

nothing—nothing could ever part them.

Helen pressed the picture to her lips with a sob and her head fell forward on her folded arms.

Binks could hardly restrain himself—hardly keep back a warwhoop of pure exultation. The picture was Kent's!

A few days later Kent Sherwin received a most remarkable message—a message that would have been inexplicable to any one but himself. It read:

Come on—all O. K. Saw her kissing your picture. Her birthday is Saturday. Come on the 7:45 p. m. Will meet you at the gate.

You Know Who. Kent had almost given up hearing from Binks, who boylike, he thought, had forgotten his promise, even if at the time he had been serious, which was extremely doubtful.

For a moment his unhappiness was submerged by a wave of hope. Kissing his picture could mean but one thing, Helen still loved him!

Those miserable letters, the cause of all the trouble, probably had never been posted. Kent remembered that he had reprimanded the native postman sharply, on one occasion, for some negligence, only to discover later that the man was not to blame. The destruction of the letters had doubtless been the scoundrel's revenge.

All that day as he sat at his desk Bink's message, "Come on—all O. K." danced before Kent's eyes. Helen's birthday—the day she had promised to marry him, before he went to Luzon—was scarcely a week off. How he longed to see her—longed to hear her say that she still believed in him!

For two days Kent's decision seared in the balance. The third day he packed his grip, boarded the train, and as he sank into his seat in the Pullman, called himself the biggest fool in creation.

The suburban home of the Brewsters looked ugly and dilapidated in winter, but when spring breathed upon tree and flower and shrub, opening their buds with their warm dewy kisses, it became a bower of loveliness. Then the glossy leaves of the spreading magnolias, planted before the Civil War, were interspersed with queenly blossoms, and the climbing roses, crimson and pink and white, completely covered the weather-beaten columns of the spacious veranda.

When Helen came home late on the afternoon of her birthday, she sat down behind a screen of honey-suckle near the gate and inhaled long draughts of the fragrant, balmy air, but she did not feel refreshed either spiritually or bodily. All the gladness of that day of sunshine and flowers and music of birds had been blotted out by three inconsequential letters and a quick temper—or, was it two quick tempers? She wished she could forget that hurt look and that long, jagged scar, and she wished, too, that he, not she, had been to blame.

She dreaded meeting the home-folks today—dreaded the ordeal of having to appear happy and smiling when her heart was so heavy. Of course, only she and her mother knew of the definite break with Kent, and blissfully ignorant of its impossibility, the younger Brewsters would no doubt be expecting him to drop in.

When she dared linger no longer, she rose, reluctantly to go to the house, but stopped a moment to look in the mail-box at the gate. It was empty. Evidently Grandfather had been there before her. It was the one self-imposed task that he rarely neglected.

Binks met her at the door with a bouquet of dainty Dorothy Perkins roses, plucked by Grandfather himself.

"Good old Binks!" smiled Helen, burying her face in the roses, "and how dear of Grandfather to think of me!" She was half-way up the stairs when Binks called after her: "Make yourself look as festive as possible, sis, and don't come down till the bell rings."

Arrayed in his Sunday best, his straight, dark hair fiercely pompadoured, Binks, for reasons of his own, had appointed himself master of ceremonies, with a confident smile he consulted the clock at frequent intervals. When the faint whistle of a locomotive echoed intermittently as it wound in and out the circuitous mountain track, Binks started nervously. That was Kent's train—the 7:45 from the North. Binks was glad it was growing dark; it would be easier to spirit Kent into the parlor, according to his carefully laid plans.

After a hasty reconnaissance, which showed Grandfather nodding in his room, Mrs. Brewster busy in the kitchen and Mary and Lucile primping endlessly, as usual, Binks hastened down to the gate to be on the lookout for his expected guest.

Helen had half-hoped to find some message from Kent among the cards and remembrances piled on the table. But, no, there was nothing! After she had dressed she sat down by the open window, her troubled dark eyes turned towards the still faintly tinted Western horizon.

Her novena to St. Joseph had ended that morning at Mass—her birthday Mass—when the entire family had received for her intention, though, to be sure, no one suspected the nature of the intention! She hoped they would call her soon for she was afraid at any moment an uncontrollable burst of tears would spoil her good resolu-

tions to appear happy, and her festive appearance as well. To her relief these were hurried footsteps in the hallway, and without rapping Binks poked his head in at the door and blurted breathlessly:

"Get a move on, Helen. Mom wants you in the parlor, quick!" "That was a white one, anyway," soliloquized Binks, as he hastened to take his place at a secluded, pre-arranged aperture in one of the porch windows.

A moment later, Helen entered the shadowy, apparently deserted room and asked in a tone of surprise:

"Do you want me?" "Always, sweetheart," a familiar voice—the voice she had hungered for—answered, and the next instant Kent's arms were about her and her burning cheek was pressed to the livid scar.

Entirely satisfied with the outcome of his surprise, Binks scurried to the attic hugging in an ecstasy of blissful ownership a twenty-two automatic rifle—the dream of his life since he wore kilts.

"But for the love of Pete, don't never let Helen know—she'd kill me," he had solemnly admonished the donor.

What wonders willing hands had wrought in that somewhat shabby dining room! It looked a veritable wedding feast, with its wealth of bloom and rose-shaded candelabra. But best of all it was no make-believe happiness that illumined the faces of the group around the table, but the genuine article, which is interior and shines through.

At the head of the table sat Grandfather Brewster, a picture of courtly dignity in a well-preserved, if not ultra-fashionable dress suit. In his buttonhole was a pink rose to match Helen's. At his right sat Kent and Mary. To his left was Binks, and as a safety-first measure, a vacant chair separated him from Lucille, the baby, and naturally the worst spoiled Brewster.

In her deft, unobtrusive way Mrs. Brewster oscillated between the side table and her rightful place opposite Grandfather. She was positively radiant. A benign Providence had lifted the cloud and her beautiful eldest daughter was happy once more. Astounded the miracle had come about, she was interested not at all. It was enough that it had happened.

What bursts of laughter and merry-making there were, as one after another Helen's birthday surprises were showered upon her!

When Binks' turn came he declared, without batting an eye, that he didn't believe in surprises himself, which left only Grandfather, who had expressed a desire to keep his surprise for the last.

Beaming with delight, Grandfather then presented Helen with a small box daintily tied with ribbon.

Her eyes danced as she drew forth an oblong paper pennant in Grandfather's own shaky hand. She had three others just like it! It was a check for five thousand dollars!

Dear, generous old soul! Helen squeezed his arm affectionately and whispered: "How rich I am today, dearest Grandfather!"

"Look again, dearie, there's something else," Grandfather Brewster said eagerly. Laughingly Helen inverted the box, and three letters unopened and addressed to her in Kent's familiar hand—fell upon the white cloth.

Mystified her eyes sought Kent's and found them no less bewildered than her own. The flow of merriment ceased abruptly. With an expression of mingled wonder and consternation, all eyes were fixed upon the letters.

Grandfather Brewster's kind old face was wreathed in smiles. Unquestionably, his surprise had been the success of the evening.

Answering Helen's perplexed look, he said happily:

"I saved them for your birthday, dearie!"—Rosary Magazine.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION

Dublin, Oct. 21.—The great work inaugurated by Father Mathew, the "Apostle of Temperance," has been continued by the Capuchin Order ever since his death sixty-five years ago. The celebrations on the anniversary of his birth were this year highly significant.

Father Thomas, O. S. F. C. in a speech at the Dublin celebration observed that Father Mathew had exercised an influence on humanity rarely, if ever, surpassed, and his success was an ideal that inspired the highest humanitarian efforts throughout the world. He continued:

"Today we are enjoying some of the fruit of the seed Father Mathew sowed, for a better temperance atmosphere never pervaded all classes of Society. Although a sum quite disproportionate to the surplus wealth of the country is spent on intoxicating drink yet the moral stain of drunkenness as a national stigma has been wiped out. That is a triumph far surpassing any that could be secured by the compulsory methods advocated by fanatics who from their materialistic outlook regard man as incapable of being governed by moral principles and the total abstinence of its glory as the perfection of the virtue of temperance by a law known as Prohibition."

He rejoiced that a sober Ireland was ready to rise to the glories of nationhood.

On the question of Prohibition the speakers were not unanimous. Rev. T. Ryan believed that if Father Mathew were alive today he would be a Prohibitionist. The Lord Mayor of Dublin recalling that he had been in America where they had Prohibition remarked:

"All I have to say is: 'God keep prohibition out of Ireland.'" In addition to his activities in the cause of temperance Father Thomas has acted as arbitrator in countless industrial disputes.

CHURCH EXTENSION IN THE STATES

Chicago, Nov. 15.—The Catholic Church Extension Society asserts that if all the buildings which have been erected by its aid could be placed side by side, with a fifty foot frontage to each, there would be a line of churches twenty miles long.

Some remarkable figures were presented to the Board of Governors at their annual meeting. During the sixteen years of the Society's existence, 2,074 church buildings have been added in their erection by the benefactions of the Society. Between the years 1919 and 1921 the total number of churches erected in the United States was 3,258. Of this number 52.85% were helped by Extension gifts. In most cases the churches could not have been contemplated without such external aid.

The President, the Right Rev. F. C. Kelly, D. D., showed in his report that the amount contributed to the cause of home missions by American Catholics was constantly increasing. The Society's own collections to date had amounted to over \$4,500,000. Of this sum over \$1,250,000 had been spent on church, chapel, and school and presbytery buildings. These gifts in turn brought out nearly \$1,000,000 contributed by the local Catholics towards the erection of their own buildings. The Society had aided the growth of new missions everywhere, and had saved old missions from ruin.

There are Extension churches in forty-three States of the Union; and it is estimated that 454,536 Catholics who were formerly churchless are now able to attend Mass periodically.

Archbishop Mundelein and other members of the Board expressed pleasure at the Society's condition and its record.

The Board appointed the Rev. W. D. O'Brien to the position of first vice-president and general secretary, in place of the Right Rev. E. B. Ledvina, now Bishop of Corpus Christi; and the Rev. Eugene J. McGuinness to the position of second vice-president in place of Father O'Brien.

SHEPPARD-TOWNER BILL SIGNED

Washington, D. C., November 25.—Advocates of the Sheppard-Towner bill, which passed the House of Representatives last week, following its adoption by the Senate, believe that it will be approved by President Harding and become a law within the next few days. The bill went to conference after its passage by the House so that amendments adopted after the Senate passed it might be made acceptable to both branches of Congress.

The position of the National Catholic Welfare Council with reference to the measure was made clear in a statement issued by Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., general secretary of the Council, while it was pending in the Senate. The statement was as follows:

"The Sheppard-Towner Bill has for its purpose both State and federal aid to needy mothers at the time of childbirth and the subsequent immediate care of their infants. The need of such care is beyond question, as the infant death-rate in many places only too clearly shows.

"While the federal portion of the bill is objectionable in as much as we believe the federalization tendency must be deplored and opposed, in view of the extreme emergency and its grave need we believe the bill ought to be supported. Moreover, another important reason on account of which the bill ought to have our support is that it does protect the family; it encourages child-bearing and is opposed to nefarious measures of birth control and contraception, which will soon be claiming a hearing in Congress."

HISTORY OF CHICAGO

WORK ISSUED BY COMMERCE ASSOCIATION PAYS TRIBUTE TO CHURCH

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14.—In the story of Chicago, "Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow," published by the Chicago Association of Commerce in commemoration of the semi-centennial observance of the great fire of 1871, the part played by the Catholic Church and its priests, sisters and laymen forms an important chapter.

How Catholics founded Chicago and lighted the torch of religion, civilization and commercial progress is told by the history as follows:

BEGINNINGS OF THE CITY "With the momentous exploration conducted by Louis Joliet in the summer of 1673 the recorded

history of Chicago really begins. A companion of Joliet on his voyage had been the gentle priest, Father Jacques Marquette. The latter determined to revisit the place. Leaving De Pere in the late autumn of 1674 he journeyed along the shore of Lake Michigan as far as Chicago, where, overtaken by illness, he tarried through the winter in a rude shelter erected some distance up the south branch of the river. In the spring he visited other parts of Illinois, and then with the hand of death already upon him, hastened to return to distant St. Ignace, dying en route.

"Other missionaries seized the torch which fell from the dying hand of Marquette, and from that day to this the gospel has been preached in Illinois.

"While the missionaries (Catholic) were thus zealously laying the foundation of the church in Illinois, its commercial possibilities were being no less eagerly exploited. La Salle (Catholic) first promoter of big business in the west was for almost a decade, until his tragic death in 1687 the leading figure.

Aside from the general narrative in which the part played by the Catholics forms a necessarily interwoven thread, a particular chapter is given over specifically to the growth of the church since the great fire. This matter was prepared by the Chicago correspondent of the National Catholic Welfare Council News Service. Statistically the recovery of the church from the devastation of the great fire which swept away churches, schools, convents, and other institutions was valued at \$1,000,000 some of which had been founded by Chicago's first Bishop, the Right Rev. William Quarter in 1843. It is told as follows:

1872 1921 Catholic Churches in Chicago 28 227 Parochial schools 23 292 Pupils in parochial schools 10,000 130,000 Catholic High schools 21 Pupils in High schools 2,172 Discernment priests 138 443 Priests of Religious Orders 31 350

A WONDERFUL GROWTH "Chicago which received its first resident priest, Rev. Father St. Cyr in 1833, became a diocese in 1843, became an archdiocese in 1880, now has a Catholic population of 1,200,000," says the history. "Its churches, schools, high schools, colleges, hospitals, orphanages, homes for the deaf, the old, for working girls, day nurseries, are the leading institutions of the city and represent a vast contribution of money by the faithful.

"Its system of charity under the direction of Archbishop George W. Mundelein and the Associated Catholic Charities is one of the best and most effective, and its educational plans are as far reaching as is the vision of the greatest industrial and commercial leaders."

Archbishop Mundelein's plans for a great Catholic University of St. Mary of the Lake, chartered by Bishop Quarter in 1844 are told together with the plan of grading up the parochial and high schools and colleges into one complete educational system.

In the "Soul of Ireland," a delightful volume of recent issue, the author, the Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J., sketches the following pretty picture well worthy the genius of another Millet to transfer to glowing canvas:

"Once, when walking along a quiet breen, on a day when the summer sun set all things shimmering, I saw in a small field a young man and his wife, industriously working—saving their little crop of hay. A little distance away, beneath the sheltering shadow of a beech tree, sat the baby, chuckling and playing with a frolicsome dog.

"Suddenly the Angelus bell rang out across the miles from a neighboring monastery. At once the mother ran to the little child, caught it in her arms, and placed it kneeling on the grass. Then she knelt beside, holding its little hands aloft, caught in both her own, and she looked up to heaven. The husband, who had followed, knelt beside the two, and in answer to the message of the bell, across the soft silence came 'The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary,' from the reverent lips of the kneeling wife, and with bent head the husband, answering, gave audible testimony to his faith. It was a delightful scene.

One of the best known works of a famous painter is entitled 'The Angelus.' In it is depicted a cornfield, and in the foreground two figures, husband and wife, are together in prayer, standing. Far, far, do I prefer the picture of these children of Mary, kneeling in prayer, on the bosom of Ireland, their hearts close joined, and held by the clinging touch of baby fingers."

Another edifying incident was furnished the writer by a "good old soul" in a wayside cabin in Clare. "Her husband had been dead for many years and all her children, yet the spirit of contentment rested upon her brow as she looked out upon the world from her half-door. I stood and spoke with her and learned her history.

"So you are quite alone in the world?" I said. "Oh, no," she answered at once, and quite decidedly, "Oh, no, I've God and His Blessed Mother with me."

"The beads of the Blessed Mother lay on the corner of a little table just inside the door, and beyond on the white wall a picture showed that St. Joseph was not forgotten."

CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM

Then She Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES" And Has Been Well Ever Since



MADAM SLOAT

PERKIN JUNCTION, N. B., Jan. 22nd, 1920

"For many years, I was a great sufferer from Indigestion, Constipation and Rheumatism. My Stomach was weak and gave me constant distress, while Rheumatism in my joints made me almost a cripple. I was treated by two different doctors but their medicine did me no good.

Then I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and at once that fruit medicine helped me. Soon the Constipation and Indigestion were relieved and the Rheumatism began to go away, and in a few months entirely disappeared. For twelve years now, my health has been first class, and I attribute it to the use of "Fruit-a-tives" which I take regularly."

Mrs. CLARA SLOAT, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

"The Home of Comfort" J. Lapointe, Mgr. QUEBEC

F. E. LUKE OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

167 YONGE ST., TORONTO (Upstairs Opp. Simpson's) Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted

LONDON OPTICAL CO.

Have Your Eyes Examined Dominion Savings Building Richmond St. Phone 6180

CUTICURA PREVENTS FALLING HAIR



If your scalp is irritated, and your hair dry and falling out in handfuls, try this treatment: Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment and follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Absolutely nothing better. See 25c. Cuticura 25c and 50c. Telum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyons, Ltd., 247 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura's soap shaves without mug.

Christmas Gifts

BEAUTIFUL GOLD PLATED Rosary Any Color

Complete with leather pocket case for man or fancy box for lady. Postpaid.

Order To-Day Canada Church Goods Company Ltd. 149 Church St. Toronto



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The Appreciated Present

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The world-wide reputation of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens suggests it as the perfect present for every member of the family.

In addition to pride of possession, it brings with it years of faithful service that endures more and more each year.

THREE TYPES Regular Safety Self-Filling with a choice of natural iridium pointed gold nibs to fit any individual pen preference.

\$2.50 to \$250 Selection and Service at Best Dealers Everywhere.

The quality standard in all Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens is the same. The difference in price is determined by size or ornamentation.

L. E. Waterman Company Limited 179 St. James St. Montreal New York, Boston Chicago San Francisco London Paris

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

EDDY'S Paper Specialties



Towels—good large ones, made of paper that is softer and more absorbent than cotton—ideal for general household use, saving laundering costs and the wear on your linen towels—Eddy's Oniwin Paper Towels. Buy them for economy, service and satisfaction. Sold in packages of 100, or with the Oniwin Cabinet, a neat, white enameled fixture for your kitchen. The cost is trifling—the economy is great. Your dealer can supply you.

And dainty Serviettes of paper too—correct for picnics, informal house parties, lunches, etc. No washing, no trouble, clean and sanitary. A supply of Eddy's Paper Serviettes costs very little.

Eddy's Toilet Papers are the finest produced. Low priced, full value, soft and sanitary. Eddy's Paper Specialties are guaranteed to you by a name that is a household word in Canada. Sold by Dealers Everywhere. The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited Hull, Canada

Made in Canada

A Luxurious Cruise of the Mediterranean

Combining a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, Rome and Lourdes, and Tour of Europe LEAVING NEW YORK FEB. 18th

By the magnificent S. S. Adriatic of the White Star Line Visiting: Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Genoa, Naples, Alexandria, Cairo, Palestine, Rome, Florence, Nice, Monte Carlo, Toulouse, Lourdes, Bordeaux, Paris, London. (Germany and Ireland optional).

SPECIAL FEATURES Audience with the Holy Father. Easter Week in Rome Personally Conducted Throughout by MR. F. M. BECCARI MR. J. D. TRACY, Asst.

PARTY LIMITED BECCARI CATHOLIC TOURS, INC. 1010 TIMES BLDG. NEW YORK The most comprehensive and Best Managed Tour Ever Offered

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE DENNISTEEL

Efficiency in manufacturing is possible when materials are properly stored. DENNISTEEL STEEL SHELVING along washroom walls saves space, provides a place for materials that saves thousands of steps a day, eliminates the loss of materials, and lessens the fire risk. DENNISTEEL LOCKERS provide safety for the belongings of the employees, and save the space of a cloak-room. "A Place for Everything and Everything in Its Place" is a slogan that can be adopted by industrial plants with this fire-resisting equipment.

WE ALSO MAKE Steel Cabinets, Steel Bins, Steel Lavatory Compartments, Steel Chairs and Stools, etc. Ornamental Iron and Bronze, Commercial Wirework of all kinds. General Builders Ironwork. "ROCK"

THE DENNISTEEL WHITE FIBRE FOLDERS THE DENNISTEEL DENNISTEEL WORKS CO. LIMITED LONDON CANADA Windsor Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver