THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1904

THE INCOMPATIBLES

On a beautiful morning in June a young husband and wife were seated apposite each other it a well-ap- it. pointed breaklast table. Beyond a brief "Good-morning!" when his wife entered the room, the master of the house had not uttered a word. From time to time she regarded him with glances now contemptuous, now gleaming with suppressed anger. As he was about to leave the table, apparently unconscious of her mood, as / his eyes had been fixed of the morning paper during the greater mart of the meal, she coughed slight-He looked at her, and she inquirel:

used.

You cannot bear low-necked dresses-

will not let me wear them without

a scene; and will not give up smok-

"You might say 'Good-morning!"

"Of course not. What a question!

Well, perhaps you have. But he

"You might have told me that long

does not seem in a hurry to go."

"Has she complained?"

But I have remarked it."

leave in a lew days."

Winston

ago.

scener

to your whereabouts?"

now and then.

him warning.

Winston, de you know what day of the month yesterday was)"

"The twelfth, was it not?" he redrink up all the wine in the cellar. plied.

"The twelfth of what?"

"Of June."

"Is that all?"

What do you mean, Dora?" You do not remember?

'I do not follow you.

No? Well, can you lend me your

her like a machine." cattention for a few moments?" "I can give it to you;" he rejoined,

Beaning back in his chair. "Very/well," she said, her voice tremulous, though she tried to make dt natural and indifferent. "Yesterciay was the anniversary of our marπiage.

"Ab, so it was!"

"Had you forgotten it?"

"No. But I saw no reason why attention should be called to it, or why we should make it an occasion of celebration."

"Perhaps you were right," ent on. "It would have been went on silly thing to do. But henceforth it will be a double anniversary-for me at least; for last evening I decided something which has been agitating my mind for some time."

He lifted his eyebrows but said not a word

"I have come to the conclusion that life with you is no longer possible, and I have resolved to end it." "To end your life, Dora?" he asked

tleasingly.

"Do not jest, Winston. I am sericous. I cannot live with you any longer.

"You mean that you will not?

"That is what I mean."

"Perhaps you are right. I shall mot coerce you."

You dare not. And it would altogether useless."

He drummed lightly with his fingers on the table, but made no reply After a moment she spoke again:

"I do not think that either of us mas anything serious with which to meproach the other

He 'interrupted her:

"Grounds for a divorce, you mean?" 'Winston' We are Catholics. I would never think of such a thing for

a moment. Neither would you. "Thankgyou! We took each other for better or worse, you know."

"We did. But, in my opinion, the meaning of that-of those words- is seldom understood. Poverty, sickmess, misfortune of all kinds, a man

"It is enough that I have an opin- may like it there."

ion for you to take the opposite view. Thank you!" he said. He looked at her sadly as she pass-You pretend to be a connoisseur in

music, whereas you know nothing et him. But her glance did not meet about it—save that you have a pretty his, her eyes were fixed on the floor, good ear. You say that I am an ig-noramus where politics is concerned, till the next morning at breakfast. They did not see each other again till the next morning at breakfast.

to my maid, and allow your man to to go as far from civilization." drink up all the wine in the cellar. Were those her words?"

"Her very words."

"You will be better without her." "So I think. I can readily do all ing when you know I cannot endure for myself that will be required."

He agreed with her, but did utter his thoughts, fearing that, not "I have never been cross to your maid, Dora. I seldom speak to her.", usual, she might misunderstand him. "Justin goes to-night," he said "He has found another occupation. That is what I mean. You treat And what should I say to her ? There are a lot of negroes at Long-

What possible ercuse could I have wood." for speaking to her, unless I wished Both seemed relieved to be rid of to ask her some question or other as their servants. The situation, was - too strained for observers.

The evening before they were to leave Winston came hurriedly to her sitting-room.

"Dora," he said, "I cannot go with ut I have remarked it." you to-morrow. There is something "It seems to me, Dora, you are wrong at the Lank, and they want the magnifying your woes. With regard directors to be on hand. There may to Justin, you know I have given be considerable delay for me. What will you do?"

"Is this an excuse?" she inquired, petulantly.

"I had paid him a month's wages He bit his lip.

in advance. He had represented to "No," he said, after a pause. "It me that his wife was ill. He will is the truth."

Will you come at all?" "Not if you do not wish it."

Whose plan was this-yours or

Very well. I shall do my part. 1 am tired to death, and the rest will do me good. I am longing for

She looked worried and fatigued. There were dark rings under ber eyes. invariably get angry, and I hate -

"Poor Dora!" he said, compassion-



but he did not avail himiself of his opportunity. The he had only said to her even playfully, "You have me, Dora," the situation might have been saved. But he let it pass. Perhaps it never occurred to him to improve it. After a moment, piqued at his in-difference, she resumed in a more acrid tone than she had hitherto used.

have always loved the country, I remained. It was comparatively va- Winston has something dearer now. ueless; either she had forgotten . or Dora said not a word. did not care about it. He lifted the "Doesn't it touch you to the botfower, wrapped the ribbon about it, tom of your heart to see and hear contining them with the pin; then he about these little things?" continued carefully placed both in a compart- Rachel. ment of his memorandum book and "Yes, "Yes, it does," answered Dora in

good ear. You say that I am an ig-noramus where politics is concerned, whereas the contrary is true. My Iather was not a Senator for ten isked, after the usual silence which years without my having learned followed "Good-morning!" something of politics. You are cross "No," she answered. "She refuses "This room is smaller, of course; but seserted room 'a chill went through And so it was. A child might have m; he felt desolate. He hurried slept-in the little white bed the night

and down the stairs. In another before. Thin, ruffled sash curtains noment he was walking rapidly up partially concealed the windows. In the street. the closet two small sailor hats were on the shelves, a pair of knee-trousers hung inside the door. On

a table between the windows were a in the lovely twilight of a delicious Latin grammar and old geography Dona arrived z* the little sta- and two or three well-worn storyaV. tion, where a carriage was to meet books, her. Comfortable and old-fashioned, ""The stood awaiting her. A beautiful "Cecil and His Dog," said Cousin derly lady sat inside, and from the Rachel, opening them. "He did love latiorm a smiling, white-headed ne- those books-when he was little. He gro advanced to take her small lug- used to read them over and over again. And here, on the lower shelf

My dear," said the old lady from of the table, are his copy-booksbe carriage, as Dora hurried after from the very beginning. And this driver, "you will forgive me for is his first French dictation book. getting out when you hear that 'Aimons nous les uns les autres.' kiss you." in a moment Dora was beside her. to it. He was never anything but

How nice you are, Cousin Rach- kind to everybody."

el" said Dora, nestling close to her new friend. "Somehow, I had not imagined you like this." "And how had you imagined me?" ters she read the words aloud, trans-lating them: "Let us love one anasked Cousin Rachel. "Not a Gor- other."

gon, surely! Winston would not ears-she was growing dizzy. have so described me." "Let us go into the garden," she said. "I do not feel very well." "Yes, yes, of course. i thought "Oh, no! But you know he is not expansive. Description is not one of

his strong points. I had thought you seemed silent, my dear. you quite old. "I am old-nearly seventy-but are really more quiet than I had "I am old-nearly seventy-but magined. Winston had given me

young at heart, thank God! You are not far from what I had pictured you; very nice, also. And how is ny dear bay? When is he coming?" "He is quite well," rejoined Dora, "gnoring the last question, which she

did not know how to answer. He was lovely to send you. And

it was so very good of you to come without him."

end. They seated themselves on a bench near it. Presently two beau-tiful swans sailed out from beneath the shade of some overhanging bushes. "There are Jupiter and Juno," said Cousin Rachel. "They have been in the lake for a great many years; long before Winston was born. He gave them those names-when he was little. He was about eleven, I think -just after he had begun to study mythology. Once he fell into the water over there, under that tree, where it is deepest. He was nearly drowned. I shall never forget it. Scipio heard him call and jumped The poor little fellow was so brave about it."

lating them: "Let us love one an-

the idea that you were very lively.

"I used to be, I think," said Dora,

slowly. "But I may have changed

in that respect since my marriage.

They went downstairs and into the

garden. Cousin Rachel led the way

to a miniature lake at the lower

No doubt I have."

They seemed to ring in her

she

You

Dora got up.



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"am slightly lame. Come, I want Dear child! he took that for his Practical Science motto; and he has always lived up TORONTO

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You asked no questions. And to mine?" she asked. me the matter was unimportant, so "Mine. far as you were concerned." "You never explain anything." When I endeavor to do so you make me draw it out to such a change.' length that it tires me. And you

"It is you who get angry, sir,

with a cold-blooded, implacable an- ately, voicing his feelings almost be-ger which exisperates me. To be fore he was aware of it. "I hope brief, we are thorns in each other's you will have a long and pleasant

flesh. We are constant sources of ir- rest.

and woman should consider themselves bound to endure together; but there are other things."

Still worse?'

Still worse. You know it as well as I do. One of them is absolute incompatibility. Our characters are so opposite that they must constantly diverge farther and farther. Now I mave resolved to end it all, as I told "Do all other married persons live

iln perfect harmony?'

"An idle question. Some of them succeed in adjusting themselves to each other, no doubt; some are naturally in accordance; others live in a kell upon earth. I do not propose to do this any longer.

"I was not aware that we had come to such a pass." "Probably not. Your indifference is

geally harder to bear than-"

terrestrial Inferno? No, Doera. I was not aware that things were iso had as that "

"Your indifference'again! And yet you' are so contrary that it is difficult to believe you are not often

sactuated, by malice. "In what way?"

"Everything I do seems to meet

with your disapproval." "A moment ago you said I was ündifferent. Are you not a little Enconsistent?"

"You look your feelings and the window." moods. Your eyes express a great deal.

"I might wear blue glasses-" "You cannot have a particle of Weeking," she continued, impatiently, ished. I shall say no more." "If you had, you could not answer sgrates on my nerves, it is so cold, so have not. But there are others in worse condition." sunnatural '

"I might always keep silent." It is .impossible!" she exclaimed. We hoth might. But that would "No one could be in worse condi-

"We both might. But that would not mend matters. Fancy two persons living together in perpetual selence!" (She brushed a tear from her eyes.) "Your moods are so variable! One day you are like the sphinx; the next day you talk so much that I cannot get in a single wood " "No one could be in worse condi-tion. You shall, you must take if seriously. I am tired of our meaner of life. I will endure it no longer. I have means of my own; I do not ask anything from you. Happily, we have no child to make matters more part midnight when she fell into a second that I cannot get in a single "Perbane if we had things would "

"Perhaps if we had, things would word "That is only when you have been never have come to this pass," complaining of my silent, moods.' said, sorrowfully.

"Yes, when you remind me of a "It is idle to speculate," she remortuary chapel. And then you are plied. so tyrannical!"

"Tyrannical! I!"

had not looked upon himself in that cross you. Possibly you will think light.

coincide with your own."

them.

wourself?'

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM, '03-'04.

She turned away. King ness from "I know I shall like it here," said him at this juncture was the hardest Dora, as they bowled along, wehind ritation to each other. I feel and I know that the sound of my voice, of my footsteps, the flutter of my gown thing to bear. She had not calculat- a ime pair of horses, over a smooth are odious to you. This very mo- ed on the task which was now ac- sandy road. "I have always longed ment I can see in those cold eyes of complished. to live in the country.

yours that you are longing to seize Winston proposed to rent the house me by the hair and, throw me out of furnished; and all her belongings had lightful if you could be persuaded been carefully set aside and packed. to live here always! Winston used "No, indeed. I was thinking how He had insisted upon it. Curios, wed- to love this home."

ding presents-personal property -he becoming to you is a little color, if were not the result of ill temper. would have none of them. "You are a monster! I have fin-As she lay down to sleep for the a long, broad white building, with

last time in the dismantled room lower and upper porches all around "Forgive me, Dora! I cannot take she could not help thinking what a it. The garden was delightful; frame as you do. Either my words vex this seriously. We have not lived fitting reminder it seemed of her grant, rambling, shady. Dora felt for Mars Winston with the tenderest you or you ridicule me. Your laugh happily, perhaps-in fact, I know we life. She felt helpless, too; realizing that she would like to wander grates on my nerves, it is so cold, so have not. But there are others in for the first time how he had al-

ways assumed every unpleasant care or responsibility, and that in future she would have to think for herdoor of Dora's room.

When Winston found himself at he home again, after he had watched the train steam slowly out of the staplied. "I am going. I bear you no tion, hoping vainly that Dora would so that when he comes you will be iron fence. ill-will. We shall both be happier. glance through the window at the able to renew old memories with him. "They ha I promise you that you will be a spot where he stood, he felt like one He will enjoy it so much better He was evidently surprised. He different man when I am not here to returning from a funeral. Some of then. the servants still remained as he had

determined to stay where he was un-

You do not love those whom I have in the subject of be comrades. "But," asked a self-accusing voice, "did you ever make accusing voice, "did you ever make the effort to lead her thoughts, her desires, her tastes in the direction of whose eyes she was a loved and happy wife? No; let that come that you had no the never had. On the contrary, he had done the very thing best calcu- the need of "I have never felt the never have never felt the never have never felt the never have never felt Besides, my old friend and governess lated to defeat his own wishes; he "Is that a compliment to me or to will be expecting us; she has had ev-ourself?" had complained of her frivolousness erything put in readiness for us. She without suggesting anything to take

'Let us walk," she said-"unless you are too tired, Cousin Rachel." 'No. When I walk slowly it does not tire me. Shall we go down to the edge of the wood?" 'Come, lean on me," said Dora.

"It is so nice to have you here," answered the old lady; "and to know An English Classical College, that you are Winston's wife! Do you see that bench yonder?" she went oh, as they neared the first group of trees. "Winston always came here to read in summer when he was little. Just behind it, between four sycamores which form a square, he made what he used to call his 'steady garden.' Violets grew there and lilies of the valley. If you had been here last month you would have seen them. Ah, there are a few violets I am going to gather them for you.

In a few moments Cousin life.' bench. Rachel came / to her with a little bouquet of the sweet-scented pur- is kind of him to keep up the fiction

she said: "How delighted Winston would be to see them there; children "I know I shall like it here," said of the flowers he planted when he sin Rachel, "because being the child

stables.

roaming about the place, in company grees Dora learned how careful of conditions. with a half-grown mulatto girl their comfort he had always been, whom Cousin Rachel had deputed and still was; of the sweets for the

Then they went across the plantathing that belonged to Winston when he was little," she said. "I know ents were buried. A tombstone of that will please you more than any-thing else I could do for you. I head of each grave. Both were care-thing else I could do for you. I head of each grave. Both were carehead of each grave.' Both were carewant you to get acquainted with it, fully tended and enclosed by a heavy

said Dora, bending over to read the inscriptions.

Dora smiled as she took the small withered hand in hers. She felt it incumbent upon her to say nothing. "You love Winston very much, Let us sit here while I tell you about "You love Winston very much, Let us sit here while I tell you about "When Winston was eleven his mo-Wight. "Yes. When on rare occasions you are gay, you think every one else snust be gay; when you are gloomy you think others should be so," "I was not aware of it, Dora." "Nevertheless, it is true. You are will not suffer the least contradic-tion. You interrupt me when speak, and, if my views do not change to word mer windly than you do at and pleased him; later he had grown weary of them. He had wanted a and pleased him; later he had grown weary of them. He had wanted a and pleased him; later he had grown weary of them. He had wanted a always been succentible to the succentible to the about among her relatives. Both loved the boy, their only child; but love for Winston that she had snoken? "First, I am going to show you the room Winston had when he was lit-Really, there were rwo rooms,

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"He writes to you of me, Cøusin Rachel?" asked Dora.

"Always, always. You are his "Poor Winston!" thought Dora. "It

of happiness with this poor old woman. He does not wish to grieve her doting heart."

"I tell you all this," resumed Couof such a marriage, and having been thus peculiarly situated, you must "Here is Boniface!" said Cousin he may he also a nttle eccentric, per-Rachel, stroking an old grey donkey haps reserved, perhaps nervous, per-that stood quietly nibbling grass. haps even at times apparently self-"Has Winston never told you about absorbed and cold. I do not say Boniface, the donkey he loved so, that you have ever observed these things in him I hone and believe things in him. I hope and believe And so they continued, step by step through the stables, to the negro ca-vista of joy and content that his inbins, where the people all inquired fancy and childhood unfortunately missed. But I have seen these things affection, especially the old men and in him at times; and although, as I here. The next morning was spent in The next morning was spent in the time women who had known and loved him they may not have known them, they may still recur, under certain

"He is good-he is very good !" murmured Dora. "But-you are

'He is sometimes-strange, then?' "A little, sometimes-yes."

"Well, dear, if it is so-whenever it is so-only remember that he would be different if things had not

Dora pressed the wrinkled old hand to her lips. When she drew it away it was wet with her tears.

"He was so fond of me always!" Cousin Rachel went on. "At times after his father or mother had gone,

neither was so unjust as to wish to deprive the other of him. Conse-morning she wrote a long letter to

Dora leaned back on the green

"Let me pin them on your bosom,"

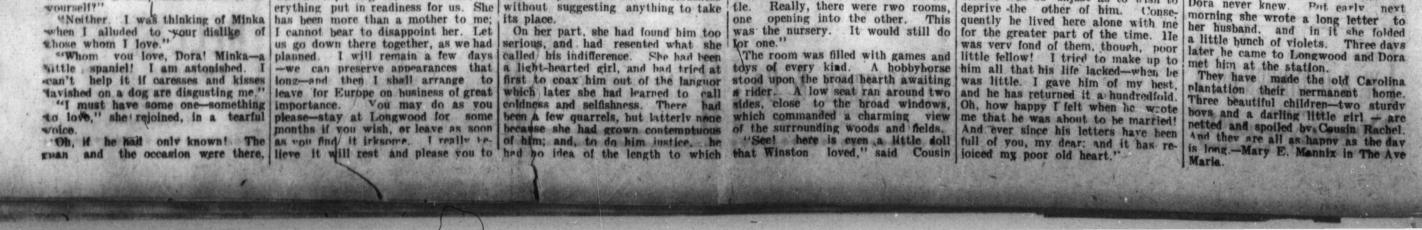
to wait on her young mistress. In children and the bright bandannas and right. the afternoon, her usual siesta fin-ished, the old lady tapped on the gularly every Christmas to Longwood addressed to each by name.

"They have been dead a long time"

The next morning they visited the "i am glad to hear it. now de-

So she went on with gentle garrulity till they reached the house-

"I am going to show you every-



tle.