# JOHN BLAKE, FARMER

red gate and opened it wide for the in my time. I did it all myself till tired horses with which he had been you were old enough to help me, and ploughing all day, to pass through everything has prospered under your and refresh themselves at the cool hands, John. Still, maybe James spring that bubbled up in the pas- Brown could. Did you think of leavture field at the foot of the hill. They in', John?" to-night he had no word for them. where else." He closed the gate and leanen heavily Then there was another long sil-

A May sunset was lushing earth her dishes and came and sat down and sky. The new springing grass between her son and her husband, her looked fresh and green. A light fea- face very white and her hands shakthery leafage was on the trees, and ing a little. After a while the old a few of them had put out blos- man reached out and took one of the soms. The western sky was piled trembling hands into his own. high with crimson clouds, with close to the horizon a bar of fiery gold. he said, trying to speak cheerfully. A reflected brightness flushed the "What he feels isn't unnatural. Other east with a soft roseate hue. All young men say the same. Very few was still as the new birth of a new of them are content now-a-days to world. A sense of wonderful beauty live their father's lives over again. and mys'ery filled John Blake's un- Only it's come sudden. Don't think words for such a scene, no clearly de- right-only sudden."

did it move him so?

sweeping down the hill with a gay and beauty. And the "city chap," as ture. A handsome cavelierish lookcompanion was saving; and a little cloud of dust which the hoofs of the his old self again. horses beat up behind them filled John's eyes and choked his throat and added bitterness to his mood.

He glanced down at his hard, horny hands, his coarse toil-stained clothes. How well he would look at Jessie's said, too sudden to be wise. I have I am so sorry." side! He had loved her in a vague given it up for a time at least." sweetness, he thought, without her. wife, and that is just what he wasa farmer. Then the question came could he be nothing else? Did fate doom him always to go in and out on these old ways, to plough and plant, and make hay, and reap grain all summer, and go back and forth between the homestead and the wood lot all winter? If his father and mother were getting old, if he was all they had-did that settle the matmake a career which Jessie Grant would not scorn to share.

The crimson had died out of the west, the rose hue out of the east. A low wind had risen and blew mournfully across the fields. John of night. Something hard, stern, sul- did not offer what he wanted. len, alien as it seemed to his hearty, generous nature, entered in and took possession of him. He went home slowly with heavy footsteps.

"Tired, Johnny?" his mother said cheerily as he came into the kitchen. Somehow the words vexed him. She had said them often enough before, but they had never struck him just in this way till now. Johnny! she would only remember that he was twenty-two years old!

"Yes, I'm tired," he answered dog-

"Well, come right to the table. I've for you. That'll rest you and brighten you up a little."

John threw down his hat impa-

"Mother," said he with a bitterness he hated himself for afterwards, "I with some folks."

His mother's eyes clouded, but she that to-night for some reason he was i not responsible for himself.

"Yes, I've had troubles that went only mothers, with mothers' hearts her. He had never spoken with her of the superior creature who is to be know anything about, troubles that for more than a passing good-day her liege lord and future master. She creature comforts would not help since her engagement. much; and yet I don't despise this world's good things."

Her patience and gentleness touched nim. He drew up his chair to the table, where his father was already sitting, and answered her in a softer tone.

"I suppose you are right, mother, but I'm not just myself to-night." He ate his supper in silence, and after it was over sat for a few moments thinking, still silently. At

last he took courage and opened the subject of which his mind was full. "Father, James Brown is wanting a place. Don't you think, with you to oversee him, he could do the work

on the farm this summer?" Mrs. Blake did not speak, but the cup she was wiping fell to the floor with a crash. For a full minute it was the only sound which broke the

stillness. At last the old man ans-

wered: "I don't know, John; maybe he John Blake unfastened the great could. I never liked to have any strangers working on the old place

turned their heads and looked at him "I don't feel satisfied, father, to be with their "reat full eyes, as if ex- a farmer in this small way. I want pecting a word, for they were used to do something more with my life. to the sound of his voice, and they You could hire a man to do all I do liked it, as dumb animals always do, for twenty dollars a month, and I the voice of a kind master. But want to see what I'm worth some-

ence. Mrs. Blake finished washing up

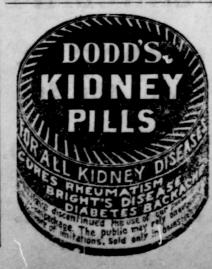
"We mustn't blame John, mother,"

And yet she would be no fit farmer's young lips could have been more fond, soon." could any be more dear?

again which had haunted him before— of Jessie's betrothal to her cousin, two/months ago. I had never loved by considers herself a degree above Name," in which the entire congredumb pain. She never would have self; and I told him the truth." ter? Some one could be hired to do left those two who did love him to her cheeks, or her shy half-closed eyes, front and a husband with immaculate half an hour. His theme was the as well for them, and he—he believed mourn. After all, perhaps this exist- or all together gave John Blake cour- linen. Marry a workingman! Heaven good effect of religion on men. he had enough in him to go away and ence of ploughing and planting was all age, and he said, holding her hand forbid! As a result the banker's It was hardly expected that the he was good for. Fate had placed still:

When autumn came and it was time for him, if at all, to make the change softly, and her hand stayed in his. he had planned in spring, he was surprised to find that the inclination to make it was gone. Some healing ministry, call it of nature or of grace, God knows, had been at work in his soul; and unconsciously to himself, through the long summer days and swift, short If summer nights, he had been learning the sweetness of duty pure and simple-duty done for its own sake. He had begun to ask himself, not what tholic young woman is hardly ever the priest who stands at the altar ments were usually suggested from the and he felt that in the very fact of the recipient of a great deal of whole- the faces of those who approach the gestion came from the pews. He had well, come right to the table. It has being to those who loved him some advice, and is made to feel in table of the Lord understands well watched the progress of the early their all on earth, God had called him many ways that her chief duty is to the place which the Catholic young service with particular interest and never again feel tempted to turn his dom consulted when theories concern- the Church. He understands why she success. In about a month, the Archtiently. Tea! What notions of life back. Reconciled at last to the ap- ing her relfare are propounded, and is treasured and watched over and bishop said he would be in Rome on women had! He looked at his mothwomen had: He looked at his mother also with his own soul; and a new tude of those who have nothing but Church's eye. It is a place where the things he would have to tell him

vigor and manliness into his life.





#### Proclaims Its Merits.

VIVIAN, ONTARIO.

It's with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines: My wife had lost all control of her heres and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally. She commenced using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonicon August 4th and a few days afterward the could come into the parlor and sing to the musicand execute the sold part of hymns alone, is also able to do work about the house. I am sorry that I did not hear of this wonderful remedy sooner for I could have bought twenty-five or more bottles for what I paid the doctor here, just to come and look at her, for he do many sooner for I could have bought to the fold. When he is conscientious, he is frequently lacking in pride and ambition, and feels that he is not good enough for the young ladid no further good whatever. Pastor Koenig's Tonic will be a blessing to all, and I can strongly recommend it. I send to day for another bottle for my wife, and also for one for another lady who has received nearly all of the form wife, and also for one for another lady who has received nearly all of the lamily accomplishments. In this he is often mistaken. She is proud and for a pill which could be taken with-

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that he was their all laid on him ar purposeless sort of way, towards her and death.

better than he could have done him- good things of this life to promise dust-begrimed worker draws twice apostolic benediction his Grace faced self. So he settled back into the you, Jessie, that I dared not tell you the salary of either of them, and is, the congregation and spoke in a very old grooves with a grim resignation how dearly I loved you and always as a rule, in every way a very desir- feeling manner for fifteen minutes. which was not content. Still he felt should. You seem too bright and fair able husband. Blake's mood changed with the race himself at odds with the life which to settle down here, as the wife of a farmer.

NANO BOURKE.

## The Problem of the Catholic Young Woman

(By Rev. J. T. Roche.)

he wished, but what he ought to do; given a chance to talk back. She is railing on Sundays and gazes upon sanctuary, but in this case the sugto certain duties on which he would listen and learn. She herself is sel- woman occupies in the affections of had been greatly pleased with its light came into his eyes, a new advice to give. She cannot help feel- she is ever in the majority. Des- would be the remarkable scene he had ing that she has a destiny to work pite her shortcomings and her errors, witnessed on the occasion of the fifth He could think of Jessie Grant in out in the world, and that she is han- she stands in a class all by herself. anniversary of the institution of the these days without pain. There would dicapped by the bare fact that the Her innocence, purity and maidenly early Mass at St. Andrew's. a cup of good tea would not cure? always be in his heart for her the working out of that destiny is large- modesty are acknowledged the world. The Archbishop then gave the apos-Things don't go any deeper than that tenderness a good man feels towards ly dependent upon the whims and fana woman once beloved, but whether cies of the male persuasion. She has she was his or another's he could to be sought after rather than to answered him very gently. She felt reckon the loss or gain among the seek. She cannot think of being 'all things" he was content to leave married until she is asked. It is not permitted to her even to make the He had heard she was to be mar- first advances along sentimental lines, deep enough, Johnny. Troubles that ried at Christmas, but he seldom saw for fear of shocking the sensibilities is expected to be demure and coy, and One afternoon in late November he retiring and bashful, and meek and brought home from the village post modest and all that, but if she be passed by in the mattimonial scramble she finds herself designated with the opprobrious epithet of "old maid" and all because she is not supposed to have any rights save those which

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come to her through the grace and over. Humanity pays to her its triing equal."

is not good enough for the young la- to the world one of the most unique HEAD OFFICE-TORONTO, CONT. whose nerves are weak, and whom I told what your Nerve Tonic had done for us.

John Mitchell. independent, but she has sense enough out nausea, and that would purge to recognize true manhood when she without pain, it has met all require-A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample bottle to any address.

Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. PATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the Through no fault of hers she is some- to possess alternative and curative times face to face with the proposi- powers which place it in the front tion of a "mixed marriage" or no rank of medicines. marriage at all. It may be that no marriage would be the best solution of her difficulty, but the tendrils of educated perceptions. He had no we blame you, boy; it's all fair and office a burdle of papers. Sitting by the human heart reach out mysterithe fire and glancing them over, his ously, and life and love and happifined thoughts about it, even; but it John got up and went upstairs. His eye was caught by the heading in ness are all wonderfully wrapped up moistened his eyes and quickened his mother's pale silence, his father's at- large letters, "Another Case of De- in this old marriage problem. Law- the morning of the 6th in old St. pulse, and seemed to flood his life tempts at cheerfulness, seemed more falcation." He began to read the givers may legislate, and preachers Andrew's Church, in Duane street, on with a rush of dreams and longings. than he could bear. He went away article with a mind of careless half may preach, and theologians may the occasion of the fifth anniversary How beautiful the world was! to his own room and sat down by the interest people in the country feel in point out the rough and narrow way of the founding of what is popular-There were some men who painted window. Over across the fields a the excitements of the city which cansuch scenes as these, others who light burned steadily. He knew it not touch them personally; but sud- who sings of love will be listened to Midnight Mass." This is the first wrote poetry about them-others was the lamp in Jessie's parlor. Was denly he started up, clutching the palong after preacher and time in this country that an Archset them to music like the song of she worth all this suffering he was per tight and straining his eyes over lawgivers have been forgotten. And bishop ever took part in a service of birds, or the soft wash of waves. causing the old people? Would she it as if he doubted his own vision. yet, by a strange anomaly of fate, this kind at such an hour. What was his part of all this? There ever love him as they did? Was he The name of the defaulting and run- love itself, the very well-spring and Although the services had not been must be some meaning in it all, if he sure that she would have him at all? away teller was that of Jessie source of human happiness, unless advertised at all, beyond the announcecould only grasp it. If he had no But in this untried life, this great Grant's lover. Thank Heaven that consecrated by faith and founded upon ment in the church itself for the two part or lot in all this beauty why world, where so many failed, how did no mean selfishness stained his soul religious motives, is destructive of previous Sundays, more than 1,800 he know that he should succeed? in that hour. He was honestly and the very happiness which, like some persons were present. Admission was Just then he heard the sound of What was he going to do? How va- heartily touched at the thought of gilded Quivera, is ever to be found in by ticket only, and the main body of horses' hoofs and looked in the direc- gue all his purposes were-just a Jessie's sorrow. Poor girl! If there a youthful land of hope and promise, the church was reserved entirely for tion it came. Jessie Grant was dream born of a soft spring night were only anything he could do to aid but which like the promised land of the men who attend every Sunday and and Jessie's sweet, fair face! And or comfort her. He took his hat and old, is closed to those who wander in their male friends. The gallaries gallant beside her. How like a part for it he was going to overturn the went out, with some vague purpose of the desert of life. It is the great were crowded with women, many of of the sunset beauty she looked with whole fabric of his life. No, he would offering her help, which the fall winds mystery of life over again—of huits rose upon her cheek, its radiance in her eyes and hair. Her pretty least, all should go on as before. He brow. Of course there was nothing to find happiness in those things altar and seated in the sanctuary. blue habit, falling low and swinging would take time to consider. By he could do; he could not even speak which do not rest upon God or upon There was a choir of nearly one hunto the motion of her horse, her little hands with the dainty gauntlets he could do, and whether he could would be too sacred and he, had he vanities which pagan and believer choir from the Church of Our Lady on them—so much youth, and grace bear to leave that old father and mo- not been used this many a month to alike have realized, the bitter wis- of Victory and fifty singers from ther whose all he was-quite alone. the idea that he was nothing to her dom which the world has learned Damrosch's People's Chorus. John called him, did not mar the pic- He began to think that this very fact any more? Still he went on in a through suffering and sorrow and sin Archbishop Farley was assisted in

> "Will you see James Brown to- good-evening, but when she put out ters of hard-working, honest parents monies. The Rev. Thomas J. Campday?" his father asked at breakfast, her hand to him, and he looked into are kept in school, whilst their bro- bell, ex-provincial of the Jesuits, dewith an anxiety he strove to conceal. her fair, sweet face, the words came there are learning trades or spending hivered the sermon. ily is interested in seeing that the J. O'Mahoney. The organist was J. "Yes," she said gently, "it will girls of the household receive as many Joseph Hession. Two weeks later news came to him "not to him. That was done with the mechanic or the artisan by and hymn, "Holy God, We Praise Thy the young man whom he had seen rid- him. It was vanity that made me her brother in the world and looks gation joined. Just before the ofing beside her in the May twilight, consent to marry him. He was hand- for her associates amongst those fertory Father Evers made a short class. The over-educated mechanic's an early hour and conducting such a was well he had not gone away and tones, or the swift color that stained aspires to a maid and a brown-stone ther Campbell, who spoke for about clerk and the young professional man Archbishop would make an address, him rightly, gauged his capacities "It was because I had none of the are in great demand, even though the but just before he pronounced the

The cheap piano has turned the to detain the people any longer, he heads of many of our girls. As soon could not restrain the impulse to ex-"But if I like that best," she said as they find themselves able to per- press his gratification at the wonderpetrate a few of the so iful ballads ful scene he had witnessed. Father of the hour on its keys, they begin Evers had previously said that the to look around for some one able to congregation felt honored by the preskeep them in a style befitting their ence of the Archbishop, but his Grace higher attainments. The hero is declared that he was the one who had sometimes slow in coming, and as a been honored by the invitation to be last resort they turn to the horny- present. He congratulated the men handed sons of toil-but only as a on the success of the early Mass, and

last resort. Notwithstanding all that has been ly because the movement was of their I have sometimes felt that the Ca- said, it is a fact, nevertheless, that own initiative entirely. Such move-

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favor of the opposite sex. She is bute of respect. Her moral supreexpected to marry a Catholic young macy is unquestioned, and the Church man, of course, and she would much is proud because it has made her so. prefer to do so, "all things else be- It is jealous at the same time of her thonor, and strives to safeguard it by It is this last clause of the con- every means within its power. As the tract, however, which is the source wife and mother of the future, her inof much difficulty. The desirable fluence for good will be in proportion 2 Catholic young man is not so plenti- to the depth of her religious convic-

### Archbishop at Night Mass

Archbishop Farley celebrated Pontifical High Mass at 2.30 o'clock on

celebrating the Mass by the Rev. ing man, there was no denying that obligation that was not to be evaded house; went on until he saw a slenhe showed well beside Jessie, but that no success purchased at such der figure coming as if to meet him, ly at fault. It runs to extremes. the Rev. D. F. O'Connor as sub-deaselfish expenditure would be worth under the leafless elm boughs, over Where our girls are not entirely ne- con of honor, the Rev. Antonio Palswept by, Jessie's low, silvery laugh tinkling a response to something her tinkling a response to something her late the would wait. The dead and rustling leaves which lay thick upon the foot-path. Like educated. By this I mean that they list as deacon of the Mass, the Rev. Antonio Pallock which seemed to silve the would wait. Like educated. By this I mean that they ness which seemed to give him back one in a dream he moved forward. He are given advantages which are de- and the Rev. James Lewis, the Archhad meant to pass her with just a nied to their brothers. The daugh- bishop's secretary, as master of cere-"Not to-day, father; not at pres- before he knew it to his lips, "I have their time at hard labor helping to "Twelfth Mass" was sung by the ent. My plan was sudden, as you seen it all in the paper, Jessie, and support the family. The whole fam-

side! He had loved her in a vague sort of way, ever since he could respect to the sort of way, ever since he could respect to the speak—only John's mother when the sort of way and painting and all those the speak when the speak whe of the accomplishments as possible. The Archbishop in full canonicals got up and silently kissed him. No you were to have been married so things which go to give a finish to clock, and it was just 5 o'clock when a young lady's training are added, the services were brought to a close "Not to him," she said hurriedly, with the result that the daughter of with the singing of the thanksgiving This was an unexpected blow, some- some and gallant, and he promised whose hands are not besmeared with address, in the course of which he exthing which, knowing the man was me all the good things of this life, the soot and grime of honest toil, pressed the gratitude of the night her cousin, he had never feared. The But I found out after a while that Her brother must look for a wife workers to the Archbishop for his news sank into his heart with a dull, none of them would pay me for my- amongst the girls of a humbler gracious act of getting up at such cared for him, then-never had. It Something in her hurried, earnest daughter is too good for him. She long service. He then introduced Fa-

> He said that while he did not wish said they deserved praise, particular-

ing hymn was sung. A finely illustrated programme of

the services with an address by the night workers to the Archbishop was distributed among the congregation.

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