## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

TWO

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE Author of " Cardome," " Borrowed From the Night "

CHAPTER VII-CONTINUED

"And you never saw them !" he observed, pausing' in his occupation to throw a reproachful glance at her. "That comes from being in such a the defense. urry, and losing your temper-two bad things to do !

"It's berries now-preaching aftercried Lucy, who having ward !' caught hold of a branch, was busily engaged in picking the fruit.

They don't taste quite as good as they used to, do you think so ?" presently said Arthur, relinquishing muthah died, 'cause dat po'r gal his bough and looking at her as she stood on tip toe eating the berries. "Of course they don't !" she re-

don't know how to talk Marse A'thuh moh'n a chile. smiling at him with juice-lips. "They are too easily joined, easily stained lips. If you had to climb for them gotten. as you did then, you'd find them just as sweet. Or, if some one were to put a fence around this tree and 'em.' warn you not to touch them, then you would think these tasteless mulberries finer than the grapes of-of-Oh, the place with the unpronounce-

not think. He never did.' able name! "So that's your philosophy !" he commented, looking at her intently. 'That's my philosophy !" she re-

peated, letting the branch go suddenv and sending down a shower of ripe erries. "What's wrong with it ?" Once more she turned to the path berries. leading up the hill, but now her pace was slower, and he walked by her side.

"It's too cynical," he answered. 'But it is truth, nevertheless," she insisted.

"I wouldn't speak so certainly about what is truth," he remarked. You remember Pilate's question ?" it usually bungles.

"And what is truth to one, is often error to another. You may hold a thing must be hard to obtain, or forbidden, to make it prized, while another would find such conditions militating against its desirability."

'The 'other' may exist," said Lucy. "but he is in such a small minority nobody ever heard of him. You see the truth of my philosophy every where proclaimed and admitted Life always hangs her most desired gifts just a little out of reach, or sets fate between us and them." "And again—Well?" he asked,

repeating her question, as she paused

thoughtfully. 'Each one must find the answer to that for himself," she said. "If one think it worth while, he strives or overmatches fate. If not, let him pass on, and suffer the loss !"

"But is it loss ?" he insisted. "How should I know every one's lected. views on the subject ?" she returned whimsically.

rational mood, and, as the day grew 'But what do you think ?" he asked. older, between his study of I dop't think. Here are the clients' affairs would intrude the misery of Aunt Jenny, from whom bars ! she declared, he had driven her "Lil'h

He laid down the bars, and offered her his hand. She pretented not to see it, and stepped lightly over the rails.

"That means, you know," he began, taking up the broken thread of the conversation, as they strolled down the hill toward a log house, at whose doorway stood the astonished mis-When she said nothing, he tress. added : "And I can't understand how you get such knowledge-so young

"Then I'll enlighten you !" she said, suddenly. "I studied history." They walked on in silence until half the way to the valley was covered; then she broke it by asking:

dat young ladies an' gen'lmen, dey The laugh brought them to one level sees each othah in de pahlah. Lucy did not move from her place during the remainder of the ride by the old woman's side, but her cheeks went white as the dress she together it was as if the past were wore. The fading eyes saw it and caught the scorn that leaped into the not. As they reached her father's gate, he said : "Have you heard of the croquet blue ones meeting hers. It was for her old master's grandson, the last of party with which Miss Cora intends a race of gentlemen, she remembered ;

what's a-livin' in de ga'd,

unthinking man."

seek her, which she accredited

Morning found him in a more

Miss." Always the sorrow of the aged appealed most directly to him,

for they, he reflected, had endured so

folly of writing to Lucy and apologiz.

ary

talk

to close her school next week? Yes," she answered. "Miss Cora and love and loyalty drove her to sent me an invitation to attend. Are you going ?"

"An' Marse A'thuh, he's young, too, What a question!" she exclaimed. an' he don't think what he's doin' an' he wouldn't do it, if some dat As if I could refuse Miss Cora's invitation ! oughter know bettah wahn't aiggin' him on. When he heahs Lil'l Miss I was going to do so, but if you

will be there, so shall I. I want to is gwian to be somewah, he thinks defeat you again at the old school,' he'll be dah too, an' have a nice talk and as he spoke he laughed, so pleas wif huh : foh he ain't got no womanwas the anticipation of being ant folks to talk wif sence his gran' with her for a whole afternoon. 'Again?" said Lucy, slightly

she elevating her evebrows. to Yes, again !" he retorted. "I did He defeat you once, Lucy, completely, sets a stoh by what yoh say, Lil'l Miss, an so don't yo go a-hatin' uv overwhelmingly-that day I apolo

him; cause he don't think. A good gized !" An electric silence followed; then many uv de Stantons, dey didn't Arthur impulsively leaned toward her, and placing a hand on the horn think, an' he's mightly like some uv of her saddle, said, in a voice muffled

As soon as she could, Lucy left th by his emotions : house, and as she climbed the bill, Lucy, have you ever forgiven me she kept repeating to herself. for - for what made the apology Aunt Jenny is right. He does necessary? And No!" she said, suddenly drawing

over her brain beat the words of the her horse away; "and never shall, poet: "He deserves to find himself until deceived, who seeks a heart in the "Until what?" he demanded, his eyes meeting hers with an intensity

As the days passed and Lucy came that appeared to draw their secret no more to see her the wrath of the from them. old woman increased against her Yes, dear, open the gate !" she husband and Arthur. It overleaped said quickly turning her face from the barriers of her respect one evenhis eyes to her little brother, who ing, and Arthur, who had come to engage Joe to assist Milly's father "Good had run down to meet her. she called back to Arthur as bye! with the plowing, left with some the gate swung open and her impawords stinging his ears ; while Major

## tient horse started up the drive. knowing now the reason of Lucy's continued absence, realized that when age undertakes to assist youth, CHAPTER VIII

Life looked fair and desirable to Arthur strode home, his angry passions aroused, but against whom Lucy Frazier that June afternoon, as she strolled down the smooth could not say. He knew Lucy white turnpike to the little gray had only done what he expected her to do in resenting his intrusion, and school house nestling among the hills. Across the road from it a her scorn of him in taking advantage shelf of land spread out from the of his knowledge of her whereabouts foot of the hill to the shallow stream, he richly deserved. But, with the inconsistency of human nature, the known as Dalton Run, now dry fact of her feeling thus against him, rankled in his heart. He should like which the bright mailed dragon flies rankled in his heart. He should like tiny, blue-winged butterflies ed. This level bit of turf had and to have flung back her scorn, and told her she flattered herself in thinkdrifted. received considerable attention from ing he would take the trouble to the older pupils during the pas to week, and it now presented an ideal him; and prove to her that she

appearance for a croquet ground. showed the shallowness of the ordin-As Lucy came in sight, a cry of feminine mind in so readily welcome and the waving of many accepting a negro's suspicions as handkerchiefs showed her she was truth. But his bitter thoughts, he expected and awaited. Her quick soon realized, only tortured himself; ened steps soon brought her to the so leaving them, he plunged into the reading, which he had of late negdoor, where Miss Cora, her eyes

filled with tender affection, stood to give her greeting. The old school-mates, the girls effusively, the boys, distinctly, repeated the teacher's wel She missed one, however, come. and on inquiring for Sylva, Jasper, with the slow smile in his eyes, answered that there were other fashionables in the neighborhood beside herself. A word battle much and so long; and the pathos of ensued, and again Miss Cora, as in

the past, had to settle it. the old negro's loneliness almost drove him to commit the supreme "I see," she said, "I must fall back on the old plan and set you conten-tious children to work. Boys, those tious children toowork. ing for his intrusion and promising croquet boxes are for you ! Girls. its discontinuance. As time passed, the lunch baskets are your charge

however, he sharply began to realize how much the prospect of seeing Lucy had meant to him; and his "But, Miss Cora," objected Milly, 'Sylva will not like it if we do not regret for Aunt Jenny was shared with himself. As familiar as an oft-"I never h "I never held back my classes for

the tardy," observed Miss Cora, with walked path grew the memory of the her pleasant little laugh, "and I am few occasions they had met, and her too old to make any change in my remembered looks and words and methods now. My invitations read 'two o'clock.' It's that time now; stures became more real than the

beauty of the eyes. Those eyes were so dark one had to look at them more quickly than many words of explanation could have done, and twice to assure one's self they not black, and they looked out from a face, which, too thin and pale to pretty, don't you think so ?" piped Sylva, as they followed. accord with the canons of beauty, was yet haunting, enthralling, because so unusual. All about her "Become pretty?" ejaculated Arthur, but as he glanced down at the young lady beside him, the folly hung the air of mystery, but when she spoke it was instantly dispelled. of attempting to change her convic She had the transparency of a tion occurred to him, drop, and its depth. Either nature instead.

placed the wrong soul in the had carefully fashioned mould, or she had made Milly in one of her ironical moods, and henceforth stood by smiling at her handiwork,

Jasper had fulfilled all the promises of his boyhood, and, as Lucy looked at the tall, manly figure, chaperon. crowned by the shapely h ad, with its finely featured face and tender, dreamy eyes, she had no difficulty in recognizing the friend of childhood His pleasure at meeting her days. was so honest, so wholehearted, that, in spite of herself, she contrasted it side.

with Arthur's welcome, partaking, as it did, of certain condescension that would have been intolerable in another.

It was to Milly, however, Lucy us found her eyes most frequently turning—the girl who stood between Arthur Stanton and loneliness. As paling. the first surprise of her strange beauty wore away, she questioned what he could find in her to fill his decisively. grandmother's place, where lay her power to soothe a nature as comquietly. pletely organized as the one pos-sessed by the last of the Stantons of partner." the Hall. These thoughts, which were carried on while she gaily condecisive. versed with her friends, were suddenly interrupted by Arthur saying

"Lo, the Lady Sylva at last ! Ah, but we are coming in glory ! Some one must act the cavalier to her ladyship-will you, Jasper ?"

"Your attentions are more accept able to her ladyship," observed he bowing mockingly to Arthur, "and I am more pleasantly engaged," he added, smiling into Lucy's eyes, that rested for a moment on his, before passing across the creek to the road, where sat Sylva in a stylish turnout. with a liveried negro on the seat beside her. For all his reluctance before them, it seemed to Lucy that Arthur went quickly to her side, and his bow to the haughty little bit of femininity was in some way different from that made before her earlier in the afternoon. you be my partner, Lucy?"

asked Jasper. The words brought back her eyes and her thoughts, and she experi-

enced a sudden gladness, seeing Jasper. Yes," she agreed. "Which color?'

"Blue," he said promptly, looking smilingly into her eyes. "I shall surely win then." Does blue always win ?" she

asked. I have never known it to fail-in the hands of a dextrous player," he replied. Then he heard his called, and they turned to see Arthur assist ing Sylva across the creek, as he

"Jasper, bring Lucy here! Sylva is dying to meet her !" "Come ! come !" he said in a low

voice. "Let us hasten to save Sylva's life !" and then both laughed. With the laugh lingering on her

lips and bringing out the radiant beauty of her face, Lucy turned with him to meet Sylva. She saw a pretty petite, stylish young lady, and as Lucy took in the dainty picture, she "What afussy

found herself thinking, ' old woman she will make !" Lucy extended her hand cordially and would have kissed her former playmate, had not her friendliness been

and turned to Jasper, leaving Arthur, somewhat disconcerted, to escort Chapman said he would willingly trust his life to Higgins. It was 'Miss Frazier has become quite source of wonder that two men so radically opposed to one another in so many things could get along so

ejaculated agreeably. Higgins explained this by saying it was a law of nature for opposites to agree, and that Chapman was sincere. Larry had a profound and he respect for sincerity. Chapman, on his side, was convinced that Higgins "Quite !" and inquired for her mother. Poor mamma is suffering from was honest, and said one could not

ask for more than complete honesty another attack of neuralgia," she said, "otherwise she would be with In the course of time Chapman came to break bread at the Higgins me today. She didn't want me to home, and while there met the varicome alone, but I told her it was such ous members of the family a simple little affair, I did not need a ing Agnes Higgins, the fair-haired

daughter, who was a replica of her father, with the added advantages of 'It would have been rather dull for your mother, since she does not youth and a convent education for your beserved Arthur, suddenly finding himself possessed of an un-controllable desire to stalk on ahead There was mutual admiration between the young folks, but Agnes knew of Chapman's anti-Catholic and take Lucy Frazier from Jasper's tendencies and was disposed to look at him askance. The light of faith "Oh, she would have enjoyed talkshone brightly in her blue eyes, and ing to Miss Cora and Milly about the she was not the sort of person to school," said Sylva, indifferently. "Milly?" he questioned. "Why it a remark derogatory to faith to be unchallenged. permit he questioned. her Milly is going to play croquet with After dinner at that first visit came

the inevitable clash between the 'Why Arthur Stanton ? What do girl and the young man. He had not thought of provoking a controyou mean ?" she cried, her little face versy, but the words persisted in 'What I said," he rejoined. coming from him.

"Then I shall not !" she said, "I admire your father immensely, he said in a patronizing way, "Oh, yes you will !" he returned spite of his blind faith." You are going to be my "Evidently." she retorted calmly

enough, but with flashing eyes, "you 'But I tell you I will not," she do not know the meaning of the said, although her voice was not so word. "Oh." he replied jauntily. "I think

"You came here on Miss Cora's in-I do. vitation; do you intend to offer her "I am sure you don't," she said an insult?" he asked, coldly. "And insult her you will if you refuse to firmly. is belief in revealed religion. We are confident that it is divine, and, play croquet because her assistant is

in the game.' that being the case, nothing else matters. It is a gift—a gift from "But Milly will not be in it unless you insist upon it." she urged.

God. If you haven't it, nothing else 'And that is what I intend doing,' in the world can take its place.

he replied; and, as they reached Miss Cora, he left her and went to you have it, you can afford to dispense with everything else. where Milly stood, with her young "And you condemn those that have not got it ?"

"We are ready to begin, Milly," he said. 'Come on !

"But I did not intend playing. Arthur," she pleaded, her eyes stinctively passing to Sylva, in her elaborate toilet, and then resting on Lucy, more simply, but not the less well gowned.

charges.

"And I intend that you shall," he wilds of Africa.' said, quietly. "Come on, they are

waiting for us." Reluctantly Milly went forward, and because Miss Cora still exercised from faith. over her the fear of her authority, Sylva dared not utter a word of demur. She soon, however, com. plained of fatigue, which possibly she really experienced, hampered as she tight corsets, and shoes, and was by for the applause of men. a gown that required more attention than the elusive balls. As she seated he persisted. herself at the foot of one of the old sycamores that threw their grateful shadows over the playground, she was joined by one of Miss Cora's nephews, who had long worshipped at her shrine. He realized with the shrewdness that was distinguishing him in business ventures all that an alliance with her family would mean to him; but until this afternoon she had scarcely more than returned his respectful salute they passed on the street. Now he stood between her and the humilia tion of sitting alone or continuing a game which was equally humiliating to her social instincts.

TO BE CONTINUED

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'How does it happen you are not in town today?'

He started guiltily and the warmth showed on his brow, but instantly he gave her a plausible answer.

Twice through the efforts of Major, the accidental meeting was repeated and when again Aunt Jenny saw Arthur strolling up the valley, on the morning Lucy had come down with her mother's seamstress to fit the red cashmere dress which was being made for her in Mrs. Frazier's sewing room, her suspicions became cer tainties, and she threw a wrathful glance at her husband, carefully placing a coal of fire in his cup of drinking-water. She could before the stranger and nothing waited her opportunity. It came the day Lucy brought home the new dress.

"Yes, Lil'l Miss, it's pretty as a picture, but yoh ole Aunt Jenny aint got no heart foh sech foolishness no moh," and she hid her face in her apron and began to rock to and fro.

Lucy was at first touched and then Drawing down the apron, alarmed. she besought the old woman to tell her the cause of her trouble.

"If I do, yoh'll git mad, an' go 'way an' nevah come back no moh. An' yit I'se jus' got to do it, foh yoh's a po's innercent lil'l chile an' don't know what wicketness is ; an though I loves yoh moh'n anything top uv de I'd ruthah hyah yoh say. earth, 'Good bye, Aun' Jenny, yoh'll nevah see Lil'l Miss no moh!' den foh yoh go on bein' 'posed on by de wickit.'

"Aunt Jenny, what are you talking about ?" cried the girl. 'Who is the wicked one who is imposing on me?"

"I ain't evah gwian to blab, Lil'l Miss! Not dat dey don't 'serb it-wuss'nt dat! Foh yoh's a innercent lil'l chile, an' when Marse A'thuh he say he jus' happent 'long to met yoh, it ain't evah popped into yoh head, dat he's knowd all erlong whah's yoh asked.

gwian to be, an come up uv pu'pose. An' yoh don't evah think dat yoh an' him ain't lil'l boy an' gal no moh, an'

objects upon which he gazed. She proceed, children !" had seemed to enjoy his company too As the old command fell upon her and, as he fancied she might be

his

ears, a sudden tenderness over-powered Lucy, and yielding to it, she lonely as himself for the companion. ship denied, the edge of his pain lost ome of its sharpness.

npulsively flung her arms around teacher's neck and kissed the Her philosophy was proving its the soft fair cheek, as she cried : truth in his own experience, and the "Oh, Miss Cora ! I have not been forbidden was becoming the desirable so happy since I left here as I am for Lucy was the forbidden to Arthur It is so good to be back, if today Stanton, and the fate which had only for a few hours, isn't it ?" she finished, turning to her companions, decreed it, was his own unbendable pride. The road to her father's half apologetically. "You might share your rapture home lay open to him but he had never traveled it, and never could he with others besides Miss Cora," said Arthur, a teasing gleam in his eyes. told himself, although at the end of it stood Lucy, whose friendship meant all to his lonely heart. Why might of

slowly, "but I won't." could she not have been some one else? or why could not another girl Nobody has flung her arms around of his acquaintance have her enthral my neck since" ling beauty, her congenial mind? Had she been Sylva whom he had Since the day Milly did, when you risked your life to rescue the little bird that had fallen into raging

so often visited, or Milly, who waited on his mood! Had she been she would not have been Lucy Frazier whom he might not see ; and again the ruth of her careless words was driven into his soul.

before

springing out of the thicket upon us, when we were gathering violets," Time was allowed for his thoughts said Jasper, but the grey that suddenly showed on his face belied to return to their normal condition they again met. On this the light voice. occasion their meeting was purely She couldn't remember it since it accidental. He could not have known occurred after she left here," observed Arthur, and then Miss Cora that she had ridden into the town at a moment's notice to make a neces

having gotten her present pupils into sary household purchase; nor was line, ordered her former ones to obey she going to blame him because, see her injunction and start for the ing her on his way home, he made picnic ground. haste to join her. Each strove to But while the light words had

meet the other nonchantly, but the been passing between her and her consciousness of mutual knowledge former companions, Lucy's eyes were would not be ignored, and their souls busy reading what the years of separation had written on their looked out upon each other in full admission of all that had occurred. Miss Cora she found un-The momentary silence was embar-rasing; then Arthur said : faces. changed, but not so her young

assistant. Youth was dealing Aunt Jenny misses you, Lucy.' Milly more gently than childhood will go to see her tomorrow, had done, and while the figure lacked said Lucy; and then the marvel of Lucy's grace, which was so much the their perfect understanding broke result of cultivation as nature, it was upon them.

symmetrical, and there was a lithe What have you been doing?" he suppleness in her tread that was "Reading more history!" she

flashed back, and then both laughed.

chilled by receiving only the tip of the gloved fingers.

"Oh, Miss Frazier ! I am charmed to see you !" she chirped. "Does it seem perfectly natural for us to be here together again ? Ab, those happy days of childhood ! Why could they not last?"

'And does not a meeting like this make amends?'" quoted Lucy, while Jasper hastened to say :

'The group is not complete, Sylva Milly was always with us then," and his eyes sought the young teacher, who was arranging a game of blind any reasonable person could desire. man's bluff for the smaller pupils. He was free and easy an open-handed, and had a personality that "I thought you had grown senti-mental, now I know it," said Arthur, course," she said, looking at Lucy.

do, Lucy !" cried Jasper. "Must one be sentimental to quote a poet ?" asked Lucy. "To quote some poets—yes," he

rejoined

"I plead guilty—is that correct, cupine. to reading Moore. I smuggled him Dalton Run !" exclaimed Lucy. "You forget the day Sylva thought into the convent one day when my father came to see me, and hid him under a pile of dry leaves in the orchard, where the Sisters used to Mr. Raymond's black dog was a bear permit me to go to read-history," and at her slight emphasis on the word. Arthur suddenly recollected

> some things which he would rather forget. "When winter set in and I could not go to the orchard, do you know what I did with the book? 'Hid it under the mattress," sug-

gested Jasper. "As if I would do a thing so nple!" she exclaimed. "I slipped simple !" she exclaimed.

it behind the row of histories on the library shelf, and read 'Lallah Rookh' under the Sister Librarian's eyes. They thought because I read history was perfectly safe. Unfortunately I like poetry also.'

'And didn't they allow you to read with poetry in the convent ?" asked Sylva, opening her eyes in feigned astonishment.

'Not me-then," replied Lucy care-'They thought I was too lessly. young, but you know it is a failing of mine to disagree with the opinions of others. I think Miss Cora wants suggestive of mystery, which seemed of others. I think Miss Cora wants to find a confirmation in the gloomy the game to begin," she concluded, HOME

Chapman had most of the characteristics of the bigot. He was ready to find fault, quick to accuse and resolutely shut his mind to the were born.'

She said goodbye to him courteoustruth. The stale slanders against v enough, but within she was raging. the Catholic Church found a ready lodgment in his mind, and he added His calm assumption of superiority rankled in her breast and she was to them from time to time until they eager for the time when she could made a wall of intolerance which it take up the cudgels in behalf of that seemed impossible for the most she held dearer than life aggressive opposition to overcome. which itself. Her father, who had heard In his ordinary everyday interthe last part of the conversation, course John D. Chapman was all that turned to her indulgently :

Agnes, you talk like a theologian -vou're a regular doctor of divin was at once agreeable and ingratiat-

The girl shook her head protestinging. But the mention of the Catho-

lic Church was always sufficient to transform the man. He saw red. 'You know I'm nothing of the kind, but I'd be ashamed of myself Every aggressive instinct bristled if I couldn't give an account of the like the quills upon the fretful porfaith that's in me.'

cupine. He was ready to defend himself and his "beloved country" He patted her on the head affecfrom the "machinations of Rome," little thinking that his existence was tionately.

You did well, but you're wasting your breath on Chapman not even suspected at Rome, and

She looked at her father in surthat his beloved country was only one of many spots upon the map of prise. 'You don't mean to say that you

But one of those eccentricities of let his charges go unchallenged He smiled.

nature which the human mind will 'Oh, if he makes a specific state be able to satisfactorily ment I correct it, but I never attempt explain, Chapman's best liked friend to answer his glittering generalities was a man who differed from him in It would be a waste of time and would do no good." every way in which it is possible for to differ from another.

She pursed her lips in an endeavor Lawrence Higgins was a ray of sunlight. That in itself made him to look at him sternly. "Do you mean to say that it would do no good to prove to him that he's notable. He was middle-aged, with a family; Chapman was in his late twenties, and in the enjoyment of

"That's just what I mean. I've met men of his type before. He's intellectually vain, and if you were single blessedness. Higgins was red-haired and hopeful; Chapman was dark-haired and inclined to look at to prove that he was wrong it would the dark side of life. Higgins was a

devout member of the Catholic Church, and Chapman had no form of faith except a confirmed opposit

tion to Catholicism. The men came into frequent con tact in a business way, and their dealings were always mutually satisfactory. Higgins never wanted the

the world.

one man

never

retorted, "and I'll answer them all. I'll guarantee that most of them are misrepresentations and slanders that were answered before either of us



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numiliate him terribly. She looked at him hopelessly. Then he's da hopeless bigot. Is that what you mean? 'He's a bigot, but not hopeless.' She gave a gesture of impatience. "Dad," she protested, "it's hard to

understand you. How can you pre