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lips.

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XIX.

REMINISCENCES

Daring the Christmas holidays. when Rosine had nearly given up hops that she might renew her ecquaintance with Miss Greenwood. there came a note, wondering it Rosine had entirely forgotten her, accompanied with a pretty souvening in the shape of *bénitier*, beautifully carved in Parian marble, represent ing an angel holding the font, on one to tell. side of which a grape vine trailed its fruits and leaves; while on the other, beards of wheat were carved in delicate tracery. The note urged well." in warm tones Rosine's promise that she would make an effort to come to some memory had produced. the Commodore's house for the sake of her friend.

Dr. Hartland pressed upon his father the propriety of making the first call with Rosine, which was Harry's ship is in the offing; forthwith accomplished, and matters were put on such a friendly footing. that the omnibus which passed the Navy Yard stopped quite often, to drop or take up our young friend. on her visits to Miss Greenwood.

The Colonel, who was somewhat old fashioned in his notions, ques-tioned once or twice the propriety of so young a miss taking so long a drive alone in an omnibus; but the Doctor reminded him that times and customs had changed since he was young, and women were considered quite competent to traverse the round globs without other protection than their own innocence, and it was well for Rosa to take her first lesson of the rough and tumble " in a route of six miles or so, in an omnibus by broad daylight. These meetings were a source of much pleasure, as well as profit, to Rosine. She found herself always welcomed, pressed to stay, urged to come again, but her visits were never returned. She saw no one in her calls but her friend. the grandfather having been taken to his rest, and the Commodore never appearing. Miss Dora's parlor, to which she soon found her way without a servant, overlooked on one side the Navy Yard with its group of tasteful buildings, the parade ground, and the busy life of the ship builders. The sunny side of the room hung as it were over the ocean; and the neighboring city, with the constantly passing and repassing white-sailed ships and majestic steam vessele. was in full view. The interior was suggestive of comfort, but not of luxury; though taste and refinement were visible everywhere, they were cated her warm affection. displayed at small expense. A

I don't know why it is,'

confiding love.

alcove, well stored with books, occupied the side of the room between two doors leading to other apart. now. My childhood's home, for ments, which Rosine had never entered. The windows were filled with choice exotics, and the sunlight streamed in during the whole of the winter's day. This, with the wellfilled and well ignited grate, gave the apartment a cosy, homelike look, absences left my mother to manage the affairs of the family as she which won Rosins's admiration unexpected holiday chose. Colonel Hartland's always. An were at school in the town where we lived for some years, and boarded occurring in midwinter, she remem. bered her promise to her friend for a whole day, and eager for the pleasure, with us; I may say we grew up That is my only hope, dear," re-she forgot to consult the time, till together. It was then and there the plied Dora looking up; then pausing she was safely deposited by the faithful 'bus at the gate of the 'Navy never seen, was formed between my Yard. A sight of the large church brother Exrnest and Edward Hartclock not far off, made her pause land. They were perfectly insepar- too much in this strain, you will pass that I sent off to school. and ask herself if it would be an able, and shared each other's every but a sad day with me.

1

place made sacred by prayers and like a withering blast; it was as if tears; no word was spoken@as they the hot breath of a furnace should passed before each representation. pass over these japonicas and rose ?,' When they returned to the parlor pointing to the window. "and change a heavy sigh escaped the young girl's them in a single moment of time to lips. "I have made you sigh," said dry and withered sticks. Our beautiher friend, kissing her, and drawing ful country home was broken up, my her towards a couch opposite the brother was ordered to choose windows looking down the bay. "It between his own kindred and his is but right I should tell you why friend; he made his choice, and was you find me so sad. Today is my forever separate from his family. lost brother's birthday, and I canno: had the same choice to make, Ross, forget him, especially there," she she said, tightly clasping the hand addsd, pointing to the oratory. "I she held, "and my conscience would added, pointing to the oratory. "I she held, "and my conscience woul mean to talk with you of him, if it not let me give up my father, and-

will not pain you." yes, the good God has shown me I "O, thank you," said Rosine, slip-was right, for through grief and ping her hand into her friend's: "I sorrow I learned the way of the should love to hear more of him; [Cross, which I had never been taught; the Doctor once spoke of him in the most affectionate terms, but I never memories," she added, as Rosine laid dared to ask any more than he chose her head upon her shoulder and hid ber face.

'Ab, yes," replied Dors, " Edward "Go op,-please," she replied in a Hartland could speak of him from voice almost inaudible from emotion, the heart as I can, for he loved him you must let me weep with you." She patised a moment to

"Thank you, darling," continued recover herself from the sgitation Dora, "I am afraid I am selfisb, but ' You it is sweet solace to speak to you of these things, and the knowledge of have found me, Rosa," she resumed, when the old grief is aggravated by them will lead you to know Dr. Hart. a new; this must be my apology for land better; but the saddest, saddest my want of self control. My brother tale is yet to tell. The young men finished their profession with high expect him soon, perhaps today. You have heard of his resignation; honors. Earnest did not appear to mourn continually for his friends, as my father is incensed against him. I did, but when we met, (as we did occasionally by stealtb.) he could against me also, because I cannot think he has done otherwise than speak but liitle, only pressing me to nobly, to renounce all worldly ais heart, and begging me to do as advancement for the right. You do he had done, pleading for others as well as himself. Colonel Hartland not know what it is to have known duty clash with parental commands: proposed to the young men a voyage God, in mercy, spare you that trial. to Europe, to recruit his son's health Harry returns, true, noble-hearted boy, to a home where he is unwelwhich was impaired, and a sojourn in Paris for a while as a help to their comed, and to companions who will profession. My father would neither throw cowardice in his teeth, because take leave of Earnest, nor suffer me he will have nothing to do with this to have one parting word, and O! it unjustifiable movement towards was the last time: we had never Mexico. If his resignation is accepted, he stands at the age of been wholly separate till I felt the awful sea between us. I cannot tell you of that voyage," twenty three without a profession and almost without means, except she continued, checking the sobs what firm health and stout heart give him. But he will only grieve would have entirely overcome that one of less resolute nature, "the to have brought upon himself the papers were full of it at the time - the brave, the good, the great, the abancontinual frown of his father; upbraiding will be dreadful to one of doned, and the dissolute, went down his affectionate home loving nature. into one common grave, and three only of the hundreds that crowded she continued, turning her face to Rosine. that ill fated steamer, remained to but somehow, though you are many

tell what they had seen. Edward years younger than I, it is good to Hartland was one of the three, and speak to you of what I mention to from him no one has been able to no one else; and I can even talk to learn the most minute partic you of Earnest and my early days. ular. It was long before he reached Since our first meeting at the beach. home, and longer yet before he took before I knew who you were, I had his place again among men. My this same wonderful heart-drawing grief at that time, Rosa, was that towards you, like an elder sister's my poor longing eyes would never look again upon my beloved brother ; Rosine pressed the hand she held but now there is a deeper grief. in hers, she could not speak, but she mourn for his soul-so uncared for, looked with her tearful eyes into the unwashed, uncleansed. Can it he face of her friend, with a look that that God will forever basish from told at once how fully she recipro-His presence one so untaught in O, my child, it is for this I truth ? "Dear Rosits, I wish you to know weep and pray, if perchance there at I did not always live as I do may be hope even now." that I did not always live as I do

Rosine's heart was aching sorely which I sometimes have such a for her friend, but she was at a longing as I cannot describe, was in loss what consolation to offer ; she a lovely country town, among the dropped on her knees by her side birds and bees, and I was gay and happy as they. My father's pay as Lieutenant was small, and his long is merciful, and Father Roberts says absences left my mother to manage one act of perfect contrition, one earnest desire for the sacrament sons of baptism, where it cannot be had, may save the soul in the hour of death.

awhile, she added, as she felt the hot tears of her friend drop slowly ter ?" on her hand, "I have talked to you

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

immensely grizzly beard and monstache, gave his face a somewhat savage look. A broad, self assured chin, and long Roman nose, told of a to get back to the original subject. beth come back from that school daughter. She was gazing down the

"Well, Dora," he said, coming used to be done. I'd jes' take a little towards her and clapping her on the dirt in my hand an' crumble it, an' sboulder, "do you see him?" That's by the feel of it, tell jes' what we'd his ship just anchored-wants heavy plant there ; but that Ann 'Liz beth repairs. I hope we may bring the ain't satisfied. She takes samples boy to reason yet before she's ready from different parts of the farm, puts for service. But who have you here? 'em in little boxes an' labels 'em be added as she laid down the glass like the 'pothecary does with pills, and brought Rosine forward to intro-duce her. At the first sight of the there they dissect them, or somethia

a smile as could be painted on so soil, or maybe that we should add rough a visage, but at the name some fertilizer or lime or somethin' "Miss Benton," there was a change, else. An' we got to do 'xactly what the frown returned, and he drew them letters say. Ann 'Lizabeth back, bowing very slightly, freezing Rosine in an instant. He turned away from her at once, and continued his conversation with his daughter. I have business in town immedi

ately, and shan't be here when he comes up to the house ; but you'll see him, and if you wont back up your old father in this matter, just hold your tongue and say nothing.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CLASH

Father Clement's eyes shone with pleasure and surprise as he beheld his visitor.

'Come in, Peter." he cried. " Sit down and tell me what brings you to Warrington today." Peter Harmon was a farmer, living

a dozen miles away from the little got the farm a runnin' her way, she's town of Warrington, to which he and his family came every Sunday to attend Mass. A visit during the week was indeed a rare event.

" I want your advice. Father." the man explained, after seating himself in a comfortable chair in the priest's "There's a clash out to my study. house-a clash 'tween the ol' woman an' the new."

What ?" gasped the astounded priest. " There's a clash, Father," the man

calmly repeated. "A clash out to my house, an' Marthy's grievin' 'bout it. She jes' can't get used to them new women's ways." If a bomb had exploded at the

priest's feet, he could scareely have been more shocked. Here was Peter Harmon, a sturdy old-fashioned man, the father of eight or nine children. calmly announcing that a "new woman had been introduced into his domicile, thus grieving the faithful wile who had been his partner for twenty-five years.

'Peter Harmon, are my ears deceiving me or it is a Mormon you've turned into ?" he demanded. "I ain't no turncoat, Father. I've

allus voted the Damocrat ticket straight, an' I ain't got no use for them new fangled scch'list pol'tics, A discreet cough smothered the little laugh that escaped from Father Clement's lips. Evidently Peter had never heard of Mormons and their complicated domestic lives.

Well, then, who is this 'new woman,' and what is she doing out at your house ?" Why, it's Ann 'Lizabeth, Father." "Ann Elizabeth ? Your daugh-

"Sure, Father. My oldes' girl, "Oh !' The priest drew a long sigh intrusion to have come so early, but feeling. In their case is the only "I like to hear of him," said it was too late for that consideration, proof I have ever seen, that the love Rosine, wiping her eyes, "I knew what is the matter with Ann Eliza."

'You must become reconciled to "Where did Ann Elizabeth get the God's holy will, Peter. Jake was a money to pay for all this new furni-ture ?' he demanded. good boy-and Ann Elizabeth is a good girl," he added, thinking it well "Well, that surprised me, too, when she explained it. Seems that "She sure is, Father. Ann 'Lizashe's been writin' articles 'bout this

new kind of farmin'-the pill box an' chuck full of new ideas which she book farmin', you know farm journals pay good prices for learned out of books, an' jes' clean turned my farm upside down. Ain't nothin' 'tall done how the way it the usual hundred chickensconsiderable saved up, an' she spent it all for the new furniture !

"Will, well!" gasped Father Cleme t. "To think of Ann Eliza-beth doing all that! Why, Peter Harmon, you have a daughter to be proud of !" Yes, Father. Ain't that jes' what I allus said ? Ann 'Lizabeth is jest

great ! But what am I to do? I can't stand to see Marthy slip off to the barn to weep over the disgrace that's come to our old mahogany." "Hm !" Father Clement was in deep thought, searching for a possi

don't ask my wishes 'bout nothin'." ble solution. "When is your daugh ter going to be married? Hasn' Here the priest laughed outright. " I hear you've paid off the mort-gage that's been hanging over your she been engaged to Jim Carlton to some time ?

Father, if it hadn't been for Jake a dvin' in France. Ann 'Lizabeth to it afore," he explained. "Years insisted she'd have to stay with us the crops was pretty good, there'd be till the mortgage was paid off an

thin' that'd allus keep me back. But with the bumpin' crops I've harvested the pas' two years, 'twas marked the priest. "Well, Father, I've got to be goin' now," Peter acose. "Jes' you think over what I've told you an' tell me easy to get rid of that mortgage and put somethin' by in the bank."

Then you must admit that Ann Elizabeth's method's of 'book larnin'

ol' woman an' the new one.' Yes, Father, I've got to give Ann Lizabeth credit for all she's done. was laughing as he shook hands with the man. Not even Jake could've worked harder nor done more than that Ann Elizabeth and her mother. Ann girl, even though she wouldn't do Elizabeth is a noble, big-hearted, things my way ; but now that she's self sacrificing daughter and Martha

knows it. The clash is all in you, Peter. It is a clash between the old I can't stan' to see Marthy grievia'. and the new. Take your wife's advice. Be quiet and let Martha manage the situation. I am sure that everything will be all right." What has she done to grieve her mother ?' demanded Father Clem.

Etizabeth would intentionally hurt her."

Ann 'Lizabeth wouldn't, an' she don't dream but what mother an' me's jes' tickled over the changes she's made, an' Markby won't let me tell her no The old mahogany will not different 'cause Ann 'Lizabeth wants' a few weeks in the barn. The old mahogany will not suffer for to be kind to us an' make us happy. you to keep quiet and let Martha and Tell me exactly what Ann Eliza Ann Elizabeth solve the problem themselves."

Well 'bout a month ago, my sister off in Min'sota wrote that her oldes' girl was goin' to get married an asked us to come on for the weddin'. I tol Ann 'Lizabeth she could go, but she jes' laughed, an' said, me an' Marthy had to go ourselves, an' take a vacation an' have a good time, while she'd stav home an' take care of the house, the farm an' the chil dren. An' jes' cause she would have

at which his young assistant would Min'sota an' was away two weeke." "Well the day we got back, Ann church holding quite a reception for 'Lizabeth met us at the station, an' his parishioners, who loved him and when we reached the house, her an' return, when the Harmon

'bout feedin' time, an' I was busy for were not in the ancient carriage with awhile. Sometime later, I heard old Dobbin drawing it. Instead of sobbin' over to the other side of the the old fashioned rig, the Harmon barn where we store the hay, an' goin' over, I found all our parlor an' with decidedly big possibilities, for livin' room farniture stacked out in it were packed, in layers it there, an' Marthy down among it seemed, Peter, Martha, and all the cryin' as though her heart'd break. It took me some time to find out Elizabeth deftly manipulated the what it all meant, but at last, Marthy wheel. managed to explain, 'tween sobs an'

"Well. Peter, you surely are getsighs, that while we were away, Ann 'Lizabeth had moved all her best things-things we had skimped an' whisper: "How about the clash?" APRIL 24, 1920

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-she had

Hasn't

They'd a been married long ago

Pretty fine of Ann Eliz .bath," re

how to manage this clash 'tween my

Father Clement arose also, and he

Peter, there is no clash between

"But the mahogany horsehair fur-

The barn is waterproof, isn't it?

A few days later Father Clement

left for a needed rest and it was a month before he returned to his

pastoral duties. Often, during that

time, he thought of Farmer Harmon

and wondered if Martha was still

crying over the old furniture in the

barn and if Ann Elizabeth had in-

stalled any more new devices to the

chagrin of her old fashioned parents.

following morning, before High Mass

were eager to express their joy at his

drove up to the church. But they

family came in a Ford, a little car

In the front seat Ann

He returned on Saturday.

officiate, he was in front of

"Are you

I advise

The

the

we're livin' on easy street.

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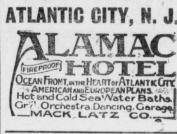
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mass of gray hair, together with an

powerful will; in his eyes alone, which were very dark and lustrous. Rosine saw a resemblance to his

with the telescope when he entered.

young girl the Commodors's face like that, an' write back an' say jes' lighted up, and he prepared as bland what'll grow best in that kind of painted on so soil, or maybe that we should add

farm all these years, Peter. "Yes. Seems like I couldn's get

sickness 'mong the children or some

farming is a success, Peter."

turned her 'tention to the house, an'

"I can't believe that Ann

That's just the trouble, Father. niture," he protested. advisin' me to leave that out in the barn ?'

beth has done." commanded Father

Clement.

her way, me an' Marthy went off to

Marthy went in an' I drove down to the barn to put the rig away. It was

but found no one within; though the as he had many times before I asked the Doctor why he had door to one of the inner rooms was threatened, that Earnest should join never told me of his friend, he ajar, and she was startled by the the navy; but my brother was detersound of sobs and bitter weeping mined on college life with Edward must not be sympathized with, and coming from within; at a loss what Hartland; they both abhorred the his step and manner when he said to do, her instinctive delicacy led service in either army or navy. He it, showed he was suffering most her to take a position at the farthest was a resolute, daring boy; I wonder keenly." window and gaze intently across the at his daring, as he stood before his waters. The sounds continued many father, perfectly respectful, but determinutes, mingled with faint ejeculamined; no threats of puuishment tions, as if of prayer; presently all could induce him to swerve from his came forth evidently not expecting adrift into the world; but his friend to meet any one, the tears still on and he clung together, and shared to meet any one, the tears still on and he clung together, and shared sadly blighted. But I wish you to her cheek. A faint flush overspread everything. Colonel Hartland was know Harry," she added, changing her features as her young friend very generous to his son, and, by the subject for fear of returning came forward to great her, and as great economy and self-denial they she clasped her in her arms, Rosine made what was meant for one provide had shown her friend in a former incould feel the quick throbbing of her for two. I have known them both

'My sweet child," she said, "I am months, to assist Earnest in getting glad of your happy face today. I on in his classes. have been at my prayers; it is the golden hour, as the Italians call it, but I see I have lengthened it." she added, looking at her watch.

Rosine apologizad for her early appearance, with a glance toward the half open door through which Miss Greenwood had come.

Ab. my sweet confident. I will show you what is very sacred to me, said Dora, and taking her hand, she led the way towards the oratory.

The tiny room was oval in form, lighted by a dome of diamond pines colored with dark rich shades ; in the very apex of the dome was a dove with spread wings pictured in the glass. The floor was inlaid with wood of different colors and shape, forming figures and anagrams; at the end of had a special aversion to Edward. morning, but today she was doomed He returned from the Pacific seas to encounter his dreaded presence. the room opposite the door was a large marble crucifix, on a broad pedestal of the same material. Against the wall above the cross hung a Madonna and child, a very ancient painting, evidently by the hand of a master. The stations of hand of a master. The sections of the cross were represented around the deep blue walls in fourteen cameo like pictures. Rosine knelts with her friend as she entered this

world ?" answered in his gruff way, 'because I heaven

'Good, noble Ned," replied Dora, "I dare say he longs for your sympathy, but less unselfish than I he would dread making you unhappy. Try to comfort him if here for. 'Course, I know I've tol' of 'm belonged to my mother an' you can, Ross, for his young life was you often 'nough how I wanted to some to Marthy's folks-an' here emotion, and opening the locket she I wanted her to be.

terview. "He is not like Earnest, go out and teach school for three but a brave, fine fellow, with a conscience like the purest crystal. I

expect him here belong long, you may be sure he will be in haste, for never was there a heart that beat more fondly for his own home and friends. Hask that sounds like a solution "be continued at the barn, an try is laughed at all my 'fine lady' talk on the bady' talk and she was a farmer's wife, so she wanted to go to a farmin' school—Agricultural College, Marthy took me into the house to "About this time my poor mother was taken from us, and I was left, ab the age of eighteer, with the care of beat more fondly for his own home Harry and the house, my father being and friends. Hark that sound slike no more at home than formerly; you a salute," she continued as the noise will guess that all I could spare went of a heavy cannon reverberated to aid Earnest in his studies. across the water ; "he will come here book."

Matters went on in this way, till Harry was placed at the naval school tears," she said, going to the mirror sorely against his will; he was as recolute as Earnest, but he had an hair. Rosine gave a little brush to priest hastened to instinctive, I think I may say a her own locks, as she sat looking religions, dread of braving a parent's far out into the sea, wondering if the girl's causs.

displeasure. It was my father's she could really know 'that gentle-secret hope that before Earnest could man' and it he would recognize her. complete his college course he would In all her visits to her friend she An' you remember how she came brother Jake went to war. He be obliged to come to him for help; here he was disappointed. Angry with the whole Hartland family, he much increased by the recital of the fuss an' was one of the first to go

morning, but today she was doomed after an absence of more than two Before the echo of the guns announcgrief-stricken man.

years; it was the autumn of the graduation of Dr. Hartland and my brother. He found the affairs of the family in such a state—." Miss Greenwood here faltered in her was great when she saw a short in graduation of Dr. Hartland and my brother. He found the affairs of the family in such a state—." Miss gentleman, and her astonishment was great when she saw a short in graduation of Dr. Hartland and my brother. He found the affairs of the family in such a state—." Miss gentleman, and her astonishment was great when she saw a short and do the saw a contract of the way I wanted em

it was too late for that consideration, proof r late over entered and she made her way, as usual, to that we are told existed between David and Jonathan is still possible. At there must be something very beth? Haven't I heard you say, thirty years collectin' — an' put 'em as sorrowful about this friendship of time and again, that Ann Elizabeth out in the barn 'cause they were Rosine entered after her light tap, the age of sixteen my father inelsted. Ned and your brother, for when is the fluest daughter in the whole old stuff, an' stylish room in place in the parlor an' livin' room in place "She is, Father," Peter answered of them and there was no mistaking his seri-" I tell you Father, I was terribly

ousness. "I bet there ain't her angry at that girl. I bought that equal to be found this side of horsehair parlor set for Marthy the first year the peach orchard bore, an' Well, Peter, I suppose you'd she was proud as a peacock over better tell me all about this clash it, it bein' real mahogany an' shinin

between Ann Elizabeth and her so you could see your face in it like mother," Father Clement suggested. a lookin' glass. An' the things in "Sure, Father, that's what I come the livin' room were good, too-some send her off to a big college where they were all dumped out in the barn she'd learn all them fine things an' labeled 'ol' stuff.' Why, I felt that's meant for a real lady, like like cryin' myself! But Marthy wouldn't let me go back to the house

The priest nodded, thinking it till I'd quieted down, an' then she advisable not to interrupt with made me promise not to say any-words. Well, you know Ann 'Lizabeth furniture bein' in the barn, an' try

she called it — an' learn scientific inspect the new things, an' when farmin', which is farmin' out of a I saw them, Father, I jes' stood still be explained for Father an gaped in surprise. They were all made out of straight boards, "And I thought Ann Blizabeth a without a speak of carvin', plain very sensible girl at the time," the as an ol' scap box! Think of such priest hastened to say, championing things takin' the place of the fine mahogany that cost more'a a hun-Sure. Of course," Peter agreed. an' you remember how she came "It is a Mission furniture, I sup-

right home from school when her pose," put in the priest. brother Jake went to war. He "Yss, I remember now, that's jae"

volunteered soon as we got into the what Ann 'Lizabeth said it was -missionary furniture. It might be "Yes-yes, Peter !" Father Clem. all right for the poor heathens cut in the uncivilized places where the missionaries have to go, but it don's look right in our parlor ! An' the livin' room's worse-a heap worse ! Will you believe it, Father, it's all made out of stuff woven together jss' like the ol' wash basket Marthy's had for forty years ?"

Wieker ware ?'

"Well, I don't 'xactly say it's wicked, Father, but it's pretty badmighty bad !" The priest laughed.

"I'll come in after Mass and tell

children.

you about it, Father," Peter promised, grinning so obviously that Father Clement felt sure that the catastrophe had been averted.

'Now, Father, what do you thick of the car? Where do you suppose I got it ?" demanded Peter Harnon, when he was comfortably seated in the priest's study after Mass.

"You must be making lots of money now, Peter," hazarded the priest.

"Doin' pretty good Father, pretty good!' he laughed. "But don't you ever think I'd waste any of my money that way. I'd be afraid the Load'd available and Lord'd punish such extravagance, knowin' I got all them children to raise an' eddycate.'

Well, where did you get it, Peter Win it in a raffl ?"

"Father, that car is Ann 'Liza-beth's weddin' present." "Oa then it isn't yours ?"

"Sure it's mine — mine a Marthy's." And the man laughed. an

"I thought most people kept their wedding presents," was the priest's comment.

"I 'spect most folks do, Father, but that Ann 'Lizabeth ain't like most folks! Last week she comes to me an' Marthy an' says she an' Jim's goin' to get married now, 'cause the farm's all right, the mortgage paid off, an' we'll be able to get along, an' Jim needin' her since his mother died. Course, Marthy up an' tol' her she was jes' right, an' how glad an' happy we'll be to have Jim for a son. "'Now, Mother an' Father,' Ann 'Lizabath says, 'you know you allus said I ain't never done things like other folks, an' my weddin's goin' to be different, too. I won't have you takin' that money out of the bank to give me a big weddin' or buy me fine clothes an' things. All I want from you is your love an' blessin'. We are goin' to do it different. Me an' Jim's goin' to give you a weddin' present stead of your givin' us one. It's The Catholic Record

comin' tomorrow.' An' it did—an' it was this car, Father. Now what do you think of my girl?''



Happiness! That is the key-note of Father Lasance's theme. He teaches by pre-

cept, poetry, and prayer how

which all men seek, but

which mistaken search leads

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