

found the litter, but not herself. She was gone; but, whether carried off by the mysterious arm which had felled their lord, or she had thrown herself into the gulf beneath, they could not determine. The latter, however, they decided should be their report to Soulis, knowing that he would rather hear that the object of his passion had perished, than that she had escaped his toils.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

It was very lonely in the little seaside cottage when the winter storms came on. Very bare and poorly furnished it was, though exquisitely clean; threadbare carpets on the floor, moth-riddled curtains at the window, everything in the house calling out for renewal, and calling in vain these dozen years back.

The dozen years had touched but lightly the mistress of Seaview Cottage. Clarice Raveyor was more attractive as a woman of middle age than she had been as a girl. She had fine gray eyes and a high, wholesome color. Her aquiline features were delicately moulded. Her dark hair, now powdered with gray, was turned back with natural curls and waves from a fine thoughtful brow. She had that staidness of aspect that deluded people into believing her tall; it was only when she stood by another woman that one discovered that she had no great height, after all.

She had had a love affair in her youth, and she cherished its memory, although she had no allusions about it. The man had been in love with her, and she had been very young. He had dazed her by his ardor, and half-frightened her by his pursuit of her. He had disturbed her soul in its childish fastnesses, and she had never been sure whether it was a sorrow or a relief when the dead and gone parents who had cherished her had discovered something undesirable in his suit and had carried her away from him. Yet she had grieved passionately when it was all over and he had ceased to desire her. And there had never been any other love affair in her life.

She had soiled her loneliness with intellectual pursuits. Her one friend who had been Mary Hildebrand, had taken the veil and was reverend mother of the Convent of Mercy at the Point. It was near enough to the cottage for Miss Raveyor to see the lit windows of the chapel where the nuns were singing their office at night. It made something of a companionship for her. She often wondered herself why she did not give up the poor tumble-down little cottage and go over to the convent and stay there under Mary's wise and kind motherhood. But somehow she never did, though she had been a hundred times on the point of doing it. It would have been well for them all, she knew, for Rose, her faithful servant, and Ther, the ferrier who guarded the cottage so well at night. Mary would have taken them all in. They would have been safe. Now they had no more security than a nest rocked in the wind. Any night the cottage might be blown about their ears, and she was poor, very poor. The three could barely live on her little income and observe the delicacies and refinements of life. If only her talent had not taken unprofitable a direction as a passion for antiquities!

The country was so thick with them—with raths, and cromlechs, and Round Towers, and ruined castles and abbeys so that the very atmosphere fed her curiosity concerning the things of the past. She had been making her researches for quite a long time before she ventured to send some of the results to the magazine of the local Society of Antiquaries. It was a discovery of Ogham stones which she had made at the old ruined abbey that stood out on the Point, and a rendering of their inscriptions. Rather to her amazement, for she had put forward her discovery so shyly, it made quite a little sensation among the learned societies and provoked quite a flood of correspondence.

She was urged to put what she had found and the results of her research generally into pamphlet form, and she was at her desk one winter afternoon striving painfully to begin her narrative, when her abstraction was broken in upon by a knock at the hall door, which was so energetic that it seemed to shake the little tumble-down place.

Ther bustled and growled, got up from his place before the fire and walked to the door of the room, whining to get out. There was the sound of Rose admitting some one. At the moment here was a gust of wind and a patter of rain and spray on the shuttered window. There was a man's voice speaking in the hall. She looked up with a curious expectancy in her eyes. Who was it that was invading upon her quiet life? While she looked at the door she noticed with wonder that Ther no longer barked. He was wagging his tail as though this newcomer were a friend.

She opened the door and went out into the hall.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Clarice," Rose said, standing a little to one side and surveying with positive complacency a tall man who was in the act of removing a shiny wet mackintosh. He had the look of a water dog as he shook himself free before advancing to meet Miss Raveyor.

"Madam," he said, "you must pardon this intrusion. My name is Richard Freeland. I was in the neighborhood, and I could not forbear coming to see you about your article in the Journal."

Clarice was flattered. Richard Freeland! Every one who knew anything knew Richard Freeland's name as the prince of scholars and students. He was a man indeed of world-wide reputation. And Clarice knew more of him than that. She had heard of his simplicity, his devotion to his work, his humility about his own achievements, his kindness, his helpfulness.

"An ashamed to sit down in a lady's drawing-room," he said when she had asked him to be seated, but nevertheless, he sat down, subsiding with a sigh, as though he found it comfortable, into one of the shabby chairs. The simile of the water dog occurred to Clarice's mind as she looked at him. He was

shaggy, and the rain was on his eyelashes and his hair. He looked at her with bright, kind eyes under the shaggy hair, both hands on his hips.

Ther sidled about him, as though looking for recognition from a friend.

"So," said he, "you've been writing about Ogham. Didn't you know it was my subject? I've been working at it all my life."

She blushed and stammered.

"There," he said kindly, "don't be frightened. I didn't mean to alarm you. I'm a rough sort of fellow. But I want to tell you. You're all wrong. The inscriptions are not Ogham at all."

Rather to her amazement she found herself defending her own position. He listened with the utmost patience to what she had to say, and then confuted her. He had brought some of his own listening and confuting, his shaggy head inclined to one side. When he argued he grew turbulent. His voice swelled so that it seemed to her too great for the little room and the little house. But there was something refreshing about his presence, like a strong, pure wind rushing into a closed room, blowing down all the gimcracks, indeed, but bringing life with it.

Rose brought in the tea tray and set it before her mistress with a casual glance at Miss Raveyor's flushed cheeks. They had gone from her own little work to other things. He was extraordinarily stimulating, inspiring. Now he had the talk to himself, and he talked eloquent, suggestive, scholarly talk, which to listen to brought the light of pleasure to Clarice's eye and the color to her cheek.

He drank cup after cup of tea, and devoured a great dish of buttered toast. Rose had been zealous for this uninvited guest, and as he ate piece after piece Miss Raveyor had a whimsical thought that the house would be on short commons to-morrow for this.

Suddenly, in mid-flow of talk, he paused and directed for his watch.

"It can't be 5 o'clock," he said, staring at it incredulously and then holding it to his ear. "Five o'clock, and I am staying the night with Tom Kinsella over at Larabeg. There is a boiled leg of mutton, Tom's favorite dish, to be on the table at half-past six. Tom will never forgive me if I spoil it. And yet I haven't said the thing I came to say."

He had stood up, and she also had stood up, and they stood side by side before the fire of driftwood.

"And that?" she asked.

"An extraordinary piece of presumption on my part. I want some one to make researches for me for my new book. There isn't one to ten thousand could do it. You have just the necessary special knowledge, yet how can I ask you to come up to Dublin and leave your little home here to do my work?"

Her heart had leaped up. All of a sudden she felt the inclinations of her life, despite Mary and the lights in the nuns' chapel at night. It was as though a door opened, revealing to a dark place the light beyond. For a second or two she was silent. Then she looked up at him. There was something wistful in his eyes.

"I will come," she said. "But tell me something more about it, even though Mr. Tom Kinsella's leg of mutton have not the gravy in it."

He laughed with an air of relief.

"Ninety-nine women would have asked for details first, and said they would come afterwards," he said, with an air of frolic. "You are the hundredth."

He told her that she would have to do the work in the library by day, the results to be brought to him in the evenings. It was going to be hard work. He was not an easy taskmaster. Some people might have cried out at the amount he expected her to do, but her heart leaped up with enthusiasm to do it.

"You may find me nothing I want," he said. "Sometimes I may put a whole day's work of yours in the waste-paper basket. How will you feel then?"

At first she found her own way. Then the time came when he was waiting on the platform as her train came in. He did him good, he said, to leave his work and have a brisk trot. He was too much given to sticking in the house when he had a big piece of work on hand.

He would put her into a chair in front of the study fire, and Mary, the parlor maid, would bring in tea, and Clarice would sip her tea while Mr. Freeland glanced through the work, she had done for him, with an exclamation now and then: "Good! Good!" or, "The very thing I was looking for!" which would fill Clarice's heart with a glow of proportional pleasure.

It was about Christmas time, and Clarice had been working for Mr. Freeland since October, that he first asked her to stay and dine with him.

"I'm so lonely," he said. "You can't imagine how bad it is for any one always to feel alone. I get into a habit of bolting my food, I read through dinner with a book propped up at the back of my plate. I have lost my manners, and when I go out I am bearish and forget to pass things to my neighbors."

She laughed, and his face lit up.

"You will stay, then," he said, his hand on the bell. "Ah, do."

She had been about to refuse, but—well, she wanted so much to stay herself and he so evidently wanted her. For once she was willing like an irresponsible girl. She trembled all over, half with delight, half with fear of her own temerity as she looked at him. He said, "Thank you," very quietly and rang the bell.

After that it became an established thing that she ate her dinner with him. They would talk over the work and the things that interested them both during the hours before dinner. The intimacy grew, and throve apace. They were over the meal. He had said he had forgotten all his manners, and that she must teach him as though he were in pinafore. Mary's respectable face relaxed in sympathy with the master's jest.

They were very merry little parties of two in the dining-room where for so long it had been a solitary figure, Richard Freeland, ate his dinner alone, unless when he had a male friend or two to dinner.

That sometimes happened still, and on these occasions Clarice went back home to her lodgings feeling strangely lost without the quiet hours she had grown used to. On evenings when she dined with Mr. Freeland, he would stand up from the dinner table, put on his coat and hat in the hall and escort her punctiliously to the very door of her lodgings. He never suggested her staying a little while and playing to him, though he had discovered with delight that she was a fine musician. He was so careful of her.

What matter though the winter lasted long that year and there was snow in April? It was a wonderful winter. Going to and from the library through the dark winter streets, she went with an uplifted heart. The ways might have been hung with blossoming roses, so uplifted was it.

But as the time turned round to Easter he labored coming to a close. She had been engaged for specialist work, and now it was all but finished. Mr. Freeland could get on with the best. She had marshaled all the facts for him. He had only to pick them up and arrange them.

He never seemed to remember that the time was coming to an end. Evening after evening she waited for him to allude to it, but no word came. At last her very last bit of work was done for him. As she put on her hat for the last time to leave the library her heart sank within her. She was going to say good by to him. There was no reason why they should see each other again. But how could any lonely it would be at the cottage, even with the neighborhood of Mary at the Point. How cold and lonely! How was she going to endure?

He was at the station as usual. He took the parcel of MSS. from her and thrust it in his pocket, as usual. They went up the hill to the bowery little avenue, closed at one end, in which half a dozen houses sat, each within its flower garden. His house was the oldest, quaintest, most delightful of all, in the most flowery and fruitful garden.

They went into the library, where a fire burned cozily and the lamp was lit. A kettle sang on the brass hob. The tea table was set out invitingly with many dainty things. Outside the air was cold and raw. She was glad to be in the glowing room. Well, her life was going to be cold henceforth. When she went out of this house to-night she was going to leave the fire of life behind.

"For the last time," she said out loud as she handed him his tea. At last she had found courage to say it. "I am going home to-morrow, Mr. Freeland. You have nothing more for me to do."

He put the cup down deliberately on the mantel shelf by his hand and turned about to stare at her.

"You are going to-morrow?" he repeated. "You are going to-morrow?"

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I'm hanged"—he brought out the word slowly and gently—"I'm hanged if you are!"

"But—but—" She had flushed up, and her smile was delightful. So he had not realized that she was going. "I am no further use to you. My work for you is done."

"That it is not," he said, crossing over to her and laying his great head down on her shoulder. "Why, it is only beginning. Shouldn't I leave to the loneliness again. I was the loneliest man alive till you came."

He clasped her in his arms. Was it really for her, this immense happiness? Was it possible that she was to be gathered in from arms this beautiful heart, whose rooms she had said to herself fancifully there was an atmosphere of the good woman who had lived and died in them. She trembled, and he clasped her closer.

They were sitting side by side, with a quiet light of joy on their faces, when Mary, the parlor maid, came in for the tray.

"Mary," said Mr. Freeland, "I want you and cook to accept—"

"Is it herself as mistress?" cried Mary, impulsively. "Sure, we know it all the time, me and cook. Won't we serve her as faithfully as we've served yourself, God bless her? And by the look of her I don't think she'll never be quarrelling with us."

The other Mary at the convent on the Point insisted that she had known all the time how it would end, had foreseen from the beginning. She was going to miss her friend, but then she had so many things to occupy her.

"Wasn't it lucky for you, Clarice," she said, with roguish eyes, "that I wouldn't have you for a nun at any price?"

"It was indeed," responded Clarice, with a serious air of thanksgiving which set the nun's humorous eyes dancing. "And Rose mightn't have liked the convent life, and Ther would have missed his walks. So perhaps it's best for all of us."—Katharine Tynan in the Catholic Weekly, London.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Columbus firm had an account against a man in a small country town in Ohio, and after ineffectual attempts to collect determined to do something radical. So they wrote to the postmaster of the town and asked information concerning the merchant; what his reputation was, whether he paid his bills, and what kind of a man he was generally, and said that if he was no good, to give the bill, which they enclosed, to the justice of the peace for collection. The answer they got from the postmaster took their breath away. It read something like this:

"Gentlemen: I am the John Smith about whom you are seeking information. I am also John Smith, postmaster, and I am John Smith, justice of the peace. Yours very truly, JOHN SMITH."

"Father, why can't I rise in the world like some other men?" asked a boy of his father who was a farmer. "For instance, why can't I some day become Secretary for Agriculture?"

"Too late, too late, my son! You know too much about farming!" rejoined the old man.

"You have an enormous appetite," said a thin man, enviously. "What do you take for it?"

"In all my experience," replied his plump friend, "I have found nothing more suitable than food!"

IRISH AND SCOTCH. Of "jarvey" stories the following may be worthy of record. One of these "immortals" was driving a client on a very hot day between Dunganon and Maghera, and as the road was lined with public-houses, the jarvey arrived in Dunganon in a sore state of drouth. He was supplied with half a mutchkin of whiskey, and was asked how he liked the drink. "Faith," replied Pat, "it's made another man of me, and he would like a drop too"; which reply has a Scotch analogue in the story of the man who was asked a similar question. "Weel," said the Scot, "ye see, I dinna like to gie an opinion on ae glass."

HE LOST THE BET. An Irish waiter, named Kenny, was noted for his wit and ready answers. A party of gentlemen, who were staying at the hotel, heard of Kenny's wit, and one of them made a bet that he would say something that Kenny couldn't answer at once.

Vapo-Resolena. Established 1879. Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria. Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics. Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach? It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is available to mothers with small children. Those of a consumptive tendency find immediate relief from coughs or influenza conditions of the throat. Sold by druggists. Send postal for booklet. LITTLE, MITCHELL & CO., Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada. 307

get some medical advice from Ricord without paying for it.

"Doctor, I'm feeling very poorly."

"Where do you suffer most?"

"In my stomach, doctor."

"Ah! that's bad. Please shut your eyes. Now put out your tongue, so that I can examine it closely."

The individual did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes, he opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by a crowd, who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Ricord, in the meantime had disappeared.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, FATHER? God knows we need to be aroused to the disastrous and increasing lethargy of the Catholic male parent. He has about as much authority as a chicken. The most powerful of powers earthly is the mutual love of father and son. Note the fond adoration which the little son has for his father. God has implanted that pure love in the child's breast. It is a flower and a flame. It is a reflex of the infinite love the Eternal Son bears to His Eternal Father. The neglect of this love is the most unpardonable of crimes. It is a scornful flinging into the mire of God's most ennobling gift to man. And to think how universally this is done! Mother love is exploited almost ad nauseam. Father love does not exist.

Most fathers do not love their sons. If they did, great gangs of young toughs would not roam our streets and by-ways half the night—and millions of ought-to-be Catholic youths would not be running hellward in our cities and towns.

Oh, to think, to think that every one of those indifferent, impious, worldly, selfish, sneering, Mass-missing, unflinching youths and men—was once a dear little chap, standing beside his father trustfully, gazing up at him with love-bright eyes and offering to him the incense of the most sincere and rapturous hero-worship! Had the father but tried a little to retain and foster and deserve this devotion—oh, the reign of virtue and happiness we would have right now!

IMPRESSIONS OF A MINISTER. It is a pleasure to record the impressions of a minister who lately visited the famous shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, in Canada. He did not come away a scoffer. On the contrary, he speaks reverently of what he witnessed there. This clergyman is Rev. John E. Heindel, pastor of the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, in Jersey City. Describing to his congregation a trip he made to Canada, he said:

"I also visited the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. From childhood I heard of this miracle-working place in modern times, and it had always been my hope some day to enter its sacred doors. I can not describe my feelings as I stepped from the train and entered the courtyard of the church and then wandered my way through this sacred acre to the church, where so many had entered, having spent all for the physician, and were made whole. * * *

"The pyramid of crutches in the church's entrance is verily an object of wonderment. The heart fills with awe and the eye with tears as one stands and looks upon them and reads their silent story. I wondered not that persons are skeptical when they hear only the story of these pyramids, but one's skepticism is soon dispelled as he examines crutch after crutch and sees the marks of pain and sorrow they bear.

"One pilgrimage arrived while we were there. It was from Ottawa. It was estimated to include five thousand people. The arrival was announced by the ringing of the bells and playing of the chimes. In befitting reverence the pilgrims left their trains and walked to the shrine. The sight was a pleasing one, and yet sad, for among them were many on crutches; children carried by fathers and mothers; fatigued and mothers carried by children; some with their heads bandaged, others revealing different forms of ailment and still many who came to worship in the world-famed church. To the observer it seemed as though we had returned to the beginning of religious faith when God selected some churches among others for His wondrous works. To me the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre was the most interesting and edifying to visit."

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For what is it a loyal son will not do for his father? And most sons are loyal. They have a tender fondness for mother but a more valiant veneration for father. Where this veneration dies—eight times in ten it is the father's own fault. He loved too little. He scolded too much. He sympathized too little, and then expected too much. Result—a cold, disobedient, thankless son. Anything to wonder at?—Miss Elder, in Catholic Citizen.

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At the Christmas Matinee

DID you ever see the face of a child when it is absolutely happy? It is a wonderful thing to make a child happy. If an Edison Phonograph had no other mission than to entertain the children it should be found in every home where there is even one child. But the Edison Phonograph is not merely a children's plaything, though it is the best playfellow a child can have. A child plays with its other playthings—but the Edison Phonograph plays with the child. That same Phonograph appeals to all the children, large and small; to grown-ups as well as to children; to guests as well as to the family. That is why every mother every mistress of a home and every hostess needs

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FITS CURED. MEDICINE FOR A MISER. The celebrated French physician, Ricord, was one day walking along the boulevards in Paris, when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could