they chattered on until a Sister Marguerite away to meet another sweet surprise in the person of

Lady Edith de Mowbray.

That evening the married portion United Kingdom "cordially invited Father Egbert and Percysoon to be Father Basil-to their apartments, and a right merry time and concected such tales of the misconduct of the two girls in their former days, that their husbands were herrified and astonished. In the enjoyment of such merry converse and happy prospects we must have the such merry converse and happy prospects we must have the such merry converse and happy prospects we must have the such merry converse and happy prospects we must have the such merry converse and happy prospects we must have the such merry converse and happy prospects we must have the such merry converse and happy prospects we must have the such merry converse and happy prospects we must have the such merry converse and happy prospects we must have the such merry converse and happy prospects we must have the such merry converse and happy prospects we must have the such mercal and the such m were norrified and astonished. In the evictory ment of such merry converse and happy prospects we must leave them, for the eventful day declines, and the shades of night draw rapidly on; and so the curtain must also fall, and hide from view for a time our three dear convent girls. Yet would I fair raise it to present one last tableau to your would an Irishman be, Mies Gray abolitionists and was like a firebrand. As a lawyer, he fairly leaped to success. I was lifteen now, and Irishman denying it, he rejoined. Then, I broke in with a question. The first thing I knew, and while she had suitors at the constant companion of my could otherwise have done. All her eisters and brothers were married that she could not make up her mind. We were often in Laviertee.

Woodville has been ill, very ill. A cancer is doing its sure and deadly

stands in front of her two companions, who look up at her from their fields, and nearly always she stopped written: 'I have forgotten!' low seats, admiration depicted in to talk with Martin Kelly. So things infant in her arms, little Lord Christmass of the good old times.

Grantheuse, and the sweet little toddler at her side. Margaret third, so like that elder Margaret heart of her young mother thrills

with pride as she gazes upon her. As for Marie, Countess de Woodville, her portrait hangs in the lofty picture gallery side by side with the far famed one of her mother, and they are as twin sisters.

Stretched at full length in the canine friend and admirer Leo. expecting someone. What matters it to him if she has changed the outward shape and make of her robes? He sees no alteration, no difference in her. For her he would willingly give his life. He has no one left but her to love, and his faithful eyes follow her everywhere. It is a bright and pretty tableau.

Whether or not I continue to give you glimpses of the members of he" United Kingdom" in a future | matter? history, will depend very much upon the reception which they meet with as depicted in this volume.

THE END

THE TIP OF THE SCALES

It was a homey kitchen where Aunt Becky sat pseling apples. Walls of that yellow you see in old crockery, with brown trimmings that had a hint of red; a braided rug, cream tinted curtains, and a wood

I will have to give up my stove some day, for wood is getting scarce, and men to cut and haul it in, scarcer, but there is no use crossing your bridge till you come to it."

Thus Aunt Backy, when obeying her "Honey, put a stick of wood in the stove for me please," I expressed my delight at that relic of our

look at those samples I suppose you was so terrible it seemed to be got for me in town yesterday. It crushing her. seems the strangest thing in the said, and his voice was like his world my buying a dress for the face. 'My father will kill you for wedding of a Grayson and a Kelly," this—this insult! she cried. 'Oh, she went on, scraping the core out no, your father won't! he answered, of an apple. "if Cousin Rose Gray with a cruel laugh. 'You don't son knew of it, she would rise out know my father, she began. 'But I of her grave to forbid it. You can't know his daughter! he flung at her understand it honey, how some of 'You poor, vain, cowardly little those old families here in the Blue Grass used to despise the Irish, back there before the war, I never blamed the Irish for siding with the Yaphese and I will after here and the Irish for siding with the Yankses. father—and I will stay here and It was their chance to get even. I believe in everybody gesting even, if what I begin! I want you to remember the real of the real state of they can. The good Lord does Himber that! It is my Christmas gift to self. You do anything against the Lord, and you'll settle up, some time or other.

"My father's plantation juined Uncle John's, and, as their children watched the flames as they swept watched the flames as they swept over the tissue paper and began to over the tissue paper and began to My father's plantation joined room. spent half my time over there. I over the tissue paper and began to was there the night Martin Kelly easup the spray of red roses, which came singing up the road and turned in at the gate. He had heard, he said, that my uncle had a stone fence seemed to me as if it were someto build and he was there to build any uncle didn't think as much of up.

My uncle didn't think as much of "The stone fence stretched its "The Stone fence stretched its him as of one of his negroes, but he belonged to the white race. He gave gray length between the Grayson

and a mighty pretty girl, even if I do him in charge, that when he was say it. The first Sunday Martin not working he was always reading Kelly was at my uncle's, Rose and I out of big books. Rose became met him, dressed up and walking changed girl. My uncle and aunt toward the gate. 'Where are you grew anxious about her and took going Martin? she demanded. 'To her to a doctor in Lexington. He Mass in Lexington, Ross!' he an could find nothing wrong and advised burning red. The young man waiked not go away. on, singing as he went down the white turnpike. Rose flaw to my but a few yards of being finished, uncle, mad as a hornet. 'Served that day when Rose said she would you right for taking any notice of take me homs. Martin was working, him! was all the satisfaction she but not singing as formerly, nor did got from the old man. Rose was he stop, though he must have heard very quiet all that day, and I think Delight galloping down the pasture. she laid her plans to punish him When we reached the gap still human mind to measure the cherself. The next morning I noticed between the two farms, Rose drew fidence God had in Saint Joseph.

n the back porch, you may go to

stood at one of the pillars, fastening look at her, replaced his hat, and up a morning glory. Certainly, stooped again over his work. up a morning glory. 'Certainly, there are fairies in Ireland,' said Kelly, 'and you can take back my

The fence he was building was and much is forgiven such men. work, and the mother yearns for her daughter's ecciety. Nay, she has learnt to bless God for the part she forth frequently, Rose, instead of with a young French girl from St. has chosen.

Sister Marguerite—her sunny eyes filled with a boly, peaceful light, the white cornette upon her head—stands in front of her two companions, who look up at her from the filled with a boly peaceful light, the white cornette upon her head—stands in front of her two companions, who look up at her from their filled and the stands in front of her two companions, who look up at her from their filled and the stands in front of her two companions, who look up at her from their filled and the stands in front of the engagement of filled and the stands in front of her two companions, who look up at her from the filled and the stands in front of her two companions.

who lived in Lexington, took suddenwho peacefully reposes in the quiet ly sick, and all the children and who peacetrally reposes in the date; cemetery at St. Benedict's, that the heart of her young mother thrills had a bad cold and was left at my uncle's. Rose staying home to care for me. The colored people of course went on with their jollifications down in the quarters. I was in a big arm shade close by lies Bertie's faithful in a while to listen as if she were canine friend and admirer Leo. specting someone. Then, she said: big house by ourselves?' I was not, but naturally became so, 'I believe I hear someone at the front door! she whispered. She gave a little ecream and I gave a big one. Then the door leading to the back porch opened and Martin Kelly came in looking frightened.

"'I heard you cry,' he said, going straight to Rose. 'What is the matter?' 'I felt timid here in the ouse alone,' she said. 'Didn't you know I was here to protect you?' asked, and his voice was low and tender. 'But you didn't come,' she began, then stopped. 'You never asked me,' he replied. 'You would not have waited to be asked, if, she said, then stopped. 'If what?' he asked, his voice choked up. 'If I cared, do you mean?' When she you know I love you better than my where, life! and he caught both her hands "She died soon afterward and

"A moment followed—and many a end of the war left the little Gray-time since I have thought how much sons and the little Kellys penmiless. hung on that moment! I am sure she loved him—she couldn't have helped it, for if ever there was a man, of the big land owners of Fayette it was Martin Kelly. But I saw her eyes narrow, like a cat's, and I felt

grandfathers' days.

"I will have these apples ready for the oven in a jiffy, and then I'll work for the oven in a jiffy, and then I'll work for the content of the waste over her, and the wrath in his face. Exactly-He swung around and left the

to build and he was there to build it. thing living which was being burned

"Cousin Rose was my uncle's youngest child. She was seventeen and a mighty pretty girl, even if I do I saw my cousin's face get a a change of scene. But Rose would

" It was May and the fence wanted

I can always see him as he his table, and ask him if there really are fairies in Ireland.' stopped and lifted himself, taking off his hat as he did. 'When I forgentle faced Sister came to call are fairies in Ireland.'
Sister Marguerite away to meet an "I did as I was bid, while Rose get you! he said, and, with another stooped again over his work.
"The stone fence was finished,

and, ignorant of the tragedy builded answer to your cousin, since she into it, my uncle paid Martin Kelly sent you.' Rose heard him and again and apparently he passed out of our and apparently he passed out of our lives. But not so. He went straight present one last tableau to your view.

It is three years hence, and the scane is the flowered terrace of Baron Court. The Dowager Countes de Woodyille has been ill year ill don't row think?

Rose had gone down from the porch that she could not make up her mind. We were often in Lexington and saw Martin Kelly, for, while his standing close together. Becky, course and religion were social bare, bis fame and talent and personality don't row think?

"I think that was her death blow. A few days later, she astonished us all by acnouncing her engagement to Richard Grayson, a dietant relative, wealthy, and a rising power in Lexington politics. I was too young to understand all that was going on, but it was soon evident that Richard Grayson and Martin Kelly were openly fighting each other. I have heard men say no one knew why they should be enemies. Perhaps Richard Grayson himself did not know—but I knew and I think Martin Kelly knew. chair by the fire, nursing my new doll, and Rose was walking up and down the room, stopping every once such battles, and as far as a woman might at that time, she made her influence felt. She was charming, Backy, aren't you afraid here in this she could manage men, and every move she made was for the advance ment of her husband. Their marri-

age was a perfect one. Then came the war, its red hand sweeping aside personal animosities. Of course, all the Graysons were for the South, and Martin Kelly joined his friends for the North. Honey, those two old houses on either side of the stone fence went up in smoke. The slaves abandoned their masters, the cattle were taken to feed the enemy, the fine horses were ridden off. The day the houses were burned, Rose, flying with me and her two children, came to the stone fence, and she flung herself on her kness and called down the curse of God on Martin Kelly. I was too shocked to try to prevent her. But I think she was half crazy that day. didn't say anything, he rushed on: I know I was—with the house gone 'You know I care! Rose, darling, and the Yankee soldiers every-

his, and was drawing her to Martin Kelly fell, fighting for the cause he believed was right. county, going to marry Martin Kelly, whose father is one of the what she was going to do.

"'How dare you!' she cried, wrenching her hands away. 'You—you—' But she couldn't say what more than sixty years ago!"—Anna

The month of March is dedicated in a particular manner to Saint up their wounds, and given them Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin, foster father of Christ and patron of Universal Church, Though devotion to this great friend of God did not become widsspread until more recent years it was not lacking in the early days of Christianity. others as He has done to us; to show Little mention is made of him by the Gospel writers because he did not charity which He manifests to all in the early days of Christianity. Gospel writers because he did not charity which He manifests to all take part in the public ministry of mankind of every description and Chaist and was not with him during without any exception of persons those days of which most is written. He expects us to be moved with com The position that he occupied in passion for the ills of our neighbor the divine economy gives us an idea and not only for his physical ills, but of how dear he must have been to more especially for the moral ills the Heart of God.

To know how truly great the holy Saint Joseph was we need only retell the supreme confidence God placed in him. Never since the dawn But, to earn that repayment, of creation did God so perfectly must have the right intention.
trust a man as He did Saint Joseph.
Those who help the poor and suffer-Without one thought of doubt, with ing and take their reward in applause supreme faith in his loyalty, God and notoriety will have no other gave into the custody of saint Joseph payment. "They have received their tion promised. J. G." gave into the custody of saint Joseph payment. "They have received their the most precious treasures that reward." To merit repayment from aver graced the world. When one Christ, we can measure the love of God for His His Name. Blessed Mother, when one can appreciate how dear to Him was the purity and good name of Mary, one church, and if he revels in the joy of tenderest of all the stories about the can begin to measure the trust God what man may say in his praise, and beloved friend of Ireland. put in Saint Joseph. It is only in does not lay his good work humbly "Ore eventide, a doct born in Bethlehem that we can get a fellowmen will be his only reward; full conception of the mission of or, if he gets any other reward, it holding little white flowers in their Saint Joseph. To him the Heavenly will come to him because of the hands. And he saw a young nun chosen from all eternity to guard his behalf, and guide the Incarnate Son of the Why is clothing for Him. It is not given human mind to measure the con-

and then-she, whom you could not well Becky. I imagine he can tell cried, 'Martin, won't you forgive tion of the life of Christ. As it relief, without advertence to the care of Christ so has He placed the which the virtue of charity, as taught Church in a particular way under by Christ, is directed. carefully over the Church during these trying days and also pray that he may secure for us, children of the Church entrusted to his care, the supreme grace of a happy death. -Catholic Sun.

THAT CAN ENDURE

Why do you want to become a Catholic ?" the religion that makes such women as that Sister over there."

Jesus Christ came on earth and preached His doctrine of charity. Greathe lesson of brotherly love has been status passed down from lip to lip for 1,900 years; and its influence on the lives of men and women has been profound and continuous. The evil that is in the world makes much more noise than the good. It is the evil deeds of men that get space in the newspapers, and it is those of which people talk in their hours of gossip. People do not sit down to talk about the good points and good actions of their neighbors. Yet, there was to his credit.

Yes, the world is very wicked; and most of its wickedness is to be ascribed to neglect of the great lesson of our Lord's teaching-love of God, and love of each other for God's sake. A worldly definition has been put on charity: the term is popularly applied to the relief of physical distress. That relief is a very good thing; but it is only a very unperfect interpretation of Christ's great Many men are generous in their gifts to the poor and distressed : and at the same time they are unscrupulous and ruthless in their disregard of their rights and others in their business and social affairs and many who give away great sums in what is popularly called charity, never think of God, and bave no charity. St. Paul gave them their answer many centuries ago : If they have not charity; the charity which Christ taught, it will profit them nothing to be kind to the needy. If they should deliver their body to be burned and give all their goods to feed the poor and have not charity,

it will profit them nothing. Wherever there is real brotherly love-which there cannot be where there is no love of God-there is the nearest possible approach to heaven on earth. Wicked and wilful and negligent as the world is, and con-sumed as it is with eagerness for worldly things, there are countless good Samaritans who try to model their lives on Him who is the greatest of all who have loved mankind the greatest of good Samaritans, Jesus Christ.

Nearly all men have gone far, at some time or another, from our Father's house; and have fallen among robbers-the agencies of the Christ's enemies-who have robbed them of the grace of God and drawn them into sin; leaving them helpless and wounded. Then has come the Good Sawaritan, Jesus Christ, and the good Samaritans, his holy men and women of the Church, end have lifted them up, and bound success and shelter, and a fresh start; pouring into their wounds the healing balm of sanctifying grace in repentance and resolution to do better in the future.

And Christ still expects us to do to which afflict and andanger his soul. 'And I on My return will repay thee.'

But, to earn that repayment, we must have the right intention. Christ, we must act for Him and in Little Flower who saved my life at

realizing the Divinity of the Babe at the feet of Christ, the praise of his

Why is it that in this age when Most high. In His infancy Saint the world is covered with magnifi-Joseph watched ever Him; in the cant and costly structures given by none of her Sisters were out at that flight into Egypt he carried him in man's generosity to the works of hour, and, as the doctor insisted he his arms; in those heavenly days at education, mercy and charity, that could not have been mistaken, she Nazareth he provided food and man's inhumanity to man still makes called the Nuns together, and asked countless thousands mourn? It is him it he recognized among them the because the spiritual motive is so Sister whom he had seen on the often lacking; because charity is so battlefield. she took great pains in dressing, and up. Still he went on with his work she said to me: 'The Irishman sings' She leaned over the saidle and Church. The Church is the continuation of the Universal commonly interpreted in terms of "He said, 'No, she is not her said to me: 'The Irishman sings' She leaned over the saidle and Church. The Church is the continuation of the Universal commonly interpreted in terms of mere financial betterment or physical that is her picture on the wall.'

was to Saint Joseph God gave the higher purposes and nobler aims to

and Mary. We should pray to Saint of our neighbor, to promote health, Joseph during March that he watch to cure disease, to relieve physical distress, are all good things; but, upless they are done as steps in helping mankind towards a higher, holier, cleaner, more spiritual life, to the end that man may conform to God's plans for him beyond the grave in sternity, they are mere worldly ameliorations; and are not a true or THE ONLY FOUNDATION | a lequate application of Christ's great | tion.

le son of charity.
"With all these things, the world God ever made." Said a Catholic chaplain to a dying soldier who asked to be received into the Chaplain. you want to become a Cathyou want to become a Cathmen who prepared the public mind kings learned the whole Gospel.Father Faber. of Germany for a war of world con-quest. Germany is a land of colleges; The world is very wicked; yet not in which was taught everything but so wicked as before our Blessed Lord the love of God and the charity of

Great labor unions have raised the status of comfort, and the earnings of millions; and are already at a highly critical and dangerous stage in their career, because their leaders preach social hate and not social peace : raise envy to the rank of a virtue and never notice charity.

Great captains of finance rake the world over to draw recourse of nature from the depths of the earth, from the recesses of forest and jungle from the caves of the ocean; and in so doing they give employment to never in the world a man so bad that teeming populations; and no one there was not something to be said respects them the more for it; cause they have not charity, and love not their fellow-men for Christ's sake, but only for the sake of their bank account.

Nothing permanent can be built on such foundations.—The Casket.

MAKING DAILY TASKS EASIER

It is no disparagement of the natural virtues and their value in daily life to reflect how far superior is the supernatural motive which our Faith teaches us to animate the performance of daily duties. We have the wonderful incentive of pelieving that the God who made us looks to us for service done in His Name and for His sake. Made practical in the day's work, this belief will lessen, and indeed is capable of completely removing the deadly dullness of necessary routine. round of wearisome duties which makes up the lot in life of so many people, permits, for a large portion of mankind, of very little leisure and very little recreation, and ro time at all for mere pleasure as such.

There are stoics who can see the weeks and months lengthen into years and keep themselves consistently honest and diligent and persevering. Since, however, revealed truth has taught us that these years are but a testing time, and has set clear and beautiful above us the star of religious hope, how great is the loss of inspiration and the waste of courage and comfort for those who fail to raise their eyes and hearts to this source of brave

resolve and cheering help. Just a thought to God, a breath of prayer to our Lord, His Blessed Mother, to the Saint whose name we bear, or to one of our own loved ones who is with God; and the work is essier, and the day is brighter, and the saving doctrine of the Commun ion of Sainte has litted us above the grubbing paths into the easier and nobler way where that star of hope gleams bright and true. Learn to use the practical aids of religion and these same will blot out for you the taint of hopslessness so appalling in hearts which never turn to God.— Catholic Standard and Times.

THE LITTLE FLOWER AND THE IRISH SOLDIER

In her book, "Herself Ireland," Mrs. T. P. O'Connor tells of her visit to Dublin four years ago

" I interpersed reading the Georgian books with Dublin newspapers There is His promise; the promise of and was much edified with these advertisements 'In grateful thanksgiving to the

Little Flower for many favors received. M. L. Thanksgiving to the Little

In triumph thanksgiving to the the battle of the Somme. J. M.'

Ore eventide, a doctor walking over the battlefield was surprised to find many of the dead Irish soldiers Father entrusted His Only Son. It prayers which others, more humble stooping over the dead. When he was Saint Joseph that had been than he, may be inspired to say in spoke to her she lifted a lovely face and smiled, but made no answer. He related the incident to the Mother Superior of the hospital; she said

" He said, 'No, she is not here, but

'It was a poftrait of the Little

And that is how I like beet to imagine her. On the dreadful field the patronage of this wonderful Saint. He is patron of a happy foundation which can endure. To death, for no man can die more increase earning capacity, to add happily than he in the arms of Jesus greater physical comforts to the lives gently touching their hands, as she fills them with the shinlng white flowers of Paradise."

> The road to right is not nearly so arrow as some folks would have us believe. It is a bit parrow in one or two places, but having passed these, you'll find it wide enough for every right desire and every high ambi-

Faith lighted up the cave when they entered into it, and let them not "Those Sisters of Mercy," said an American officer who had been of unselfishness now exist in the came to them by dream, and they came to them by dream, and they obeyed. Faith is the quickest of all learners, for it soon loses itself in that love which sees and understands all things at a glance. So in this one visit to Bethlehem the

> It takes a joint of beef to make a Bottle of

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