1908.

ased, bowed to bring in d, my timid

rs; he comes st him. But efer to go to id Nemesius, in his voice, to the utmost fort to give

t leave thee this precious ve thee all to old man-ten me: I am not laimed, with e clung closer

ared, conduct or his bowed een of stately dark, flowi which vas white : his noble mould ; le full of keen furtive expresatlook for inds, half cons wide sleeve Across h oblique scar, ot impair ance. At straw-covered samples of rare v obeisance to ed a gracious

ked. y lord," replied istinct volce. welcome," said uired as to the their country. other question The old stewa steward brought small transparent as vere tasted, and

all !" said Ne which he poured "it is worth an t is worth an at thy lips with ius," he added, m; " and leave to settle terms. al these samples; ee, and try them

s of the reputaput up his under-nick nods intimat-was doubtful, and cups to his re after subject-critical and ap-bliged to acknowned-which some. d conceit.

this is what was As soon as the (too well trained eous tones : thee, Ben Asa.'

eemed not to hear if spellbound, his in the blind child, ainst her father's ul, wide-open eyes me memory, that rp and cruel pang, nan's heart, which marble, and almost at it was only for d been taught by is emotions under as impassive as i human passions. ing from a dream,

ice, illustrious sir ;

swered Nemesius, ew were not some

t a pretty toy for said, gently, as he from his bosom. oble sir? It was l artist in Memphis, e. It is very old, r, I think." s thee a pretty gift, ayest thou ?'

JULY 18, 1908.

"I would see thee alone," he said in

an undertone to Nemesius, speaking in

Come, my sweet one, we will go

She is my nurse, and I love her

dearly.'

FOR THE SAKE OF TOM. refuse me so small a thing," he ans-

refuse me source appeal. Wered to her mute appeal. The bird was in a wild ecstacy of song; the child felt her father's arm around her, and this stranger had not around her, while instinct of dis-Outside, the apple trees were black and silver in the moonlight, and the daffodils that bordered the path shone daffodils that bordered the path shoke faintly golden. Inside the two old women rocked and knitted. It had been so long since either had spoken that the last words seemed like dim memories of some far distant past. When Martha Whipple brought her bein to a sudden ston the movement any subtle instinct of dislike: on the contrary, his voice and his accents were soothing. She had felt his presence at first, as she did that of every one who approached her, either with repulsion or pleasure; there was with repulsion or pleasure; there was certainly no repulsion, but a singular impression of passive trust, sympathy, and submission. "I am not afraid, and for thee—I would die!" she said, pressing her andden stop the movement chair to a sudden stop the movement had something startling in it, she leaned forward impressively, her round, florid face settling into heavy lines of deterwould die!" she said, pressing her father's hand to her heart. "Yes, do

ace setting into heavy lines of deter-mination. "It's borne on me to say something to you, Mary," she began: "I've set out to do it more'n once, an' then I've backed out. It's jest what everybody's saying. I hope you won't lay it up against me if I tell you what's for your own good." what thou wilt, sir, to my eyes, only do not hurt them; for sometimes I feel a sharp pain, like a knife, piercing "Turn her face full to the light," said Ben Asa, in a low tone; which being tenderly done, he proceeded with gentle touch to turn back the lids, and scan the beautiful blind eyes through a powerful crystal, the brave child re-

own good." There was no answer. The little There was no answer. The little figure opposite took on a certain alert-ness like that of an animal about to spring, yet there had been no percep-tible motion; it was rather for weari-ness of the brown eyes that seemed oddly at variance with the wrinkled, weather-beaten face, and short, grav maining perfectly still and passive. The examination was brief but minute: he had ascertained all that he desired. weather-beaten face, and short, gray curls. The silence baffled the visitor, he had ascertained all that he desired. "Thou hast a brave heart," he said, as he opened a small gold flask, and touched her eyelids with the liquid it contained, which diffused a delicious perfume around them. "Oh, that is very good! It cools my and how sweet it smells! Thou

but it was too late to retreat. "It's four years now since Tem went away, and three since he married, and he ain't never come home, though he heaven heavier on home, booking for him. "Oh, that is very good! It cools my eyes, and how sweet it smells! Thou art very kind, sir, and I thank thee," she said, holding out her dimpled hand with sweet courtesy towards him. He held it for a moment in his soft palm, then bent down and touched it with his knows how you're a-looking for him. guess there ain't been a night since he married that you ain't lit up the best room and opened the front door, as if you thought he an' the city wife of his might come walking up the path any minute. Sometimes I've got fairly rag-ing over it. All this time you've been ing over it. All this time you've been a-watchin' an'a-waitin, an' you've never set eyes on him nor his wife nor his baby. Now I tell you what it is; I'd jest make up my mind, if I was you, to let it all go. Tain' right of you, a per-fesser, to wear yourself out so. You "Come, my sweet one, we will go now to Zilla, and thou wilt tell her of the wonderful Egyptian bird," said Nemesius, rising. "I wish to have a few words in private with our friend here, then I will come for thee." fesser, to wear yourself out so. You know what Flora Andrews was when she boarded at the Oliver's that summer that Tom first met her; tain't May I take the bird to show Zilla, likely she's changed now, an' she's jest weaned Tom from it all. If I was you, I'd jest un and show 'em I could get on as well without 'em as they could with-The bird is thine own, lovely

"The bird is thine own, lovely child," was the gentle answer. "Oh, what joy!" she exclaimed, chapping her hands. "I can never, never thank thee, good sir, as I wish ! Oh, when I take it to the cascade, to sing to the nightingales and finches, won't they wonder and be jealous!" she answered, laughing cheerily, as with the precious toy in her hands she was led away by Nemesius. out me. I'd-She stopped short, starting at her She stopped short, starting at her friend. The old woman had risen to her feet, fairly trembling with excite-ment. "We've been neighbors thirty years, Martha Whipple," she said, "but if you say another word I'll never forgive you as long as I live. I guess you'd better go-I guess 'twould be safer so; and, besides, I've got con-siderable to do to-night. I didn't tell you before, but I'm going down to Tom's to-morrow." with the precious toy in her hands she was led away by Nemesius. "God of my fathers!" said the Jew, with a burning glow in his eyes, that seemed to quench the tears that would

seemed to quench the tears that would flow; "it is as if I had looked upon the face of my own dead child—dead on the breast of her murdered mother, near the Sepulchees of the Kings, whither to-morrow. Miss Martha had risen in tragic indignation, but the news was too much for her. She turned back in undisguised

amazement. they had fled for concealment and refuge, while I defended my house, not "For the land's sake, why didn't you "For the land's sake, why didn't you "For the land's sake, why didn't you say so?" she exclaimed. "Can't I help you get ready? How long do you knowing they had left it-my Miriam and my little Ruth! The years have calculate to stay?" "I calculated I'd be gone about a been as ashes to me since that day, and I live—for what? Hunted and cursed,

"I calculated I'd be gone about a week. Being in the spring of the year I can't stay longer, for there's the garden to see to. I ain't got much to do to get ready. If you'd feed the cat once a day—'twould do no good to bring him over, he wouldn't stay—but I'll leave a saucer on the back porch, an' earth has no resting-place for me; the floods have gone over me—'' Approaching footsteps echoed on the mosaic floor; the unhappy man con-trolled his grief, and when Nemesius

leave a saucer on the back porch, an' you can put his milk there." resumed his seat, Eleazer ben Asa's countenance was as calm as if no pas-sion of grief had but a moment ago "I will, certain," answered Miss Martha. She had quite forgotten her "What hopes hast thou for me ?--I resentment in the keen relish of the news: the sewing circle would meet the next day. She looked back when she

the doorway and nodded and reached reached the doorway under a smiled cordially. "I won't say good-bye," she said, "being as I'll see you to-morrow, I guess 'twill be real good weather for traveling. What time will you be "She was born so; but surely thou hast skill enough to give her sight !" "I would give my life to do so, for

she hath moved me strangely; but I can give thee no hope. No human skill can give her sight; there is only "The stage passes at 8. I'll be over along about 7:30." 'Even the gods have failed me ; who,

"All right, I'll watch for you, an' if there is anything else I can take care of bring that too. Good-night, Mis Haswell." "Good night," she answered. Her voice had a curious, half-frightened

Tom's baby would love 'em too.

She went to the window and looked

down the path where the daffodils were

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

You must tell us all the sights when

you get back." "Yes, I will," she answered steadily. She went back to her own house and sat down on the door step beside her valise. When the stage came she walked steadily down the path between the daffodils; she looked straight ahead, but her old face was working pitifully, and the yellow blossoms seemed to dance like flickering lights before her

The day was close and sultry-an un-The day was close and sultry—an du-seasonable one for spring. The old woman sat bold upright beside her valise, holding her ticket in her hand. As they leit the fresh air of the hills the heat became worse; she grew faint, and a terrible fear began to faint, and a terrible fear began to sweep over her her that she would never reach the city. With a strong effort she put it aside, and beekoned a sandwich boy who was passing through the car. She selected a ham sandwich; to her simple country tasto both the bread the put it or with the would to her simple country tasto both the bread the put it or with the would to her simple country tasto both the bread and the butter were unpalatable. bread and the butter were unpalatable, but she forced herself to eat every mouthful; then sat up again, and through the long hours of the afternoon

seat was engaged. She did not under-stand the phrase, but, obeying a sudden instinct for companionship, she moved

' Is-is Boston very big ?" she asked

timidly. The lady glanced at her companion

with a quick smile that changed as she saw the worried old face.

ain't even seen the baby; they kept telling me to come, an' last night I made up my mind to, an' I up an' started. I hope it won't be hard to find the place." It seemed as if her very character had been left behind with the hills : her face was full of hesitating appeal that blotted out its strong accustomed sweeps of her own ountains.

asked the lady indignantly. you ?'

could not seem to make up my mind till last night, and then I thought I'd surprise him. I picked a bunch of daffdoils for him-he used to notice daffodils when he was just a little fellow

-but they're real withered now." The stranger tried to cheer her. "Your flowers will fresh in water," she said, " and Tom will feel like a boy again when he sees them. Suppose you tell me the address, and then I can put you on the right car.'

answered Tom's mother gratefully.

said. "It is right on the carline, and the conductor will put you off very near the house if you tell him the

The old woman rose confusedly ; the train had rolled into the depot, and the sudden change of light and sound be-wildered her ; she clutched her flowers wildered her ; she clutched her flowers and looked with desperate eyes across the crowd. Then before she realized what had happened, her friend had put her on the car and said good-bye. She had never seen a street car before, and she clung to the seat, her tired, fright-and frag sat in lines of nigid endur

me ?" he cried, as he hugged and kissed felt as if she was smothering, stifled, in

After supper she went over to the And at home the apple blossoms were shaking their perfume down through the night, and the valley brimming over with moonlight. She must go home —home ! She leaned her tired head on her hand and thought. Gradually the noises in the street below died away, and a strange stillness followed ; then the air graw still and the street lamms Whipple's. Tom was lying out under the apple trees as he used to do years ago, but Tom's baby was elinging to her with one dimpled hand, while was full of daffodils. Miss Martha met

her at the gate. "Well, now, I guess you are happy," she said. "When I see you come, thinks I, well that explains it; I couldn't under-stand what made Mary seem so sort o'

other

stand what made Mary seem so sort o numb this afternon, but now I see. And this is Tom's baby. It certainly does favor him! Do come in—" "I got something to tell you first," she said. "I deceived you awfully, Martha. I was mad because of what you said about Tom sol went off in a hurry, and mean Lord to the city the house was and when I got to the city the h all closed up; Flora's mother was taken sick sudden, an' they had gone there but I didn't know it then. Some folks was real good to me, an' they took me in, an' I came back the next day. I've been living in the house ever since. I thought folk would talk against Tom if they knew, and I wasn't going to have it." She looked up ashamed, yet defant.

But Martha was blind to all fine expres-sions. "For the land's sake!" she ex-claimed. "You've been living there all the week !"

all the week !" "Yes I got off at Farrar's and came through the woods. I want you should tell everybody. "Twas real wicked of me, but I wasn't going to have everybody talk against Tom. He'll come over and talk against tom. He'll come over and talk against Tom. He'll come over and see you to-morrow before he goes, but the baby's going to stay with me all the summer. Flora's mother's real sick, an' Flora's got to be there. I must go back now an' see Tom, but I wanted you to know what I had done. Come along, Mary." Martha's eyes followed her with ad-miring interest.

Martha's eyes followed her with at miring interest. "The baby's named for you, ain't she?" she said. The old woman turned back, her face all alight. "Yes," she answered. "Tom said he shouldn't have any name but his mother's ; Tom allus was good to his mother." She stopped a moment and then caught the child up in a passion of tenderness ; child up in a passion of tenderness; her bright brown eyes looked with a suddens oftening over the yellow baby head. "She ain't ever going to do such wicked thing as her grandmother did,

Then she went silently back between the rows of daffodilis—to Tom.—Mabel Nelson Thurston in Saturday Evening Post.

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similar strain. Summer is here and mothers speak in a Summer is here and mothers should take special pains to guard their little ones against illness. At this season infant mortality is at its greatest; colie, diarrhoea and summer complaints can be guarded against and prevented by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Keep a box in the house—they may save your little one's life. Sold by druggists or may be had by mail, at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Broekville, Ont.

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Ont. Is there anything more annoying than hav ing your corn stepped upon / Is there any-thing more delightful than gotting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced. bread and cake in the closet. About 8 o'clock she heard Miss Martha come and call the cat. After she was gone be convinced. THEY ADVERTISE THEMSELVES, - Immedi-ately they were offered to the public, Parme-lee's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves. That reputation has grown, and they now rank among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia and billousness, complaints of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague and the innumerable complications to which these ailments give rise. the old woman took in the milk and gave it to him, but she did not let him go out; she wanted some one to talk to. Late that afternoon she lay down

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this hot, noisy place. And at home the apple blossoms were

the air grew still and the street lamps paled, and finally morning, a dim sickly imitation of the mornings she had known and loved, crept back to the city. She rose and straightened her hai

bread and the butter were unpalatable, but she forced herself to eat every mouthful; then sat up again, and through the long hours of the alternoon watched the dizzy race of trees and landscape pass her window. As they neared the city the train be-gan to be crowded. Presently a lady stopped beside her and asked her if the seat was engaged. She did not under-the window and breathed the keen air

her valise. "You can set here if you want to," she said. "The car's real full now." The lady thanked her and took the seat. She was evidently used to travel-ing ; the old woman looked at her wist-fully ; presently she leaned over and touched her.

" It's pretty big," she replied gently.

" Are you going there ?" Are you going there ? The old woman smiled at her eagerly. "Yes," she said, "I thought I'd go. You see, my boy, Tom, he married, and I haven't seen him for four years. I

"Won't Tom be at the depot to meet

The old lady looked up with quick The old lady looked up with quick suspicion. "Of course he would if he'd a-known," she answered eagerly. "Tom wos allus the best boy ! But I

"I'd take it real kind of you,"

She pulled a piece of paper from her glove and unfolded it carefully. The stranger read it and her face cleared. "That will be easy to find," she

There, now, let me take your number. valise and put you on the car."

and dress; she was pale and tired, but quite her old self again. The girl was delighted at the change, and sat beside

what the night had been to their

the window and breathed the keen air with a sigh of content. She had left the city behind forever. The train would reach Holmesburg about 7. Four miles before that was Farrar's, and Holmesburg was a road nearly all through woods and not much used except in summer. She had never been over this road but once, and she was sure that she could find the way. One or two other people, strangers to her, left the train at Farrar's; that was as she had hoped, and she plunged resolutely into the woods. It was a long walk, and her valise was heavy for her; as it grew dark, too, she began to stumble on the road; she had to stop and rest more and more frequently, but her resolution never faltered. Several times she heard some one coming, and she hid in the bushes until all danger of discovery had passed : once she fell

and hurt her wrist so that she could only carry her value in one hand; but nothing could daunt her. It was 10 o'clock when she finally

reached the house; she had crept around through back ways and felt sure for an hour the lights had been out in many houses. She stood still for a moment in the sweet, silent night; the moment in the sweet, silent night; the apple trees were all silver in the moon-light, and daffodils gleamed faintly down the path. She unlocked the door and dragged in her valise and fell down in a heap on the floor. She was home at last.

at last. When she came to herself there were

yellow streaks of light under the door and the room was full of a bright gloom. Her wrist was paining bally; she crept to her feet and started to get the arnica; then she stopped and sat down in the stairs, for outside she could ear Miss Martha talking to the cat She sat there guilty till she heard the

heavy footsteps down the path, then she rose cantiously as if Miss Martha could hear her, and went to the pantry. She longed for some tea, but dared not make a fire, so she est a little dry bread and jelly. Then she went up-stairs to her bedroom and lay down.

When she woke up she was startled by the darkness at first, but as memory came back to her she slipped down stairs. For a moment she stood thinkstairs. For a moment sne stood think-ing; then softly opening the door she crept out to the woodpile. As she was returning with her arms full she almost stumbled over an animal at the door. Checking her exclamation, she leaned down it was her out murring softly Checking her exchanation, she leaned down; it was her cat, purring softly about her feet. With a little cry of joy she picked him up and carried him into the house with her. She made a

fire and went busily to work, so that by daylight when she put out her fire, her breakfast was ready, and fresh

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and true: I like ve me a thing he asked.

ir child ; make me it," said Ben Asa; his native tongue: was so like thee; I bked upon thee, that ck to me from the

narticulate words he had produced a wound up which he sm inside the box, addenly opened, and its wings half open, perching upon it, most transporting

t was unspeakable ; ersuaded that it was she touched it daintof her fingers; she ben bill and the vibratrills and soft wars throat. While she s distended with de-idenly flashed from a -mirror a sharp ray of her darkened orbs been of stone, so imy to any impression. ey to any impression, a, she all intent, and d a magnifying-glass nd, leaning nearer to r eyes through it, ang every movement, bung on the fut.

hung on the fat. scutiny, and I shall muraured the Jew. to thy eyes, sweet the them very lightly?

her face quickly 1 r; her lips quivered, a cessed her; she could hy this stranger should

reyes. onsent, my child? I lovest me too well to

then, shall open her blind eyes?" "Thou knowest, my lord, that I am a Jew, and hold in small honor thy gods and their fables; there is only One, the Lord God of Israel, Who by His Almighty compared on raise the His Almighty power can raise the dead, and open the eyes of the blind." "The Christians say the same of Him --the Christ-Whom they worship." "We know Him not as God," re-reanded the Low hitteney. "We trust

sponded the Jew bitterly; "we trust alone in Jehovah, the God of Israel. Ob, that I had the power of a prophet !

Oh, that I had the power of a prophet: then would I call upon Him to give sight to thy child." "Thy words offend me; they are treasonable to the State, and dishonor-ing to the gods; but I have promised to give thee safe conduct, and it is much in thy favor that thou hast not sought to delude me with false hopes," said Nemesius, in stern tones, in which there was as much sorrow as anger. "I there was as much sorrow as anger. "I

will bring back thy toy." "It is my gift to the blind child; it gives her pleasure: do not deprive her of it," besought Ben Asa. "She cannot have too much happiness; and, if thou wilt permit it, I would advise thee to let her mingle with companions of her own age; let her become accus-tomed to the stir of a life outside her own. Soli tude is an evil thing for a sensitive organization like hers, especi-ally when she discovers the meaning of her misfortune.

ally when she discovers the meaning of her misfortune. Farewell !' "I can not have thee leave me with-out rewarding thee for coming," said Nemesius, haughtily, offering the Jew a purse of gold, which by a dignified gesture he refused. "My thanks, then," said Nemesius, holding out his hand. "I accept them, noble sir," replied Ben Asa, grasping his hand. "I bear away with me in my heart thy child's image : it is enough."

"I had nearly forgotten this," said Nemesius, handing him a strip of parch-ment, which contained a line of writing signed by himself. "It is thy safe-conduct. Show it only in case thy life is in dorser." is in danger."

I will be prudent, illustrious sir, for thy sweet child's sake, also for thine; for thou hast shown me unthine; for thou hast shown me un-wonted kindness. Again farewell!" Then, gathering his dark cloak around him, Eleazer ben Asa bowed his noble head, and, drawing his hood low over his forehead, passed out of the atrium, leaving Nemesius alone with the grief of his dead hope.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ened face set in lines of rigid endurtone to it, and her eyes were full of dismay. She hurried into the house and shut the door; then looked around her, and the look may that of an evile

Every moment she expected an ance. accident, and when the conductor helped her off, her first feeling was one of a most incredulous relief; then her, and the look was that of an exile about to leave home for ever.

suddenly she saw the number that she wanted, and darted forward. She was "I dunno what made me say it," she ried. "I said it before I thought, an" cried. "I said it before I thought, an' now I've got to go. An' Tom might come too—supposin' we should pass each other, an' he came while I'm gone. But I've got to go. Folks shan't say such things about Tom, as if Tom wouldn't be glad to see his mother. What if he ain't been home! He's comin,'he always says so. And there's the baby too. Haven't I wanted to see her more than anything in the world? panting with the weight of the valie, but she did not know it ; she hurried up the high stone step and eagerly rang

the bell. The bell echoed through the house, bu The bell echoed through the hote of again and no one come. She pulled it again and again, a nervous terror stealing over her again, a nervous terror stealing over her her must make Tom hear ! Present--she must make Tom hear ! ly a window opened in the next house, and a pretty girl's face smiled down at her more than anything in the world? It's—it's only that I can't get use to

it, somehow. I thought Tom would come here, so that I wouldn't have to leave home. I also thought Tom would her. "Did you want to see Mrs. Haswell?" she called. "They went away yesterday.

come in the spring; I know just how he'd look comin' up between the daffo-The old woman looked up, her hand dils—when he was a little fellow he used to love them so. I thought mebbe

The old woman looked up, her hand dropping from the bell. "What did you say, dear?" she faltered. "I didn't understand. I want to see Tom-I'm his mother." The girl's pretty face softened with quick pity. She left the window and ran down the steps and across to the old woman.

set like lights to guide the wanderer Then she turned resolutely Though so small and frail look old woman. "I'm so sorry," said, gently. "Don't you understand? They've gone away : I don't know when they will be back—they couldn't tell. Oh, don't look so. Come in our house and rest. You must come. You con't stay ing she had a will that in an emergency was better than strength; she worked was better than strength, she nearly all night packing her valise and abutting up the house. When morning shutting up the house. When morning came she made herself a cup of tea be rest. You must come. You can't stay fore going carefully over the house for

here, you know." She lifted the valise and the old fore going carefully over the nouse for the last time; then she dragged her valise out on the door step and locked the front door behind her and went over to Martha Whipple's. woman followed her ; she did not seem to know what she was doing ; she obeyed

to know what she was doing; she obeyed as a little child might have done. The people were very good to her. She wanted te go back that night, and Martha welcomed her with effusive eagerness. "Come in an' have a bite. Mis' Haswell, do," she urged. "I She wanted te go back that high, and they had to tell her over and over that there was no train before they could make her understand, and even then she seemed dazed and bewildered. So they Mis' Haswell, do,' she urged. "I meant to ask you last night, but I was so flustered I forgot it. I've got hat biscuit here, and they're good, if I do seemed dazed and bewildered. So they gave her a quiet room and left her alone. For hours she sat there in the dark trying to order her dizzy thoughts, and gradually the idea became clear— Mrs. Haswell was standing erect; she looked pale and tired, but her eyes seemed to defy anyone to detect it. seemed to defy anyone to detect it. said, "but I've had my breakfast, an' I guess I'd better go back. You won't forget to get to feed the cat?" "No, I won't forget. I hope you'll have a real good visit, Mis' Haswell.

to. Late that afternoon she lay down again! she was not at all sleepy, but she would not get up until midnight, when she again did her cooking. She was very lonely and oppressed by a strange sense of unreality; as she sat behind her closed blinds and watched the neighbors go by, she felt almost as if she had died and from another world were looking back on her old life. Once if she had died and from another world were looking back on her old life. Once the doctor came to the gate and she heard Martha call across to him that Mis' Haswell was in the city visiting her son. A hot flush burned her old cheeks and she turned hastily away. Monday was the last day of her im-prisonment. At daylight on Tuesday she slipped out of the house with her valise and began the journey back to Farrar's, The next train from Boston came at 10 o'clock, so that she had several hours to wait, but she had known that, and Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treat-ment with should continue the treatment in hot weather: smaller dose and a little cool mik with it will daway with any objection which is attached to fatty pro-duese during the heated

to wait, but she had known that, and until the station was opened she sat on the platform outside with stoical pa-tience. When the train came she rode the four miles back to Holmesburg and then took the stage to her house. She drew a long breath as she walked again up the path between the daffodils. She went in the front door and began pulling up the shades and uncovering all the ornaments. When Martha came over she talked much of the city and of Tom's nice neighbors, but little of Tom and his family. After her visitor had left she dropped her face in her hands. then took the stage to her house.

"Oh, Lord, I hope I ain't done any-ing dreadful," she cried, but I face in her hands. Thing dreadful," she cried, but I couldn't let her say anything against Tom. I couldn't !"

She looked very old and tired as she went feebly about getting supper, and for once she forgot to set open the front fesus of Dagareth. door; she remembered it as she was go ing to set down to her slipper, and she



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