



THE FIGURE THAT LIED.

Roy Marshall had been in school nearly three years, and almost all the time he liked it. It was fun to read and write, and geography was easy. But the number work was not like the other studies. It was a good deal harder, and he had to work longer at his lessons. Peter Greenwood, who sat just in front of him, got on much better than Roy did in number work, and this made Roy unhappy, for always before, in reading and writing and other things he had kept ahead of Peter. Roy could not see how it was that Peter could add up long columns of figures and multiply and divide, and always get the right answer, when he himself worked just as hard, and even harder, and often got a wrong answer.

One day the teacher, looking over Roy's shoulder at his paper, pointed out a mistake he had made, and said, as she turned away, "Remember, Roy, figures do not lie." It seemed a funny thing to say, and Roy thought about it a good deal. Figures must be very good if they always told the truth. He wondered if it was easy for them. He tried always to tell the truth himself, but sometimes it was not easy. Once or twice he had been punished for things he had done, and had told the truth about, when it had seemed almost as if he could not have been punished if he could only have told a lie about it. But still he knew how his father and mother felt about it, and so he did his best to tell things just as they were.

But figures must be strange things if they never told a lie. Perhaps they were real and alive, like himself, and had to do things sometimes that were hard and that they did not like to do. At any rate, he thought about it a good deal.

The spring examinations came in March. Roy knew it weeks ahead, and he knew, too, that he ought to be reviewing the work he had gone over; but it was just marble-time then, and it was hard to stay indoors and study when everybody else was out playing marbles. The examination in number work seemed to Roy easier than he had thought it would be. He did all of the first six examples, and was pretty sure he had got them right. But the seventh was a hard one. He worked and worked on it, and still he could not do it, so he skipped that and did the others, and then went back. He tried and tried again, but it would not come right.

Then, when he was very tired, he looked up just as Peter Greenwood asked to leave his seat for a drink of water. Peter left his paper on his desk, and although Roy did not intend to look, he could not help seeing some of the examples. Number seven was right before his eyes, and where Roy had the figure eight Peter had a nine.

Roy went over his own work again and saw that it ought to be a nine, so without thinking much more about it, he changed his own work and put down the nine where he had had the eight.

Being in a hurry, he did not make a very good nine. It was hunched-backed and stooped over, with a big head that seemed to be hanging down. But he turned in his paper, and hurried out and played marbles till dark.

After supper that evening he began to think about the examples again, and he remembered the figure nine that he had put down in place of the eight. He remembered how it looked—how it was bent over, and how it hung its head, as if it was ashamed of something. He kept thinking about it, and even after he had gone to bed the figure stood there before his eyes, looking mean and sorry.

The more he thought about it the more it seemed to him that he had made the figure lie, when it did not want to, and had not meant to. That was why it looked so mean and ashamed.

The first thing the next morning Roy went straight to his teacher. "Please may I change one of the answers in my examination paper?" he asked.

"Why, my dear boy," she said, "I couldn't let you do that. It wouldn't be fair. If you have looked up the answer out of school you must not change it now. That would not be right."

"Oh, yes'm, it would, because one of my figures lied," said Roy eagerly. "He didn't mean to, but I made him; but I didn't mean to either."

"Why, child, what do you mean?" Then Roy told the teacher all about it; how he had not got the right answer himself, and how he had seen Peter's paper, and put down the figure he had seen there. The teacher laughed and hugged Roy the way his mother did sometimes. Then she took out his examination-paper, and where the poor, mean-looking figure nine had stood she put a great big eight that stood up so straight and looked so strong and honest that anybody could see at a glance that he was telling the truth, no matter if he had made a mistake.

And now Roy knows that if figures ever lie it is not because they want to, but because some one else makes them.

JENNETTE'S FORGETFULNESS.

Jennette Stetson flitted into the sitting-room, dropped one glove upon the teakwood table standing near the door and drew the other upon her slim hand as she announced: "Olive, I'm going to take your pineapple sherbet recipe to Cousin Beth. I know she'd like to use it Saturday when she has her tennis club."

Jennette's older sister, reading beside the south window, looked up and replied: "I didn't know that you and Beth had made up as Karl would say."

Jennette reached for the other glove. "You mean the fuss over the picnic?" Olive nodded her head. "Oh I haven't given that a second thought. Beth was tired out to begin with, and that my cake was a success and hers a failure didn't tend to soothe her."

"But she was just as unfair to you about Tennyson's poems. You know she insisted that she left it on the library table when you found it in the arbor. We saw her reading it a few minutes before."

"Yes," said Jennette, "but then she got over it quick."

"You haven't a grain of pride and spirit," Olive asserted. Jennette blew a mischievous kiss from the tips of her dainty fingers

and tripped away and down the maple-lined avenue, smiling upon the lovely summer world from under the wide brim of her leghorn hat. The pink roses nodding on it were a match for the color of her round cheeks and more than one passer-by turned for a second look at the picture of fresh, girlish beauty.

As Jennette rounded the first corner, a boy approaching stopped short seeing her, and his face flushed. The next instant he advanced quickly.

"Jen, I've smashed your racquet," he exclaimed. "I've left it at Harnerd's to be re-strung, but the trouble is I haven't the money to pay for it till next allowance, and you wanted to use the racquet Saturday, didn't you?"

Jennette nodded her head. "At Beth's, you know, when the club meets," she said, "I believe I'll step into Harnerd's and ask him if he can't let me have it ready for Saturday. I'll pay for it and you can pay me when you have the money."

"Jen, you're fine!" Karl cried. "And after I refused to lend you fifty cents last month."

"That's so, you did," Jennette replied. "I'd forgotten. Well, I won't treasure it up against you," and she hurried smilingly away.

"Jen never does treasure things up against a fellow," Karl murmured, as he stood watching his sister for a moment. "She's as pretty as a picture, and she's as good as she looks," he added, as he went on.

Jennette found Beth swinging in the hammock on the porch behind the cinnamon vine.

"Don't move, I beg of you. You look too delightfully comfy," cried the newcomer. "I've brought you the pineapple sherbet recipe!"

"You dear!" Beth exclaimed, a slight restraint in her manner when she had first seen the visitor vanishing. "And such a warm day, too, for a walk."

Beth made room for her cousin beside her, and the talk fell upon the tennis match arranged for Saturday on Beth's lawn. Presently the latter said, hesitatingly:

"Jennette I want to ask you something. Would you mind if I invite Eleanor Gleason to watch the play Saturday? She's visiting the Burches next door, and would like to come, I know."

"Invite her by all means," Jennette responded heartily. "I thought perhaps—because—" Beth stopped awkwardly and her cousin looked at her wondering. "About the medal, you know," Beth finished.

"As if I hadn't forgotten that long ago!" Jennette laughed. "Mercy! I was silly at the time to imagine I had a better right to it than Eleanor."

"But it was her attitude toward you," Beth said. "It's just lovely of you to have forgotten her, Jen. I suppose you've forgotten the spiteful things I said to you at the picnic?"

"Certainly. They weren't worth remembering," Jennette answered, so promptly that both girls laughed.

Possibly Jennette did lack a certain kind of pride and spirit, but some folks who loved her well, said of her: "Jennette always forgets the things she should forget. She is the most charitable and dearest girl in the world."

ed, replied the young man. "I believe, however, it is the best way." From which it may be inferred by the up-to-date reader that Herbert Winston was something of a prig, which would be far from the truth.

In ordinary matters he was a very independent and broad-minded individual, but, true to his tradition and training, he regarded the case in point as something above the ordinary, in which he was right.

At the same time, in their own apartments, Mrs. Parker was conversing on the same subject with her daughter.

"Natalie, I think Mr. Winston is deeply interested in you. Unless you reciprocate the feeling, you ought to be on your guard. He is too fine a fellow to be treated badly."

"I do not intend to treat him badly, mamma; I like him very much, far better than any one I have ever seen."

"Could you marry him?" Natalie screwed her pretty eyebrows together.

"I am sure I could," she replied after a moment. "He is as good as he can be, good-looking, too, and we are very congenial. I think I could spend my life with him very happily; I don't at all believe I should tire of him. He has stood the test of constant companionship and travel splendidly, and I do not think there is a more exacting test. You know I don't believe much in the nonsense about passion, and so forth; my education has fitted me for something different. But I am surprised myself at the feeling with which I regard Mr. Winston."

"Co-education unites women for much that an older generation pos-

essed," said Mrs. Parker. "It makes a girl cold-blooded."

"Yes, I think you are right," answered Natalie. "But it makes her self-reliant also, and that is what the majority of women need."

"The Winstons are Catholics," resumed Mrs. Parker, vaguely, after some moments. "We have not known many Catholics, Natalie, I have always had an idea they were different, somehow. But they are not in any way peculiar, are they—I mean the Winstons?"

"Oh, no, mamma, quite broad and very cultured! We don't live in the Middle Ages, you know. We had a Catholic girl in our class at college—a Miss Omdigun. She was extremely clever. One of the girls said her name was really O'Madigan, but that she tried to Anglicize it. I do not know about that, of course. She was very liberal—always kind and gentle to everybody."

"I don't believe the Winstons are at all prejudiced," observed Mrs. Parker. "I fancy they are quite strict in some ways. Don't you remember how they persisted in going down the mountain to their Masses, in the midst of terrible rain, those two Sundays?"

"The English are like that, whatever their creed," said Natalie. "They never mind the weather."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Parker with a little shiver, laying her hand on the warm, porcelain stove, as she glanced out of the window, against which the raindrops were splashing. "He might want you to be a Catholic, Natalie," she said.

But Natalie burst into a merry laugh. "O, mother," she replied, "how ridiculously we are talking! I can't fancy any combination of circumstances which would make me a Roman Catholic."

An hour later the maid had knocked at the door with a little note from Mr. Winston, asking if Miss Parker would accompany him for a walk. Miss Parker hastened to avail herself of the invitation, and in a few moments the two set out together.

They were a comely pair; neither minded the rain, but rather rejoiced in it, and in the exhilaration produced by the fresh atmosphere and keen wind. They were in the Tyrol, and in spite of the weather, everything about them was conducive of the spirit in which both found themselves. As they swung down the narrow pathway, not talking much, but feeling the expressive silences—as do only lovers, or those on the verge of being lovers,—to both of them it seemed a very good thing to be alive. To one at least, that Tyrolean scene and that delightful companionship were the best things in all the world.

Herbert Winston thought the girl beside him the perfection of grace, beauty, and sweetness; while Natalie felt herself dominated by a shyness to which she had hitherto been a stranger. For the first time, she avoided the gaze of her companion; a soft blush suffused her charming face when he addressed her. If it had not been entirely against his principles and the code in which he had been educated, Herbert Winston would have learned his fate then and there. As it was, he doubt whether he would have had strength to abide by them till the end of the walk had it not been for a circumstance which took place when they were about half way down the mountain.

At a sudden turn of the road they came upon a wayside crucifix, under its penthouse of carved oak, placed there to mark the falling of an avalanche by which several persons had lost their lives. Before it, in the pelting rain, knelt a man, bareheaded and barefooted, his arms extended, his eyes uplifted to the figure on the cross. Beside him lay the shepherd's staff and wallet, which marked his occupation.

As they passed the crucifix, Herbert Winston removed his hat and reverently bent his head. The spontaneous act, so simply and piously performed, irritated his companion. After they had passed, she asked in a half-pettulant tone: "Why did you do that? It does not fit in at all with what I know of you."

Winston turned to her in mild surprise. "I hardly understand you," he said.

"You are so sane, so sensible in every way. I cannot bear to see you doffing your hat to a wooden figure on the wayside."

A peculiar expression flashed across Herbert's countenance.

"It is what that figure represents what the crucifix means, the greatest thing that has ever happened in the world—its redemption."

"It makes me shiver," thought of it," she said; "and almost angry at one of your broad intelligence believing in what it stands for."

"There are hundreds of thousands more intelligent than I who believe in it," he answered gravely.

"A hundred years from now those believers will be very few," she said. "The world is moving fast."

"To its own perdition, I fear," remarked Winston mildly. "I am afraid we could never agree on that point, Miss Parker."

She looked up at him bewitchingly, her irritation gone. But his glance was turned thoughtfully down the valley they were approaching. It rested, a little sadly perhaps, on the light cross of the village church, where a ray of sunlight—the first that stormy day—glittered for a moment, and then slowly faded.

"Shall we return?" he asked after a short silence. "You will be tired."

"Yes, let us go back," she replied. "It will soon be lunch time." When they passed the crucifix again the man was gone. They saw him toiling up the mountain-side, the heavy wallet on his shoulder. Winston knelt for an instant and made the sign of the Cross, then bent his head reverently, stifling a sigh. It was the moment of redemption.

elation. When he rose his face was pale but illumined. Natalie thought he had never looked so handsome.

But something had gone from the hour, from the scene; though the sun was now shining brightly, and the raindrops sparkled like diamonds on the trees and mountain shrubs around them. Something had departed, too, from the camaraderie and joy of their previous mood. Natalie felt that the auspicious moment had passed; that nothing could ever again be as it had been between them; and, naturally quick-witted, she was not slow to guess the reason. Therefore, it was no surprise to her the next day when the Winstons announced that they were leaving. Herbert's mother knew, and Natalie's probably surmised the reason, and both were well pleased.

Ten years later, Herbert Winston sat on the lawn of his house in Devonshire, reading the Times. His wife, a comely young matron, was beside him; two children were playing near them. In the distance, the old people walked in the garden, enjoying the summer flowers and the fresh evening air.

A smile flitted across the face of the younger man. He laid down the paper, his eyes reflecting for a moment some inward thought or reminiscence. Then they rested lovingly on the face of his wife, on the pretty, graceful children. But he said nothing of what might have been; he said only that he had been captivated him years ago in the Tyrol. His wife would never have expected it; she would have been an extraordinary Englishwoman to have thought of her. What Winston had read was the following:

"Among the delegates to the Suffragette Convention is the celebrated Woman's Rights lecturer and writer, Miss Natalie Parker, daughter of the well-known banker and capitalist, Pillsbury Parker, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Miss Parker has dedicated her life to the uplifting and regeneration of her sex."

"Thank God!" said Herbert Winston to himself. "Thank God for that Tyrolean crucifix! It precipitated what would have been inevitable in any case, but what might have been more and more difficult, for me at least, as time went on. And so entirely did that circumstance change everything that I scarcely felt a pang."

After dinner, as they sat in the library, Winston handed the paper to his mother, pointing out the paragraph that had given him pause for thought. Placidity knitting under the shadow of the lamp his wife did not raise her head, beautiful with its crown of light brown braids. The husband's eyes rested lovingly upon her. Life ahead of him happiness that he expected or desired. After a moment his mother looked up from the paper and smiled. But she said nothing. In her heart she thanked God for that walk in the Tyrol—The Ave Maria.

PALE, LAUGID GIRLS

Weak Blood During Development

May Easily Cause a Life of Suffering.

A Tonic Such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Needed to Build Up the

Blood and Give New Strength.

At no time in her life does a girl stand in greater need of pure red blood and the strength which it alone can give her, than when she is developing into womanhood. It is then that any inherited tendency to anæmia or consumption needs only the slightest encouragement to rapidly develop. This danger is especially threatening to girls who are confined long hours indoors, in stores, offices and factories—girls depressed by worry and cares. All these conditions quickly impoverish the blood and are among the most common causes of sickness among growing girls and young women. If at any time a girl finds that her strength is failing and she is becoming pale and nervous, has no ambition and is languid, it is a certain sign that her blood is failing to meet the demands upon it, because it is impure and thin.

It is at a time like this that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable to young women and growing girls. They build up the blood, make it rich, red and pure, tone the nerves and give new strength to every part of the body. They have cured so many cases of this kind that they may truly be called a specific for the common diseases of girlhood. Miss Minnie Smith, Creighton street, Halifax, says: "I have proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are all that is claimed for them in cases similar to mine. About three years ago I suddenly began to run down. I grew so weak that I could hardly attend to my school studies. I suffered from headaches, my heart would palpitate violently at the least exertion, and my appetite was very feeble. I tried doctors' medicine and emulsions, but the treatment did not help me. Then I started taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking seven or eight boxes I was stronger than ever before. I feel that I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I gratefully recommend them to other ailing girls."

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LIGHTNING FLASH STRUCK THE CHURCH

DESTRUCTION AT ST. COLUMBAN

Pastor Heroically Invaded Burning Edifice and Saved the Sacred Host.

(From a correspondent.)

A great calamity has befallen St. Columban, Ontario, formerly known as "Irishtown." The grand old parish church, one of the largest in the province, is now a heap of smouldering ruins. It was 150 feet in length and 70 in width, with a free story resting on ten iron columns.

Having cancelled a \$1000 mortgage on the parish, the pastor collected \$7000 for the work of rebuilding, remodeling, decorating and beautifying the church, presbytery and grounds.

As a mortgage burner Father McKeon has a remarkable record. Under his guidance eight of these betes noires have already been consigned to the flames, viz: Salette, St. Thomas, Bothwell, Thamesville, Adelaide, Watford, Strathroy and St. Columban.

Before midnight, July 15th, 1908, many of the people of St. Columban witnessed a remarkable apparition. At half past eleven the blue embroidered veil that was then fretting the eastern horizon with threads of silver and streaks of purple, was suddenly rent in twain, leaving a cloudless sky in the east. Affixed to the moon was a copper-colored cross in height the cross was about 15 feet, or ten diameters of the moon. The two arms of the cross measured about seven diameters of our terrestrial satellite. The sky was blue and free of vapor. The cross had no ragged edges; it was perfect in outline and proportion. For days and weeks afterwards the great absorbing topic in St. Columban was "The Cross on the Moon."

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Just one year from that date, July 15th, 1909, lightning struck the chimney on the east side of the C.M.B.A. hall, adjoining the vestry. Owing to an oversight the original architect placed the vestry on the east end of the church and the priest's house on the west and 220 feet distant. Owing to this circumstance the fire in the C.M.B.A. hall and vestry had been burning for some time before it was noticed. When seen the church was filled with smoke, the vestry was a blazing furnace, and the flames were enveloping the tabernacle where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. Father McKeon ran into the church, closely followed by Father Ford, of Ingersoll, and Father Echeart, of Minneapolis. The latter two, owing to the dense smoke, lost their bearings and were driven back. But Father McKeon followed a shorter route by way of the west side, took two sharp turns to the right and one to the left. Suddenly he emerged from the cloud of smoke and entered the sanctuary, now ablaze in a hundred places. Swift as an ibex on the mountain side, up the altar steps he ran. The tabernacle door flew open, and with the ciborium in one hand and the lunette in the other, the grief-stricken pastor fled with the precious burden, that Mary and Joseph carried in their flight into Egypt. Having deposited the blessed Sacrament in a safe place across the street, Father McKeon was on the verge of a physical collapse. He rallied in a few moments, however, and was soon in the midst of the fire-fighters, who answering the call of telephones and fire bells, gathered from every point of the compass. Their united efforts saved the presbytery and school, but all the vestments and church furnishings were destroyed by the devouring element. Vestments had to be borrowed from the neighboring parishes of Seaford and Dublin to enable the pastor to celebrate Mass on Sunday. Already plans for the new church are in process of elaboration.

J. J. H.

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A SUMMER INCIDENT.

She mopped her brow,
But nothing more,
It was her ma
Who mopped the floor.
—Detroit Free Press.

SO 'TIS.

Hope is the thing
That plants the seeds;
But digging's what
Knocks out the weeds.
—Boston Herald.

TWO ANGLERS.

I.

A barefoot boy,
A white birch pole;
A can of worms,
A swimmin' hole.
A baited hook,
A tug and swish;
A steady haul,
A string of fish.

II.

A white duck suit,
A canvas boat;
A costly rod,
A patent float.
A gaudy fly,
A cast and swish;
A pretty sight,
But nary fish!
—Boston Herald.

The Tyrolean Crucifix.

For twenty-four hours it had been raining steadily, and the young people, tired of enforced seclusion, had donned their waterproofs and gone out for a walk. Three months ago they had been strangers, but, with their elders, they had now been travelling together for nine weeks, and felt as though they had known each other for a lifetime.

There were six in the party: the Parkers (Americans), with their only daughter; and the Winstons (English people), with their son, Herbert Winston had been educated at Stonyhurst; his family had been Catholics from time immemorial; and, while their religion was altogether unobtrusive, it was a vital part of their lives. The Parkers, on the contrary, were members of that great company which, for want of a better name, its votaries style the "Broad Church"—and broad indeed it is.

In the beginning it had never occurred to the Winstons that there was danger in the constant intimacy of their son and Natalie Parker. But of late it had caused the mother some disquietude. Natalie was a beautiful and charming girl, with just enough independence of character to render her very attractive to the somewhat conservative young Englishman, who up to the present time had seemed indifferent to all girls. The elder Winstons would not have objected to an American

daughter-in-law, but they had a decided objection to a Protestant wife for their only son. That very morning Herbert had confided to his mother his affection for Natalie and his desire of making her his wife.

"But, Herbert," she had said, "while I like her very much, and acknowledge that she is charming, she is not a Catholic. The Winstons have always married Catholics. To me, the fact of her being a Protestant is an almost insurmountable barrier to a marriage between you."

"Oh, no, mother!" rejoined Herbert, confidently. "I can't say, of course, whether she cares for me or not; but if she does, everything else will be easy. She is really not a Protestant—the Parkers do not belong to any church. That gives me a good start. Her mind, free from bias, can be the more readily trained to accept the truths of our religion. I really do not anticipate the least difficulty from that quarter. All I fear is that she may not care enough for me to marry me."

"I wanted to speak to you first; you'll mention it to your father for me, and then I'll address myself to Mr. Parker before saying a word to Natalie."

"I am glad you are taking the old-fashioned way about it," said Mrs. Winston. "Nowadays everything is usually settled before the parents are consulted."

"Well, I may be a bit old-fashioned,

ed, replied the young man. "I believe, however, it is the best way." From which it may be inferred by the up-to-date reader that Herbert Winston was something of a prig, which would be far from the truth.

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"Natalie, I think Mr. Winston is deeply interested in you. Unless you reciprocate the feeling, you ought to be on your guard. He is too fine a fellow to be treated badly."

"I do not intend to treat him badly, mamma; I like him very much, far better than any one I have ever seen."

"Could you marry him?" Natalie screwed her pretty eyebrows together.

"I am sure I could," she replied after a moment. "He is as good as he can be, good-looking, too, and we are very congenial. I think I could spend my life with him very happily; I don't at all believe I should tire of him. He has stood the test of constant companionship and travel splendidly, and I do not think there is a more exacting test. You know I don't believe much in the nonsense about passion, and so forth; my education has fitted me for something different. But I am surprised myself at the feeling with which I regard Mr. Winston."

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