tholic, and a very good Catholic. He flitting clouds. Her heart throbbed in explained to me something about pity for the bowed, sorrowful figure good man and loved him while they your Mass, Bridget," she confessed, of poor Miss Frazer. What could she were what they should be."

religion. I believe that there is a Miss Frazer was awake betimes next mandments, but I do not belong to the dark eyes; there were lines of roughs. any sect. You can't call me an infi- pain and weariness about the sweet "Bridget," she whispered, clinging del," she laughed, "though in truth couth; the face was drawn. She told to her, "you must not let my broth-I am not what you may call a good Bridget that she had not slept at all er Robert know anything about me

during the night. As Bridget left her she said, "Come | She looked at her watch. The hand

The nurse and her patient entered sadly, "I shall meet my doom." the chapel just as the priest ascend- The small fingers were clenched and voice said, "Please take a lunch to

flected; she was very polite. She "Your" thoughts are too gloomy seemed to be in profound thought as even for this sad occasion, Lalite, need anything, I will get it for

get had given her lay in her hand ne- "I wish I could feel so, Pridget; engaged with various duties that she glected and unopened. She knelt with this is a hard, cruel old world, yet I had no time to inquire about Charreverence, or what looked like rever- am afraid to leave it. It must be a lotte. blessed thing for a world-weary soul Mother Eulalia came hurriedly to "How solemn! how grand!" she to say farewell to this vale of misery her side. "Bridget," she said, "go said later in the day. "Bridget, you -a soul that has suffered patiently to Room 7 at once. That new pa-Catholics have a splendid service in for God, a soul that has sinned less tient, Miss Frazer, has just been takyour Mass. Oh, the melody of that heinously than I." She paused, then en from the operating table. She is went on: "Oh, I have suffered, suf- calling for you; she wants you to at-When Bridget entered the "fairy" fered so much. My life has been a tend her. Sister Antoninus can do room that afternoon Miss Frazer was failure, my frail craft wrecked imme- nothing with her. I fear the poor

you have come! I am so wretched." a Catholic. I might have been his nun's arm. She sat upright, looking like a beauti- wife, but-but-He loved me, Bridget, "No, I want only you," said Charful wild creature with her disordered as much as I loved him. He was all lotte, peevishly, her eyes opening ;

bushy black hair, eyes that were well as you or one who won my affect heart reproached me when I looked at room great wells of blackness, lips red as tion in so short a time. How I wish his frank, boyish face-the dear face Bridget saw that Charlotte's hours cherries, a sweet, Madonna-like face I had such a sister! Perhaps I should that is impressed upon my heart; he were numbered. All the color had have been better if I had," with a was so much better than I. We were gone from her face, her lips were al-She smiled pleasantly at the little sigh. "Oh, Bridget," tears roll- lovers for one short month. Oh, those most white. nurses, showing a row of pearls that ing down her cheeks, "mine has been happy, happy days! Then we par ed "Bridget, it is awful to die. Oh,

> been on the stage about a year, and awaits me in the next?" "I feel that I shall die under the my life, as I have already told you, "Christ came to save sinners, dear,"

tion. She was given into Bridget are alive to-day."

Purcel's charge. When Bridget "But they were not in so feeble a Baradise was short; already a ser-"have you ever been baptized?" She

called me Miss Frazer unless she was Father, Son and Holy Ghost, look angry—'how can you conscientiously down with pity upon me. I want to retain the love of such a man as Ro-"No," she repeated; "I want no retain the love of such a man as Roger Carroll?'

novels; we are kept very busy he'e, bring Mother Eulalia to you. She can heart beating rapidly. Did she know and when out 'outing-day' comes, I talk to you so much better than 1 of my past? 'What do you mean, Leah?

small frown, as if she were in pain, you. If you bring a Sister to me you thing about you; if he did he would scorn to breathe your name.'

"I arose, staggered to a couch and "Bridget, mine has been a gay but my lips. Leah Stroud's severe face

"'I will not betray you, Lalite,"

"Yes, both my parents loved me was more cruel than a blow, she left fervent prayer pressed her face into

floor like a wounded tigress, Roger the bedclothes and wept tears of joy greet him, and beheld the mockingly man's Brace, "as easy as none." triumphant face of Leah Stroud behind him. A glance at his countenance told me that the worst had come. The door closed.

" 'Lalite,' he caught my poor flut- If you are tempted to reveal tering hands in his strong grasp-oh, I dared not meet his honest eyes!-'tell this woman she lies.' 'She cannot,' hissed my arch-en-

"' 'Ch, God, Roger!' burst from my lips, 'my punishment is greater than

'He dropped my hands as if they "Of course, dear," Bridget said, were hot coals; his face turned ashen,

> ver to smile on me again. Wish a bitter cry I fell senseless to the floor. Then came a dreary Roger Carroll again. I heard that he went far away. Leah Stroud, in destroying my hopes of becoming his that is why you should insist on getwife, ruined her own. Oh, Bridget, I drew a small rosary from her bosom, "this he gave me only the night be- cloud.

fore we parted. She pressed a kiss upon the shining beads, and a great pearly tear rolled down her colorless cheek.

"Dear, I need not tell you of my life after he left me; it is too sad a please you story. Oh, had I only met Roger should have been a good woman. But have been different had they met a

Shortly before Miss Frazer was taken to the surgical room she gave God, and that there are Ten Com- morning. Great circles were beneath Bridget her real name-Charlotte Bur-

until I am dead."

As Bridget stood like one in a dream at the door of the operating-"In two hours, Bridget," she said, room, after poor Lalite had been received into it, Sister Antoninus' soft the patient in Room 5. I will remain here, Bridget; if the doctors

For the next hour Bridget was so

she continued. "Roger Carroll, the. "Stay, Sister Antoninus," she said,

"Oh, Bridget, how glad I am that man I loved, whom I still love, was laying a detaining hand upon the Commencing June 24th.

"Pray for her," whispered Bridget

if I could only undo the past! "I knew Roger would never make meant to become good when I got old

been. Roger had heard nothing of my drooping head with her arm. " 'Our

in a flashy style by some of the moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser sentupon request, Marion & Marion, Reg'd., New York Life get's eye resting on the colored titlethe children of your disturbed mind. "When Leah Stroud saw that I had roll was praying for the unfortunate

ing comes over my heart like an "'Miss Frazer, she said-she never overwhelming flood. Holy Trinity, this belief save me, Bridget?"

Her eyes opened with a weary stare, her voice seemed far away. "Lalite, baptism will save you, will make you a saint.'

Her eyes were closing. Bridget seized a glass of water that stood on the table and poured it over her forehead. Lalite joined her hands as Stocked by Joseph Turgeon, Bridget murmured the solemn words 131 Craig St. West, Montreal Bridget murmured the solemn words of baptism.

"Lalite, I have baptized you Mary actress was, with her big eyes and fell upon it with a moan. Already in honor of our Blessed Mother. May I saw the fruit of happiness torn from she lead you to the feet of her Divine Son!"

Charlotte's eyes opened, and into them came a beautiful light such as Bridget never before saw in the eyes of a mortal. Those eyes gazed into "Mad with rage and disappointed hers with a look of gratitude that she open in this world no more. Char-"'I will never give him up!' I lotte's lips parted and a single word "But your mother, Lalite, didn't shrieked, regardless of what I said, came from them. Bridget bent down her ear, and heard, soft as the sigh

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mind Give truthful answer, and the next Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?" And if to reach your lips at last It passes through these gateways

three. Then you may tell the tale nor fear What the result of speech may be.

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The quality of "Foot Elm" is never imitated, it's only the name and ting the genuine article-18 powders

Every cloud has a silver living, per into my willing ears. See," she but the trouble is that the majority of us are on the other side of the

> One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not

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