REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXX

Miss Burchill came to make re gularly one of the gay party every evening, and Thurston seemed positively to watch for opportunities in Mildred from Mrs. Phillips, the latter peing as persistent in her espionage of the governess as ever. One even there was discussed the feast bility of a moonlight ride in a coach to one of the villages fifteen miles distant from Eastbury. There being no dissenting voice, the date was soon fixed. Gerald watched an opportunity to whisper to Mildred:

"Remember, that I claim you as my partner." That was all he had time to say, for Mrs. Phillips was

With Mr. Thurston."

"Ah!" The interjection was a sort of vent for the agony with which she heard the announcement. "And with whom," she continued, trying to laugh, but almost failing in the attempt, "do you think I am to

With Mr. Hutchins, I suppose, judging from the marked attentions he pays to you," answered Mildred,

No, indeed; I had to relegate him to Cora here, as I was asked first by Mr. Robinson. So, I am going to ride with him. And now Milly latterly having taken to calling Miss Burchill by a pet diminutive, "what wrap are you going to wear? I really have nothing suit-able, and I want you to advise me

what to have made up."
"I have nothing but this," said Mildred bringing forth an ample black cape with a hood attached; the latter could be drawn over the head in such a manner as to conceal much of the features.

Just the thing," said Mrs. Philand I should have remem bered it, for you have worn it every evening that we have gone down to the lake. Will you let me take it for a pattern? and I can have mine

made up immediately."
"Certainly," assented Mildred, and the widow sent that very day to Bos-ton an order for a cape on Miss Burchill's pattern. It came home to her entire satisfaction, and as she surveyed herself in the glass she smiled triumphantly. Her height and the proportions of her figure were so like of Mildred that, with her features fairly concealed by the hood, she might be taken with little difficulty for the governess. Her plan was scarcely defined in her own mind, nor had she much hope of carrying it out did she form it, but in any case, she was ready to take ad-

The evening arrived, and though the moon coquettishly hid herself, it was confidently expected that she would appear before the party started; all was delighted bustle in the apartments of the ladics, and gay voices and bursts of laughter whetted even the servant's appetites for the fun, as the latter passed through the corridors. Mrs. Phillips was constantly flitting from her own room to that of Mildred; now assisting the latter to dress, now coming for an opinion on some part of her own costume, and all the time so full of vivacity that Cora, and even Miss gay spirit and laughed heartily at

ious in the making of her toilet, and to delay also the toilet of the ness. Cora was ready and impa-tiently waiting long before even Mrs. Phillips' hair was quite arranged and she was urged to go down, which persuasion she obeyed when she found, at length, that there was little prospect of her companions being ready very soon, owing to the widow's constantly increasing need of Miss Burchill's assistance. Hardly had she gone when a message from Thurston was brought to Miss Burchill, desiring the latter, when she was ready, to come to the porch at the back of the house. The message further exclaimed that, one as of the horses seemed too ill to be taken out, it became necessary for some to ride the mettlesome animal which so nearly had cost a life a few months before. His spirit was much broken by this time, but there still remained in him a vicious peculiarity; driven immediately from the stable he was manageable enough, but allowed to wait in the near vicinity of the other horses he was sure to return to his old freaks. As Geraldhad thus far broken the animal's spirit, and understood him thoroughly, he had not the least fear to drive him on this occasion. Miss Burchill was requested to come to the back of because thence a short house. path led to the stable, and the moon, now fullfilling the hopes of the party and shining brilliantly, would reveal her to Gerald, who would wait at the stable door. He could then drive up seat her instantaneously in the wagon and follow the rest of the party, all of which explanatory message Mrs. Phillips also heard.

She pretended to assist Mildred, while in an incredibly short time, considering her previous slowness she was herself quite ready; and as Miss Burchill could find neither gloves nor handkerchief, though gloves nor handkerchief, though positive that she had left them both on her dressing table, and as the fastening of her cape, much to her

She was a good deal like you; had a relief and slowly resuming his wonted appearance.

We had come to a poverty-stricken way of holding her head jist as you wonted appearance.

We had come to a poverty-stricken breakfast with you. It happens that the meant honse, and my guide ran the first; but you didn't ened as he was, but she conquered to the first that she had left them both on her dressing table, and as the fastening of her cape, much to her

I had not.

We had come to a poverty-stricken breakfast with you. It happens that do, and that kinder made me take to you from the first; but you didn't ened as he was, but she conquered to the fastening of her cape, much to her

She was a good deal like you; had a relief and slowly resuming his wonted appearance.

We had come to a poverty-stricken tenement honse, and my guide ran up two flights of steps, with me at the domain of my profession: the

hang by a single thread, and her hair, which Mrs. Phillips had arranged, threatened to tumble about her shoulders, the widow said

" Had I not better go down, dear, and apologize to Mr Thurston for so unfortunately detaining him, and also appease Mr. Robinson's impatience?

Mildred assented, and the widow swiftly descended, muffling her face on the way so that her features could not be well detected, and feeling in her pocket to be assured of the safety of Mildred's gloves and handkerchief.
The broad back porch contained no one, and she stood fearlessly in the moonlight, confident that G would mistake her for Mildred. only anxiety was lest Miss Burchill should descend before Thurston could drive off: but then she was confident about the tumbling of Miss Burchill's hair, she having arranged it in such loose coils that the whole must come down with any prolonged the very next morning after the arrangements had been completed.

"With Mr. When the state of the head." more than assure himself that there was a woman's form on the porch. He drove up ; Helen was beside him in a moment, and the chaise was

rapidly driven on.

Mildred could scarcely control her temper. It seemed as if annoyances accumulated. It required time to get a fresh supply of gloves and a handkerchief, and time to secure the fastening of her cape, while to complete her vexation, her hair at the last moment came tumbling about her shoulders. How she regretted having yielded to Mrs. Phillips' solicitations that she should be permitted to arrange it, but regret could not

avail her now, and, trying to be patient she made all possible haste. She was ready at last, and with her heart beating high with pleasant her heart beating niga with peasants anticipation, she descended to the back porch: The moon should brightly enough, and she could see the stable very plainly, but nothing clee; there was no eiga of Gerald er Wondering much, and with a vague presentiment of disappointment, she descended the steps and approached the stable. One of

the hostlers met her: Looking for Mr. Thurston, miss ? He drove off not ten minutes ago."

Drove off! Then, perhaps tired of waiting he had gone after all to

the front of the house, and to the front of the house she hurried. Sure enough, a chaise was there, all form pacing back and forth, but the form was that of Robinson.

Methusala!" the factory owner customary exclamation when aroused by any unusual emotion. "What's the matter, and where's Mrs. Phillips? I was jist going to send up for her, and why ain't you to the back of the house? Gerald's waiting there.

I have been there, and one of the hostlers told me that Mr. Thurston had already driven off. Mrs. Phillips came down a quarter of an hour ago; she said she would apologize to Mr. Thurston for my data Thurston for my detention. Mildred was very pale as she

spoke, but that might be owing to the moonlight falling full upon her face, and her voice trembled a little. "Whew!" ejaculated Robinson, prolonging the interjection until it sounded like a whistle. "The little widow must have gone off with him. Pooty nice treatment for me, and him; I hate him; but Cora's

on each yellow wrinkled cheek.

I ain't sorry that we're left, for it gives me a chance to say something to you, and I don't care about the drive, anyway, so long as you won't bundle of old letters that came along

say anything to hurt you for the hull world; but I want you to listen to a few facts in my life. I'd have

ment:

Mildred slightly bowed. Strange emotions were well nigh overpowering her. A breeze, as if the wind had suddenly risen, swept in through the window and extinguished some the lights near Robinson. He

rose instantly. Come over here, Miss Burchill," repairing to a part of the room where all the lights were in full glow, and seeming to be in strange trepidation as he took his seat. Miss Burchill mechanically followed him, but as he glanced back at the extinguished candles he rose again, and, striding to the bell, pulled it violently. "I can't go on until they are all relit," he exclaimed, and watched the door until the servant appeared.

The candles relit, he resumed I've always kinder thought, Miss Burchill, that you had a sort of feel-in' agin' me, and so while you've been in the house I've tried to have things agreeable. Do you find them

Well, I wouldn't disturb you on no account, so that you'd git to feel home-like, and to know me better. Now, Miss Burchill, I want you to marry me. You shall have every " But he could not go on, for Mildred had sprung to her feet and was saying, with an energy and determination seemingly impossible to one of her gentle char-

listen to such a proposal. If you persist in it I must leave your house instantly.

so much, but I've something else to Jist sit down a minute, and don't look so flerce like. I won't tetch on that subject again.

She forced herself to resume her seat, and Robinson, with a look that wandered all over the room, and was accompanied by a shudder, said

you know who my niece, Cora Horton, is ?" He waited for a reply, seeming to gloat in the agitation into which his

estion had thrown Miss Burchill. No. Who is she?"
Ever heerd of Chester Horton,

d where he is ?' It seemed to Mildred as if she must fall from her chair, so faint, so ill did she become for a moment, but she recovered herself sufficiently to

My mother told me." The factory owner smiled a smile which showed his discolored teeth, they looked odd enough, contrasted face.

Well, Miss Burchill." he said, "Cora is your blood relation, as well as mine. She don't know nothin' about Chester yet, and K. don't calc'late to let her know unless it becomes necessary. I kinder guessed you might have known something, but not enough to have understood the hull truth. There ain't no reason for me to like Chester, nor any thing that's his'n, and I don't like pooty nice treatment for you. But sister's child, the only sister I ever we'll fix 'em; jist you git into the had, an' the only one that wa'n't wagon with me, and we'll ketch up rough to me when I was a boy and "If you please I would rather be excused. Indeed, as I feel now, I am lived to hum. I wouldn't notice her vivacity that Cora, and even Miss 3 archill, caught something of the gay spirit and laughed heartily at her mirthful sallies.

But she contrived to be very tedious in the making of her toilet, and to delay also the toilet of the governess. Cora was ready and impa.

"If you please I would rather be excused. Indeed, as I feel now, I am grant on such airs, and seemed to think I wa'n't much more than the dirt under his feet. But he sent to me quick enough in his trouble, wantin' me to do for his wife and child. I gave him a pooty stinging letter back, and I wouldn't have had sent him over the say Mass, and the a to think I wa'n't much more than the dirt under his feet. But he sent to me quick enough in his trouble, wantin' me to do for his wife and child. I gave him a pooty stinging letter back, and I wouldn't have had letter back, and I wouldn't have had ant is on a sick call."

She turned to do so but his voice wantin' me to do for his wife and child. I gave him a pooty stinging letter back, and I wouldn't have had ant is on a sick call."

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She turned to do so but his voice wantin' me to do for his wife and child. I gave him a pooty stinging letter back, and I wouldn't have had to think I wa'n't much more than the dirt under his feet. But he sent to me quick enough in his trouble, wantin' me to do for his wife and child. I gave him a pooty stinging letter back, and I wouldn't have had to think I wa'n't much more than to think I wa'n't much more than the dirt under his feet. But he sent to to think I wa'n't much more than the dirt under his feet. But he sent to think I wa'n't much more than the dirt under his feet. But he sent to think I wa'n't much more than She was struck by the peculiar tone with which he pronounced her name. It was so beseeching and agitated, and when she looked at him there was a flery crimson and the sent for me. Somehow, I couldn't git over her massage. him there was a flery crimson spot fired me up so on old times, and I

She was dyin' fast ; hadn't much A color was beginning to come also into her face,—a color which be tokened agitation and perhaps fear.

"Oh, don't be skeered. I wouldn't be anything to do with you." kened agitation and perhaps fear.
Oh, don't be skeered. I wouldn't think, Miss Burchill, we understand each other pooty good, and I don't like world; but I want you for the each other pooty good, and I don't believe you'll mind stayin' with Cora. Each on you has a good home, and I told them to you long ago if you'd given me a chance."

They were on a part of the piazza on which his study opened. Through the open window shone the way lights and Robinson continued.

wax lights, and Robinson continued, as he saw her eyes wander for an instant, to the interior of the apart-Mildred also arose. But how suddenly he had changed! The crim-Come in, Miss Burchill; I can son spots no longer glowed on his "Come in, Miss Burchill; I can tell it to you better inside." He pushed the casement farther back as he spoke, and, as if he did not dream that she would hesitate, waited for her to enter.

"Come in, Miss Burchill; I can be on spots no longer glowed that the pushes on spots no longer glowed that the pushes on spots no longer glowed that the pushes, instead they were lividly pale, and his eyes had an expression alone to them. They were fixed on her to enter. her to enter.

He seemed so much in earnest that she could not bear to refuse him, and, conquering her repug nance to his presence, which for the cause. There was nothing, scarce a cause. There was nothing, scarce a cause. nance to his presence, which for the moment arose stronger than ever, she obeyed him. He drew forward a chair for her and seated himself opposite. The fiery spots on his cheeks continued to glow, and his voice became more treaulous:

"You've heaved I suppose that the perspiration broke out in great clammy drops upon his face. His lips moved, but we ground came from them, and at the perspiration broke out in great clammy drops upon his face. His lips moved, but we ground came from them, and at the perspiration broke out in great clammy drops upon his face. cheeks continued to glow, and his voice became more treaulous:

"You've heered, I suppose, that I was married once. She was a pooty young girl, not much older than you young girl, not much older than you was related.

"You've heered, I suppose, that I he was a pooty young girl, not much older than you terror had passed away, he sank into terror had passed away, he sank into the passed away, he sank into the passed away, he sank into the passed away. She was a good deal like you; had a relief and slowly resuming his Here we are.

jail it wa'n't my fault. Gerald told spells pooty often, but they don't you, didn't he, that I didn't know nothin' about the right facts in the case?"

Mildred slightly bowed. Strange was you eksered? I get tasse spells pooty often, but they don't amount to nothin'; reckon my nerves need fixin' up. Going to your room, Miss Burchill? Well, good night! I'll take a turn out on the ground." the grounds.

He seemed anxious to get away from the apartment, and without even waiting to have Mildred fairly gone, he dashed out on the piazza and down the steps into the moon-

illumined path.
Miss Burchill ascended to her room the prey of emotions strangest and a most the unhappiest she had ever known. At one mo-ment came bitter thoughts of Mrs. Phillips. How could she go with Thurston when she knew it was not for her he waited? But, then Thurston must have been a party to the change, otherwise how could be have taken Mrs. Paillips to be his

partner in the drive?
The next instant Robinson's proposal sickened and, in some measure daunted her. How could she remain in his house after that? But Cora and the new and strong reasons for Miss Burchill again bowed; it seemed to her, in her own trepidation, as if her very voice had gone.

"Well, I wouldn't disturb." able conduct when she returned from her evening visit to her uncle. Wasitthatthegirlsawoneachoccasion Robinson's "spell" as he had called it? Unable to satisfy herself on any of the puzzling questions, she fell asleep at last, her pillow wet with the tears wrung from her by her strange, and perchance soon to be unhappy position.

TO BE CONTINUED

Well, I won't, since you dislike it AN ATHEISTIC DOCTOR

BY A MISSIONARY

The occasion of my first meeting with Dr. Anthony Stromberg, promised much of dramatic possibility, yet it turned out to be a sort of acti-climax, leading apparently to nothing. Afterward I kept him, sorrowfully enough, in my prayers as one of my failures.

It was the last Saturday morning of a busy two-weeks Catholic mission in an industrial town not a thousand miles from New York. ment I was occapied with a few penitents and finishing with them. Then I rose to leave the Confessional. It was ten minutes to seven, and I intended going across the yard to the pastor's house for breakfast, but the sound of hurrying footsteps deterred me. Was this perhaps a be lated penitent. The next instant a young man, wild of look, pallid, rightened, pulled aside the curtain on the confessional door. Father!-Oh hurry-hurry!" gasped;" I've murdered my brother I

Nonsense! You are out of your head." (Perhaps not the most soothing remark to make to a person in or out of his head.) "I wish I were. Oh, I wish I were

-but hurry, Father, he may not be Through the open door, a gleam of sunlight fell upon him (is there any-thing holier, fairer, than morning sunshine? and I shuddered, for it showed his hand stained with blood.

the basement.

"I tried to, but he has gone to the fainted at the sight of the blood, but

As we crossed the yard, the house pocket-case with him. He was keeper ran from the pastor's house; the boy had in fact been there first mother. She was a widow he had the boy had in fact been there first and she had sent him over to me. She was a widow he had ascertained, and did washing for a and ritual; also my overcoat. "It isn't far; best go at once," she said. Yes, for God's sake, com ?!" cried

up my cassock under my cincture, wrapped the big coat around me, and bade the young man show the way. Then we ran a distance of about four Muttering and gasping, my blocks. ruide tried to tell me what had happened, interspersing his account

with the shuddering whisper. "I have murdered my brother. I struck him— and to think I went to Confession last night-to Commun-

ion this morning.

Alas! What had either sacrament availed if this were all their fruit? Yet I realized the poor fellow was himself discouraged, almost despair-

I can't believe you deliberately set about killing your brother." I told him severely, "something un-foreseen must have occurred."

"It was just my fiendish temper, which I ought to know something about by this time," he returned bitterly. "We don't get along well, bitterly. my brother and I. Sometimes we've struck each other—but to think I could quarrel with him this morning, after all my good resolutions! We were at breakfast, and he mocked and jeered at me. My temper flared up. I threw a saucer at him. He turned his head, but the dish struck him alongside the ear, and it broke. Then I saw a terrible spurt of blood. My mother was there (she's a saintmy mother), and she was beside him instantly, trying to stop with her

Go for a priest, she said, so I ran.

surprise, was suddenly discovered to hang by a single thread, and her hair, which Mrs. Phillips had to you, and that time your grand-torranged, threatened to tumble about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the widow said father was taken and died in the about her shoulders, the same which sat so oddly up the about her and dining room in one. I saw the good deal."

Such a battle royal as the break-blocked with blood; and beside the slotched with blood; an

man standing, cuffs off—he was washing his hands—and humming a tune very coolly. Hearing our hasty footsteps, he turned and smiled (a singularly winning smile, had Dr. particularly did miracles and myster-ies call forth his scorp.
"You plous fellows believe things Anthony Stromberg), frankly amused by our eagerness and excitement. (By the way, that name is fictitious and so are the other proper names; but the persons were very real, as

'It's all right, Father," he said reassuringly. "I've taken up the artery. There is no cause for worry."

But I went on into the adjoining room where, with his face bandaged the injured boy was lying on a bed contentedly, his face all bandaged, and with no sign of dying.

also are the bappenings.)

"That must be Billy," I heard him say as we stood in the doorway. The noise of our arrival had doubtless reached him also. "To mother, that I'm all right. "Tell him. excuse me to the boss at the carpet mill; and I'll be back at work to-

mother rose from her place beside the boy to greet me. "I am sorry Billy troubled you, Father, but

Billy had come out from his place behind me now, and in sheer relief forten wondered about him afterward. Was it a question of proud ward. Was it a question of proud ward. Oh don't blubber, Billy," the

older boy said, "it was really my fault. Didn't I provoke you past

I was very thankful myself at the turn things had taken and said a few religious words suitable to the occasion; then I lugged Billy into another room-the mother's (the family had three rooms in all), where I lectured him on brotherly love. For his remorse was so bitter, his horror of himself so intense, I had realized it was likely time for him to become very evil, or very good. Sometimes I wonder if in placing so much stress we rather overlook the duty of for arance with our friends and relatives. A little, teasing word at first, a little bitterness that rankles deeper delly we fret them or they us, till peace and Christian charity are lost virtues—so it is in many a home. Thus I lectured Billy severely, then congratulated him, after which he went down on his knees, and I heard his Confession. When I left him I think he had learned the bitter lesson of distrust in self, and trust in God. So my adventure was not

entirely anti climax. I was surprised on re-entering the kitchen dining-room to find the doc-tor still there, and I was more than gratified when he explained he had waited to accompany me on my way back to the church.

"A Catholic, I suppose?" Perhaps he did not hear my question, for he went on telling me how he had happened to come to the aid of Billy's brother. Returning from visiting a sick person, as he passed this house my murderer had rushed out and mped against the doctor. He had noticed the blood-stained hand, but Billy had rushed off before he could be questioned, so the doctor had entered the house, thinking someone might need his services. There seemed to be no excitement on the first floor, and he went on up to the owed his hand stained with blood. second, where through an open door 'You should get the pastor," I told he had seen the brave mother griphim, even as I followed him out of ping, with steady hand, that severed convent to say Mass, and the assist-ant is on a sick call." iving, but the one hardship of life, she considered, was the quarrel-

someness of her two sons.

As we walked on together in the the young man desperately.

"One moment!" I paused to tuck Smiling, the doctor enlightened my bewilderment.

Suppose we swap head gear, Father?"
I put my hand to my head, only then discovering that I had forgotten to change my biretta for a hat. The doctor's willingness to take to himself those curious, sometimes scornful glances of the passers by, touched me; but I kept my biretta on remem-bering One who had worn a crown of thorns through city streets.

'Catholic?' I said again. "Thereby hangs a tale-which it seems you are determined to have. Father," he returned with the whimsical smile which was characteristic of him, "My mother was a Catholic, my father an infidel physican. There was constant friction between the two over my religion. Baptism was all my father would permit. When I was fitteen my mother died. On her deathbad she obtained my father's promise to send me to the Jesuit College for educa-tion. I studied there for several years, though as a daily scholar; and left on the death of my father."

Liked the Jesuits? "Greatly," especially the Scholas-tics. But they could not change a

him out of his way. He assured me

natured, yet merciless in his jibes;

whether or not you can understand and explain them. I'll never do the like of that," he tald us positively. "Perhaps you can understand the

constituent elements, and the sub stantial make up of electricity?' suggested Father Blankton. "Not just yet-but we'll get to that after a while," came the confi-

dent reply. So will we get to understand and explain miracles and mysteries, after a while; in Heaven," Father Blank-ton answered, "where—I hope ton answered, "where-I hope against hope-you will share our

enlightment. I wish you could have attended our mission," I told the doctor as he was on the point of leaving. An unholy joy gleamed in his eyes:

"I was there, Father, at least for one night, superinduced by my Cath-olic boarding missis. Oh yes;

heard you whooping it up." I grinned delightedly, reminiscently then. "Good-bye, Father." He shook

to God? Or was the supernatural gift of Faith lacking as yet? The Jesuits had failed with him, Father Blankton had failed, and I also, in my "whooping it up." shown grave respect to me as a priest, he evidently liked religious argument though he did not call he was not one; and the poor of the were his special friends. He served them assiduously without compensation. And it was by that means that Father Blankton had been able to renew acquaintance with his college mate.
Well, now I must ask my readers

to accompany me to a busy, growing city in the middle west, fully ten years having elapsed since the inci dent of the murdered brother and the atheistic doctor. I had by this time become deeply absorbed in the work lectures on this occasion were not given in the church but in a fine large G. A. R. ball. We had a big success, by the way. The town was largely German, and I was domiciled with the pastor of the German con gregation, a zealous, indeed in avery way a model priest, whose heart was wholly occupied with God and his people. He told me much of these. There were many poor among them
—an unusual case with Germans often with large families, the parents trying hard to keep the children at school, while working with sturdy patient endeavortoward better things It would have fared hard with them when sickness came, had it not been for a doctor, (considered the best in town) who gave them his services free. He was particularly because of his knowledge of the Ges man language. He had spent som years in Germany, making special studies of the eye and ear and was now an oculist of much distinction But his general practice was almost entirely among the poor, entirely

without pay.
"Catholic?" I asked. "Certainly—the jewel of my parish and a weekly communicant. I must take you to call on him."

Married man?' Widower, and heart-broken over

Naturally this description did not recall to me the doctor I had met, so my surprise can be imagined the man who had saved a "murderer from the gallows. The pastor, seeing we were acquainted, left us together, while he went on for other calle.

The doctor had changed in many way. The flash of humor I remem-bered well and it had come into his eyes as he in turn recognized But he had greatly matured, had grown kindlier, gentle in speech and manner; meanwhile his face was habitually sad. I lost no time in asking just how his conversion had finally been accomplished. He rose at my question to pace the floor restlessly;

"There were several causes, Father; one was-my wife.'

His voice broke sharply on the word, and I understood his momentary silence; while he turned ostensi-bly to look from the window. With his face still averted he told me then of his wife—her beauty of person and character, the greatness of their love, the strength of her Faith. He had married a Catholic, after his father's example. She did not convert him in life. She died in Germany while he was making his special studies there. The German language had since been dear to him, because she had learned its intricacies with him; and homely, simple German people were his friends because they reminded him of her last days.

"It was after my wife's death," free and independent thinker to a groper in the sweet dimness of Cath- I missed her in every moment of my In spite of the doctor's kindly courtesy, I knew the words were meant to annoy me, so I let them pass. As we approached the church corner I apologized lest I had taken him out of his way. He assured my wife as the first and greatest existence, that for the first time cause of my conversion, for the reason that she it was who first

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