THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND Author of "The Tragedy of Chris," "Nanno, "Onora," etc.

> CHAPTER II AT THE FORGE

Tom Donohoe, as well as any other delighted in looking on at the dance but his work was never done, for no-body could tell when a horse might arrive to be shod. While Mrs. Derody was coming round a corner of ne Cross-roads, slowly considering what she had to say (Tom's temper being hot and hasty as his own anvil and hammer,) the blacksmith was talking to Shan Sullivan, a farmer from higher up in the hill-country.

Shan had come so far on his way the morrow's early market at Ballyorglin, and his cart stood near the forge while Tom was delaying rather than preparing to "put a slipper on the little mare." For Tom was as good as a newspaper to the district, and nobody brought him more reliable news of all that was going on, from the Kingdom of Kerry to the battlefield of Westminster than the tall lean, dark-browed man of grave aspect, with whom he was now in the grip of a political argu Not that there was much
" in the opinions of Donohoe and his client, but there will always be little points of question that must

downright agreement or disagree Oh, it's you, Mrs. Dermody!'

on, it's you, Mrs. Dermody! said Tom in a disappointed tone. "Good night, Tom; good night Mrs. Dermody," said Shan, turning his face to the moonlight and raising his soft round felt hat; an American

God bless y', Shan, I'm glad to see you. An' when did y' hear from Yestherday." said Shan, with a

smile surprisingly sweet on so seri ous and rather hard a face. "She's well, I hope, an' as han's some as ever? Shure, how could

she be else ?" Shan tossed his head with a slight laugh, as pleasant as his smile, which seemed to say that it was waste of time putting words to such

a foregone conclusion.
"When will she be comin' home Soon, I hope," said Shan. "Tom

Donohoe, will y' put the slipper on the mare an' let me go?"
"Why aren't you up at the dance while your business is doin', Shan Sullivan?'' said Mrs. Dermody. "You're a young man yet, an' Mary wouldn't be jealous, over in Amer

"I did my dancin' more'n fifteen year ago," said Shan, "an' it takes year ago," said Shan, "me to be trampin' now.'

The mare was shod, an Shan led the doorway of the forge, looking after him, a big brawny figure him-self, suggesting a picture of Lucifer, black with the fire behind him.

That's a man!" he said, as Shan mounted and moved away, while the jog of the loose wheel of the Irish market-cart grated on the road, and man, horse, and cart rose on the hill to titanic dimensions against the sky, dropping gradually out of sight, nead the last to sink as he drove, seemingly straight into the

Thrue for you; an there isn't too many," said Mrs. Dermody. "It's him that has held the grip tight, an' Mary'll be a lucky girl comin' home to him. D' y' know if ould Owny has bought the farm?"

There's delay yet, I believe," I Tom. "If I'd been Shan, I'd ha' married Mary in the teeth of it all. The years is countin' up. Thank God, I own no land. I'd rather ha' my strong arm nor all your fields,

The visitor smiled a superior smile. At that moment she looked the living realisation of Mangan's "Woman of Three Cows." It was

never her way to quarrel, however.
"It's a good thrade y' have, Tom
Donohoe," she said. "But everybody that's outside on the ditch Well now, Mrs. Dermody, what

can I do for y'? It's never yerself, is it that wants to be shod?" It's a little private word I have to say to you. I want you to call off your son Miles, an' disallow him to

be hantin' round my Bess." Tom Donohos blew a slight

'Ob, that's it, is it? An' what have I to do with a son that's as much a man as I am myself? I've no lan' to be bullyin' him about. he's on the ditch as y' say, so am I, an' his arm is as sthrong as my

Tom brought his hammer down on the anvil to make a loud amen to his

Y' can tell him your mind," said he say to us? Dermody meekly, for though she knew there was no real violen in Tom, except when iron was to be conquered, yet the bang of that hammer made her feel that he was a man not to be trifled with.

"Y' can tell him not to be injurin'
the prospec's of a harmless girl."

Is he injurin' her? Is she harm less, or only foolin' him? How do I know anything about it? Is he fond be lookin' for you." Maybe he is, and maybe he isn't. It's his own business. If y want to know what I can do for him If y' he's one a' ten, an' as far as money is concerned I wash my han's of him. I gev him his good health an' his five wits, an' that's as much as any man need look to his father to do for

"I'm not askin' y' either for your son or your money, Tom Donohoe, we'll but I'm manin' him an' you to time. undherstand that no child o' mine Th will ever live on the ditch, an' that with him, and Bess went home, and all my intention is to settle Bess on

"Away with y' then, ma'am, an settle her, an' don't bother me about Ye can have your pick of all the d bachelors round the rings o' Killelagh, an' they're not too few. Your girl's a nice girl enough for any one that fancies her, but if she doesn't like Miles it's herself that has the loss. An' what would y' want with grand-childer, you that has heifers an' pigs an' chickens to come afther y'? What would y' want with the young cratures of humanity? For myself, I'm glad that I have boys an' girls: an' if I was your daughter Bess, I'd rather go to America an' marry a young man that was there before me, than to lave myself in your han's to make little o' my life.

"There's enough o' goin' to America," said Mrs. Dermody, a little alarmed at his attack, and edging near the door. "Poor Mary O'Murrough had to go, for her people were one an' ber home was reeved. An' land, an' his father lookin' to buy an' no money to stock it, unless he would marry a girl with a fortune."

"An' if you had been Shan you'd and a "jinnit," a couple of cows, and chance.

have married the girl with the for-tune long ago, instead o' waitin' for fields; one for potatoes, another for be thrashed between friends into 'Maybe I wouldn't." said Mrs. Dermody, and the tears rushed to her eyes. "Matthias hadn't a scraw

o' land when I married him."
"Oh, well, you're like many's the mother that has one law for yourselves an' another for your childher. Myself thinks that what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gandher, and for the goslin's too. Howsomdever, go your ways, Mrs. Dermody, an' marry your girl to a juke out o' the Landed Estates Court, if out o' the Landed Estates Court, if y' like, only say no more to me about the son of my good wife that's bringing up men an' women to betther the best that the like o' you can putbefore her."

With that Donoboe banged the anvil again with his hammer, and Mrs. Dermody whisked out of the forge without even saying good night

'Oh wisha, wisha, what's this!" she said as she hurried up the road. 'But you're the angry man to spake to, Tom Donohoe! The dancing was all over and the

Crossroads was deserted, but Mrs. Dermody looked abouther suspiciousy for lingering figures, craning her neck in all directions to see over fences and behind bushes.

"I was full sure I saw the heads of collectors are now considering

the pair o' them above the ditch a minute ago," she said, "but I may as well go home, if they don't want me to find them. And Anne Bridget'll the yard, feeding her chickens. With ave the cup o' tea waitin' on me. If I have her still, itself she's a comfort to me. When Bess is settled in fair, freckled face, tiptilted nose, eyes a farm of her own I'll have Anne grey, green, or blue as the light might Bridget to look afther me, unless she'll take Pether Flynn with the fortune he'll be expectin' with her, in a large apron, and her shoes were I wondher how much he would be askin'. He's a bit old for Bess, I don't deny, and it'd be a terrible thing to let that farm of his out of the family, an' him offerin' it, an'

to see it goin' beyant us!"

Miles and Bess were hiding behind a hedge as she passed up the boreen. must toil after in vain. her cloak disappear into the door-way of her house, they came out and walked about freely in the moonlight.

"Your mother's death on me, Bess," said Miles. "How am I ever

I suppose we'll have to work an' wait. There's others doin' it.
Mother did it herself, but she forgets.'

"I'd work better if I had you, Bess. There I am with a job down for the longin' to get a sight o' you.

"Maybe I'd better go to America and work my time like Mary O'Mur-rough. There's a lot goin' in the autumn.

"Will y' come with me, Bess? Will the two of us make a run for it ?"
"I'll never marry without my

Miles sighed hard. "She has more heart in her nor a turf sod. I had two or three fields full o' weeds she'd listen to me: an' sure it's as good to be buildin' houses as pigs. It's good wages I could earn if it was you I was earnin' for. but when I think I'm not goin' to get you, asthoreen, the impliments drops out of my hands.'

You musn't be abusin' my mother," said Bess. "The only thing wrong with her is that she thinks she knows what people want betther than they know themselves. Oh. now, here's Father Fahy. What will

The priest was coming up the oad, and spoke while still a few vards from them.

"Why are you out so late, children? Home with you!"
"All right, Father," said Miles. We'll be goin' up to speak to you some of these days."

"I hope so, I hope so. God bless you, and run home, Bess, and Miles will come with me. Your mother'll

'She'll get me soon enough, Father, an' won't I catch it ?"

'She's not a bad mother, Bess." "She's a good mother, your reverence, but she isn't as young as me."
"Give her time, give her time,"

"Time to grow young—while we're growin' old?" said Bess archly.

"Run home, child, run home, and we'll talk about all this another

put her face cautiously in at the door. Anne Bridget was sitting alone at

the fire.
"Come in, Bess. My mother's gone to bed. She says she'll have so thin' to say to y' in the mornin'.'

"Oh, I suppose so," said Bess.
"I never seen her so kno about," said Anne Bridget.

· CHAPTER III

A "WOMAN OF THREE COWS" Mrs. Dermody's one-storeyed house was roofed with a snug tight thatch, and contained three rooms, with a loft for a farmer's boy in the months when he might be necessary. Long ago she had banished the manure heap from her door, and relegated the animals to a yard behind, backed by brown and yellow walls of turf ack and hayrick. The space in front was paved with cobble stones. and planted at each side with clump of dahlias, presented by friend who was a gardener in gentleman's demesne some miles away. In the yard stood a lowbacked car and a railed market cart and housed near were a good horse cabbage, turnips, and mangolds, while a good piece of the ground grew the tender grass that makes the butter aweet. At the corner of one pasture stood an old grey willow, hinting at the nearness of stream or deep-sunk virgin well, and two great bulwarks of hawthorn guarded the primitive wooden gate leading from the grass meadow to the plough fields. On the other side, a range of elder trees tossed their white plumes against the blue sky and the dark mountain; wan blossoms, described by a young native poet, who died in America. ghostly faces of souls prisoned in the trees, with leave for one month in pastures, and on their kindred coming and going where they themselves once came and went. Within the once came and went. house was the kitchen, with wide fireplace and big crane for pots and kettles, and a form against each wall at the side of the fire, the chosen seat at evening for the family and their friends. Rusted hooks in the ceiling for "flitches" showed that this was no newly tossed up dwelling, and on the well-packed dresser stood, among common cups platters, a few pieces of old Irish ustre ware, jugs, and basins such as

worthy of their attention. On the mosning after the Cross coads dance, Bess Dermody was in the full sunshine upon her, she was comely rather than beautiful, a round, fair, freckled face, tiptilted nose, eyes decide on the moment, and plentiful tawny hair. Her figure was swathed neat. Altogether Bess was a whole-some and homely creature, with changeful expressions of countenance promising much humor though threatened occasional impertinence; and dowered with sundry girlish attractions such as descriptive words

Anne Bridget came into the yard seeking her. The elder sister had once been remarkable for the kind of beauty that vanishes after a very Though gentle and amia

ble, she had a dejected air, and spoke spiritlessly and in a minor key. 'Come in, Bess. Mother wants to

speak to y'."

Bess emptied her bowl of food Bess emptied her bowl of room among the chickens, and stepped less window. "Everythin wore out, and across the yard as briskly as if she and not a symtom of a woman to make things nice since his mother make things nice since his mother wears ago an' the sisthers Come in here, Bess, an' you.

to both of yez.' Bess deposited her bowl lightly on

shining eyes on her mother. Go on, mother, we're here !" Y' needn't be lookin' at me that

way, Bess!"
"What way will I be lookin' at lookin' at! you?" asked Bess laughing.
The likeness between the two was stricking at the moment. Bess was | in the bank, an' stock in the fields." a match for her mother in pride and obstinacy as well as in many virtues.

Anne Bridget had retreated into the ingle corner. She was more like Matthias, who had been gentle, and who had departed.

Mrs. Dermody was feeling a diffi-culty that was familiar to her in

dealing with Bess. She had a mind to conquer, but that shining glance from the eyes of the girl frightened her as much as did the bang of Tom Donohoe's hammer on the anvil, and she forgot the insinuating words with which she had intended to convey her wishes and intentions. While ss stood looking at her, obediently waiting, but sweetly defiant, the good woman stumbled into the ommunication which she had determined to approach with discretion. I was talkin' to Pether Flynn last

night," she began.
"I seen y', mother!" said Bess.
"At your time o' life! I was wondherin' at y'."

Mrs. Dormody stared

sell out some stock to give a fortune with her."

He needn't come, mother," said

It isn't your house, Miss Impidin the townland. An' now will y' let

Bridget, "an' if it was, I'm not goin' to be bought an' sold that way,

noon, an' mornin', an' y' talk to me as if I was the rent day or a gombeenman. Howsomdever, Pether Flynn 'll be here to-night, an' y'd betther see that y' behave yourselves."

She turned out of the door, and, knitting in hands, went down the

knitting in hands, went down the fields to make her usual morning inspection of the little farm.

"Pether Flynn, Pether Flynn! Oh, I'll die of laughin'!" cried Bess, holding how sidden but hittle west illed to the sidden but her first here.

His intention was to be civil to both in the sidden but here is the side of the side of

Anne Bridget. "My mother's taken it in her head. But I'm glad it's you he's set on, for y' can fight. If my mother could get rid of me witbout sellin' stock, I wouldn't have a shape of the self-area with the light product of the self-area with the self-area with the light product of the self-area with the light product of the self-area with the light product of th Anne Bridget.

'I'm goin' out to ask company," d Bess. "If we're to have Pether said Bess.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dermody made her survey of the fields, examining the condition of the various growths, looking her cows well over, and patting them approvingly, the animals pushing forward for the patting fostering touch of the toil hardened hand. Then, after these duties were over, the mother of Bess and Anne Bridget said to herself:

"I may as well make short work the wittiest, and kiss the one he

It was only a half mile to Flynn's holding, and she was soon counting the cows on Peter's grass, and peer the cows on Peter's grass, and peer beamed on her with all the smiling through a help in the cows on Peter's grass, and peer beamed on her with all the smiling through a help in the cows of the country of the countr It was only a half mile to Flynn's ing through a hole in the hedge at

his tillage.
"It's all in the best of order, God She got into the yard, and was net by a company of hens, headed

by a regal cock, in coat of tawny and orange, tail feathers of green black,

That done, he found himself countries to the contries of the cont orange, tail feathers of green black, and crown and lappets of crimson, pointing one toe as he stopped like a dancing master, and erecting his head with gentlemanly imperious-

Oh, it's Bess will know how to threw 'out by you that I never admire yez all !" said Mrs. Dermody.
"Sure every beauty in creation is here: black wid the gold sprinkles. an' you buff, an' you brown, an' you red, an' you every color! Good luck to y', white one, for it's yourself knows how to lay, I'll swear to it!

does he feed them on at all, at all? Such flitches as is on the sides o' that fat one !' She pursued her way into the house, and found a very old woman

with lean bony arms moving from one pot to another above the fire. If it's the masther y' want, he's gone to the market since 4 o'clock

this mornin'.' "I've business with him," said Mrs. Dermody, "but as he's not here, I'll rest myself a while an' go home

She passed without more words into Peter's little parlor, aware that the old housekeeper had no love of mothers with daughters, seeing that if the master were to make a change, there was nothing before her but the

workhouse.
"Oh, now, it's a back gone place, I don't deny," said the visitor, looking around at stained walls and curtain-less window. "Everythin' wore out, died forty years ago an' the sisthers went to America. Not a picture on Anne Bridget. I've somethin' to say the wall younger nor Dan O'Connell, an' him nearly blotted out wid the damp; both the eyes of him gone the dresser, and turned a pair of into his head. Not a ghost or a sketch of Parnell. Two or three saints that black wid smoke y'

"Ah, well, Bess 'll know how to make all right, seein' there's money of his—a paralytic, victim of an Mrs. Dermody said nothing to her daughters about this visit, and they were careful not to tell her that they knew where she had been. In the evening she went, as usual, down the fields in the direction of the graveyard to say her rosary and pray for Matthias; and when she came back, the company invited by Bess had already arrived—half-a-dozen "boys," including Miles Donohoe, and as many girls, all "insinsed into" the fun of "ould Pether Flynn comin'

courtin' Bess Dermody.' Hospitality would not allow Mrs. Dermody to object to the presence of invited guests, and she hung up her cloak and submitted silently to the annoyance of seeing Bess handing a cup of tea to her objectionable lover. A game of forfeits was in progress when Peter Flynn arrived after his day at the market.

Peter was a little man with sharp features and a knowing glance, which had gained for him the pseudonym ould as anything you'd like to name."
It would seem as if the violence done to Irish nature by the producis that Pether Flynn is thinkin' o' marryin', an' he's comin' here tonight to see which of yez girls will hole out a hand to him. He'll take you, Bess, without a penny; but if

it's to be Anne Bridget—I'll have to ance of limbs; but having been a critical and I intend to be so no Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest \$3120 "fair-sized" man in youth, he was prematurely withered into a miniature of himself as if by a sort of

Small though he was, there ap ence, to be shuttin' him out of! An' peared to be scarcely a place for him you'll think twice before y' refuse to settle yerself in one o' the best farms Bess in the midst of the fun would Anne Bridget speak?"

It's not me he wants," said Anne

Bridget was feeding two orphen baby pigs with milk from the spout of an earthenware teapot.

mother. I'm worth my bit to y'."

"You're a pair of unnatural childher," said Mrs. Dermody. "To do well for y' is all my thought, night, noon an', morning, an', y' telk to me tune of her neighbors, and Peter ensconced in the warmest seat by the fire, found his admiration divided between the careful attention of Anne Bridget to the little pigs and the youthful charm of Bess, who

"Pether Flynn, Pether Flynn | On, | On her girish nead. His intention was to be civil to both ing her sides, her little nose tilted to an angle of delighted amusement.

"It's not much to laugh at," said thraneen," or Anne Bridget with a

eyes were fixed on Bess.
Before there was time for a reply

said Bess. "If we're to have Pether he was caught by two of the boys, Flynn here, we'll get some fun out whirled into the middle of the game, and called on to pay a forfeit.

When the forfeits were to be redeemed, Kate Mulquin looked sideways from under the bandage on her eyes at Peter, and bethought her of a means of increasing the fun. question, "What's the owner of this to do?" being put to her, she had a ready answer in accordance with the

of it, an' take a look at what Pether loves, the best !" cried Kate, amidst has got."

power at his command, stepped for ward and attempted to kiss her.

The laughter had risen to scream bless it!" she said . 'He's the safe, warm man, is the same Pether!"

In laugher had rise to stream ing point, when suddenly Miles rose warm man, is the same Pether!"

up, seized Flynn by the collar, swung him on the causeway of cobble

> How dare y' turn a friend 'of mine out of my house, Miles Dono-hoe? The friend I asked, to be

'I didn't come here without bein' asked," said Miles.
"I asked him, mother," said Bess

stepping near and standing beside The laughter had ceased, and there was a hush in the house.

Mrs. Dermody was now at the 'An here's the pigs! Now, what

height of her anger. 'Am I to go out of my house, or is he ?" she said, turning on Bess. "Go now, Miles," said Bess, "an' I'll see you again when my mother

has got over this." 'God bless y', Bess!" said Miles, and looked her in the eyes, and went out of the door.

A murmur ran through the company, the approval of some of the elders who had dropped in to see the games. But it was understood thenceforth

that Foxy Flynn needn't come courtin' to Mrs. Dermody's house, and that it was "goin' to be do or die with Miles and Bess."

"Your " would never again have as strong faith in myself—nor would my

TO BE CONTINUED

SUCCESSFUL SURGEON AND SISTER ANGELA

He had quizzical, black eyes topped by long gray hair and dark brows habitually raised in a halfquestioning, half-scowling expression, a humorous, clean-shaven saints that black wid smoke y' mouth, a wonderfully young com-wouldn't know whether 'twas St. Plexion for his middle aged years, and he had been, until now, but an occasional visitor at the Emergency of his—a paralytic, victim of an automobile accident—seemingly perlar need and petitioned heaven inmanently housed in Sister Angela's ward, he was calling daily, and becoming, much to the gentle little nun's amazement and chagrin, one of her greatest crosses. His manner ceded her ultimate resolution. The of her greatest crosses. His manner was unobtrusive and quiet in the conference of doctors was called beextreme. Professionally, he demonstrated no annoyance, although the tide in this particular case was evi-dently going against him; and he patient! Yet the death of this one never, in word or action, complained at the frequent and inevitable frictional happenings peculiar to a busy tured in a terrific hospital regime.

ished and ashamed. "I can't understand my feelings in

mood.

"He is absolutely perfect in manner, and the children adore him." (The "children" were Sister him." (The "children" were Sister geon calmly.

"I shall operate," said the Surgeon calmly.

"And you think that you can pertian and the surgeon calmly.

"And you think that you can pertian and the said." Mrs. Dormody stared.

"Oh, what does a mother rare childher for? Are y' darin' to turn your father's widow into ridaycule, Bess Dermody? What I want to say I twould seem as if the violence should I always be seeing things that I want to say I twould seem as if the violence should I always be seeing things that I want to say I want to I like product.

onger.

Nevertheless, the Surgeon's pres ice in her ward was the cause of Sister Angela immediately placing herself upon guard—and a constant source of uneasiness to her. He came more often, the paralyzed patient having steadily grown worse. came not see him, and her mother piloted him over to the fire, where Anne Bridget was feeding two orphen baby

There was no need for worry over the spiritual condition of the patient,

—a splendid Catholic, he was well prepared to die. His lingering mental sufferer—for he was yet in his early forties, of exceilent physique and the father of a large family
—was what tried the little nun's

heart.

"There is no possible cure for him?" she asked the Surgeon one morning, as she met the latter in the corridor off the ward. The dark brows lowered a perceptible fraction of an inch.

I heard that you always desire your patients to die? patients to die?'
Sister Angela flushed. "I want
what I think heaven wants. The
patient in this case, I feel sure, will
attain heaven eventually and he is needed very badly here for a while

Isn't there any hope for his recov 'I never say die," returned the Surgeon.
"Then there is!" Sister Angela's
"These prayed

lovely face gleamed. "I have prayed so hard!" 'Prayed! Humph!"

brows went up to their highest posi-

"You believe in prayer, don't you?" briskly. " Hardly."

So this was the solution of her puzzle! Almost with a touch of pride Sister Angela realized that her attitude in regard to the Surgeon was not a biased one. Then a great wave of wonder and compassion engulfed her sensitive soul.

"Oh," she ventured tremulously Oh, doctor, surely you believe in The Surgeon shrugged a patient

shoulder. "Hardly." There was nothing more to be said, Sister Angela knew. The Reverend Mother's wishes respecting argumentative questions among any members of the staff and the nurses were only too well understood.

"I shall pray for you." replied the little nun sadly.

Suddenly, on his way toward the elevator the Surgeon turned. "I would like to believe, Sister Angela, but-but I can't." And he walked on

With passionate devotion Sister Angela commenced her bombardment of the heavenly citadel for the urrender of the Surgeon's atheism. There was no further word upon the subject exchanged between them, but a comradely spirit hitherto unexistant, and in the past considered a most impossible thing by Sister Angela, pervaded the meetings of Soon the little nun learned that behind the nonchalant exterior of the Surgeon was a nature as sen sitive as her own, an indomitable nature, too, and one that refused all

idea of disappointment and failure. "I never have lost a case," he said "Perhaps it would have been

better for you if you had," Sister Angela replied.
"I think not. My stands in a great measure, if not entirely, upon my unbroken record of success. If I should lose a case I

Your faith in God would cover

this difficulty."
The Surgeon did not laugh at the little nun, but he smiled broadly. 'All the faith I have is bound around my own self; when it fails me, I suppose I shall have to place it

I trust that it fails you," Sister gela said impulsively. Angela said impulsively It won't," he replied stubbornly. There germinated in Sister Angela's mind as a result of this conversation the persistent idea that to ble good for the Surgeon's soul. And despite her knowledge of the condi-tion of the paralytic patient's family and its total dependence upon him she forbore to pray for

stead for the Surgeon's spiritual conquest at any cost! The verdict of the consultation of was expected momentarily now by every one. The man's spine, punc had become totally paralyzed and "Therefore was Sister Angela aston-shed and ashamed." the brain was seriously threatened with a like affliction. When that occurred death would follow instant-

"I can't understand my reelings in regard to him," she confided to Sister ly.
"There is just one chance," was The older nun smiled. "Some day, perhaps, you will discover the reason."

The older nun smiled. "Some the unanimous verdict. "An operation. Rut it's a chance in a million." Not one of the Surgeon's con-But Sister Angela cocked her head treres but refused flatly to take the to one side in a puzzed, meditative chance. It would require the nerve and hand of a master to perform the

form the miracle?"
"With—" he hesitated, then said

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