way?" Tom used to say. You know that he always detested me, and I don't know that I blame im. I married you against his ex orders, and he cast you off."

that he would relent—some day On New Year's eve her expected and She went on sitting with the let-

ter in her hand. It was two yearstwo years and a month-since had renounced her, and, though she had written to him often, she had never received a line until now. What could have induced him to change? She could not remember that been struck by her young loveliness Then, again, it often leads to Katty, lying in her perambulator and tion, pneumonia or may settle on being wheeled by nurse along Ken- the kidneys or bowels. sington High street, suddenly conhaps a tear had sprung to his eye Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed that was that moved him so strangely. Why had not nurse told

She half rose to ring for nurse but sat down again, as it occurred to her that after all perhaps it was not Katty who had moved him. Cer-Then-how about one of Tom's articles? Suppose he had read one of them and been struck by the rich Philippe de Nery, Kamouraska Co., style and profound insight into literature and life that it betrayed "Good heavens!" he might have said, "I have been mistaken in this young man after all. This is not, as I supposed and said, rubbishy stuff but art-genius!" Unfortunatelyas she reflected almost immediately I was afraid of pneumonia or connothing would ever have induced the old man to look into any of the magazines for which Tom wrote. He seldom read anything but the financial column in his daily paper and (occasionally) the law reports.

The only possible explanation left was that he had come to desire a reconciliation by natural process He had felt his years increasing and looked forward to a lonely old age, contentedly enough in the first tran sports of his anger, but as the months went by the prospect of living forever solitary became more painful-became at last intolerable He had felt that he must look once more upon his nearest and dearest as she was undoubtedly entitled to consider herself and Katty, if Tom-and it was to mention this fact that he had written. Probably he would not have confessed it straightforwardly as that. He would be sure to approach the subject in a roundabout way, not giving in to all appearance, writing in a matter of fact, or even cool way, but yield ing all the same. The letter would contain a suggestion that she and perhaps Katty (not Tom at first) hould call on him. It might even and other works: be that he thought of looking in soon-maybe to-morrow. Why, of A song for the Pope, for the Royal course, to-morrow. To-morrow was

She still sat with the letter in her hand, building castles. He would soon learn to love Katty as soon as Katty had cut her teeth anyhow. He would in course of time even learn to love Tom. Would he ask them all to live with him in Rus-Would Tom accept if It would be safer on the whole not to. It would be decided ly nicer to be allowed five or six ndred a year and a separate re-Tom and he were made to appreciate one another. With five hundred a year in addition to what Tom earned (and she almost wished for the moment that Tom was a beggar—it would be so much more romantic) they would have a week end cottage in Surrey and a

parlor maid and perhaps"—
"What are you thinking about?" said Tom, who entered at that mo

She quivered with excitement.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "it's a letter from him."

Have you opened it?" asked

"Well. I should if I were root.

And, my dear," added Tom. who
for a literary man was singularly
devoid of illusions. "for goodness

'But I'm sure that"- She pest two years—unopened. Scribbled across the top of the uppermost letter were the words: "Useless to waste stamps like this. You never could write well enough to read in any case." Not another word. She could have killed him. And Tom would only laugh.—R. E. Vernede, in

A Cold Finds Your Weak Spot.

are Protected Against the Evil effects of Colds by

DR. CHASE'S STRUP LINSEED AND

You can never tell just what form She could not remember that she had said anything peculiarly calculated to turn his heart in her last est organ. With some it assumes letter and wished she had kept a a catarrhal nature and affects the copy of it that she might consult head principally; with others it beit now. Could he, her grandfather, comes bronchitis and there sets in a have seen Katty in the streets and harn cough and severe chest pains. and childish innocence? She pictured flammation of the lungs, consump-

Because colds do not always prove fronted by the tall, old man with serious some people take chances the big eyebrows and hard face. Per- with them, but the risk is great and unbidden (as tears do in novels) Turpentine is intended for people and he had asked nurse whose child who want assurance against serious results from colds.

This great medicine has absolutely proven its extraordinary control over coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, and all such ailments, and for tainly he had always detested ba- this reason has a place in the great majority of homes

Mrs. Jean Bte. Dumais, St. Que., writes: "I can most heartily recommend Dr. Chase's remedies because I have found them to be perfectly reliable. A year ago last winter I had a cold which clung to me nearly all winter. I coughed frequently and as my chest got sore cumption. All the remedies I tried seemed to be of no benefit to me until I obtained Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine which broke up the cold and cured me in a

"I have also used Dr. Chase's Ointment for sore feet and found it to be a wonderful preparation, it is so soothing and healing."

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### A SONG FOR THE POPE

The following song, which is generally sung at the termination of an honor. I am only a poor the social gatherings of Irish priests tal and must consider your prothat it might be called the Church anthem, was written by Rev. P. Murray, D.D., a former distinguished professor at Maynooth and author of "De Ecclesia Christi" trimming lamps. Ecstatically,

Pope,

Who rules from sea to sea, Whose kingdom or sceptre never can

fail-What a grand old King is he! No warrior hordes hath he, with

their swords. His rock-built throne to guard; For against it the gates of hell shall

In vain, as they ever have warred.

Great dynasties die, like flowers of the field:

Great empires wither and fall; Glories there have been that blazed to the stars;

They have been—and that is all! But there is the grand old Roma See,

The ruins of earth amo Young with the youth of its early

With the strength of Peter strong.

That through ages of blood to the rock hath stoon-True may she ever stand! Oh, ne'er may the star of St. Pat-

On her radiant brow decay. Hurrah for the grand old Catholic

For the grand old Pope, hurrah!

(Continued from Page 7.)

romantic! I hope you have crowded during these six years; those heroforescue courtships are generally so udden and unsatisfactory.

I am anxious to meet your chum, Ellen. I am strangely and deeply impressed by what you say of her. I long ago gave up trying to find my affinity, but though you mentioned her to me only the day before yesterday, it seems as if I had known her for years.

I have implicit confidence in your judgment, and in view of the fact ing, always recanted. So I went. that she is your friend and is with-out the heritical impediment, if you and the guests were crowding about an arrange it, we will have ness, I will marry her on your wed-

ner my kindest regards. Very sin-TURPENTINE cerely yours.

Boston, Mass. June the third.

"Well!" 'Well!"

"What are you going to do about

"Was there ever such assurance How dare he presume so far? It is are always putting other people into

"Guilty! But what are you going to do about it?"

"Do? Nothing. I will not meet him. I will not go to the wedding. To think he believes he can carry off that sort of thing! He must be a conceited-"

let him have the better of it. Answer him in the same strain, and he will have the burden of it. Don't the breach. They were very you see if you accept what a pickle he will be in?"

"Not for worlds!" "Oh. Ellen, please do! It will kill the stiffness of the first hour and make my wedding bright jolly from the start. You said you would do anything you could." "But, Margaret, think of the

chances I'd be taking! I don't know him. If he were all right, I Son, Contractors." but did might carry it off well. But If he should turn out a boor or a prig-' college chum. Dick thought more of him than of anybody else,

you know the kind of chap would suit Dick's notion of a fellow."

it, Margaret, I'll rely on you to prevent any unpleasantness coming from it." "You may. I'll find an excuse to

write him again, and you may enclose your reply with mine." "Give me some writing materials."

"Don't be too sentimental.

"I'll be anything I choose, and I will not take any suggestions from . . . Will this do?"

Mr. John Barry, Boston, Mass Honored Sir: I have been privileged to read your communication addressed to our friend. Margaret Dixon, wherein you do me so great Irish position favorably.

I have hitherto been ranked among the foolish virgins, but until that

Providence, R.I., June the fourth 1906,

"That's capital. We'll mail it at

TWO WEEKS LATER. Miss Mary A. O'Brien, Boston, Mass Dear Cousin Mary: Such a sham it was that you could not be with us yesterday! Everything went off beautifully; the weather was per fect, Margaret looked lovely, the reception was a pig succes you will read all about that in th papers I have sent you, so I'll tell you now the outcome of my engagement, the story of which wrote you in my last letter.

You don't know the agonies I endured in those two weeks. Engaged to a man I'd never seen!

If he were bright and witty and a gentleman we might carry it off well and make it the occasion much legitimate pleasantry. were a prig and took advantag Over all the orb no land more true of the opportunity to make himsel. Than our own old Catholic land, offensive, what a day I should have Or worse; if he were serious! Hor rors! It made me shudder to thin! rance that prompted the protion. I had more reason to fear that he was a boor or a silly romance than to hope that he was a senst ble gentleman. I had Margaret an

is generally very poor. There was just one ray of hope: Kate had told me that he always carried a set of rosary beads, and had threatened once to dismember a fellow who tried to make fun of them. But

who tried to make fun of them. But even that did not allay my fears. The days were filled with night mares, and the nights with awfully realistic visions of being married in balloons, and tumbling out. Several times I determined not to attend the wedding, but under the spell o Kate's blarney and Margaret's plead

double wedding. If Miss Manning is congratulations. Mr. Jack had not willing and has everything in readiarrived, and I hoped he would not. I was standing with my back the door when I heard some You may say this to her and give announced. The confusion of voices dulled the announcement so that I did not understand the name, but the next moment I heard Margare

> ment, "Why, Jack Barry!" I never turned. He offeeed compliments in a low voice, then in a louder tone said: where is the girl I am going to

exclaim in a tone of utter astonish

marry? against my breast trying to escape you and now I was sure it was coming right up. I thought of running, bu trying positions with your practical my courage came back and, muster ing all my dignity. I turned

saw-Father Barry!' "Well" he said, with that impish smile of his, "I am ready, Ellen; where is your bridegroom?"

Of course all I could say relieft

The whole story had to be told to the company and every unmar-ried man present volunteered to fill quent in declaiming their particular merits, but none of them were accepted. I had had enough of mar

Dick knew that Jack had been or dained, but with masculine taciturn ity had never told Margaret. said he "thought she knew." garet had seen occasional reference in the Boston papers to "Barry & know that the "Son" was Patrick.

When yod get "Father Jack" "Oh, but he isn't. He is Dick's moved to the Chinese or African mission I will pay you another visit but not until then. He was horrid enough before. I send you Joe's regards. He said

to send something else, but that is "I don't like it, but if you ask all you may have. Lovingly,

Providence, June the eighteenth. James Duggan Byrne, in The Guidon.

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ARTHUR CONTENT, Montreal, December 12, 1906.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS
HAVING DESIGNS APPLY TO A SHOULD APPLY TO A LA PRESSE PUB. CO.

country depot platform, the arrival of the train He had been away givin in a parish whose pastor days. The mission had ordinarily successful, and ing of the old friends had been an event in the uneventful life of a cour Pleasant as had been the the rather monotonous

good priest was neverthe

among his own parishion

THURSDAY, JANUARY

"No, Father. She's minutes late. Since the rains set in they have to careful for fear of wash the operator and sta (for the speaker held tions), turned to his ins presence of the priest, entinued his walk up ar platform. Several people thered on the platform waiting for the express t them a young Irishman diately attracted the pri

The glow and enthusia mission he had just finish with Father Ridsdale, an diately addressed the yo "Good evening, Pat." "Good evening, sir-go

"Going to travel?" "Yes, Father. I'm go the line." "Been to confession la said the Father suddenly priest's instinct he saw a

Father," said the person

his chance acquaintance tholic. "No-no, not lately, Fa "How long since, Pat?"
"A good long time, Fa "A bad long time,

But how long is it, Pat 'Oh, a long time, Fat "But how long ?" 'Bout-seven-years," unwilling acknowledgment

"Oh! Pat, and your o every night, saying her you that you, her boy, faithful to his God ar Church!" The chance shot had st Father Ridsdale knew hur well, and Irish nature be

Sweeney's warm heart w and the priest saw he h the right chord. The yo hung his head, and there thing very like a tear or Just then the express dering into the depot, body made a rush for the "Come on, my son," se ther, and Pat followed h they sat down together.

ductor looked surprised the

in the workingman's c than in a more luxuriou ment, but he said nothing his ticket. When they were left alo Ridsdale began again or tion of confession. He sa young man beside him wa turally good disposition, ed that, as a section han railway, he was thrown and frequently bad compa

an aspiration to the Sacre determined to make an e convert this soul. Long and earnestly he the young man, and tried him to a sense of the dan state, but with apparently fect. Souls that have be for so long are not vivific once except in special car the priest did not give u knew that there remained quarters of an hour be Journey would come to an "Look here, my son, prothis, that for the love you

old mother you will turn of leaf and straighten out ma good confession." The Father knew enough young man already to be young man already to be if he made a promise to he would certainly carry the himself had great confithe promises of our Divin the Blessed Margaret Me those priests who cultivate votion to the Sacred Het be able to move the mov