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A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER IX.-CONTINUED

Marion condescended no reply, but went to kiss her mother before

her departure. You are willing, mamma ?" she questioned.

Certainly if your father thinks

home before night," he said, looking It was past sunset when the pony at his watch ; certainly, that will bring you home an hour before sunset, don't disap point us.

I will remember," she replied, slowing taking up the reins. She Marion in their full force, and had half a mind to give up the pleas dropping the reins on the neck of the ure, when she saw in her father's anxious face a prognostication of evil, but her self will and pride She could see nothing through the of opinion again conquered, and fog and darkness but the faint glim-the pony lefs the door on a brisk mer of the water. For an instant trot. She reached Mrs. Leighton's she threw herself on the ground hospitable roof in the timber in in terror, thinking of the doomed man, whose cell grew daily welcoming her with a surprised em-How did she dare cross in its dire embrace; another moment and she aroused herself to brace. the prairie in such a fog ? People were lost sometimes, and wandered about for days. Horatio himself had her forehead and hands in the water been out only the last summer with a that crept lazily along the bed of the party of hunters, and they were lost for three days, had to be put on short allowance, and found them-violently, though she knew there selves the third day within a quarter was no real danger from them. The of a mile of their starting point, they pony whinnied and pawed impatient. having travelled in a circle."

These reminiscences were not purpose in the way in which he specially comforting to Marion, and planted his feet on the brink of the they would intrude even upon the pleasures of the day. Young Leigh-ton was engaged in a trial then ton was engaged in a trial then ton was engaged in a trial then the court house, and the standing still. It was now dark. In that the cottage. Alice was rejoicing in a dreadful hour it may be supposed wheel-chair, the gift of her brother, memory was active, and the past ordered from the east without her brought vividly before her mind, more especially the injustice which knowledge. She was constantly Marion's attention to this kind thought of her brother, as she thwarted her wishes the previous wheeled herself about in it from room to room.

"You will be better now, dear Alice," said her friend; "if this fog would but lift, I could wheel you about among the trees."

am a heap better," said the her nature could well be; delicate invalid, shading her blue eyes as if the sun shone out, "already mounted again but did notoffer to take the reins, and the animal went on his etter ; I think now I can get about. wayseemingly rejoicing in his freedom. I shall be right smart. Horatio says It seemed to her a whole night that it is your sweet company that has made me better; and last night, O! I wish you could have heard his powerful lectures on manners; it was worthy of a judge. He told me I had learned to talk like a 'sucker;' to say 'a heap better,' 'piert,' 'doncy,' and many western phrases ; he did not believe I would ever find you using them. I reckon thought. will, after you've lived with 'hoosiers' and 'suckers' as long as I have."

Your mother and your brother never speak in this way," replied Marion, blushing at the reported compliment : "they seem like eastern people altogether."

breath to listen for the sound of the But I was a weeny child when we pony's feet. Mrs. Benton observed a came here," continued Alice, " and brother a grown man ; besides if he slight trembling in his voice, as he spoke and came near to her. lived among Indians, he would not "Do you think there is zeal danger?" she inquired. "I hope not," he replied hastily. learn anything he didn't choose to. He's such a dear, kind, trusty strong one," she added, the tears coming into her eyes as she spoke; " he has "I have felt all day, that I was foolish labored night and day to raise us all,

where she would be, her sister Rosine would have probably succumbed and perhaps fainted on the spot. but Marion was made of sterner stuff. It is true, a thrill of horror ran through her frame as she realized that a moonless night was rapidly approaching, and that she had no hope of even a star to guide her, but after deliberate consideration, she turned the horse's head, sure that her road was not across that brook

Albus very reluctantly obeyed the bit started on a new track, and for another half hour she rode along, thinking of the surprise Mrs. Leighton had expressed when she saw her there is no danger; return in good season, my child." Mr. Benton held the bridle of the the bridle of the so reluctantly parted from

ly, he certainly seemed to

beast the gal rode ?" he said addressing Mr. Benton. The white pony," replied the make a start by five ; came to a stand on the borders of the father, laconically. "Raised at McGarity's, up to Pancross. For a moment the perfect ther Orik, he ?" "Yes," replied Mr. Benton as before. loneliness of her position, and the uselessness of all efforts, came upon 'The gal's over there by this time,' he said, taking out his tobacco box, and passing it first to Mr. Benton, animal and dismounting, she clasped

and then to young Leighton, saying, "Have some? it's powerful good for the grips." The gentlemen refused, Mr. Benton quite ungraciously. "Waal," said Rice, replacing the

some of these ere days! What 'ill you gin me now to find the pooty gal

for ye?" Mr. Benton drew himself up on his horse and bit his lip in

Now, don't take it so nigh to

"I

heart, my young chap," replied Rice,

know the prairie all over." he contin-

ued ; "why, I've been lost, let me see

-onct, twicet, three timest-and I

found the trail back. But tell us the

boys to bring round the sheltie

be frightened to death."

box, and mounting his horse, "the bacca is as good, if not better'n your eastern truck. Come on, Zeb," he added, as if addressing the animal, 'there's no need in routin the neighaction ; taking off her hat, she bathed hors, it's plain enough whar the gal's gone; the beast would naturally go whar it's raised ifi? got the chance. don't blame the little cob for cut ting with such a gal on his back," he added, giving a wink to Leighton. Mr. Benton gave his own horse a smart cut, evidently intending the have blow for his loquacious neighbor, while Leighton uttered an exclamation of impatient anger. "Come here, Bob-o'link," said Rice,

whistling to a large wolfish looking dog, "may be you'll be of use; any way I want you on my side, for there be two of the party 'pears like will How do you expect to find McGarity's ?" inquired Mr. Benton.

when they were fairly started. she had done her father when he day; this, with the reproof of the morning, and the reluctant farewell, whar we's raised-'brung up,' were painted in glowing colors all calls it at the east. I've took track after old Zeb, why nigh a dozen times, clean over to Panther Crik, a "We're nigh McGarity's," said Rice in as despairing a condition as one o

right smart piece of twenty mile. CHAPTER X. THE ANGEL COMES, AND THE FOG LIFTS

she had rode over the long tangled Being left with the care of her sick grass, her bodily strength was becom child, and with the thoughts of the ing exhausted, her dress was saturunknown perils to which her busated with the condensing moisture and and daughter might be exposed, and her whole frame chilled by the to Mrs. Benton the hours "crept with weary foot." "The dull, deep pain, night air. At length Albus came to a sudden halt, and she sunk from her and constant anguish of patience, saddle completely prostrated. "Here filled up each moment as it passed. I may die," was her last conscious Jeannie had been unusually drowsy

all day; about an hour after Mr As the twilight came on and his Benton's departure she partially daughter did not appear, Mr. Benton grew anxious. "It is time Marion was here," he said at length, after he aroused herself. "Denny tired,' she whispered, a had walked out in the direction of her mother attempted to waken her to

take her nourishment ; "too tired,' she added, as she sank back on the pillow. Her breath seemed to come shorter and more feebly, and Mrs. Benton touched the feet of the child ;

they were icy cold. Eagerly she slumberer from the snatched the couch, as if in her mother's arms she would be safe, but the chilled brow and lips touched hers, as she pressed the dear one to her heart.

'pears like you've been lost yourself | moment into her usual mood, she said, looking earnestly at the pallid face, "'Pears like she's nat'ral. I face, "'Pears like she's nat'ral. I reckon he'll take on; he sot a hesp

by her; she is nice," and she stooped over the child, to hide the first tear face. "Nc joking, Cap," replied Leighton, "Miss Marion read me about sound "this is a serious business, and we want your help; shall we get out want your help; shall we get out thing," she continued, snatching away her hand, which Mrs. Benton total taken, preparatory to an Private Lerov !" " Present, sir ! One heap of mud detached itself from its fellows, and, moving a step had taken, preparatory to an endeavor to impress a serious thought nearer the officer, showed itself to

perhaps, though looking younger -upon her darkened soul, and rushing on whom the captain's eye rested for out of the room, she returned in a hallooing in the next breath to his few moments, her cheeks stained a moment. Well, Private Leroy, Iscongratu. with tears, and in her handa tea.rose, with a white carnation, which she had plucked from Marion's few choice late you ! He glanced around him; and at house-plants. "I don't care," she

soliloquized, with a sobblng utterance, "if she iscross ! I reckon she'd give these snips of posies for this ;" ing sound. and without hindrance from Mrs. Benton, she clasped little Jeannie's and dry after this. Besides, you have a good chance there of saving your cold fingers over the fresh flowers : the first touch of sentiment that had skin. You're by no means a fool in your choice-sir !" And there was a whole world of shown itself in her character, arguing well for the influence of her few scorn in the title.

weeks sojourn at the Prairie Home. The ride in search of Marion was nearly a silent one. Leighton hav-ing tired of Rice's talk, did not reply the two speakers; and if the boy had been pale before now he was ghastly. to his questions ; but Old Cap stuffed "I-I never asked to be recalled his mouth with tobacco, and vowed sir.

'he could be as mum as any on 'em. "Never asked? Indeed! Well, then, this order comes as a nice surprise. Your wishes have been When they came to the creek where Marion had paused, gone back, and gratified even before they were ex-pressed. Why, it's even better than came again, the dog uttered a low growl. "She's been here, that's sartin," said Mr. Rice, dismounting I thought !" "I never asked!" repeated the boy, stubboraly. "I don't want to and carrying the lantern along the brink of the brook ; "this ere is Crow Crik. go.

Presently he found small fresh foot-Nonsense !" prints of a horse. While he was "I won't go !" looking for the tracks Leighton dis. That's another thing altogether." mounted, attracted by the movements The captain pulled a paper from his pocket. "I have an order here to send you." Then, changing his tong: of Bob-o'link, and discovered in his mouth the black feather which was send you." so familiar to him. "This must have dropt from Miss Marion's riding-hat," my sight!" 'But, sir-"

he said, and, without observing Mr. Benton's hand held out for it, he fastened the token in the button-hole of his own coat. Anxious and troubled as the father already was, this movement caused him a sharp feeling of regret more-thank goodness! The speed of the party was quick-

ened by the assurance that they were on the track : and about midnight "Old Zab'll bring us thar in no time," he replied. "Why, he was foaled thar, and we naturally like you answered in the distance, while the animal Mr. Benton rode gave the

"hear the beasts, they don't forget old cronies."

In a few moments the horses head. stopped under the low porch that sheltered the log cabin. There was neither light nor sound about the

premises. "Can she be here ?" exclaimed young Leighton in a tone of disap pointment.

"We'll soon know that," replied door with his heavy riding-whip, and and the thought that prompted the calling out in a stunning voice, nickname came to the boy himself as had given the order, and which took "Stranger!" A growl from within the train bore him away from grey. the enemy's trench, he was for the the train bore him away from greywas the only reply. "They're mighty still about it," said Rice, repeating ness and mud and danger. towards the safety and comfort of home.

heavy movement. Presently the door was opened, and a man appeared front; but he had gone all the same. evidently having been disturbed in Evidently her efforts after his dehis first nap, being clothed from head parture, had been more successful to foot in red flannel. What's the row?' he inquired, was recalled. His father would not

gruffly. Mr. Benton's heart sunk at these would have her way.

words ; he knew by that query that all hopes of finding Marion here were denly and his fingers clenched themat an end; and he turned away, s lves on the softness of the railway slowly driving from the house, to carriage. Here he was, already warm

Well, boys, how goes it? Had a his old self. "I will come homewhen I can. No, the car need not wait for me, either." You won't fail us?" cried his

mother, seized with sudden panic as he sprang to the ground. No, I won't fail, mother !" he re-

peated ; but there was no reassur-ance, only a menacing meaning in his voice. And as he spoke he vanished

under the heavy portal. be a white-faced boy-of nineteen An hour later a taxicab deposited the boy at Gare du Nord. The authorities in the barracks had un derstood, and had given permission for the return, which they saw he was determined upon. The driver looked a second time the same moment a shell flew over at the piece of money he had re their heads with a venomous, hiss-

when even the driver of a Paris taxi The streets in Paris will be nice has a conscience, and this boy who had overpaid him was a soldier.

"Look here, lad !" he said, holding out his hand egain. "Haven't you made a mistake?

"No," replied the boy, "I've made no mistake ?" The twenty-nine companions of And he walked proudly towards the entrance he had slunk Private Leroy had gathered round

through an hour before. Next morning, on the Belgian fron-tier, a soldier, still mud-stained, but dry now, reported himself to the captain of the troop.

"What! You?" "Yes, it is I."

The officer held out his hand, but this time it was the soldier who "Not yet," he said quietly.

think, Captain," he went on insistent yet speaking quite respectfully. "you must own you owe me some repara

tion. "You are right," replied the officer. "What reparation do you want me to make ?"

"Give me command of tonights 'I send you now. Get away out of patrol." No. not that !"

But the officer finally gave in to

"Get away, I say! There's the the other's pleading. mmunication trench. Run away A little before daylight, the lately communication trench. Run away down there, and you'll be in time for the midday train. You needn't his band of men in the direction of salute. I'm not your captain any the Prussian trenches. He preceded them by ten paces, andacious in his

The lad turned to obey ; but, pass- fearlessness, yet directing them with ing his comrades, he instinctively the skill and sangfroid of an old held out his hand. The nearest to campaigner. Here there was some him was a country clod, his comrade, thing to avoid, there a bit of shelter though a very different clay from to take advantage of; only of his himself; the next, a loafer from the personal safety he seemed absolutely careless; and, as they advanced streets of Paris. But these and all the others resolutely put their hands nearer the enemy, it was impossible behind their back. It was the "cut" for him to escape their direct, but it had the effect of a Stealthily the men took up the positonic on the half dazed boy. He tion he pointed out to them; they drew himself up and threw back his were out of the enemy's sight; only their young leader, directing them, "Au revolr!" he said through his clenched teeth. "In forty-eight hours I will be back."

Still, no hand was held out to him. Then he turned to follow : but one One or two of his comrades shrugged of the snipers' bullets, that hed Still, no hand was held out to him. their shoulders incredulously, and whistled round him harmlessly up to all turned their backs on "mother's this, had found its billet : and, instead "We'll soon know that," replied boy sneaking home." That is what of stepping into shelter, he fell, a Rice, striking emphatically on the they called him in their own minds; crumpled heap, shot through the body. And in the rush, of which he moment overlooked.

It was the captain who, a succession of fierce barks, and a felt sure. She had moved Heaven His kepi had fallen; the shortand earth to prevent his going to the cropped, fair hair was bare ; and the blue veins on the forehead, the big dark shadows under the closed eyes were the only break to the deathly paleness of the face. Then his ey than her previous ones, and now he lids flickared and opened, and at the corner of his white lips a crimson trickle showed. The captain wiped Would she ? He set his teeth sudit away; and as he did so the boy raised his right hand forcibly.

"Ask them," he whispered—"ask them if they'll shake hands with me

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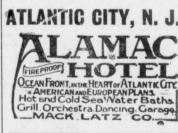
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## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

good night all of you ?' Today he merely greeted the pla toon with a comprehensive nod; then he ran his eye from face to

just shutting himself out of pleasure, and tugging at hard work for the sake of mother and us children. He has put the other boys in school at Peoria, and all with his own hard earnings.

He is noble, indeed," replied Marion ; "one cannot help admiring him.'

"Yes, and loving him, too, con-tinued the sister. "He took money he was in right need of, to buy this chair; he don't care a picayune for himself. I'm so sorry this case came on today ; he'll be worked up when he finds you've been here all day and he not at home. Ah, he knew your father would not let you cross the prairie today. I'll have a right laugh at him when he comes. You'll stay all night, of course ?'

O no, Alice ; I believe it is time I should go now. Yes, papa told me five, and it only wants fifteen min-

Mrs. Leighton added her persua sions to those of Alice, on the ground of the danger, but Marion assured them she had no fear. She left. many charges not to try to after guide the pony, as he would probably go directly home himself. There to our assistance." was nothing exhilarating in the ride, though Albus started off brisk-

The fog continued as ever, and Marion, laying the reins on the neck of the pony, suffered him to take his own gait, while she wandered into a she whispered.

reverie, from which there was nothing to divert her attention. At langth she bethought herself that by this time she should have come into a natch of hazel bushes that served

a 1 a landmark, when she was startled hunting-belt. by the splashing of the horse's feet

in a clear stream of water. Now she was quite sure she was not in the right track ; no such stream lay between the village and her home. "Thick coming fancies" away by an act of will, and reflected | ting here and there unceremoniously

that vast, uninhabited region, with as he adjusted the lantern. "Why "O !" she screamed, darting back Usually i out the slightest guide to the haven lad," he said, gazing into his face, with terror; then settling in a his men.

to let my tenderness for my child get the better of my judgment, I hoped She tried to call Sobriety, but the she would yield the point herself.' sound sleep of the healthy child was Mrs. Benton said nothing, but not easily disturbed. turned away to watch her slumbering "Must I meet this alone ?" whisinfant, and to pray for her loved one. pered the mother, in the agony of 'set in the midst of so many and

she

her heart. great dangers." It was the first time Philip Benton Tears fell like rain, but they stirred had put foot in a neighbor's house. not the slumberer so near the spirit of that little breast. Death, the con-Marion. Horror-stricken were Mrs. Leighton and Alice by the inquiry : soler, laying his hand upon that she had been gone from there two heart, healed it forever. An ear

the village many times, and held his

hours. 'Then she is lost !" exclaimed Mr.

Benton, in a tone of dismay. Horatio Leighton entered at a side sobs as she laid her dead back on the couch, and sunk on her knees beside door, as this conversation passed at it. After a time of grief, into which the front entrance. The young man "a stranger intermeddleth not," she comprehended the whole matter at arose, calmed and quieted ; the Angel once, though he had not till then had left his impress on her brow. hord that Marion had been at the She parted those yellow curls over cottage. He waited for nothing, but the fair forehead, closed those parted lips, arranged those lifeless limbs in the garments of the grave, going to the stable he saddled a fresh horse and appeared at the door.

before Mrs. Leighton and Alice had and seated herself, one little hand in finished their inquiries of Mr. Benton. hers, to watch the coming day. We had best ride after Miss Nearer than ever came to Benton," he said, at once; "if you great mystery of death, in those lone please sir, I will ride over for Rice hours of watching: sweeter to her hours of watching: sweeter to her and rouse up a few of the neighbors seemed the grave and its peaceful

rest. Before morn, she could from Mrs. Leighton came out with a her heart thank the dear Shepherd lantern, and saw by its light the that he had safely folded one of her lambs where no sin nor suffering could reach her. Courage came back deadly paleness of her son's face. "Do you think you will be able to to her heart, courage still to labor,

courage to meet and to comfort the "Danger of fright," he replied under worn, sad heart of her husband : At his breath, 'soothe Alice, this will t by make her ill. I trust we shall be to a back before long," he added aloud, courage to hope, courage to do. any doubt the power of the Christian faith, let him place himself where fastening the lantern into his broad Mrs. Benton was, and tell us what

but the hope it brings, could give Mr. Benton shuthimself upinstant. peace to her overcharged heart. A severe thunder shower came on ly when alone with the young man, consenting to the mustering of few of towards morning, and as she listened the neighbors, begging they might be to the pealing roar, she could only as few as possible. Old Cap came quiet the nervous restlessness which and misery. Down this trench, a out to mee' them as they approached she felt, by resolving not to think of splashed but as yet not entirely mud crowded about her but she put them | his cabin, with his mouth open, spit- | the dear absent ones, but only of the happy spirit so lately born into Parasoberly. Brooks she knew, marked the timber land, and there were no woods in her proper route. Under the same circumstances, alone, in

"O !" she screamed, darting back

her the

avold aring characteristic | and dry and in comparative comfort : recapitulation of the events of the and behind him were twenty-nine

paign.

the front !

them

night from his rough neighbor. He men, cold and wet and in danger of guided his horse around the corner their lives-Paris corner boys and of the cabin to avoid the south wind, Breton peasants and others. And all

which was beginning to blow a gale. The agony of that moment it is diffihad refused to shake his hand ! train was going too slowly, too slowly, too slowly by far, for his imcult to describe ; he had been buoyed up by the certain hope of finding his patience. He wanted to be in Paris, when he crossed the threshold of land. No human eye save the daughter here, and now his hands, so as Mrs. Leighton's cottage to inquire for mother's, witnessed the last heaving and feet, and will were powerless in front. so as to get leave to return to the the search. His wife alone with her

sick child, and utterly ignorant of his own or of Marion's whereabouts ; this whitefaced boy that she had never heavy to the cry of His stricken ones, heeded that mother's the approaching storm threatening to deluge the land, and his child without shelter-and where ?

TO BE CONTINUED

## MOTHER'S BOY It was raining-for a change ; grey

sky, grey earth, grey trenches and mud everywhere. Down between

two grey walls some thirty soldiers were trying to balance themselves

upon a long, grey plank, which was their only hope of protection against

sinking into the mud-here diluted to the consistency of pea soup-that

uncertain, sticky and miserably wet

They were crowded together,

hungry, dripping, shivering, in too miserable a plight even to heed the

shrapnel that sang over their heads

before sizzling out in the sea of mud

beyond them. It might come at any moment; but so far the enemy's guns

had not found the range of their

group, no better off than themselves.

that led eventually out of the mud

covered figure made its way. It was

the captain of the troop ; and though

he, too, was wet and tired and hungry,

these very usual conditions did not account for his expression, or for the

A few yards to the left was another

would otherwise have given

foothold.

trench.

But the captain, clasping the nerveless fingers, himself could not even answer "Yes!"-Ave Maria.

DIVINE SONSHIP

Christians, on the contrary, are

Jesus is the Son of God, and so are Christians children of God. But

there is a great difference between His mother met him at the stathe two kines of sonship. Jesus even tion: but there was something in as man is the proper Son of God for there are not two sons in Jesus into a corner of the big Renault Christ, one the Son of the Eternal Father and the other the son of the into a corner of the big Ranault limousine. He was atraid of meeting any one he knew; for he guessed the son is both the Son of God according verdict he would see in every eye. to His Divine nature, and the son of He had already seen it in the rugged Mary according to His human face of the old chauffeur, who had nature. At one time in the history been all through the Tonkin cam- of the Church there was a contro

versy whether Jesus Christ could "So Monsieur has come home !" rightly be called the adopted Son of That was all; but at the curt words Gad. It was decided negatively, for the grey trench suddenly loomed be-fore the boy's eyes. such an appella ion would call in question the unity of the Person 'Not home!" he said, sharply, in Christ. It was not a human per

Drive straight to the barracks." sonality that was joined to Why even the servate at home had sons or brothers or husbands at that human nature was not adopted

too

But, dear boy," urged his mother, assumed and made strictly ite laying her hand upon his arm, "you must come home first! You are not Blessed Trinity. Therefore Christ, when speaking to His disciples fit to be seen." "I like my mud," returned the never says "Our Father" in refer boy; and a sudden feeling almost of ring to the heavenly Father, homesickness came over him at the saye, for instance, "I ascent but I ascend to

thought of the wastes of mud which my Father and your Father." he had left.

"Your room is ready," she said ersuasively. "Come! You can deavor to make out what this means persuasively. have a bath and change, and then we In legal adoption among men the shall have a nice little dinner-your child adopted receives the name, excepting that they were so much nearer the communication trench true membership in the family, The boy gave a short laugh. In and becomes the heir of the adopted father and you and I."

his own ears it sounded very much father. All this obtains in super-as his captain's laugh had sounded natural adoption : by it we receive the name of children of God, become

yesterday. "It sounds pretty comfortable!" he members of God's special family, said; but there was that in his tone which made his mother flinch. After a moment's silence the motor clowed down before the barrack yard

tone of his voice when he spcke. Usually he had a cheery greeting for Don't wait for me, mother!" At tion the adoptive father canlast this was something approaching not stamp his features on the



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