THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 10

AND B. SOsecond Sup St. Patrick's ler street, at te of Manager month, at a lev. Jas. Kil-H. Kelly; Reo. y, 18 Valles

4, 1906.

CTORY.

ETY-Esta. 56; incorpos 40. Meeta in

20. Meets in 2 St. Alexan, aday of the sets last Web. lev. Director P.; President, et Vice-Presi-

2nd Vice, E.

retary, T. P.

W. J.

W. Durack

B. SOCIETY. ev. Direct President, D. J. F. Quinn treet; treasur St. Augustin e second Sun In St. Ann's and Ottawa

Branch 26 vember, 1883. St. Patrick's der street, en month. The n the 2nd and h month at 8 illoran; Chan-President. J. e-President, J. President. J Secretary, R., rdale Ave.; As-V. J. Macdonary, J. J. Cos n street: Tree ; Marshal, J. J. O'Regan; W. A. Hodg-R. Gahan, T. Advisers. Dr E. J. O'Con-11.

date damsels !"

Hawtry.

ous ?"

'hop ?"

wons, I believe."

Who's going with you to the

The girl flushed a little. "Yes, she

ways lived very guietly. Her writing

There was a rustling of silken skirts

has kept her very busy."





THE FOURTH CHAPERON. (BY ELLA W. BEATTIE)

"But what a queer little thing she "But what a queer little thing she ds-that fourth chaperon i I can't think how she came to be asked. In the company of Mrs. Pierpont Clay-the company of Mrs. Pierpont Clay-the and Mrs. Kilpatrick and that think how she came to be assed, in and listened. From, the different the company of Mrs. Pierpont Clay-rooms came the sound of girlish ten and Mrs. Kilpstrick and that stunning Mrs. Beach, with the Eng-lish accent and the red hair and the

lish accent and the red hair and the tho party. After a time the doors wonderful frocks, she's quite too began to open and the occupants to politiul." "But why de you call her the fourth chaperon," Alice ? Perhaps the first." "No, she isn't. I know all about ft. Dick Sunderland told me. When the sub doubles to their cos-turnes, They had that frank vanity which belongs to youth and happi-mess, and they stoned for it with their even more ardent admiration of was decided that the boys should each other. None of them noticed ove out of the fraternity house and that the little chaperon had eyes as it was decided that the boys should move out of the girls, not only for excited and as glowing as their own

fall ill or something, and that would be marked and cloaks, and down give the remaining one rather too fans, gloves and cloaks, and down picturing these individuals until she much to do. So Mrs. Beach was the stairs, like a flock of strong- the wined birds swart the girls. She

In time. The Beta Upsilons were wild to get her. And then it seem-ed well to have a fourth. Ohaperons igo best in pairs, I suppose. So they Mrs. Clayton and Mrs. Kitter. go best in pairs, I suppose so thay are clayton and are so that already gone down. It was only the little incidental chaperon who lingered. She stood leaning over the banister, listening with a curious poignant happiness to the laughter and so the little are the little that a store the laughter and the source the little source the lit By there was really nothing for him and talking that came up to her. to do but write and ask his mother, Then she heard Mrs. Beach say:

since she had been proposed. And "I can't imagine why she's waiting to and behold she accepted, and here She's been ready this hour or more." "I can't imagine why she's waiting she is-the oddest little creature that The fourth chaperon flushed scarlet ever tried to chaperon sixteen up-to- at having caused annoyance, came down the polished stairs cau-tiously in her new slippers, holding Well," said Florence Evelyn, meditatively, "I thought she looked to the banisters as a timid child does very sweet and girlish." and the company waiting in the Sweet and girlish ?" broke in drawing-room turned as by common

Alice Castleberry, impatiently, shakonsent to look at her.

when, and without waiting for an an-swer flung it open. It was Edith along in the rout. There was a tem awtry. "O girls," she said, "I forgot I in such a fashion that it looked like had to be sewed up in this gown, and the mouth of a cornucopia, and the I haven't brought so much as a spool little chaperon, subing demurely of thread with med Isn't it ridicul- where she had been placed, was fascinated by this, which seemed to gour "No-only natural-for you, my out girls as if they had been flowers "No-only natural-for you, by out girls as a they had been nowers deer," said Florence Evelyn. "Come or confections. In all the more de-in, beauty, and I'll be your maid. I've licate colors of the fields, of the always been your maid, it seems to clouds, of the sea, they came on, "so many, and so many, and such glee." The long hall-it was the gymna-

his first J. hop. He's in a great ed with the college colors. All about state of excitement. -I don't believe the hall ran the booths which the he is known quite so much in society fraternity men and different coteries as some of the fellows. But he's a of "independents" had put up. bright young fellow, and handsome, To these the groups of friends were

to return after each, dance; and in "His mother is one of the chaped these the chaperons sat in sociable groups. There were ceremonies of a sort-the presentation of delegates from each booth to the wives of the its. Royal is just a triffe annoyed from each booth to the wives of the about it. That is, he says it's out president and the faculty of the uniof his mother's line, rather. She's al- versity; then the grand march with many elaborations under mellowing and changing lights of violet and rose. sea-green and yellow: then the forming of all the marchers into the

There was _______ In the corridor, and the gamma ________ ing to look, saw the fourth chapperon making her way down the hall. Sine was gowned in baby blue creps which matched the blue of her eyes, and about her neck was an old-fashioned necklace of gammets. In her hair, where the silver shone among the rice brown, was one red rose. She looked into the room with a smile, the dout bo offer as the about bo offer as the bout bo offer as the about bo offer as sistatice, flushed and went on, They ing of certain things. All her iso-saw her examining the pictures of lated life she had been privileged to at sort of intimacy.

her girlhood was sp -that house with its imposing ex-terior, its lack of fires, of service, of conveniences within. She remember-ed the bare bedroom, deprived of all girlish luxuries. Here, when school had been denied

her, and heavy burdens of housekeep-ing and child-tending and sewing had been put upon her, she used to con in the chill evenings, and cowering down under the old army blankets, study and read. There was no one to guide her. She took what came to her hand. She made the most of everything. And, study over, her girlishness reasserted itself, and curling down between the cold sheets, she indulged in certain favorite trivial fancies.

She saw herself at school among charming well-pred girls,--such girls as she did not know and was never to know in her own childhood,-and move due to the girls, not only for excited and as glowing as their own. the night of the junior hop,but for They hardly noticed her at all. the next night as well, so as to take Then presently there was a great in the glee-club concert and every noise in the hall below. The escorts thing, it was thought best to have had arrived. There was a last look in tall ill or something, and that would the mirrors, a final gathering up of the mething, one rather too fans, gloves and cloaks, and down dreamed of the festivities. What mysexpectation ! What splendid escorts ! What gaiety and music and conversa-

And the girl who dreamed it all had never so much as known what it was to have a party frock-or an invitation to a party, for the matter of that.

Then came marriage and happiness and responsibility of another sort, and still poverty, and the incentive to work because others needed home that Jack Walden had built for her. Then, almost without her knowledge, she had begun to write. And the thoughts born in solitude the dreams and the disappointments, came to help her.

She had talent. She was born with that something which may, for lack

Alice Castleberry, imparteness, and her should Richard Sutherland went to meet of a better term, be cause masses of a better term, be cause ma Moreover, there was never a time when her roof did not shelter one or several relatives or friends. And her own dear children came to increase the need for her labor. So she ha gone on from year to year, keeping closeto the immediate duty, and still

beating down the vagrant love of joy which had, curiously enough, been born in her who seemed so grave. It. was her money which had sent Royal, her eldest, to college. The old house in Hopperville had therefore known its close economies. But "Why, Royal Walden. Have you slum on less splendid days-was Royal understood. He was grateful. met him ? He's a sophemore-this is trimmed with ropes of greenery blend- He was trying to deserve it. And it was encouraging to know that everybody liked him, that he had "made" one of the best fraternities, and that he held his own in his classes, not

so much by force of brilliancy as by steadfast determination not to dis appoint his father and mother. And now at last here was the junior hop, as others called it-the party beautiful, as Helen Walden thought

of it. It had not come at eighteen for her. It had come after forty -and the wonder of it was that it seemed to have accumulated glory every year, till now it swam before her a fair vision.

To the others it was a passing thing. But the fourth chaperon knew that for her it would abide. Her own austere youth was forgotten now in this new vision and understanding of youth. For these six hundred rhythmic figures in the fairy rout seemed merged in one enchanting and joyous composite. Here girlhood in its triumph. The little chaperon was suffused with happiness.



SURPRISE is pure hard soap made of the finest grade material by the best available skill with the latest and most approved type of machinery, and is sold at the same price as ordinary soap.

and the mandolins made a sweet a companiment. Helen Walden sat among them conscious of a growing sense 'of fellowship. The dreams were coming nearer, changing, and taking to themselves a more substantial character.

Edith Hawtry, more lovely now than at the beginning of the evening, ntive sat close beside hir. Alice Castle-the berry regarded her with a friendly curiosity. Florence Evelyn openly sought her. The young men turned in longer afraid. Will you be my friend ?" sat there in the firelight, radiant

of a better term, be called taste. So last, "it's time to go home, boys. sweet power-swept over her. most ?'

"I have," she declared, with the both hands with impulsiveness.

was my first party.' The fire crackled but no one spoke. They were looking at her as she smiled at them, it seemed, young as

themselves, with a sudden youth of the spirit. "I dreamed of it in my girlhood- erful influence on the liver and kiddreamed of such a time as this. neys, restoring them to healthful acdreamed of such a time as time is the result in the formation of the time in the second secon of the particular things of which I gans complete power to perform dreamed came. And sometimes there their functions. These valuable inwas happiness even in the things gredients enter into the composition that others thought were only sorrows. But still, no matter how old serve to remder them the agreeable 1 grow, the dream of the beautiful and salutary medicine they are. There

party kept haunting me. It seemed are few pills so effective as they in as if it would have to be mine, after their action. all. And that is why, though I knew I was unfitted for it in a way, that I accepted your invitation and came here to act as chaperon-I who was never chaperoned, and who, in my old-fashioned, country way can hardly be said to believe in anything of the lend."

The firelight, or the hour, or the

night, and the girls went up the stairs together, Florence Evelyn with her arms about Mrs. Walden's waist. At the bedroom door she kissed her. "No party is so beautiful as a first party," she whispered.

The other girls all came to make their good-nights, and they bent on Helen Walden an intimate and af-fectionate regard. She felt streams of love pouring towards her. The good-night words of the boys rang in her ears-words of quickly won and honest friendship. Royal's kiss was still on her cheek. Her heart beat happily, and as she laid her burden of flowers in the jar of water that had been brought for her, she looked up to see Cecily Beach watching her with her languid maze. Mrs. Beach was a woman who could at times be cruel. She had a swift satire that pierced like a rapier. But

she had a nobler side, too. And now she put out her hand with a swift gesture. Helen Walden placed her own slender hand within it, and the two stood so for a moment in a silent pledge of good-will.

"I envy you," Cecily Beach said, with feeling. "I envy you for a hundred reasons that you would not understand even if I cared to explain. You are a very happy woman And you have something in you that will keep you from ever being any-thing else ! Now let me confess that I was very weary, and I would not have come here to please these young people only that I wanted to meet you. And yet I was afraid to meet you ?"

"Me ?" cried Mrs. Walden, incredulously. "Afraid to meet me?"

"I needed you-and I wanted to let you see it, but could not think how I should do it. Now-now., I am

Helen Walden, the dreamer, lookwith an almost mystical look, of ed up to see the most beautiful and youth, her soft contralto mingling imperious woman she had ever known "Well," said Dick Sunderland, at A sudden sense of power-true and The Breakfast at eleven, mind, and no one curse of timidity seemed lifted for to be late " And I wonder," he paus- ever. She felt as if it would never ed and looked around him at the descend upon her again to paralyze firelit faces, "I wonder who of all of her impulses and cheat her of deus has enjoyed the junior hop the light. Her morbid shame at her lack of schooling, her conscious There might have been a noisy re- ness of her old-fashioned ways for the sponse, but for some reason there first time appeared contemptible. She was not. There came instead an in- stood, rich in life's experience, eager stant's pause, and then the vibrating toncs of th little fourth chaperon. inpulsive tones of one making a con-fidence. 'I have enjoyed it the most of all ! For/ you see, in a way, is car. bring ! I have never been afraid of sorrow. Now I am not going any longer be afraid of joy."-The Companion.

Sure Regulators .- Mandrake and

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macy.

Bad complexions are all too common among women. The skin becomes sallow-pimples and blotches break out. Then

and blotches break out. Then women try lotions and creams and "beautifiers" which really injure the Skin. They never think of constipation and bad digestion — sick kidneys or torpid liver—as the CAUSE.

torpid liver—as the CAUSE. "I was a stript to that distressing and a direct form of the stription - and had a direct form of the stription - and had a direct form of the stription - and had a direct form of the stription - and stription - and hack under, allow in the extreme and black under, allow in the constipation was relieved. My com-plexion began to clear up again, all the slowness disspected, and the black slowness disspected, and the black slowness disspected, and the black then, 1 have contrast at away. Since then, 1 have contrast and indigestion, and particularly those with bad com-plexion, a would strongly advise them to try "bruit-slives"? "Processer: Jawnson, Masson, P.Q. E JAMISON, Masson, P.Q.



strike right at the root of the trouble. The skin helps to dispose of the waste of the body. When the bowels don't move regularly - when the kidneys are clogged-the blood carries the poisons, which the bowels and kidneys won't pass off, to the skin. The pores of the skin- become clogged with this poison and the complexion becomes grey or sallow or irritated and inflammed-and pimples and blotches are the natural result of the poisoned blood.

"Fruit-a-tives" correct faulty digestion and make the bowels move regularly. They act directly on the kidneys-and open the millions of tiny pores of the skin by stimulating and strengthening the glands. This insures all the waste of the system being removed as nature intended. insures pure, rich bloodand who ever heard of a bad complexion where the blood was rich and pure ?

"Fruit-a-tives" cost 50c. a box-and are worth \$50. to any woman who values her complexion. If your druggist has none, we will send them on receips of price-50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.





THE IRISH PRIEST WHO SAVED NAPOLEON

A writer in a Dublin newspaper has disinterred a long forgotten book, published in London in 1820, which consists of a series of letters describing a tour in Ireland in 1812 by I. Trotter, who was a friend of Charles James Fox. Mr. Trotter relates that the Rev. Father Redmond. who was parish priest of the little town of Ferns on the occasion of his visit, had actually saved Napoleon's life. "Accident," writes Mr. Trotter,

'introduced me to the Rev. Mr. Redmond, priest of the place, who related to me a curious little anecdote. When pursuing his studies and finish-

ing his course of education in France he had spent a summer in Bas Poic-Sister Agatha, for four years statou, where General Bonaparte, then a tioned at the Maryland General Hospital at Baltimore, has been trans- in the same room with him pital at Baltimore, has been trans-ferred to St. Mary's Hospital at Evansville, Ind. Sister Agatha had acted as pharmacist, and filled all The firelight, or the hour, or the long hours of dreams, or the at-mosphere of reluctantly relinquished delight, had moved her out of her habitual timidity. Now, with the di-rectness and utter confidence and trenditions which distinct a difference and the State Board of Pharmacy and the state and the examination of the State Board of Pharmacy and the state Board of Pharmacy and the state and the endeavored to leage

Now proud of the complexion uit-a-tives" gave her.

Ashamed of her Skin

WYORE OILY CHURCH BELLS

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MINE

"You'll be an hour behind time, honey," she said, "if you don't 'con-centrate on the subject in hand," as Miss Reynolds used to say." She ran down the corridor and paused for a moment beside the fourth chaperon. "I'm afraid you'll think ns all very hay, or very vain," she said, lightly "You'll find we are much longer than you about making our toilets." "Why should you haster T' asted You about making our toilen you about making our toilen "Why should you knames " the other, in a voice which it to the girl was asfull of any as her own. "A good part for of a party is in gotter

moving about from one to another Her letter-boxes held treasures "It's just like her to be dressed an "It's just like her to be dressed an hour too soon," whispered Alles. "I knew as soon as I saw her that she

1 . . .

"Now that's just what I

that flowed from her pen, and that brought to her rare if impersonal de-votion, was a thing apart from her actual life. A constitutional timidi-ity, an inherited awkwardness, or lack of facility, and the absence of social training had lept her body ever lagging after her soul in grace. Words came easily to her pen, but not to her tongue. But after the faculty ladies had left her, and she say unputted by the was one of the kind of women who are dressed an hour too soon. They are a reproach and a public nul-Edith gave a nod of thanks to Flo-Edith gave a nod of thanks to Flo-rence for her services, and gathered her voluminous draperies shout her. "You'll be an hour behind time.

But after the faculty ladies had left, her, and she set unnoticed by the other ladges of her booth, who were receiving old friends, her usual sense of lonëliness returned to her. It was not eachness precisely, for she did not mind the feeling that she was alons. And she gave herself up once more to the dreams and memo-rice that had been haunting her ever since sie had received the invitation to be present at the hunor hop-set weat counting for nothing in the lives of the womes shout her. All through the pail the silent

viruy for this one. The night was almost correspondence never mentioned by her. The rich stream of sympethy that flowed from her pen, and that gaily.

Then while they rested, the cirls occupying the sects, the boys sitting Turk-wise on the floor, they sang their good-night songs. Into their voices the languor and half-sadness that come with the closing of a longplanned-for joy crept unconsciously. The girls blended their voices softly,

friendliness which distinguished her writing and made it as a cordial human voice speaking to each read er, she expressed her thoughts.

Royal might have been offended, it is easy for boys to take offence at what their mothers do,-but for the first time, perhaps, he really under-stood her. He had a perception of her long service for others, of her hidden dreams and little dear per-sonal selfishness never indulged in. He saw, as the others saw, a lovely voman, simple as a child, rich with sacrifice, speaking out of a friendly seart the absolute truth.

It was Edith Hawtry who ro an to the table where an armful of marican beauty roses lay trash from heir wrappings-roses which had ome too late to be carried to the heir wrappings to be carried to the out to late to be carried to the ball. She brought them and laid plem in Helen Walden's arms. "Dobutantes carry flowers," she said, her voice thrilling. So, laugh-ing, the others brought flowers, too, and heaped the slim arms full, and stood round her while they saig "Good Night, Lady," with slow ca-

Then the words of praise, Mr. M. A. Molm favor Biddes, M.A. Marken favor Biddes, M.A. War the past three yes have mitted textiles acoust from the adv of the second second from the second second second second from the second second from the the second difference of the second second second second the second s Dops made their way re- Do not sense a contact

cross. He was nearly drowned, when Mr. Redmond immediately discharged his piece and presented end to him, by which he saved life."

Mr. Trotter inquired whether Napoleon had ever shown him any gra-titude for this service, and was thus answered : "No, I assure you, sir, I do not admire his principle."

They Wake the Torpid Energies .--Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time thay be come torpid and throw the system out of gear. Parmelee's Ve getable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

Prove yourself grateful. A grateful heart can never be a wicked heart.--Golden Sands.

Xery few men are capable of judg-ing, "The general optition" is often merely the optition of a few accepted by all.-Abbe Row.