

Polly and the Blarney Stone

"Carminster!" The guard came to look for Polly, and Emma strained her neck in the effort to discover her behind the portly form and many parcels of a lady who considered that her affairs ranked prior to all others in the universe. But not so the guard, who brushed aside the attentive porter with amiable but authoritative briskness. The little thin, bright-eyed slip of a girl in the pilot jacket and sailor hat showed herself behind the parcels. "Now, then," said the guard, cheerily, "there's somebody behind you, ma'am. We'll just lift out this parcel first, if you please."

to see my patient," or speculate gravely on the chance of succeeding to Canon Witherspan's gout. But he did succeed to it in a most unexpected manner, and by it to the conduct of several prebendal illnesses, and was now a rising practitioner. So the old Jones did flow spontaneously at No. 10 Cathedral Row, where the old friend was losing ground in his profession. By and by humor had first a forced and then a bitter tang. And then began a strain upon the best of dispositions, generous, if hasty, to be patient and pitiful towards the growing want of magnanimity in a disposition once as generous as his own, and still so when the good was allowed its freedom. There had never been a question of money on either side while Dr. O'Ferrall was struggling. He had come to them when hard up, as freely as a brother might, and had tended his friends in his turn like a brother. But now the patient fretted under the old kind ways, and wounded the doctor by a show of feeling indebtedness. It was not long then before alienation began. "Oh grannie," cried Polly, "no one could possibly do anybody so much good as Dr. O'Ferrall!"

Polly didn't care. She couldn't understand how papa could go on suffering, when there was such an easy remedy at hand. She knew he must be worse than usual, that no one came downstairs to supper. Emma came at last, and insisted on bed. Pickles, disgusted with Halma, went with unusual willingness, but Polly sneaked back, intending to sit by the fire until some one ordered her from the kitchen she overheard Emma telling her sweetheart, Frank, who was in Mr. Burton's office, and had come up to inquire after his master, that it was a pity Dr. O'Ferrall was not called in. So even Emma was on the doctor's side! It was miserable by the dying fire. She crept upstairs again, wishing there were something she might do to help, but not daring to intrude beyond the dressing room. And the lady with a surprised recognition that the child in the corner was anybody, allowed her to pass. The guard set her down paternally on the platform, where Emma waited, a cab near at hand. "The sea air hasn't put on much flesh," he observed, "you're a featherweight, Miss." And then he received with practiced indifference his tip, and turned to reassure a maiden lady, who was distracted about her luggage. Polly was dragged away by Emma, without her chance to thank him for his kindness during the long journey. She thought him one of the noblest characters she had ever met, and was telling Emma so, with her head turned, when a lorry nearly ran into them. "There, now," said Emma crossly, "you've come back as silly as you went away. Miss Polly. Jump into the cab and let's be off home."

Emma was evidently unchained. Polly, as the cab rattled off out of the station, felt at once disconcerted and reassured. For somehow she had had a fearful expectation that two months would alter everything at Carminster. It seemed wonderful to look out on the streets and find the very signs in their places. "Why, there's the cathedral!" she exclaimed with joy, as the venerable towers loomed over the shop chimneys at the turn in the road. She sat back, breathless, to realize it. Then she was at the window again, for the cab had turned into a street she well knew. She had wanted to ask questions of Emma. But Emma was always so snubby. Now there seemed no need. And a glow warmed her sallow cheeks as she saw Dr. O'Ferrall's brass plate was still there, on the same door. And then the cab rumbled into Cathedral Road. Most marvellous! There was No. 10 unchanged, except for the winter curtains being up. And there was George Ponsoby, otherwise "Pickles," on the steps to welcome her! How sweet of Pickles! She gave expression, as she jumped out, to her gratification at this unexpected attention. As a matter of fact, Pickles was there on a little matter of business with the boy under the railings, who now, with native delicacy, retired from this emotional scene. But Pickles did not think it necessary to dampen his sister's pleasure by an officious frankness—Polly, he felt assured, had not returned from a two months' holiday empty handed. It was an occasion for graciousness. "You've had your hair cut!" exclaimed Polly, with dismay. For she had left Pickles with curls. "Is that all?" he exclaimed, releasing himself from Polly's embrace. "Why—no! You left off kilts!" "Rather!" exultingly. And he stretched out a leg, clothed in gray tweed. Polly surveyed him with admiration mingled with natural sadness, ere she remembered to ask how papa was. But she did not wait for the answer. Mamma was in the hall, and grandma behind her. There was much to be done and much to be told. But at last tea-time came, and with it papa's key in the door. Polly had been feeling so secure again in the unaltered home that she started when he came in—started so perceptibly that Mr. Burton asked her irritably if she saw a ghost, and then he coughed so violently that she did not have to reply, which was fortunate, for she was frightened. "Yes, he was looking much, much worse!" However, as soon as tea began, Mr. Burton was merry, as usual, and all went well until Polly was asked to fetch the medicine bottle from the bedroom mantelpiece. She came back slowly, reading the label with a puzzled face. "One tablespoonful to be taken thrice daily, an hour after meals. S. L. Sherwood." What could that mean? Her father caught the bottle from her, abruptly. "Don't be too inquisitive," he said. "Inquisitive! Why, she had never been forbidden to look at medicine bottles! Late that evening grandma came into her bedroom to put away something, and Polly, who was wide awake, sat up in bed to ask the meaning of "S. L. Sherwood" being on the bottle, instead of "Dr. O'Ferrall." Grandma did not turn her head as she closed the drawer. "Your father has a new doctor, Polly," she said. "He has given up Dr. O'Ferrall." Polly gasped. If he had given up Pickles it couldn't have seemed any stranger. Her cheeks were scarlet. How did people give each other up? For she guessed that there must have been some reciprocity in the matter—people who had lived near to each other, laughed, talked, ate and drank, sorrowed and joyed together? How could they? Why, he used to open the door and walk in, unannounced, and call out, "Where's Charley?" And her father would call back, "Here I am, Pat." And grandma was coolly saying, "He has given up Dr. O'Ferrall." But Polly did not know that grandma was anything but cool, and that, while she loved her son more than any one on earth, she saw that he was wrong and had treated the doctor badly, and that she could not, for fear of betraying it, if she all began in pride and suspicion. The Burtons and Dr. O'Ferrall had once been alike in one thing, strained means. As time went on, Mr. Burton being in bad health, and moreover handicapped by the possession of a family, while Dr. O'Ferrall was strong and single, the old folks, who were rich, and had lightened their mutual burdens began to lack reality. It had been fun to hear the doctor say as he rose from the simple supper: "I must really be off

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and the liturgical text for the month of October 1904. Includes entries for St. Gregory of Armenia, Most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and various feast days.

Electric Fixtures For Churches, Residences, etc. Full particulars write McDonald & Willson Toronto

Bo Like Yourself Telling Fortunes Rich man, poor man, beggar man, a thief! Tell by your buttons which you'll be!

St. Michael's College IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Rev. Fr. J. R. TEEFY, President.

Where shall the happy couple live? "Big house, little house, pigpen, barn, Oh, grief! In a barn? It can't be true! This fortune telling is all a yarn."

Loretto Abbey... This fine institution recently enlarged to create twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and evolution so essential to study.

To Enliven The Liver AID DIGESTION AND REGULATE THE ACTION OF THE BOWELS YOU MUST USE. Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASES.

School of Practical Science TORONTO The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto. Departments of Instruction: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASES. It is the liver that is largely responsible for indigestion and constipation—derangements that are a constant source of trouble. The bile, which when left in the blood, is a poison to the system, causing biliousness, headache and muddy complexion, becomes of priceless value when passed into the intestines to aid digestion and ensure regular action of the bowels.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street. "The Course of Instruction in this Academy... is the Academic Department special attention is paid to... Pupils on completing the usual course and passing a successful examination... are awarded Teacher's Certificate and Diploma in the Department of Music of Toronto University."