

She returned to the kitchen and told Mary to leave the dishes and get ready for a journey to the city. "Put on your blue dress an' wear that piece of lace round your neck that I got Christmas. We don't want to be taken for dowdies even if we don't travel much. I'll wear my gingham an' wedding hat. An' say, Mary, you'd better take the ten dollars along that you earned pickin' berries. Tain't likely we'll need it, but there's no knowin'." Folks say the city's a terrible place for money. Mebbe we'll stay a week or two, mebbe longer; but I hope the seventy dollars I've got will take us through. If it don't, an' we have to use yours, I'll make it up to you 'fore school begins. Now hurry. Its two miles to the railroad, an' the train goes in about three hours."

But instead of obeying, Mary stood with an unwiped plate in her hand, speechless through sheer amazement. Go to the city, forty miles away! Why she had never been there in her life, nor had her mother so far as she knew. What did it mean?

"Father is going?" she gasped at last, more as an assertion than a question.

"No, your father isn't goin'. He's busy. Jest you an' I will go, an'—an' we'll go on business. We'll find that place where the machines are made an' see if it's all right, an'—an' if there's money enough we'll get you some new school dresses an' books. Yes, it's jest a little business trip, Mary."

The unwiped plate fell with a crash to the floor. Just a little business trip, to the faraway city? Knowing her father as she did, the girl realized something of the ludicrousness of such a journey. Usually he did not trust them even to go to the village store for groceries. And they had not a single friend in town. There was Aunt Mary, for whom she was named, and to whom she had an indefinite promise of a visit some time in the future—but Aunt Mary lived twenty miles this side of the city. She was roused by her mother calling anxiously:

"Come, come, child! We must hurry. Run, an' get ready. There ain't much time, for we'll have to walk to the station."

So, still dazed and wondering, the girl went up to her room and arrayed herself in the blue dress which thus far had been held sacred to Sundays and rare holidays.

And down in the kitchen, Mrs. Johnson remained for another five minutes, gazing out across the broad, fertile fields of the farm which her worn hands had helped to earn. If the journey to the city seemed a colossal undertaking to Mary, it was no less so to her, whose twenty years of married life had reached no farther than the village store, two miles away. For a moment she was tempted to abandon the project and return to the unwiped dishes and uncooked dinner; but a thought of Mary and the child's longing for an education checked the impulse. Perhaps it was only a freak of a foolish woman, but she seemed no other way. And at any rate, it would teach her husband a few things about kitchen economy of which he was now ignorant.

The new horse proved more unmanageable than anticipated, and when Johnson returned it was in no very pleasant frame of mind. As he left the country road and turned into his own lane, he passed a field where some of the men were at work. One of them called to him inquiringly:

"Ain't it 'bout time for the dinner bell to ring?"

"Why, yes, of course. Ain't it rung yet?" He looked at his watch. "Ten minutes of one," he called to the men. "Drop your tools an' come on to the house."

Then to himself, "I'll soon have an understandin' 'bout this thing. Farm hands can't let their work wait on wimmen's laziness. Get on there, Dan."

He did not go on to the barn with the horse, but stopped at the kitchen door and strode in furiously.

"What's all this mean?" he began.

Then the unnatural stillness made him pause and glance around. There was no fire in the stove, no signs of food being cooked, and in the sink were the unwiped dishes of the morning. He opened his mouth, and shut it again without making a sound. What did it mean?

An unreasoning terror of the silence began to possess him. In his long remembrance of the room he had known nothing like this. It had always been a scene of busy cheerfulness during his married life, and during the days of his boyhood when his mother had presided over the kitchen. As he crossed to the table he was oppressed by the stillness and by the disorder of the morning. It was almost as though he were in a strange house, and he would have been glad to have the quiet broken by even a rat crossing the room, or by a loose clapboard protesting against the wind.

Then he caught sight of a note addressed to himself, and he opened it eagerly, his apprehension giving way to angry comments as he read:

"Dear Husband," the note began, "I am goin' away for a week or so to give Mary a rest. The poor child is worn out, an' a little trip will do her good."

"Huh!" he grunted, breaking off suddenly and crumpling the letter in his hand. "The woman's an idiot! Little trip, indeed! Seems

like she's a millionaire sure enough. Gone to that sister Mary of hers, of course. Well, I'll send Jake for her with the lumber wagon," grinning spitefully. "That'll jounce some sense into her."

Then he uncrumpled the note and read on:

"You might get Jake or Bob to help you a little with the cookin'. But of course it won't be much work, so mebbe you'll be able to do it all yourself at odd times when you ain't busy. Only don't forget the settin' hens an' the cheese curd an' the cucumbers to pickle an' to scald the milk pans when you wash 'em an' to gather up the eggs every day so they'll be fresh, an' remember the cat craves her milk an' that the dog must be kep' shut up or he will kill the young chickens an' please don't forget to use hot water in washin' dishes like you did when I had that bad spell an' Mary was down with the measles, an' you had better use the self risin' stuff in makin' bread as that reminds me, don't forget to clean out the stove twice a week, if you don't it'll stuff up an' smoke. An' then there's—"

"What fool rigmorale's she's tryin' to get off, anyhow?" he snorted wrathfully. "Don't she s'pose I know as much about what's to be done as she does? An' I won't send for her, neither—not by a long chalk. That's jest what she's fishin' for. Seems to think the world can't move 'cept she's turnin' the crank. Huh! They can stay till doomsday for all I care!"

He shook the note in an imaginary face and laughed maliciously. "That's jest the very thing. Keep quiet, like I don't scarcely know they've gone away, an' then 'bout tomorrow night they'll come sneakin' in like hungry chickens for something to eat. She an' that sister Mary of hers can't get along together now."

"Hey! nothin' to eat inside there yet?" and burly Jake, backed by the other five hands, lumbered wonderingly into the kitchen. "No fire in the stove? Where's the wimmen folks? What's up?"

Johnson started, then drew himself together hurriedly.

"Jest run up to Mary Brown's for a day or two," he answered gruffly. "The visit was—er—pretty sudden, an' they had no time to send me word, nor to get dinner. But I guess we can patch one up between us, eh, Jake?" he asked, trying to pass it off lightly. Get just as good dinner's the wimmen folks, an' a mighty sight quicker."

"Course we can," cried Jake, with alacrity, and pleased at the thought of a novel task, "an' one we'll like better, too. Men folks know jest what men folks want. We'll have onyuns an' taters an' coffee that's strong enough to taste."

"An' billed cabbage," "An' baked beans," "An' green corn," reminded several. "An' tripe," spoke up a fourth voice earnestly, his lips moistening in anticipation. "Come, come! We can't have everything at once," expostulated Johnson impatiently. "Here, pitch in, all of you, an' help what you can. That field's got to be hoed 'fore dark."

But in spite of the superabundance of assistance the dinner progressed slowly, and it was two o'clock before the men drew their chairs up to the table, red-faced and fuming at the stupidity of each other. And in spite of the fact that it was of their own cooking, the dinner did not seem to please them. They tasted suspiciously of one dish and another, and pushed their plates back, and then tried again, grimacing and scowling, and at last rose sullenly and shuffled from the room.

Johnson glanced at his watch as the last one disappeared. He had work of importance to look after, so the dishes and food were left on the table, and the cooking utensils on the stove and floor, wherever they had been dropped in the hurry. It would be time enough to attend to them when he returned.

But long before that the sun had fallen behind the apple orchard, and the kitchen was so full of shadows as to call for artificial light. He was tired and cross, and this did not facilitate dish-washing and supper-getting. When the men came in from their late chores he was bristling with angry impatience, and his face and clothing were spotted with grease and soot of reckless contact with dish-water and cooking utensils. Again they were called on for assistance, and again—after some of the unsatisfactory supper had been forced down—the dishes and food were left upon the table, to await the time when it would be necessary to remove them.

One day longer the "men folks" cooking was persisted in, but by that time the pleasant kitchen had been transformed from a place of orderliness to a den of chaotic neglect. No dishes had been washed, and many conflicting foods had been cooked in the same utensils without the separating use of soap and water. Jake was fond of "onyuns an' taters," but decided he did not care to have them flavored with chocolate; while the lovers of "billed" cabbage and tripe and baked beans were equally firm against their favorite dishes being disguised with the odors of cooking which had gone before. Moreover, Jake declared that all the flies of the whole county had come to feast with them and that he, for one, was going to take his meals henceforth

over to Neighbor Gould's. Bob and another man agreed with Jake, while the other two guessed they were in no way "pertic'ler," and could pick up a few days' living in the apple orchard and off huckleberry and raspberry bushes. But they were agreed with the rest in having no more to do with men folks' cooking.

So the next morning, Jake was sent unceremoniously to Mary Brown's, with orders to bring the wimmen folks home, whether or no. "Jest tell 'em we're too busy with hoein' now to bother with cookin'," Johnson snarled. "If 'twas any other time, we wouldn't care a continental whether they come or stayed. It's jest their aggravatin' way to pick out a time like this."

But when Jake returned with the information that Mary Brown had neither seen nor heard of them, his anger gave place to wonder, and then to dismay. What was he to do? Manifestly he was not equal to doing the work himself, much as he disliked to acknowledge it.

In the end he sent for one of the Gould girls to come and attend to the housework, and after two days sent her back and engaged one of the Cady girls. But she was no better. They were both capable and willing, but knew little about management and neatness. He could see the lack of his wife's presence everywhere.

Then he tried it again himself, but with even less satisfaction than before. He had not dreamed housework was so endless and exasperating, and before the week was out was so far humbled as to acknowledge to Jake in private that he would rather hoe corn sixteen hours a day than to prepare a single meal of victuals.

"Then why don't ye get the wimmen folks back?" Jake asked bluntly. "We can't stand this much longer. Bob says he's goin' to look for work where he can get vittles fit to eat, an' all the rest of us is 'bout ready to follow him. If ye don't do something pretty quick, this farm's bound to go to everlastin' ruin. That's my say."

Another two days brought Johnson to the limit of his endurance, and then came some relief in the shape of a letter from the city. It read:

"Dear Husband:—We've been havin' a pretty good time, but things here do cost awful. I wanted to buy new dresses and books for Mary but can't, for we'll have only jest enough to pay our fare home after stayin' another week."

"Another week," groaned Johnson. "How'll we ever get through it?"

Then he continued: "We tried to find that machine place, but couldn't. It's a fraud, jest as I thought. I hired a lawyer, an' he hunted round some an' went to the post-office an' got hold of a lot of letters they'd refused to deliver to the fraud place. One of the letters was from you which you must have sent after we left. It had a check for fifteen hundred dollars in it. But don't fret. I've got it back all safe."

He drew a quick, hard breath, and then read the short postscript. "I forgot to say the lawyer cost me ten dollars. Don't forget the things I wrote you about. We'll be home a week from Saturday. Good-bye."

He dropped the letter and leaned his head upon his hands. Thinking was unusual to him, but this time it was to good purpose, for it ended in his writing, in a cramped, laborious hand:

"Dear Wife: I take my pen in hand to answer your welcome letter. We've been havin' an awful time an' want you to come back jest as soon's you can. All the men will be glad to taste of your cookin' again an' I won't never say nothin' more 'bout its bein' easy. I'm sorry 'bout Mary's dresses. You can have a hundred out of that fifteen hundred an' buy whatever you want. And I'm free to say I think it a good idee to have a hired girl. One of the Gould or Cady girls might do with some one to go ahead. But you pick out jest whoever you like. I don't want anything more to do with the kitchen. Only come home soon. JOHN."

DISCOVER RELIC OF EARLY MARTYR

Glasgow.—Wardley Hall, an ancient edifice in the manor of Worsley, about seven miles from Manchester is the place of repose of a precious relic, the skull of a monk of St. Benedict, Edward Ambrose Barlow who shed his blood for the Faith at Lancaster September 10, 1641.

The shrine was recently discovered by accident. It is situated in a niche in the staircase wall.

The martyr was the son of Alexander Barlow, of Barlow Hall near Didsbury. Dom Bede Camm says of him: "As he grew up and considered the emptiness and vanity of this life, and the greatness of things eternal, he took a resolution to withdraw himself from the world and go abroad in order to procure those helps to virtue and learning which might qualify him for the priesthood and enable him to be of some assistance to his native country."


Edward Barlow, therefore, went to Douai and afterward to the English College at Valladolid in 1610. He made his solemn vows as a Benedictine monk in 1615 and was ordained priest in 1617. He was

sent to labor on the English mission and spent the last twenty-four years of his life in Lancashire.

On March 7, 1641 a Royal Decree ordered all priests to leave the United Kingdom within the space of one month under penalty of death.

Father Barlow suffered shortly after the promulgation of this barbarous decree. He was hanged, dismembered, and boiled in tar. At that time he was fifty-five years old. His head was rescued by one of the heirs of Wardley Hall, and since the 18th Century it has been enshrined in the manner described.

How seldom do we have anything to say that is worth saying.



**For Biliousness Headache and Constipation**  
**Dr. Chases' Kidney Pills**

## Assumption College

SANDWICH, ONT.

AFFILIATED WITH THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY  
CONDUCTED BY THE BASILIAN FATHERS

### Boarding School for Young Men and Boys

with the following courses:

**College Course** leading to the degree of BACHELOR OF ARTS, and offering a complete foundation for the study of the professions, and especially designed for students preparing for the Priesthood.

**High School Course** complying with the requirements of the Ontario Department of Education.

**Commercial Course** equipping students for a business career.

**Preparatory Department** for boys in Junior and Senior Fourth Classes.


Well Qualified Staff; Good Buildings and Equipment; Gymnasium; Running Track; Swimming Pool; Handball Alleys; Tennis Courts; Football and Baseball Grounds; Acres of Campus.

Private Room accommodations for one hundred students.

The 54th Year Begins Tuesday, Sept. 4th

For catalogue and particulars, address:

REV. D. L. DILLON, C. S. B.  
SUPERIOR



**Loyola College**

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Arts and General Sciences, Degrees of B.A., B.Sc. and B.Litt. Special preparation for Law, Medicine and Engineering.

**Loyola College High School**

A Classical School of recognized standing. Address: Rev. W. H. Hington, S.J., Rector  
Loyola Matriculation accepted everywhere.

## St. Joseph's Academy

NORTH BAY, ONT.

Residential and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls

Fully Equipped High School and Commercial School  
Art and Music

Prospectus on Application

## St. Jerome's College

KITCHENER, ONT.

Commercial, High School, College and Philosophical Departments.  
Large Gymnasium, Swimming Pool.  
Comfortable Sleeping Rooms. Good Board.

Address:

REV. W. A. BENINGER, C. R., President.

# St. Michael's College

TORONTO, CANADA

## The Catholic College of the University of Toronto

ALL COURSES LEADING TO DEGREES IN ARTS

REV. H. CARR, C. S. B.,  
SUPERIOR.

REV. E. J. McCORKELL, C. S. B.,  
REGISTRAR.

## ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

For Calendar write:— REV. H. S. BELLISLE, C. S. B.

Conscience plays a trick on a man by making it so he cannot forget the things he does not want to remember.

## Ursuline College of Arts

The Ladies' College and Residence of the Western University, London, Ontario

Under the patronage of His Lordship The Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D. Bishop of London.

### All Courses Leading to Degrees in Arts

Date of Registration  
Oct. 1st, 1923

For information, apply to  
**Brescia Hall**  
LONDON, ONT.

## URSULINE COLLEGE

"The Pines" Chatham, Ontario

Residential and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls. Beautiful situation. New Buildings with all modern equipment. Twenty-acre campus. An ideal School.

Collegiate, Preparatory and Commercial Departments

School of Music  
Affiliated with Toronto Conservatory

Write for Illustrated Prospectus to the  
REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR.

## St. Joseph's Academy

LINDSAY, ONT.

Residential and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls

Complete Lower, Middle, and Upper School to Second Year University, under the direction of teachers holding University degrees.

Complete Commercial, Music, Art, and Domestic Science.  
The Music Departments are in affiliation with the Toronto Conservatory and Canadian Academy of Music.

For particulars, apply to  
THE DIRECTRESS.

## St. Mary's Academy

Windsor, Ont.

For Resident and Day Students  
CONDUCTED BY  
The Sisters of the Holy Names

Courses of Study prescribed by the Ontario Department of Education.  
School of Music, Art and Commerce

For Catalogues, address:  
SISTER SUPERIOR.

## TIRES

30 x 3 1/2  
**Cord Tires**  
(Slightly blemished)  
**\$9.30**  
Tubes \$1.25

We ship C. O. D. subject to examination. Express charges prepaid on orders of \$25 or more

### RIVERDALE TIRE CORPORATION

Toronto Sherbrooke Montreal  
Peterboro Ottawa Hamilton  
London Windsor

## SERVICE



1000 Rooms  
Each With Bath

Rates	Single	Double
44 rooms	\$2.50	\$4.00
174 rooms	\$3.00	\$4.50
292 rooms	\$3.50	\$5.00
295 rooms	\$4.00	\$5.50
249 rooms	\$5.00	\$6.00

and up

Enjoy Your Stay in  
**CHICAGO**  
in the Heart of the Loop

Convenient to all theaters; railway stations, the retail and wholesale districts, by living at the

### MORRISON HOTEL

THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE  
Clark and Madison Sts.  
The Home of the

### Terrace Garden

CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT



### Hotel Wolverine

**DETROIT**

Newest and Most Modern  
500 Rooms 500 Baths  
Rates \$2.50 Up