been the one love of his life. She had called her child after him, with perhaps a late understanding of what she had given up for Robert those intimate letters revealed.

as of the few little happenings of her a time she her quiet days. She did not know began to show signs of life. She recovered more quickly than he had dared to hope. The rescuing ship

doctor nor his sister showed the least sign of marrying. Mary had grown into a nobly handsome woman, older than her years, said woman, older than her years, said woman, older than her years, said more than maternal; and though what had happened. Mary's memwhile she was yet quite but with such a beauty of spirit and heart as keeps a face young when its contemporaries are

Mary had had many suitors. She was looked up to, so to speak, by the people of her native town, and, outside her beauty and her goodness, she had the name of being a girl who would make a good wife; she had ruled her brother's house well and wisely all those years. But she sent away the suitors heartlessly. She had never yet seen a man like her brother, she used to declare to him privately, and, as for children, where was there a boy like Jacky so handsome, so clever, so warm-hearted, and so good at heart, despite his thousand and one escapades.

Jacky was about twelve years old when Dr. Daly died. He caught the fever in a bad time of epidemic, nursing the poor fever patients in the rough hospital sheds on the quay. In the first panic he had to be nurse and doctor and all. Where many were heroic, his heroism, simple and unconscious, stood out bravely. He fought the enemy with more than human courage and votion. . Then as the epidemic was abating, the fever seized on the doctor, and being enfeebled by late hours and fatigue as well as by ceaseless anxiety and sympathy for the suffering people, his frame had no power of resistance left. He died a hero and a martyr, people said; and when Mary, her hand tightly clasped in her boy's, fol-lowed him to the grave, her sad heart was lifted up by the sight of the love and sorrow of the peeple.

He had given with both hands up to the day he had given them his life. His will did not take long in the reading. There was a sum set apart to give Jacky his profession as a dortor; there was a legacy to old Nannie, who had served them faithfully for so many years; the rest was left to his sister.

The rest was far less than what Dr. Daly, dying in his prime, had anticipated. With the most extreme care it would bring in an annuity upon which Mary and the boy might live for the few years till the boy was earning for himself. "Mary decided with tears that Nannie must go, while she herself took on the simple housework of the cottage to which they must remove. But she reckoned without Nannie. 'hat excellent woman said she would pitch th' ould money in the say if Miss Mary liked, but lave her, an' the child she had helped to rear she would not, not if Miss Mary got all the polismen in the place to remove her an' run her in

for obstruction.
She wanted the money to go into the common fund but since Mary would not hear of this, she took out of it a certain sum to bury when her time came, and having deposited it with Father Cahill, put the rest in a stocking in her mattress, to be drawn upon to keep her as need arose.

the years passed and the boy grew to be a man, the old feeling changed. The two became more equal indeed, it was now Mary who looked for her boy's advice and took listened with eager want fast; but not fast enough for

looked for her boy's advice and took it or who listened with eager interest while he talked of a wider life and a wider thought than she had known.

But the blow came when soon after he was qualified, he was offered, through the interest of one of his professors a place in New Zealand. The position had many advantages, and what was there for him if he did not accept it? He had no money to buy a practice, or to keep him while he made one. Besides, from the time he came to manhood he had suffered from knowing that he was a strain upon Mary's slender means.

Old woman's odd memories and imaginations. The days and nights went fast; but not fast enough for her at the other end of the voyage.

They were not many days from land when a terrible thing happened. In the middle of the night the ship caught fire. There were boats enough for all and every one got away from the ship. The boats kept together as long as they could; but the second night after the fire the boat in which Mary Daly, and old Nannie were together parted company with the others.

They drifted about all day in the

Mary's slender means.

As for her, she had set all her love on him, and the thought of his going was like death. She could not realize that she must live without him, yet she never thought of trying to keep him. When his choice had to be made, she threw all her influence into the scale of Mary lay with the others.

They drifted about all day in the burning sun, watching vainly for the sight of a sail or the smoke of a steamer. The next day it was the same, and the next. The third day to would rather the voyage were taken before she begins to recover. I wish I could say that I hoped you would come back here; but I think your wife will never take another sall her influence into the scale of Mary. He had quite approved of his pupil's plan of taking her home at once.

"Frankly, my lad," he said, "I would rather the voyage were taken before she begins to recover. I wish I could say that I hoped you would come back here; but I think your wife will never take another says a strain then the tothers. trying to keep him. When his choice had to be made, she threw all her influence into the scale of his going. He seemed to dread the parting as much as she did, yet she knew that it is not the same to the man whose courage bids him take the world by storm as it is to the woman who sits at home quietly putting up her fears and hopes for him to God.

"I will come back, Mary," he said—lifting her face to look into the depths of her eyes, and the depths of her eyes, and the gesture was like a lover's—"I will come back, or you will come to me."

"Yes, yes," she said; "we will only think of meeting again." Bat in her heart she said: "There will be a woman somewhere to take you from me, so that you will never need me again."

For three years she wrote to him by every mail, and heard from him nearly as often. She kept a diary for him, filling it every night with the record of her thoughts as well

The fourth day the water came to to an end. Mary lay with her head in old Nannie's lap talking half delirious as tupor. The others looked at her bow who was waiting for her. Toward evening she fell into a stupor. The others looked at her with lack-luster eyes. It was better than going mad, which would be the lot of some of them very son.

The fifth day the water came to the autupor. The others looked at her with lack-luster eyes. It was better than going mad, which would be the lot of some of them very son.

The fifth day they was waiting for her. Toward evening she fell into a stupor. The others looked at her with lack-luster eyes. It was better than going mad, which would be the lot of some of them very son.

The fifth day the water came to double was very looked at her with lack-luster eyes. It was obtent even were married, and went home. In a little country cottage, far inland, Jack Waldron set up his first home. There, little by little, he won Mary back to perfect health. He did well, as he deserved, good fellow, and is now a distinguished specialist. They have two beautiful boys, and no one would ever imagine to look at

what she had given up for Robert Waldron's showy worthlessness.

As the years passed, neither the doctor nor his sister showed the least sign of marrying. Mary had grown into a nobly handsome woman, older than her years, said stranger woman. Her jealousy was lettered dared to hope. The rescuing ship was on her way to Australia. Before any of the other shipwrecked people were about, Mary was able to come on deck, where she sat all day milling at the distant horizon. more than maternal; and though every night she forced herself to every night have all human what had happened. Mary's memory was gone.

The news of the rescue had gone and following close on happiness, there was a silent ecstasy of relief after each of those letters, in which he proved to her that all his thoughts were hers.

The third year had not passed over when the letter came that changed the currents of her peaceful life.

"I wish I had not to say this to Mary Morrison" with the rescue party on board.

ful life.
"I wish I had not to say this to

"I wish I had not to say this to you from so great a distance," he wrote. "I thought of postponing it till I could come to you, but for the present that is impossible. I love you, Mary, with all the love of a man has to give a woman. I wonder you never seemed to guess how my love was changing from the love for my benefactress, my little mother, to the love a man gives his wife. I have seen many women since we parted, but never one who approached you. I ama man grown ment.

Mary met him as if they ha parted yesterday. She had alwa been quiet, and at the first sig her quietness hardly surprised hir more apparent excitement in he tender voice than when he has satchel of school-books on the rour table in the little parlor at home. "My poor darling, what you have suffered!" he cried, in the first ment. approached you. I am a man grown and I love you with the one love of my life. I need you more than I could ever tell you. Come to me, Mary; do not keep me waiting. You will not tell me, as a more timid woman would, that there is disparity of age between us. Age matters nothing in the face of the love I have for you. It will always

He was so sure of her coming that he had inclosed her passage money

and old Nannie's.

"Everything will be ready for you," he wrote, "and we shall be married when you land. Don't keep me waiting. I have waited too long. Come by the next steamer that sails." that sails.

Perhaps he wanted to save her the nine days' wonder. Anyhow, she obeyed him. Without telling anyone she was going to be married, she made her arrangements, and said good-by to her few friends. To most of them it seemed a very natural arrangement that she should join the led she had record. join the lad she had reared. Only one old friend, a Mrs. Scanlan, made a half-laughing objection.

"You're too handsome, my woman in the house with a young man, even if he was once your baby. Forty! You don't look it, no one will believe it; and the lad will be ruined as a family doctor. That's

A minx of a girl expressed her opinion of Mary to a friend of her

"Well, Emily, my dear, if being good and gentle and kind can insure us a complexion and eyes and figure like Miss Daly's at forty, don't you think we ought to mend our

Mary Daly sailed, the happiest woman in the world. Old Nannie, who went with her, knew her secret

and approved.
"A finer and a better woman couldn't put her comether on him," she said; "an' as for beauty, there isn't your like walks Patrick Street of a morning.

Certainly in those days a strange beauty had come to Mary Daly. She was an object of extreme inter-Despite the poverty they were a happy little household till the day came to part from Jacky. He had grown tall and manly by the time he had finished his medical course at the Queen's College. His real mother could have been no prouder and fonder of him than Mary. As the years passed and the boy grew to be a man, the old feeling looks directed her way. Sometimes

BAD LITERATURE

Familiarity accustoms us to things which at first seem abhorrent, but in the end creep stealthily into the unwary heart. This is peculiarly true of the flood of poisonous literature which today innundates the country and is fast sapping the strong pure blood of the race.

On every side we hear the doctrine of free thought preached. Certain elements feel that there should be no let or stay to their activities. Liberty and license, in a word are all the same to them.

To the thoughtful man or woman liberty of choice represents something serious, something responsible which at first seem abhorrent, but

"Yes Jacky," she said, looking at him in a gentle bewilderment, as if she had not quite caught the sense of his words and was struck

You are right, Nannie," he said. "She wants perfect rest, and you and I must see that she gets it."

He left her lying down at the hotel, and drove madly to the house

of a distinguished specialist, under whom he had been studying, and

told him the facts of the case, as he had gathered them from old

"Another word, sir, before you have seen her. We are to be mar-

ried tomorrow at eleven at St.

The elder man dropped his glasses

"Are you right to do that, Waldron? How if she never re-

"She will be Mary all the same

But she will recover. I have thought about the matter, sir, and

have decided to take her home. I believe it will be her best chance."

"You think she is fit to go through the marriage ceremony?"

thing the matter with her. Except that she seems to remember noth-

ing, she is just her old, sweet, reasonable self. I will take passages by the Orient, which sails next week. Till then, except for

The great specialist told his wife

afterward that when he spoke of John Waldron's wife the young fel-

low had lifted his head with an air

She looks like a Raphael Madonna, a most sweet and tender creature. And then Jack Waldron knows his

His verdict had been hopeful on seeing Mary. He had quite ap-proved of his pupil's plan of taking

of radiant pride.

own mind.

"I defy you, sir, to know, if I had

appearance

of the dootor.

Nannie

time will remove.

and stared.

thing serious, something responsible and something that may work for Mary met him as if they had parted yesterday. She had always been quiet, and at the first sight her quietness hardly surprised him.

"Is it Jacky?" she said, using the old childish name, and with no tremendous good or evil to the soul. Choice is, indeed the inalienable right of mankind, but a wise choice is necessary if grave evil is not to result.

It would seem that the choice of reading matter is of slight moment to many of today. Otherwise how account for the indiscriminate per-usal of any and every bad book or more apparent excitement in her tender voice than when he had come in from school and flung the satchel of school-books on the round pamphlet which comes from the press bearing its so-called message "My poor darling, what you have suffered!" he cried, in the first mo-

to the race?
We read in the life of St. Jerome we read in the life of St. Jerome that he was scourged by an angel who whilst striking him, reproached him for reading Cicero with more zest than the Gospel. What then shall we think of the man or woman who deliberately consents to devour with something unusual in his and digest the rotten fruit offered in the printed page, tainted as it is Mary's very tired, sir, said the old nurse, coming forward. "She's had to bear a lot."

He held his bride at arm's length and looked at her with the keen eye

"I was between seventeen and eighteen," writes a great apologist and convert, "when I read the extravagant utterances of nameless pamphlets which however had nothing immoral in their contents. I have never since been tempted to open a like work not because I was afraid of their doing me harm, but from a deep sense conviction of their utter worthlessness. And how shall we find time for those writings which are, as it were, the public sewers of the human mind, and which notwithstanding their flowers contain nothing but frightful corruption?

"I believe, sir," he said, "that it is only a temporary cloud; and I pray to God that you may be able to ratify my opinion. I want you to see her. If you could come this evening after dinner, and talk quietly with us, you could observe her at your leisure."

"I will come, my lad," said the great doctor. "And I too trust that it is only the result of her great shock and suffering which time will remove." Writers who put forth this rottenness have scant respect for the intelligence of their readers.

The surest and quickest way to stop this unwholesome torrent of bad literature is by refusing to read or condone anything that savors of immorality. In this manner we may hope once more to promote that peaceful and pure simplicity of life and that contentment which our forefathers pos-sessed in such abundance, so sadly lacking in our age.-The Pilot.

AIX PILGRIMAGES ARE AGAIN POSTPONED BY CATHEDRAL PROVOST

The pilgrimage to Aix-la-Chapelle for the veneration of the many precious relics of early Christianity deposited there, has been postponed again this year, and, according to the custom which requires that this pilgrimage be made every seven years, will be deferred until

The last pilgrimage was in 1909. Owing to the War it was impossible to hold the event in 1916 and now Dr. Straeter, the provost of the Aix-la-Chapelle Cathedral has announced that on account of the uncertain condition of political affairs and the state of the country generally, it has been determined

once more to postpone it.

Throughout the medieval times the ceremonies of the coronation of the German King took place invariably in Aix-la-Chapelle. There are stored many interesting relics of these ceremonies. More important still, there are relies said to date back to the time of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, as well as apostles and other saints, which Charlemagne of radiant pride.

"It is the strangest, oddest affair I have ever come across, Miriam," he said. "A woman of forty, and the lad's adopted mother; and now with this shadow on her brain, which may or may not pass away."

"It seems very wild, Humphrey."

"It does, my dear; but less so to me since I have seen the woman. She looks like a Raphael Madonna is supposed to have received as presents from the Sultan Haroun al Raschid. The pilgrimage has been a national custom since medieval times, when great numbers were accustomed to come even from surrounding countries.

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