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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom

CHAPTER XII.

The sun had ceased to pour its rays in at the little casement. They were centred now upon that side of the cottage from which no window peeped ; so the small room looked are gloomy than it had done some hours previously, when with a heavy heart the Sister of Charity resumed her seat.

Alas, her heard and brain were in a turmoil of fear and alarm concern-ing the safety of Ma Scar and her energetic community, to say nothing of the number of others for whose welfare she trembled. Twenty four hours more of this terrible disorder must decide the fate of Paris : in the meantime what awful atrocities might not be perpetrated by its enemies, driven frantic as they would by defeat and the fierce passions

of hatred and revenge. Almost mechanically she scaled herself, and with a half smothered sigh took up once more the neglected flannel garment, and endeavored to concentrate her attention upon her present duty and forget her anxiety.

Manfred appeared not to apprehend any danger from the riot without. He knew he was far enough removed from the scene of it to have no immediate cause for fear ; besides, was not Madame Corbette well known a rabid Revolutionist? Her cottage then, was a secure refuge. At any rate, having travelled so far his story, he felt compelled to finish if

Shall I go on, Sister Marguerite ?" he asked. " Are you prepared to

Yes, yes," she answered, quickly, once more endeavoring to collect her thoughts. "You were telling me poor Edmund committed some awful act of folly." "Yes, he did the very worst thing

that he could then have done for himself and his prospects. He became a Catholic !

Before he married Marion ?" which ensued he ventured, with a "Yes. And as soon as Sir Henry heard of this last misdemeanor he sickly smile, to force the inquiry sent for him. There was a stormy interview. I believe the old man would have forgiven him everything would have reinstated him gladly him your sole heir?' 'Of course--had the young man but consented to relinquish Marion and this other new-fangled notion. As it was he upon the crest fallen knave; looked upon his nephew as a renegade and a disgrace to his name And after using every argument he could think of to turn the young man from this wild folly, the old baronet lost patience and bade him choose between his uncle's love, with the Abbey lands as an inheritance, and poverty, with his new-fangled notions and Marion for his wife. Harold and Thomas, who were ensconced as conveniently near as they dared to be, overheard much of this conversamay look out for bimself.' Finding They heard the sad pleadings of the old man and the firm and respectful, though foolish, replies of Edmund, as he assured his uncle that even should death deprive him very patient tone it he fully compre of his Marion, yet he would never relinquish the Faith he now loved repeat his instructions. better than his life. So, nerving himself to the utmost, Sir Henry

arose and, walking towards the door with a firm step but bursting heart, opened it and bade his obstinate and opened it and birst in to state and misguided nephew begone. The hot tears rolled down Edmund's cheeks, for he dearly loved the stern old that you would do something-nay, a

Pacing the floor of his library with impatient steps he sent for the older lawyer, Thomas. A kindly smile played around the lips of the baronet that morning, his heart felt lighter than it had done for many a day. His mind was made up at last ; he would restore his ill guided but beloved nephew to favor ; gradually should all be given back to the boy even the unfortunate wife must be

person ?

tour

doubt ? But tell me, for I do not understand things rightly, did Edmund return to the Towers?" endured, for his sake. "When the door opened and admitted young Thomas, instead of his father, a chill fell upon the spirits

"Never. But how can I explain it Never. But now out respins to all to you? Briefly this is what occurred [between the time of Edmund's receiving the cheque— which arrived upon the morning of of Sir Henry. A stern expression chased the smile from his lips, while an ominous cloud of displeasure gathered on his brow ; for, try as he the marriage-and the day on which he presented it at the bank, to be might, he could not trust this clever son as he had ever been wont to cashed and paid over to his account, trust the father. He turned abruptly the cheque had been tampered upon the young lawyer, and sternly demanded the reason why his father had not answered his summons in When Edmund handed it in it was for the sum of ten thousand pounds instead of one thousand, which was a

decided overdraw ou Sir Henry's account. The cheque was duly forwarded to him to confirm; and Young Thomas, bowing deferentially, explained that his father was confined to his bed with rheumwhen he beheld it, the deceit which he believed to have been practised atism, that he had desired him to upon him by his nephew came upon express his sincere regret to Sir Henry, and, at the same time, to him with such force that his remain ing strength gave way, he lost conassure him that if he would confide sciousness, and never really recovered it for the two days that he lingered. business to his son, it should have his very best attention. There was no help for it ; the kindly flame still burned in Sir Henry's heart, he But Thomas the younger made hay while he might. was clessted with the old baronet on prejudice to this young man, for the the day of his death, to receive, it bid her cease to weep and mourn for was supposed, his last instructions; time being at least ; so desiring him to be seated, he plunged his hands and when at last he issued from the room, he was armed with a paper to be seated, he pluged he hands into his trousers pockets, and, re-suming his walk, launched into a declaration of all his plans regarding the future of Edmund. He would which certainly bore the signature of the baronst, and the contents of which meant worse than death to Edmund. It stated that Sir begin by sending the dear boy a wedding present of a thousand pounds; and after the return of the Henry believed his nephew to have committed forgery by tampering with the cheque, and that he desired young couple from their wedding that Harold should succeed to the he would invite them to the title and estates. Furthermore, that Abbey Towers for a visit of indefirthe base conduct of Edmund should its length ; but this latter portion of be taken up by the law, and treated the programme must be kept a proas it deserved to be. How can I ever tell you how it all came about? found secret at present ; it should come upon them as a surprise just when Edmund was thinking of settling down to ill paid drudgery Everything seemed left in the hands of the lawyers, the elder of whom was brought to believe that the young again, in order to keep his wife, man was not guilty of the crime, but chuckled Sir Henry, as he rubbed his was the indirect cause also of his poor uncle's death. He did not spare hands gleefully together. During the disclosure of these

him, you may be sure of that." plans the young lawyer had gradu-ally turned pale. During the pause " Did they seize him ?" inquired the Sister, almost below her breath.

"They did, just as he and his bride of two days were taking their Am I-are we to understand, then, Sir Henry, that you are about to reinstate Mr. Edmund at the Towers, tickets for the Continent, where they purposed spending the remainder of with the ultimate object of making their honeymoon.

to go to France on some imaginary business for himself, but in reality

that he might by out of the way. When he returned he found himself

a prosecutor under Sir Henry's will

"And he tried to believe it no

with.

For two hours he

him.

"But why did not Edmund notice that's just it!' answered the old man that the cheque had been altered testily, turning his hawk-like glance before it was presented for payment?'

what is more,' he continued firmly, He was always too careless about money matters; he swore, when questioned, that he had never touched nor looked at it sgain from you can tell your father for me to destroy at once that bogus will which he and I concocted to frighten Edmund into compliance with my the time he received it to the moment wishes-I mean that one in which it was handed in to the bank, and yet pretended to leave everything to his to his knowledge it had never left his half brother, Harold : tell your father to bring it here; I will possession." "Was there no one to come for

destroy it myself and abide by the ward and plead his cause, and try to old one in which dear Edmund prove his innocence ?" inherits everything; and Harold "Yes, Mr. McDarmot employed a

clever counsel, and eady im-poverished himself in his endeavour to save the name of his daughter's that the young lawyer made no reply, Sir Henry moved a few steps nearer to him, and demanded in no husband, from shame and ignominy. hended his meaning, or is it would be necessary for him to write or

"'I understand you perfectly, Sir Henry,' stammered Thomas rising ; I was but thinking that surely all this will be somewhat rough upon

the following facts, until they were bant, for reasons of his own, upon secomplished. Thomas urged him poor Edmund's ruin." poor Edmund's ruin." "Then, having learnt that, why did not Harold at once stand forth and proclaim his brother's inno-

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

cence ?' "Oh, be merciful in your judgments, Sister Marguerite. How could he do so ?" demanded Manfred so, at least, it was represented to could he do so?" demanded you not in tones of bitterness. Can you not understand that Thomas had so managed the affair that to clear Edmund's name meant to implicate his brother's? Both could not be free. If Harold dared to make that attempt, overwhelming evidence was there to implicate and condemn him-self. What could he do but let things drift? Three years are already over and Harold will atone to his brother by rendering him every possible assistance on his release from----"

"Atone !"---and with ringing scorn the word echoed through the room-"atone! Oh, base the heart to conceive the thought ; and baser still the lips to frame it! Atone! How can he atone to his innecent brother for the unnumbered wrongs he has wrought against him? How heal the sickening pain of those weary hours, days, and months spent in both. felon's cell? How can be restore the fair name and build up once more to health and strength the manly form bowed down by meagre fare and cruel work? How dry the bitter tears from the girl bride's heart, or

tarnished name? No, 'tis cowardly to breathe the word in that sense. Atonement must be meted even as feeble was the injury-publicity-freely It not, Harold's retribution will arrive; he than half a mile from Mr. Copeland's cannot escape his punishment. Either here or hereafter it will overtake him; then may God have

pity upon him !" She looked down upon him, the fire of indignation lighting her eyes. Writhing in agony of soul, an oringing in terror, Manfred gasped : and In mercy to poor Harold, say that there is hope for him yet. He had not enjoyed his ill gotten goodaindeed he has not! Wealth has not been his, for blackmailers have wellnigh ruined him. And as for happiness or peace of heart-God is my witness, he has never known them." All feeling of pain in his injured himself.

limb seemed forgotten in the mental torture he was then enduring. His lips quivered and his hands shook with misery as he endeavoured to hot afternoon, stout old Sister clutch the nun's hands; as though cedes, who cared for the chic the very contact with her would ensure for him the peace and safety he craved. But instinctively she raised them; in her agitation she had caught up her rosary beads and, without intention, had backed further from his reach. He noted little courtesy she meant so kindly the movement and caught the ring of would be made laughable and held distrust in her voice as she answered : up for ridicule. Nor could she have 'Heaven and earth must bear imagined that any one would dare to witness to the sincerity of Harold's repentance, ere he finds mercy." Carried away by the vohemence of fatherly chaplain-very feeble, it is her nature, she had miscalculated true, very slow, a little desf, a little his strength, nor taken into account the effect that all this agitation to himself-or was it to Our Lord ?might have upon his frame, weakened

had risen the tear stained, suffering face of Marion MacDermot, as she had poured forth this terrible story thought proudly of the story itself, into the kind nun's sympathetic ear, But it was all of no avail : the case and her heart burnt with indignation for the prosecution was unusually at the thought that here before her of the money and still dearer applause that its appearance would bring to him. He was already wellat the thought that here before her of the money and still dearer up and exposed; the bogus will was shame. Further and further the to do and already famous, but riches read, and it, together with Sir moved from him. Then, as if all Henry's sad and sudden death, and hope had departed from him for ever tite for more of both ; besides, by the the ban of his uncle's displeasure under which he was supposed to have lived—these, and a hundred other things, ill told argingt him is a way to be the supposed to have lived—these, and a hundred turned, and with a groan fainted other things, ill told argingt him is a way With a startled cry the little Sister | row, mediaval, and cruel in its atti-

mercy of God, and endeavour to win him to repentance. And Heaven was kind to her. TO BE CONTINUED

LOCAL COLOR

Mr. Copeland read and reread the last three pages of the manuscript of 'The Way of the World," his novel. made one or two corrections, and laid it on the mahogany desk before him. He knew that it was by far the best thing he had done, better, even, than he had hoped ever to do. Mr. Barton, junior partner of the pub-lishing house of Doan and Company, had already read the first five chap-ters and had offered a princely sum the copyright, enthusiastically predicting that it would be a "best seller," not only in the United States, but in England as well.

So, after Mr. Copeland gave the manuscript its last touches, he leaned back in his big chair, well content, and thought disjointedly of and of this newest, boldest bid for

The fact was that "The Way of the World " was a bitter and very clever attack on the Catholic Church, her priests, and nuns, and institutions ; the whole sugar coated by a plot of sustained interest, delicate humor, and a pathos that was both very human and very tender. The scene of two or three of the concluding chapters was laid in a Catholic hospital, under the care of Franciscan nuns. There was an institution of believe me, the hour of the kind in the city, not much more apartment, and to obtain his local color he had formed a habit of seek. ing out a shady corner of the garden behind the main building, where, book in hand, he had watched and listened throughout the long hours of many a summer afternoon. There had passed in panorama before him the patients who were able to creep np and down the balcony or to pace the garden walk ; four or five stiff. jointed old men, such as do the outdoor work about all charity institutions ; a score of Sisters, always busy and often laughing ; the old chaplain, visiting priests, and even the Bishop

> No one had ever questioned his right to be there, or paid much attention to him, except that, one very cedes, who cared for the chickens, had brought him a glass of warm and rather weak lemonade, little dreaming that a caricature of her already figured in a half finished novel, which lay in a locked drawer less than a mile away, or that the display for the laughter of a laughter loving and irreverent public their fatherly chaplain-very feeble, it is slovenly in his distress, very absent minded, and much given to talking

by illness. Before her mental vision as he made his slow way in and out. As he sat looking at the pile of typewritten sheets, Mr. Copeland of his cleverness in quietly obtaining the atmosphere he needed, and last'y

"Please wait here until I see if he is awake. He rests very little at night, so if he is asleep I would not rouse him for the world. Perhaps, if necessary, you would wait a little while. He is longing to see you." "I could not wait, Sister. I have an important business engagement,' Mr. Copeland said impatiently. It

was so evident that he considered the whole affair a bore that Sister Mercedes grasped the fact, and thought it well to explain, in her and

simple, earnast way : He's been very unfortunate You'll feel sorry for him when you see him. He and a brother, five years younger, were left orphane when he was only seventeen years old-a railroad accident, I think it was, that took their father and mother. The father had owned a small grocery store in some town in New York : I don't remember the The name but it doesn't matter.

boys did the best they could after they lost their parents, this one spending all his time in the store and the little fellow going to school and his swift rise to fame and fortune, delivering groceries after three and of this newest, boldest bid for o'clock. But somehow business was They lost money month after poor.

month, and at last, after struggling along for five or six years, they sold out. Only a thousand dollars was left when everything was settled. This roor man of ours thought that a thousand dollars would amount to nothing for two, but would give his brother a little start-his brother was smart, so he save, so he slipped away one night, and went to New York, taking only five dollars with him. He nearly starved to death before he found work. Since they and that must have been ten or fifteen years ago, he has drifted about, usually obliged to do work too heavy for him. At last, one day in the spring, he came to us, pretty gone with consumption. He didn't have a penny in the world-poor soul ! - or a friend, or-snything but the clothes on his back !

"A sad story. There are many such" Mr. Copeland commented stiffly; and when Sister Mercedes hurried away, despairing of arousing his interest, he went to the window and stared into the garden. He did not hear her step in the hall, when she returned, and stood there, as motionless as a statue, until she spoke to him.

Come with me, sir. He's awake. told him so, but he would not heed me," Sister Mercedes said. With her slow smile, she added, in a childlike way, "I told him that you look like a millonaire and act like a bank president! I hate to see him disap-He is in a fever of excite pointed. ment about seeing you. He says he watched you for an hour one after. noon last week and is certain that he

Mr. Copeland said nothing, but walked beside her through a long corridor, up one flight of stairs, and to the door of the first ward for tubercular patients. There she stopped, and at once Mr. Copeland said courteously, but decidedly, "I will go in alone, if you please Sister.

Sister Mercedes had no choice but to go away, and for a few moments Mr. Copeland stood alone in the dcorway and looked about him.

It was a small ward with eight bads in it, set well apart. A crucifix hung at one end, a copy of Cor-roggio's "Holy Night" at the other. In one corner there stood a statue of our Blessed Mother, with her Child in her arms, and several vases of flowers were crowded about her feet Three of the beds were emply; an old man lay in the fourth; two young

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man, as humbly he crossed for the good deal-for him.' time the threshold of his "' Well, then, these who took upon ancestors.'

his own, may comfort him now for Where is the heart that ever suffered the loss of what he never possessed. for, and trusted in, its God and was deceived ?' Then folding her hands cheque for one thousand pounds on tightly together, she said in a low cheque for one thousand pounds on tightly together, she said in a low my city bank, payable to my nephew, yoice : "Poor Edmund, may God my city bank, payable to my nephew, speedily have pity on you and aid you !"

you !" "Amen," he muttered fervently to himeelf; and as if in answer to the prayer, an unfamiliar glow of charity stole over his heart and esemed to stole over his heart and seemed to doing him good, to tell her all this; surely she who was so wise, so full of resource, would be able to tell him how best to shift this weary burden from his mind, the weight of which had oftentimes well nigh overwhelmed him. After a thought to by this time.' ful pause he continued :

A year passed, and in one way "Almost staggering, young Thomas rose to depart. Were they then to lose everything, he reflected, just when all had seemed so nearly another Edmund had contrived to iave a little money. Marion's mother was dead, and her ailing father, desirious that his child should within their grapp: How pay his own pressing debts now? Edmund have a protector, gave his consent to an early wedding. By some un-known means the knowledge of this Abbey Towers, little hops of a life of ease and comfort remained for him -nothing but hard work and small fact came to the ears of Sir Henry, whose health, by the way, was fast breaking up. He lived a very lonely breaking up. He lived a very lonely pay to look forward to. Was there life, and there were, I believe, hours nothing that could be done to lower hite, and there were, i believe, notre when he blamed himself as having been too hard on Edmund's boy. A craving filled his heart to see, to be more before he died. His physicians nothing that could be to be do by a Edmund once more in Sir Henry's cyce? Was all their past strategy to be thrown to the winds? Surely it would not take much to make the old gentiemar lose confidence in his might try to hide the fact from him, nephew again! Something must be but he knew too well that his days done, and that at once, if they were were numbered, that at any moment to frustrate this mai scheme of Sir of undue strain or excitement the Henry's. At any rate, there was weak thread of his life might snap little to lose by the stroke, and much, much to gain! The old bar onet's life was worth little now; a asunder; and what would become of the boy whom, in spits of all, he loved so well? No, they had both severe shock might make him change more than his mind. Oh, Sister Marguerite !" cried Manfred, stretch been punished enough ; he would forgive him everything and reinstate fellow in his favor once ing out his arm imploringly towards the plucky her, "believe me when I assure you that Harold knew not all this, nor more. But it must be done by degrees-yes, by degrees.

other things, all told against him; away. his case was hopeless. Besides his

nes case was hoperes. Denotes in the internation of the side of her tude toward the pleasures of life. pon heslih and spirits gave way; and of Charity sprang to the side of her tude toward the pleasures of life. for breaking down altogether, he was patient. She realized the full danger Mr. Copeland had promised that itle completely unable to defend him. of the situation. She had been too the manuscript would be in Mr. listener, "if he still lives, Heaven what was never by any right or title completely unable to defend him-

And so was unjustly condemned fallen creature before her,

stole over his heart and seemed. to penetrate his secret soul. Yes, it was certainly easing his mind, it was doing him good to tell her all this; have more lefsure in which to attend who know in your immost heart that he always was innocent of this charge! to bis old uncle. Here is the cheque, Ob, how can you bear to lie there and don't fail to tell your father and realize what he must now, even about the will. I am in no immediate hurry ; still, it is better to be on this very moment, be enduring, alone, the safe side. However, I can trust isolated from his equals and those him ; he knows my ways, or ought

him

nay, it may be, broken long ago, by months and years spent in weary waiting! Why do you not rise and waiting! Why do you not rise and anather spartment; "hear you not the rescue him? If you would hope for spartment; "hear you not the marger yoursalt hashen to save chamour? My old spirib is stirred mercy yourself, hasten to save

She paced the small apartment with quick and nervous steps, and gasped as though for freer air. fore !" Then, turning suddenly upon him, she asked quickly :

this Harold-this Where iø

Barton's hands that day, so at three hasty, too stern, towards the poor o'clock he folded a sheet of wrapping

when he had sought mercy at her hands.

paper about it, put on his hat, "My God, forgive mel" she cried started down the street. Obsying a as, falling upon her knees, she bowed whimsical impulse he went a little cbeque." "Yes, he lost all his earthly possessions; his wife, his good name: and received in return a sentence of five years' penal servitude." as, falling upon her knees, she towed withing to pass the hospital. ber pale face in her hands and prayed. Alas, who was she that dared to sit in judgment upon a there, and as he drew near his quick the prayed. Alas, who was she that there, and as he drew near his quick the prayed. Alas, who was she that there, and as he drew near his quick the prayed of the p of humility did she not yet need to autumn had already touched with My Gou! exclaimed Sister of numinity did and not yet need to autumn had already touched with Marguerite, rising abruptly, "he is subdue that proud spirit and calm scarlet the leaves of the maples and perhaps suffering still! is this the flery impulses to her nature! upjust sentence not yet completed? Would death bat find her etill a When he went a little farther he saw Would death bat find her still a When he went a little farther he saw victim, never a conqueror! "Heaven that Sister Moroedes, ordinarily busy victim, never a conqueror!

forgive me," she cried again, "and with the chickens or in carrying a sweet Mother of God come to mine aid." ing asters from a bed close to the But she must work and pray fence. She chanced to look up as together. Seizing Manfred's clammy Mr. Copeland approached, and recog-

beneath him as a felon—his youthful frame, perhaps, bent and weakened by cruel labour; his brow bowed in shame and branded with the stigna of dishonour; his kind heart ernahed "Aren't you going to stop this afternoon ?" she asked anxiously.

"Sister Marguerite! Sister Mar guerite !" rang out the shrill voice of "Ne, not this alternoon," Mr. Cope-Madame Corbette from the adjoining land answered.

"Do come in for a few minutes! clamour? My old spirib is stirred have been watching for you for a and waras within me at the sound of week. One of the patients from the consumptive ward was sitting on the war. We shall be conquerors yet! I know it well. The Reds are to the balcony the last afternoon you were here, and he saw you in the garden. 'Yee, yee; I hear-God help them He thinks that he knows you. He

all," answered the agitated Sister. wants to see you, and I promised Little heeded she now all the noise him that the next time you came I

shameless coward in whose heart without; but one thought, one fear, lies hid this terrible secret? Why was in her mind. Had she unwitwould take you upstairs. Whenever I go into that ward he asks it you did not speak. does he not come forward and con-front that villain Thomas and vindicate the honour of his brother's dread Tribunal? How she racked never come again."

name?" "Alas, how can he do it? The old her brain in the endeavour to dis-cover some remedy that perchance in her excitement she had omitted. their account. I assure you, indeed, that it was not until just before the death of the latter that Harold learned the full truth of all these facts—that young Thomas himself had done the dishonourable act, her brain in the endeavour to disfellows were propped up against their pillows and were reading newspapers, in the fifth and sixth. Not far from them lay a man, perhaps forty years of age, thin to the point of emaciation. His big eyes were fastened on Mr. Copeland's face. As Mr. Copeland looked across the

room at this patient his gay, worldly face softened until it quivered with emotion. An instant more and he was beside the bed. His manuscript slipped, forgotten, to the floor, and he seized the man's thin hand in his 'John !" he whispered strong once. "John "Ob, John! John!"

"It's all right, Jimmie ! Don't worry about me. It's all right. I'm so glad-so glad-to see you! I knew you the moment I saw you in the garden, but I couldn't make up my mind to send for you, then. was afraid at first that-And have prospered, Jimmie. I'm very I knew you would do well if glad.

you had a chance." "Oh, John !" Mr. Copeland whis pered again. It was all that he could say

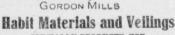
I didn't succeed. You see that. It wasn't in me. But I am happy now, and well cared for. The Sisters are kindness itself. Old Sister Mercedes, who brought you here, kills a fat chicken for me once or twice a week, and cooks is hereelf. She insists no one else knows so well. And Sister Mary Barbara reads aloud to me; she usually reads lives of the saints which I did not like at first, any better than you would, Jimmie They're all kind.'

A tear fell on the hand that Mr. Copeland was holding, but still he

"You must not grieve for me Jimmie," his brother went or. am so happy now that I have almost

mever come again." Mr. Copeland was annoyed. "I am forgotten the hard years. I'm ready forgotten the hard years. I'm ready certain that your man mistook me to go-and glad. The chap'ain for someone else; besidee, I have a comes to see me every day-a dear, business engagement and must gentle, cld man! He baptized me hurry," he said ; but he followed last week, and I am to make my hurry," he said; but he followed last week, and I am to make my Sister Mercedes into a bare little First Communion tomorrow. I hope parlor. "I am in a hurry," he you don't mind very much. We repeated, and did not take the chair always hated Catholics at home; I remember that. The fear that you





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