acknowledge, with the ready sweetness which is so peculiar to high rank and intellec; the homely courtesies of the poorest peasants t at passed her on the road. Mr. Lane, too, was quicksighted enough (although he was a kind of blockhead in his own way) to perceive that this eager humility was an assumed or engrafted portion of the lady's character, and that her natural temper was directly opposite to it.

They parted, at length, at Mr.

They parted, at length, at Mr. Hunter's door (the young gentleman not half satisfied with the impression

he had been able to make of his own eleverness on the lady's mind), and Miss O'Brien entered the house of her

Miss O Brien entered the house of her friend. The lady of the house was alone in her drawing room.

"Welcome, a trousand, and a hundred thousand Irish welcomes, my own darling friend," she exclaimed affectionately, as Miss O'Brien entered. The latter endeavored to speak, but could only fling her arms about

could only fling her arms about Martha's neck, and weep loudly and

"Is he come?" she at length asked,

in deep agitation.
"Not yet—but we expect him every

hour. He renewed his promise most earnestly yesterday evening." "Oh Martha, I fear I have miscal-

culated my firmness. I could find it in my heart to turn back this mement,

and run into some secre; place, and die

at once, and in silence. My heart shudders when I think of what I have

undertaken.'

undertaken."

"Ah, now, what weakness this is, my dear friend!—'Tis but an hour's exertion, and consider what peace of mind it will purchase you. For the sake of my poor friend Hamond too, I would advise you to sacrifice your own feelings as much as possible. Do, now, love!"

"I will, Martha—but I fear—I know

how he must feel. However, I will try to exert myschi."

They remained silent for a few

minutes, Martha Hunter (we take the

and turning towards her a face which

was filled with the sweetest interest in

-and that the drawing room winds

might be aid to be a happy woman.

had that air of sudden and untimely change, which showed as if the causes

of its gentle decay had been accidental

rather than natural. The contrast in

the expression and appearance of both

acknowledge, with the ready sweetness

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TORONTO,

THE HALF

By GERALD GRIFFIN

CHAPTER IX .- (CONTINUED.) "'Twill never be done again," re-plied Mr. Hunter—"and it was then rather the result of indolence than actual fear. However peace be with politics! let us talk of something else. You have some fine paintings there.'
"A few," said Hamond.

"That is a good copy of Poussin, only (if my memory serve me right) a little more papery than the original."
"I have heard it said (for I am no

critic myself,) that that was a general fault of poor Barry's colouring. You

see I am a patriot in my pictures."
"All fair, sir, all fair. I like Barry myself. But if you're fond of historical

smiling at this piece of nationality in his northern friend, promised to avail himself of his suggestion, on the first opportunity.

That is a bonnebouche over which have the green curtain drawn," said Hunter.

"Only a portrait," said Hamond, in a careless tone, blushing deep crimson at the same time.

Now that you talk of portraits, sir," said Hunter, suddenly recollecting him-self— 'you remind me of a commission which my wife gave me, when she knew I was coming to see you. There is a cousin of hers lodging in your neigh borhood at Mr. Falahee's, a Miss

"I have heard of her," said Hamond, but I have no suspicion that she was a relative of Mrs. Hunters. Even the identity of the names had escaped my ecollection. She had a fever lately, believe?

She had—almost immediately after your convalescence. It was a most ex-traordinary circumstance how she could have taken the contagion, for though she was attentive to the people about her, she never went in danger of the disease. However, she has, it seems got some message for you, which she

longs to deliver in person."
"From——from whom?" Hamond "From--from sasked, hesitatingly.

" From a friend of ours, with whom she spent a considerable time on the continent. Excuse me, my dear sir," he added, laying his hand on Hamond's arm, as he observed his head droop suddenly, and his cheek whiten—" I am intrading strangely on matters of so deep an interest to you, but I am a mere agent-yet no cold one either.

Pray, do not use ceremony with y' said Hamond, still trembling with an agitation which he could no; com-mand. "Talk of Ludy Emily and her friend, as you would of indifferent per-My heart is interested in what you said, rather from a long and bad habit in which I indulged it, than from the positive existence of any strong

feeling, one way or another."
"Since you permit me to use the old acquaintance althat Lady Emily, after the death of her husband, of which you must have heard'

(Hamond bowed) — "expressed in a letter which she wrote to my wife, a strong wish to see you—in order to ex-plain some mistake, which had at the first occasioned the misunderstanding

first occasioned the misunderstanding that led to your separation. That wish she again expressed, more recently, to our friend Miss O'Brien."
"I understand you," said Hamond, with firmness, "but my answer to this is brief. When Lady Emily rejected me, and married another, she exercised a deliberate judgment, and I did not seek to obtain my exceed and disaneek to obtrude my vexed and disappointed feelings upon her. I forgive her sincerely—fully—but I never will

ever can, see or speak to her."

And yet you forgive her! Ah, my dear friend, that is not the language of forgiveness. It is not the forgiveness which is required from us, in return for the pardon which we all need for our own transgressions. How would you feel, if when you solicited that pardon paintings, I should recommend you to look at some of Allen's. Ah, sir, that will be a brilliant fellow—you'll see." or less, the answer returned from the Hamond, while he could not avoid seat of mercy, 'I forgive you—but I never will see you—leave my paradise

for ever. "Your rebuke is just, Mr. Hunterbut admitting that it is so, of what use could it be to renew an acquaintance that would only bring back intolerable recollections to both parties? hearts and our persons are both changed now. I suppose I should scarcely know Emily, nor be known by her. For my-self, I am conscious that the world and my own—ill temper, perhaps—have altered mestrangely; and where Emily might except to find some remains of the warm and enthusiastic nature that she once said she loved, she would only be shocked to meet a dark and morose temper, a furrowed cheek, and broken spirit in her old love. Let us not meet, then to give pain to each other. We are not very far, perhaps from the close of all our anxieties; let us then steal quietly from the world Let us not vex the fallen evening of our days (since fate has made us hurry through ou noon) with storms which are only the

right of youth and youthful passion." If you knew the circumstan "If you knew the circumstance under which she expressed her wishes," said Hunter gravely, "it would not be so difficult to prevail on you."

Hamond looked keenly into his eyes.
You are aware." the other continued, that her health had been suffering for

many years?' Ever ready to anticipate the most gloomy posture of affairs, Hamond now listened with a suspense approaching Hunter, too, seemed to paus

as if affected by some unusual emotion.

"The fact is," he resumed, "part of my commission is conditional; and as I have the liberty of reserving it to myself, in case you should consent to com and see us, I am anxious to prevail on you-for it is of a nature that I had

rather trust to other lips than—" Hamond here interrupted him.
"If all this, Mr. Hunter," said he. speaking in a hoarse low voice, and almost sinking with apprehension—"if this has been only a preparation to let me know that Enily Bury is—that the worst possible calamity in this world has befallen me-it would be better. perhaps, that the conversation should

"I will only confine myself to my

commission," said Hunter. "Our cousin has a message for you." "I understand," said Hamond, en-

deavoring to command himself while he gazed on the other with an absent and dreadfully ghastly eye. "I thank you,

to meet Miss O'Brien at our place."
"I will, I will, but not now,—O not

"In the next month then?" Be it so," said Hamond, rushing

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Hunter, as he rode away, "it will be a long time to keep him in pain—but the women will allow nobody to meddle with matters of this kind but themselves."

If thou be est dead, why dost thou shadow fright me!
Sure 'tis because I live; were I but certain To meet thee in one grave, and that our dust Might have the privilege to mix in silence—How quickly should my soul shake off this

-The Night Walker,

We now find ourselves in the position in which our tale commenced, when, as the reader may remember, we le't Mr. Charles Lare seated at Mr. Falahee's fireside, and expecting the entrance of their fair lodger. In a few minutes the lady made her appearance, prepared lor the excursion which she meditated, and in a very few more, she and Mr. Lane were on the road leading to the house

of Mr. Hunter, where she proposed spending the remainder of the day. Whether it was that the lady did not feel pleased with her company, or that she had some secret cause for anxiety. her young squire observed that she was more, far more than usually meditative after they left the house-so much so as on two or three occasions to have paid no attention to observations which caused him no slight degree of labor in concecting. They rode by Knock Patrick (a hill which is said to rise by gradual ascent from Dublin), and he pointed out to her with his switch the chair of rough stones, near the ruined church in which the great natron St. Patrick, had rested, after his aptoils, including all the western district, in one general benediction—he showed her the well at which the holy man had nearly escaped poisoning, and related at full length the legend of the Munster Dido, the foundress of Shanet Castle, a singular and striking fortification, which occupied the whole summit of a craggy hillock towards the south. But all his eloquence was in vain. Miss O'Brien said "no" when he expected her to say "yes" laughed when she ought to have been shocked, and used an exclamation of really appropriate horror or compassion when politeness should have made her laugh at sone piece of barbarous joke-slaughter. was perfectly satisfied, nevertheless, that this inattention could not be the result of pride in Miss O'Brien; for though she was no favorite of his, he always remarked an almost too acute anxiety in her manner to avoid the slightest possibility of giving pain by any assumption of superiority. Indeed, she sometimes carried her condescension to an extent that young Lane would have thought a step too low for himself, with no less anxiety for the promised which nothing and was very careful to observe and interview with the last friend of his his character.

Mr. Hunter—you have discharged your part well and feelingly."
"I will not leave until you promise

now.

out of the room.
"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Hunter,

countenances was such as a painter, fond of lingering on the pictures of female loveliness and interest, might have seen with a delighted eye.
While both remained thus silent and CHAPTER X. motionless, indulging the long caress in the mute intelligence of old affection, they were suddenly startled by a knock at the hall door. Miss O'Brien research bor search

Do not be alarmed," said Mrs. Hunter, "perhaps 'tis only Hunter."
"Oh, it is he, Martha—the very

knock—that hesitating knock—how often has my hear; bounded to it!—but 'tis over—All is over now!'' Be comforted, I entreat you." "They have opened the door O'Brien added, grasping Mattha's arm hard, and putting back the curls from her ear—"I hear him—stop! hush!—" she listened and bent forward in an agony of attention—" 'Tis—'tis he that voice—though more sorrowful in its tone-Oh, Martha, I can never do it! Oh hide me, my dear friend, cover ne-let me fly any where rather than

meet him !' "My darling—ah, my own darling, take courage," Martha exclaimed, flinging her arms around the neck of her trembling friend, and mingling her tears and caresses. "Will you give all up now, after whole years wasted in preparation. What will Hunter say to you," she added cheerfully, "after the great fib you made him tell?"
"There again Martha, what if he

There again, Martha-what if he should revolt from that cruel deceit! He will do so—I am sure—and the breach will be made wider than ever." "How can you think so hardly of him? Have you no claims, then? Am I not your confidant, and do I not know your ecret services,

secret services, your kind anxieties, and your long suffering last summer in consequence? This last reflection seemed to inspire the trembling lady with a greater por-tion of confidence than she had hitherto and she followed Martha to he dressing room in some degree of composnre, where her fair friend disencum-bered her, with her own hands, of her riding dress, and the Leghorn hat with silk handkerchief plainly tied over and fastened underneath the chin, which fermed the then popular, and, to our

aste, graceful substitute for the round hat commonly used.

We will leave the ladies to prepare. as well as they may, for this meeting (which seems to be such a terrible affair, whatever the reason of it is), while we return once more to Castle Hamond, the proprietor of which was preparing

once loved Emily - his first and last affection. This true lover had led a wretched life from the day of Mr. Hunter's visit; and all the exertions of his religious and philosophical mind were insufficient to suppress the re-bellious sorrow that labored at his heart. The change that had taken place in his person, as well as in his mind, may, however, be most easily inmind, may, however, be most easily in-dicated, by introducing the reader into his apartment, as it appeared when Remmy O'Lone entered it, kettle in hand, on the morning of this very day a few hours after the Wren-boys had

departed.

Hammond was then seated at his solitary breakfast table, in the same dress which we have seen him wear on board the hooker-a blue frieze jacket and trousers, with a black silk handkerchief tied loosely about his neck—his hand clenched fast, and supporting his fore-head, as he leaned upon the table. He suffered Remmy to make the tea, lay the toast, and go through all the necessary preparations, without seeming to be once conscious of his presence. When he raised his head, at length, in order to answer a question put by the latter, the appearance of his counten-ance was such as made Remmy start and gape with horror. His eyes had sunk deep in their sockets, while the lids were red, and the balls sullen and bloodshot-his lean and rather furrowed cheeks had assumed the pallid yellow less of death—his forehead and temples were shrivelled, dry, and bony, his bair sapless and staring, like that of a man wasted by disease—his lips chipped and dragged-and altogether an air desolation and anxiety about him, which nothing less than a luxurious indulgence nothing less than a futurious industries of long sorrow could have produced. His voice, as he spoke to Remmy, was rough, harsh, and husky, and the sharpness and suddenness of his manner showed as if his mind were in some degree shaken by the continuance of painful and laborious reflection.

"I will walk there," he said in reply to Remmy's question. "Leave me now, and do not come until I send for you."

liberty of retaining the familiar appellation of her youthful days) holding Miss O'Brien's hand between both hers. Renmy left the room. "Yes!" said Hamond, starting up from the table and making the door fast. "I will meet this envoy. A the world—a face in which the sedateness of the mother and the wife had not, in the slightest degree, over-shadowed the beaming affection of the girlish enthusiast—a face as clear, dying message—or dying gift, perhaps. No matter! Inhuman as she was, I can't forget that I have loved her—and open, and serene as a summer forenoon, which had never felt any stormier changes than that with which it was now her last thought and her last present will be dear to me, for they can never gently clouded—the grief of ready sympathy for a dear friend's woe. But Martha had passed through life withchange. Oh, Emily, why did you wrong yourself and me so foully? When all the world left you — when you were lying on your death bed in a foreign land, did you remember old times? did out a care or disappointment of any serious kind.—She was born to a moderyou think of Hamond and his injuries ate fortune—she met a young gentleman whom she liked for a husband, and she apprised of your repentance? why was married him-she longed for children, and she had them—two fire boys—then she wished for a girl, and a girl ap pears—everything, in fact, had run on I not kneeling at your bed-side, to comfort the spirit that I loved with the words of forgiveness and affection : limberly with her, that if it were But no!" he added, stamping his foot But no!" he added, stamping his foot against the floor, and setting his teeth hard in a sterner mood—" Let me not fool my nature. She died the death she earned for herself—the death of the not for some rogue's tearing down her garden fences on one occasion for firing was three inches too high to enable her to see the Shannon from the sofa, she proud and the high hearted. Let me rather rejoice that it is so-for in her To judge, however, from the appearance of the lady who sat next her, the grave alone could she become again the object of Hamond's love. I could not tell her, living, as I now tell her dead, reader, though he has yet heard little of her personal history, had not, hitherto, been in any great danger of pining from an access of good fortune, that her image is still treasured among that her image is still treasured among the dearest memories of my heart—that Emily Bury, the young, the gay, the tender, and the gentle, is still the queen of that blank and desolate region. "My heart is worn, Emily," he went like the merry Widow of Cornhill. The autumn of a once brilliant beauty yet lingered in her face and form-but it

on, raising his outstretched arms as if in invocation of some listening spirit "its affections are grown cold—its assions, all but this undying one, are plasted and numbed within their dens, its earthly hopes are withered, and all its sources of enjoyment broken up-yet even there you have not ceased to govern. The interval of so many years of gloom has not yet banished from its deserted chambers the influence of your sunny smiles-the echo of that voice that poured comfort on it when it was wounded and torn by the haughty in-solence of the worthless world around you, still lingers on its fibres, and tempers the dreary voice of memory with a tone of sweetness that time and sorrow

can never utterly destroy."

After pacing his chamber in silence for a few minutes, he would again stop suddenly, and with a look of absence and wonder, ask himself whether the events, that had lately chequered the solemn monotony of his lonely life with a shade of still darker feeling, were indeed all real. Dead! Emily Bury dead! Was there actually an end of all hope? Had the world lost her for ever? Should be never indeed see be on earth again? She was cold-dead -coffined—the earth was over her—the heavy grave-stone was pressing on her She was gone

from him for ever and ever ! "It is past and done," said he, "and all that remains to me is to master as I may the disquietude of my own heart This high born friend of hers would probe and humble me-she would try me with a tale of deep interest. shall fail. I will hear her message, and take her death-gift with a stony and an unmoved demeanor. I will show her, that it is not in the power of the proud to subdue the will of all whom they hold within their influence. My heart may burst within me while she speaks, but my eye and tongue shall tell no tales. I will be cold as marble -cold as Emily was-is-cold as my own heavy heart—as the grave stone that divides us."

Having fortified his spirits in this resolution, he rose from his untasted breakfast, and with few preparations of the toilet, took his way over the fields to Mr. Hunter's residence.

It was nearly dusk when he arrived there. Mr. Hunter was not yet returned from a neighbouring court of petty sessions, where he had spent the day; and a peeler, in undress, who opened the door to Mr. Hamond, went to inform the lady of the house of his arrival, while he entered a neat par-lour on the ground floor, which was made "a double debt to pay,"—a kind of study and sitting room. Here be sat, endeavouring to put on a hardness, and even roughness of demeanour, than which nothing could be more foreign to

His agitation, however, returned His agitation, however, returned upon him with a sudden force when he heard the rustling of female dresses in the hall outside. There was a pause of several seconds when they approached the door, and Hamond could hear some whisnered words of encouragement. whispered words of encouragement, answered by a short sigh. The door at length opened, and two ladies entered. T e light was not strong enough to en-able Hamond to distinguish the countenances of both as perfectly as he might have wished; but he had not much difficulty in recognising the sweet-tempered companion of Emily Bury.

Prepared as he was to act the stoic, he could not resist the winning birders.

could not resist the winning kindness of her manner, when she walked to-wards him, and held out her hand with a smile of real gladness. There are some people in the world whose whole existence appears to be composed of existence appears to be composed of acts, thoughts, and wishes of benevo-lence, and whose happiness is made up of the joys which they are able to con fer on others reflected back upon their own hearts. Their very manner informs own nearts. Their very manner informs you that your presence gives them pleasure—that your happiness is sincerely desired by them—their smiles are too sweet and kind for mere acting—and the very tone of their voice seems as if it were turned to please your ear. In no country in the world your ear. In no country in the world do warm and generous natures of this kind abound more than in Ireland, and in no part of Ireland could one individual be found more highly gifted with it than Martha Hunter. Hamond felt his heart soften within him when she gave him her hand and inquired with an interest, which he saw was not as sumed, for his health and the circum-

stances of his present life.
"But I must not be so selfish, Mr. Hamond, said she, turning towards the other lady, "as to gratify my own anxiety while yours remains yet un-satisfied. Another time you shall tell your old friend Martha, all that has happened to you since our last meeting. Here is my friend, Miss O'Brien, who has news for you that you are more eager to hear. You have seen the lady before now at a distance, she tells me

—" Then in a low voice to her fair friend, as she felt her hand grow cold and tremble within her grasp—"For shame, darling, will you not be firm yet? Consider all that depends upon

Hamond bowed to Miss O'Brien. "I ave had the pleasure of hearing Miss D'Brien's name frequently mentioned in a way that was most honorable to in a way that was most honorable to herself—and I believe I can guess at the occasion to which Mrs. Hunter alludes. My servant was enthusiastic in his description of Miss O'Brien's heroism on that occasion.'

"Oh, she is quite a little warrior, sir," said Mrs. Hunter, "but apropos of warriors, I think I hear one of my young rogues beating his drum a note too loud in the neadow. My absence too may relieve me from some degree of unwelcome feeling. Make acquaintance then as soon as you can, for I can tell you, Mr. Hamond, this lady is worth your knowing. Courage, "she again added, sotto roce, to Miss O'Brien, as she passed her. "Was not that well thrown out? I will take care that nobody shall disturb you, or remain with-

in hearing."

A pause of some embarrassment to the lady and gentleman took place when Martha left the room. The former however, feeling the necessity for exertion, stimulated by the pressing nature of the occasion into something like self-command, and at once throwing off all mere weakness, assumed, in a few moments, an easy and natural car-riage, while Hamond, remembering his own resolution, returned once more to

is cold and darkly morose demeanour.
"My friend, Mr. Hunter, has made you aware, I believe, of the occasion which induced me to request the favour of this interview," said Miss O'Brien,

at length.

"He has," said Hamond, calmly, "and has relieved you in some degree from what must have been a painful undertaking to one of so benevolent a disposition as I know Miss O'Brie possess. You were the friend of Lady E—on the Continent?" "Pray do not call her by that name,"

said Miss O'Brien. "She had reason to be weary of it herself—and in my ears I am sure it is an ungrateful sound. Let us speak of her as Emily Bury, for it was only while she bore that name that I could ever esteen or love her."

"Yet you were her friend long afterward. I understand.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Honored Custom

Needless to tell you that men and boys passing before a church should raise their hats, and that women should bow their heads. This has become such a well known custom that even non Catholics look for it. It keeps up a sort of perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Not long ago, a street car full of men on their way down town passed the Boston Cathedral. Every hat was raised. ffect was thrilling .- St. Xavier Calender.

FATHER JOSEPH.

It was the day after the big wind, the wld, weird storm, which brought such destruction in Ireland, that plain and poverty stricken Maurice Maloney found a tiny boy wedged in beside the

haggard, sleeping soundly.

He was a chubby, blue-eyed lad, richly dressed, and when lifted out of his rude cradle by stout-armed Maurice, chirped gaily. Maurice carried him into the cabin, to his wife Kitty, and both looked to see if there were any marks on the clothing by which they could gain a clew as to whose babe he was. There was none.

The poor Irish couple never had but one child, a fair haired little girl, and she was taken from them when she reached her third year. They looked at this little waif, looked at each other, and tears come to kittle areas when and tears came to Kitty's eyes when she said: "Maurice, it is God's will: we will keep him.

Maurice Maloney and his wife had lived in their little cabin, eking out a miserable existence for many years. They managed to pay the rent, and that was about all. Like all poor farmers, n Dingle, their gle, but they were and trusted in God t

SEPILMBER

" Sure if its His w be poor, "Kitty wo must bear it. Mayb we would have poor would be a bigger lo

Thrue for you, would reply. Our lived and died here manage to do the sa The death of thei a sore loss to them, might they could no liness that hung tone. Sometimes her together and M her cute baby way good cry, and then would chide thems the face of God. Their lives ran

manner until the Maurice discovere the haystack. The decided to name place him under t good Saint, who sover that little manger. Everyone in the

Everyone in the au interest in the and boys would control to see how he father Doyle, the souled pastor of I special pride in life "You must trail the art "and the souled pastor of I special pride in life "You must trail the souled pastor of I special pride in life "You must trail the souled pastor of I special pride in life "You must trail the souled pastor of I special pride in life souled pastor of I special pride in life souled pastor of I special pride in life souled pastor of I special pastor of I special pastor of I special pride in life souled pastor of I special he would say, "as will be another woes."

"Thrue for young a plain So than an O'Conne Joseph grew u

and by the time year was remar devotion. His fe aid of good Fath school regularly prayers and ca fair looking, an takable refinem caused Father I often, and say : blood in his vei He came of a go From the da Maurice, nothir tives of the lad ing no other peouple. When

year he startle ng he would li that he want so study like Fath Simple-heart at the news, arms cried: " we will speak t Sure we have you, an' it tak

Maurice was he heard wha rectory to tel pastor. "I have bee

fully, Mauric take charge sure there will Maynooth." Joseph was Father Doyle progress in more he gre when the ye round, he w St. Anthony

He visited

while away. in their exp he devoted he owed his proud heart vife would neighbors, a ead did so The day o Mass in the

priest would up the Ho When Su crowded, t the young known to chapel be flowers, an

the intention

their friend

Mr. and the kindne tribute to the poor I father and two fold f bring pair unteered Africa.

> was a her for the Long an strength goodnes them, he wailed K begradge

said Ma ner of h right to We mus