shot o

acros

al'ay

wher

muc

villa

done

hors

brot

with

ran

sup

wa mu

ma He



TO PUT ON

Golden Medical Discovery. It works wonders. By restoring the normal action of the deranged organs and functions, it builds the flesh up to a safe and healthy standard—promptly. standard—promptly, pleasantly and nat-urally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale

emaciated, thin, pale and puny are made strong, plump, round and rosy. Nothing so effective as a strength restorer and flesh maker is known to medical science; this puts on healthy flesh not the fat of cod liver oil and its fifthy compounds. It rouses every organ of the body to activity, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood so that the body feels refreshed and strengthened. If you are too thin, too weak, too nervous, it may be that the food assimilation is at fault. A certain amount of bile is necessary for the reception of the fat foods in the blood. Too often the liver holds back this element which would help digestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stimulates, tones up and invigorates the liver, nourishes the blood, and the muscles, stomach and nerves get the rich blood they require. the muscles, stomach as rich blood they require.

Spent Hundreds of Dollars with no Benefit. M. J. COLEMAN of 33 Sargent St., Roxbury, Mass., writes: "After suffering from dyspepsia and constipation with un-



## WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

The Catholic Record for One Year FOR \$4.00.

By special arrangement with the publish ers, we are able to obtain a number of the Above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers.

The dictionary is a necessity in every home, school and business house. It fills vacancy, and furnishes knowledge which no one hundred other volumes of the choicest books could supply. Young and Old, Educated and Ignorant, Rich and Poor, should have it within reach, and refer to its content every day in the year.

As some have asked if this is really the Original Webster's Unsbridged Dictionary we are able to state that we have learned direct from the publishers the fact that this is the very work complete, on which about 4 of the best years of the author's life were swell employed in writing. It contains the entire vocabulary of about 10,000 words, in cluding the correct spelling, derivation and definition of same, and is the regular standard size, containing about 300,000 squars inches of printed surface, and is bound it cloth.

A whole library in itself. The regular sell

cloth.

A whole itbrary in itself. The regular sell ing price of Webster's Dictionary has here tofore been §12.00.

N. B.—Dictionaries will be delivered free of all charge for carriage. All orders must be accompanied with the cash.

If the book is not entirely satisfactory to the purchaser it may be returned at our expease.

pense.
"I am well pleased with Webster's Un abridged Dictionary. I find it a most valu-able work. JOHN A. PAYNE, Chatham, Ont."
"I am highly pleased with the Diction-ary," writes Mr. W. Scott, of Laneaster, Ont Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, ONT.

EDUCATIONAL

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE. BERLIN, ONT.

Commercial Courses, And Shorthand and Typewriting.
r further particulars apply to REV. THEO, SPETZ, President

THE PINES URSULINE ACADEMY

Superior advantages afforded for the culti-vation of MUNIC PAINTING, DRAW, ING. and the CERAMIC ARTS. SPEARL COURSE for publis preparing for Facility of the Course of the Course of Certificates Matriculation, commercial Diplomas, Sten-ography and Type-writing. For particulars address, THE LADY SUPERIOR. THE LADY SUPERIOR.

A SSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, Ont.—The studies embrace the Classica, and Commercial courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full perticulars apply to Rev. D. Cushire, C. S. B.



opp. Masonic Temple.

SMITH BROS

180 KING STREET. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, The leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day.
Telephone—House, 373 Factory, 548.



CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XLIII. When Mrs. Bertram went out of the oom, leaving her daughter and Mr. lalford alone together, it is not to be supposed that she was insensible to the possibility of that declaration which Sibyl on her part feared. But it did not strike Mrs. Bertram as a thing to be feared, but rather as a thing to be desired, on one ground, if not on another. Though she had no reason to believe that her daughter would accept Mr. Talford, neither had she any reason to believe that she would reject him, and under the circumstances it was surely well that the matter should be brought to an issue. And there was at least no precipita tion in it. Any other woman than Sibyl would have been disappointed Any other woman than that the offer had not been made long before this; and although it migh readily be Sibyl's own fault that it had not been made her mother was never theless anxious that she should not be deprived of the triumph of having Mr. Talford's difficult taste and large for tune laid at her feet. "If she would only accept him!" Mrs. Bertram sighed, with some faint hope that she might do so-for that consideration of manner toward him which struck Egerton so forcibly had not escaped ner observation-but, if this were no o be, it was none the less desirable

that he should not resign his sui

without having come to a decisive

vorld, and knew what would be said

roused hopes in fair bosoms

point; for Mrs. Bertram knew her

in that case, since it was well under-stood that Mr. Talford had more than

which he finally walked away without

him there would be heartfelt pleasure

n many quarters: but unless there

ratifying.

vas certainty of this retribution there would unquestionably also be strong Aware of this, Mrs. Bertram, like a ise woman of the world, said to her elf that it would be no fault of hers if Mr. Talford did not leave the house either an accepted or a rejected suitor. Nothing would have induced her to efface herself in an obvious manner; but she was not sorry for the summon which called her from the salon, and, having despatched the business which demanded her attention — the simple payment of a bill-she saw no necessity for returning to the room, where a steady murmur of conversation in dicated that her daughter and Mr. Talford were agreeably, and she hoped profitably, occupied. She therefore retired to her chamber and awaited the issue with mingled hope and fear, meditating the while upon the superior excellence of the French marriage

vagaries of individual choice. Mr. Talford's departure was pres-ently audible, but there was no sound or sign of Sibyl. Mrs. Bertram waited for what seemed to her a considerable length of time, and then entered the alon, where she found that young lady seated in the chair where she had left her, gazing absently out of the window at the sun-gilded tree tops of the Parc Monceaux. She did not turn her head as her mother entered, and after a moment's pause Mrs. Bertram walked up and laid a hand on her shoulder

system, which leaves so little to the

Are you dreaming?" she said. 'I hope the subject of the dream is pleasant.

Sibyl looked around at her with a

"Poor mamma!" she said. "The dream is not what you would like it to said Mrs. Bertram, a little wounded be. It is sad, is it not, to have a daughter who is so impracticable? I wish for your sake that I had been made differently. Though I cannot say," she added, as if to herself, "that I wish I had been made able to marry

Mr. Talford." "Then you have refused him!" said Mrs. Bertram in a low tone. She thought that she had not indulged in much hope, but she learned by her disappointment that it was greater

than she imagined. "Did you think it possible that I would accept him?" Sibyl answered. 'If so, I am sorry for your disappointment; but there has never b moment in which it was possible to

"And yet - " said Mrs. Bertram, then paused.

"And yet — what?" asked her "You cannot mean to daughter. imply that I gave you any reason to believe it possible?"

"No," was the reply. "I cannot say that you gave me any reason." "If not you, who then? Certainly

"Perhaps not-certainly notyou would accept him," said Mrs. Ber-tram. "But you have not indicated in any manner that you dislike him.'
"Why should I, when I do not dislike him? Is there no medium be tween disliking a man and being willing to marry him? It seems to me that it is not a passive but an active

feeling one requires for the last. "That is not what I mean - you know that is not what I mean," said Mrs. Bertram. "Of course it is an active feeling that one equires for such an important step, and I am not as worldly as you think-I should not



you have seemed to like Mr. Talfordfor you.

"And you thought such liking might be a substitute for love — for me?" said Sibyl. "Certainly no one is accurately known even by those who should know one best.'

"But you cannot deny," said Mrs. Bertram, a little obstinately, you have treated him better than you treat other people.

' If I have it was because I was too indifferent to him to treat him otherwise. One does not quarrel with an absolute stranger — and Mr. Talford was an absolute stranger to all save the surface of my life. And then - I suppose you will hardly understand but I was interested in him a little, as a study. I wanted to test the value of his philosophy of life."

Mrs. Bertram ejaculated, "Good heavens!" under her breath.

"And so," Sibyl went on, her gaze returning again meditatively to the tree-tops, "I may unintentionally tree-tops, "I may unintentionally have misled him a little. But I do not think it could have been very much. I have been considering the matter ever since he went away, and I am sorry if in the least degree I have brought on him a disappointment which is, however, no deeper than his vanity.

"You cannot possibly tell that, said Mrs. Bertram. "Why should he have asked you to marry him, if he were not attached to you?"

"There are different forms of attachment," said Sibyl quietly Some are flattering; others are-not. I do not think I could make you comprehend what I felt when Mr. Talford offered me what he called

"I am not very stupid, yet I doubt if you could," said Mrs. Bertram dryly. Your ideas are altogether too exalted for my comprehension.'

If retribution overtook Sibyl gave a short sigh. "It is a pity when people do not understand each other," she said, "but at least l do not obtrude my ideas, save in affairs that concern myself alone.

But how can you think that the affair of your settlement in life concerns yourself alone?" said Mrs. Ber tram pathetically. "What can con tram pathetically. "What can con-cern me more? I would give any thing to see you happily and brilliantly married, for the end will be that I shall die and you will be left alone - an old maid with a very moderate fortune.'

"What an appalling picture!" said Sibyl, with a smile. "But I hope you do not mean to die soon; and as for the old-maidenhood — I could not only support that, but I should consider it happiness compared to marrying man who was uncongenial to me. must be a struggle to marry even a man whom one loves and admires-for one can never be free again. But to think of marrying one whose character one despises, whose aims in life one scorns — 'that way madness lies.' Nothing could induce me to do it nothing!

She rose as she spoke, looking so beautiful and stately in her energy that Mrs. Bertram involuntarily clasped her hands. "O Sibyl!" she exclaimed, "vou

will throw away all your attractionsand you have so many !- if you do not look at things more - more practically.

Sibyl laughed. "That was Mr. Tal ford's words," she said. "He, too advised me to look at things prac But unfortunately I am in tically. capable of following such advice. is a pity for you, mamma. I wish you had a different daughter - one who would make a brilliant marriage and do vou credit.

"If you imagine that I am thinking of myself you make a great mistake, for her worldliness was of a mild order. "I am thinking of you, of your life. and of the position you ought to occupy in the world.

"I am sure that you think of me," said her daughter gently. "I did not mean to imply otherwise."

And, indeed, she said to herself what was the good of farther words There are characters so essentially different that, like parallel lines, they may run side by side during the intercourse of a lifetime without ever approaching near enough for comprehension. It had not been a mere form of speech when Sibyl said that for her mother's sake she wished she had been made differently-"for it must be hard when an only child disappoints one!" she had often thought, feeling the de-fective sympathy between them more on her mother's account than her own. But wishes on such a subject being quite vain, the defective sympathy renained, though veiled by mutual affec tion, and only coming to the surface on a few occasions.

The present was such an occasion but when her first disappointment was over Mrs. Bertram said to herself that. after all, things might have been worse. It was quite possible—so she acknowledged—that Mr. Talford might not have made a perfect husband for one so highly strung as Sibyl, and at any rate it was something to have reected that difficult and fastidious personage. No one would now be able to say that he had trifled with Miss Bertram, for Mrs. Bertram determined that in a quiet way the truth should be

The opportunity for disclosure was not difficult to find; in fact, it soon presented itself in the person of Miss Dorrance, who a day or two later made her appearance, and, finding Sibyl out, opened her purpose to Mrs. Ber-

"I should like to know what you and Sibyl propose to do with yourselves and Sibyl propose to do with yourselves this summer," she said. "Don't you think it would be pleasant if we could the could th

wish you to marry without love. But go to the same place? Mamma and I

have been talking of it, and I thought I would inquire what your plans are." "I cannot say that we have formed any plans," Mrs. Bertram answered.
"When Paris becomes too warm we generally go to the sea-shore or to Switzerland; but there is nothing to take us to any special place, and I should be delighted if our plans could be made to agree with yours.

"To a certain extent ours are fixed by the doctors," said Laura. "They say that mamma must go to the Ger man baths. Do you think you would

care to go there?"
Mrs. Bertram replied that for herself
she liked the German baths very much - "though Sibyl does not fancy them," she added. "But there is time enough in which to discuss the matter. You are certainly not thinking of leaving Paris yet?"

"I do not want to leave it," Laura answered, "but Cousin Duke is trying to persuade mamma to go. He seems suddenly to have conceived a great de sire to get away; and he is bound to see after us, you know. Papa has laid that on him as a duty he cannot escape. He must take us and settle us wherever we decide to go; so he wants us to go at once, which is most disagreeable of him!"

" Paris will certainly be very pleas ant for another month," said Mrs. Ber-tram, "and I should think that your mother would like to remain as long as possible under the immediate care of the doctors."

"So she would," said Laura, "and she should simply decline to go; but she has an idea that she ought not to detain and inconvenience Cousin Duke -though Heaven knows he has nothing to do, and no reason why he should be in one place more than an-It is abominably selfish of him; but he always was selfish! Then the young lady paused and turned her sharp eyes on Mrs. Bertram with a very penetrating look. "His desire to leave Paris is so suddenly developed that I think Sibyl must have something to do with it," she said.

Mrs. Bertram smiled slightly—

Mrs. Bertram smiled slightly—a lady-like and gently regretful smile.

'I am sorry," she said, "and Sibyl, I know, will be very sorry, if any disappointment which she was obliged to inflict upon Mr. Talford has even remotely inconvenienced your mother and yourself."

"'So she has rejected him!" ex-claimed Miss Dorrance. "Well, I sus-pected as much, and I am sure I hope t will do him good! I told him she would not marry him, but he was so sure that no woman would refuse him. Now he sees who was right! Of course it was foolish of Sibyl-you must ac enowledge that, Mrs. Bertram, for he is very rich and a good fellow on the whole—but still it is not a bad thing for him to realize that there is one woman who would not marry him !"

It is needless to say that nothing would have induced Mrs. Bertram to acknowledge that she had herself thought it foolish of Sibyl.

Your cousin was indeed very much deceived if he imagined that Sibyl would marry him," she said, with quiet dignity. "A man has, of course, a right to try his chance, but he has no right to count on a favorable answer when he has only been treated with or dinary courtesy.

"He is very much spoiled," observed Laura. "That goes without saying. But Sibyl did treat him with good deal of consideration for a time. We all observed that."

"She was interested in his philosophy of life," said Mrs. Bertram, stand-

osophy of life! I think I must ask It would be very instructive. And he would be pleased to know that he was regarded as a study.

"I hope you will not think of imply ing anything unkind—" Mrs. Bertram began, when the young lady inter-

rupted: Oh! dear, no. I shall not mention the subject to him unless he speaks One cannot take liberties with with him beyond a certain point. this disappointment has really struck deep : he is not like himself at all. It is a pity, for it may interfere with our summer plans. It would not be pleas ant, under the circumstances, for him and Sibyl to be thrown into contact, unless you think there is a chance that she might change her mind. Women do sometimes, you know."

Mrs. Bertram shook her head.

'Sibyl will not change hers," she

said gravely. "It is a pity!" repeated Miss Dor-ance. "She might do a great deal rance. And there is really no telling what she will do in the end! Clever people are so-peculiar sometimes, and Sibyl is capable of going any lengths for an enthusiasm.

"I do not think that you under-stand Sibyl," said Mrs. Bertram, with an air that expressed more than the "She is enthusiastic, but not words. at all likely to be carried away in a foolish manner. And, although she might certainly do worse than accept Mr. Talford, she might also do better. But you have not yet mentioned to what one of the German baths your mother thinks of going."

In this way Sibyl's champion gallantly refused to confess the givings which she felt, and Miss Dorrance was effectually silenced. But not deceived. "Mrs. Bertram will not own that she is uneasy about what Sibyl may do," that young lady averred afterwards, "but I am sure she must feel that it is perfectly possible she may either marry a Communist or become a nun any day!"

Laura's visit and its object she begged her mother not to think of joining the Dorrance party anywhere or under any circumstances. "It would be impos sible for me to entertain such an idea, she said; "for Mr. Talford must be with them and look after them, in a degree at least, and the position would be very disagreeable to both of us. Indeed, on my part it would look as if I desired him to repeat his offer.

"Yes, it would not do," said Mrs Bertram, with a slight sigh. "It might be pleasant to spend the summer with the Dorrances, but-

"Do you think it might be pleasant?" asked Sibyl a little dryly confess that I do not. I am glad of an

excuse to avoid it."

"O my dear! I am not so exigeante as you are," said Mrs. Bertram, unable to resist sending this small arrow.
"Mrs. Dorrance and I have been friends for a long time, and I like her society very well, but of course it is not to be thought of under the circumstances.

for the circumstances," said Sibyl.
"How could you be to blame?" replied her mother. "I did not mean

"I am sorry if I am at all to blame

that. If men fall in love no one could expect you to prevent it. But we must be thinking of our plans for the summer," the speaker went on quickly anxious to change the subject. always like to know where I am going well in advance.'

"Why should we go anywhere? said Sibyl half-absently. "For once I should like to stay here."

Mrs. Bertram looked at her in sur-orise. "Here?" she said. "Stay in prise. Paris all summer?"

"Well, not in Paris, perhaps, but in some place near Paris. How would you like Fontainebleau, for instance? I have always felt that I should be glad to spend a summer wandering through that forest.

"I think that I should prefer some more lively amusement," said Mrs. Bertram. "And so, I fancy, would Bertram. you before long. Why have you taken an idea to stay near Paris? You usually speak of longing for the moun-

tains or the sea when summer comes. "Yes," said Sibyl; "but there are some things better than even the mountains or the sea-the companionship and the influence of a noble soul, for example. And if one might lose that for ever by going away-I mean if one should find it gone for ever when one returned-nothing that one gained could compensate.'

"Bsuppose you are speaking of M. d'Antignae," said Mrs. Bertram. "Is

he likely-to die?" "He is likely to die at any time," as the reply. "When one thinks of was the reply. "When one thinks of his suffering it is impossible not to feel that it must end soon. I was there to day, but I could not see him-it is one of his bad days. I saw Mlle. d'Antignac for a few minutes only, and she spoke of him with tears. I believe that she thinks the end is drawing nearnot immediately, perhaps, but cer-

"It is very sad," said Mrs. Bertram "but since his recovery is impossible -and his suffering so great - one

should be resigned to his release." "It seems so, no doubt, to those who do not know him," said Sibyl, with the slight bitterness that is excited by such easy consolations. "But the world could better spare a thousand men who walk these streets to-day in health and

That may be; but if he suffers so much, existence can be only a pain to

"It is natural to think so, but I am ing to her colors.

Miss Dorrance lifted her eyebrows.

"That sounds like Sibyl," she said.
"I wonder if Cousin Duke has a phillography of life! I think to him it is a blessing, because he can still do so much for others.

And I, who have come so late into his life—I cannot consent to lose one day the control of the children at the of what I shall always remember as the

greatest blessing of my life."
Mrs. Bertram looked at her curiously for a minute; then she said, seems to have a great influence over

"Has he?" said Sibyl. "I do not supply every need of my nature-or, at least, to point out how they may be supplied. I have heard of a physician for the soul. He is one."

"But why should your soul need a physician?" said Mrs. Bertram, who had never felt the need of one for her own soul, and who thought that the words had a suspicious sound. Sibyl! I am afraid that the end of all this will be something very foolish and visionary!'

Sibyl smiled a little.

"Dear mamma," she said, "your fears would be set at rest if you could know what an absolute antidote to visionary folly M. d'Antignac's influ-ence is. He leads one into a region where it can have no place-a region of truth as exact as logic and as clear as light. And if he shows one visions, it is only after he has taken care to set one's feet firmly upon a rock.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Rheumatism Cured.

Rheumatism Cured.
Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood attacking the fibrous tissues of the joints. Keep your blood pure and health and you will not have rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood vitality and richness and tones the whole body, neutral izes the acidity of the blood and thus cure rheumatism.

plus, assist digestion, cure headache.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement.

The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleans the stomach from all impurities with a tew doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Hard and sotteorus connet withstead Hall

## THE END OF AN UNSETTLED QUARREL.

"Leph won't be here to supper, I reckon," said Jason Martin, setting a bucket of foaming milk on the table and standing a moment with his hand on the door after he had closed it. There was a fragrance of steaming coffee in the room, and the noisy breath of frying ham came from the glowing stove over which the woman he addressed was bending. She turned a flushed face toward him, and lifted her apron to wipe the moisture from it before she asked: "Where's

"I low Leph'll git his own meals over to the medder house like he us't to," said Jason, slowly, hanging up his hat behind the door and making deliberate preparations for his ablutions at the little sink.

"What you an' him been troubling about, Jason ?"

He did not look at his wife. Long years had never quite accustomed him to her direct questions. He was always glad when Mary "knowed about a thing." He splashed the cool water well up over his crisp black hair, and sent a shower of drops flying as he blew a great gust from his strong chest. Then he spoke from the folds of a long to wel that hung over a roller fastened to the door, while his words were broken into a spasmodic meter by the vigorous friction of the towel on his features: "Well, you know that new Disk harrer. It's the blam'dest thing I ever see work. Them knives jus' cut that fur field, that was baked as hard as brickbats, owin' to plowin' the corn in that wet spell las' Summer. Well, that harrer grinds it up like sassage.

"Y'u ain't ground Leph up, have Jason took time to laugh. "Nop; but it u'd 'a' made bologna out ov him if he'd 'a' got under it, too. Leph was a drivin' an' somehow or other he got the lines down, and that harrer cut 'em

into mince-meat."
"The lines! Snakes, Jason! Them ain't the firs' thing that's got used up 'round the place.'

"No ; certain. But Leph, he lowed them was his lines. An' I bought them lines over to John Millett's sales las' Fall," said Jason, firmly.

"I don't see as it makes any difference whose they be now, seein' they's done for.

Mary had been deftly taking the meal from the stove to the table, and now stepped outside the door to call, in a voice echoing cheerily out over the dusky fields, that supper was ready. "If them's my lines, I guess Leph had oughter stand good fur 'em," said

Jason, doggedly, as she came into the room. She carried the bucket of milk through a door, and Jason heard the sound of the warm fluid as it struck the empty crocks, and the rounder, softer tones as the white tide rose to the rims. Then she came back.
"Well, Leph ain't any o'my kin; but I didn't 'spose, Jason, that you'd

grudge your own brother the cuttin' up ov an ol' pair o' lines. Seein' he's so run down sence 'Lizy's death, an' it was such a job to get him to come from the old house an' stay here where he can be comfortable an' tend his land just as well."
"I wa'n't jus' grudgin' him the

cuttin' up o' the lines. You talk like Leph was agoin' to get some good out o' destroyin' ov 'em." There was a sly There was a sly satisfaction in Jason's eyes as he looked toward her ; but it was short-lived .

"You know mighty well what I mean, Jason," she said, sternly; "the best of speakin can't do no more than

There was a sound of the children at the door; a scraping of strong feet that might have proclaimed their relation to this energetic mother before the door burst open and their merry, honest faces revealed it.

"Oh, ma," exclaimed the younger of the two lads, "there's a light in the know. I only know that he is able to medder house, an' Woodbury says it's "Much Woodbury knows about it,"

said the mother, with good natured indulgence in her tone. "Your Unc" Leph's gone back down home to stay a while. Now get decent an' to the table 'fore things spoil." She had removed the fifth plate be fore they came in, and soon the whole family were paying that rapt court to

the food which is the tribute of the rustic appetite. in the "medder house" Leph Down had kindled a roaring fire in the cracked stove that had stood unused for so many weeks in the low kitchen, and with his hands on his wide-spread knees, sat looking musingly into the ashes. The firelight shone out on his mild, almost weak, features and over

his stooping shoulders. "When two folks live t'gether long as me an' Lizy done, one ov'em ain't no business to die 'thout t'other." He thought half bitterly of the tired woman who had borne so much, and but so lately laid her burden down. Mary's a wonderful spry woman, he went on, after a moment: has a most amazin' way o'giving a man real appetizin' eatin'." He looked toward the bare table as if roused by he memories. "I'll go down to the the memories. "I'll go down to the store in the mornin'," he said, rising, "an' get some coffee an' things; eggs'll be all I'll want to-night, I

guess. He took some as he spoke, from his hat where he had set it on the table when he came in, and dropped them into the kettle beginning to hum on the stove. He took a bowl from the cupboard and a tin spoon, then, after looking around a little among the shelves, went up to the barn for some "I 'spose they're glad to be