18, 1997.

OUIETY-Estab 1856 ; incorpore 1840. Mests in , 92 St. Alexan Monday of the meets last Wed. Rev. Director, P.P.; President 1st Vice-President, ey: 2nd Vice, E. er, W. Durack; retary, W. J. Secretary, T. P.

ck's Hall, 92 St.

each month for

business, at 8 -Spiritual

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Pab.Oo. 6. P

Xavier Stree

d, James

It was said in Blackley's, where liable Greenwood worked, that the part of a wise girl was to live quiet part of a wise girl was to live quiet part of a wise girl was to live quiet part of a wise girl was to live quiet y and to save money. It was never befined exactly how much or how little was meant by living quietly, sor was it ever computed how much a girl might save by denying hereal those poor pleasures which here youth would enable her to enjoy. It may be said at once that Mabel Greenwood did not live a restricted life. Neither did she save money. She was a straight living, smart, well equipped London girl. But, well enguipped London girl. How sepritate was herself. Unlike those girls who had lived quietly and saved money, she had no security against the coming of evil days. And in the spring of 1906 evil days came.

It was an April morning, and even in the streets of London the spring was triumphant. At many of the corners there were flower girls' basiets piled up with spring flowers; some of the passers by wore bunches of violets, others carried daffodils or longuils.

At the crossing wnere the two A: & B. 80the second Suner street, at 8.30 month, at r. Rev. Jas. Kil-J. P. Gunning; Donnell, 412 St. DA, BRANCH 26

houtils.

At the crossing where the two busy thoroughfares near St. Ann's Hospital intersect the traffic was passing from west to east in a thick men. Mabel Greenwood stood on

stream. Mabel Greenwood stood on the curb, waiting until the stream was broken.

More than one passemby turned and looked at her as she stood there. Her well poised figure, her dainty estness in her dress, her clean cut profile, and, above all, perhaps, the hoppy reflection of the springitide joy in her face were causes which compelled many to let their gaze lineer. Of this tribute of the passer-Of this tribute of the pa

linger. Of this tribute of the passerty, however, she was wholly
ontscious. Presentity, which
tream of traffic was checked, she
nised her skirts, and, displaying
two neatly shod feet, stepped out
into the roadway.

Though there was no appearance
that an anxious thought troubled
her, there would have been good reason that April morning had Mabel
Greenwood's thoughts been heavy.

She had lost her post at Blackley's.

sedom from the slavery of the ater, liberty to enjoy the April ming, made Mabel Greenwood py, despite the melancholy retion that she had lost her livedod. She was young, and she trained herself to enjoy her th. When she reached the curb the hospital side of the crossing happiness was crowned. edom from the slavery of

ss was crowned. ld Cayley was waiting for He had chanced to see her as tood waiting to cross; he had ed her crossing. For the andth time he had marvelled at ttiness, had applauded in his er never failing air of up-attractive womanhood.

ate, attractive womanhood.

ore than a year had passed since of first drifted together in the am of London life in which their were cast, and their friendship, always been pleasant, never always been pleasant, never always been pleasant, never as upon by those small disentiments to which such friendships so cruelly liable. Caley was will that it had been so pleasant in the pleasant of the pleasa

am having a day's holiday."
aid lightly. "I am very lucky,
aing upon such a glorious

occurred to him that she ading anything behind the

A Depth in the Shallows.

ground of her thoughts that some day she would have to crush her love down. But till that day came, why should not their pleasant friendship continue? It had become deeper on her side, but that only meant that when the end came she would the more greatly suffer.

When she spoke her heart was beating more quickly and more tumultuously than she would have cared to own.

"It would be splendid," she said, frankly. But she let no tremor es-

"It would be splendid," she said frankly. But she let no tremor es cape into her voice.
"Then you will be there at 2?"
"Yes; I will not be late," sh

laughed.
"Till then," he said, and turned away He

away.

He went toward the hospital
whistling—a tall, broad-shouldered
man, supremely indifferene to the
crowded pavement along which he

assed.

Mabel's gaze followed him. Little with her—the

Mabel's gaze followed him. Little memories lingered with her—the strength of his clear-cut face, the crisp little curls on his temples, the fearless, unwavering light in his eyes. Small wonder that joy sang in her heart.

When he reached the hospital he strode quickly into the main building. But half way along the corridor which runs through it he stopped. He stopped in his walk because he had called a thalt in his thoughts. They had been joyously

ped. He stopped in his walk because he had called a halt in his thoughts. They had been joyously rushing further and further along new paths and new byways.

Was Mabel Greenwood anything more to him than a pleasant friend?

Did he feel for her more than friendship?

ship?

He didnot laugh the thought down.

He neither affirmed nor denied the question. He shrugged his shoulders and went on down the corridor; but immediately his thoughts were forging ahead down their new paths and plunging again into their new byways.

and pringing again from their levels byways.

But before long he stopped again.

"If I take up this Hampshire practice," he mused, "I shall seldom be in London. Our friendship will cease.

Well, the ending of a glance friendship will soon be achieved and forgotten."

gotten."
But in his heart the thought of a different ending was gaining strength. He did not go so far as to admit or deny the possibility, but the new byways in which his thoughts were wandering were at least pleasant.

After an aftermoon at Henley, followed by a dirner at Gantii's and a theatre, Mabel Greenwood returned to the pretentious but shaabby Bayswater boarding house, which, for want of anything else, she called her home. During the afternoon and evening she had been for Cayley the gay, light-hearted companion that she always was. She had made no effort to be so, she had simply abandoned herself to happiness.

She kept her love for Cayley in the secret places of her thoughts. Even when she heard that he had bought a practice in Hampshire, and foresew, as she was quick to foresee, that their friendship would of necessity soon cease, her spirits did not fail. She merely told herself that for the present she would not face the future.

That night, however, the skeleton of the future dwelt with her. After an afternoon at Henley, fol-

face the future.

That night, however, the skeleton of the future dwelt with her.

She did not sleep. She heard the clock of a neighboring church strike each hour, she saw the light steal in—she saw it grow till each familiar object in the room became distinct.

Of the certainty of her love for Cayley there could be no doubt. In those silent hours it brought her pain. Every thought that grew from it stabbed her. If it could ever be accomplished, if she had but the right to count the hours to a day when it would be consummated, she might have known the depths of joy.

research of the second the second the second that she had no state of the contry, come back and have seen as the contry of the seen as the seen as the contry of the seen as th

Was Weak and Run Down WOULD VERY OFTEN FAINT AWAY

Mrs. J. H. Armstrong, Port Elmsley, nt., tells of her experience with MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

She writes: "It is with gratitude I tell how your Heart and Nerve Pills benefitted me.

benefitted me.

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pass by. It will not be easy, but I must crush my love."

She poured out some water, and again and again bent down her face into its coldness. Her thoughts became clearer, and she began to dress carefully and methodically, as was her wont. The postman came irrot the street, and his sharp double knock sounded from house to house, coming nearer and nearer. The day was beginning, the day of facts which succeeded the night of dreams.

"To-day I must find something."

creams.

"To-day I must find something,"
she said, as she went downstairs.

"It may be only a small shop, the
work of a drudge. But I must fird

something."

She was very lonely, very desolate; she had nothing in the world to cherish. She had gained a grimpse of a great joy. But she was not a fool. She khew that the hope to achieve it was wild and impossible.

Bevington Gardens, the Bayswater boarding house in which Mabel Greenwood lived, was typical of the other drawing nooms of the street. It was a large room. A grand piano—a lucky bargain picked up at a sale—gave an air of luxury. It also helped a few inexpensive rugs in their task of concealing the shabbiness of the carpet. Several low wicker chairs and two standard lamps with large red shades contributed their requisite touches to the carefully studied atmosphere of the room. The whole was from the point of view of Bevington Gardens, decidedly successful. successful.

In this room, at 11 o'clock on a morning in the last week of April, Mabel Greenwood was sitting waiting. It was 11 o'clock, and at 11 o'clock Cayley had said in the short letter she had received by that morning's post that he would call. She had no doubt why he was seen. She had no doubt why he was coming. Neither bad she any doubt about the determination in her own ing. mind.

During the last week, which had succeeded that night of bitter struggle, during which she had realized the strength of her love for Cayley and had at the same time bowed to its impossibility, she had found no employment which she could accept.

Now that the week had passed, the
time had come when she would have Now that the week had passed, the time had come when she would have to take any offer of honest work that was made to her. Before her lay a prospect of drudgery for a bare

living. At the end of the week she was leaving No. 10 Bevington Gardens. For five years she had lived just within her means, had made the most of life. She had learned enough to appreciate to the full the briterness of all that she would soon begin to experience.

ness of all that she would soon begin to experience.

During the week that was past her pleasant friendship with Cayley had not been broken off. They had spent several evenings together. He would soon be going down to Hampshire, he had urged, and she had permitted herself a dangerous dalliance in the paths of joy. She was going to be asked to live in those paths forever. But she would refuse.

refuse.

When he came into the room, she greeted him with the frank pleasure of friendship. But his living presence was difficult to meet, and she almost trembled.

"You are going down to Hamp

almost trembled.

"You are going down to Hampshire suddenly?" she asked. "That is why you wrote asking me to be in this morning?"

As soon as she had spoken, she saw her mistake. She saw the surprise in his face.

wher mistake. She saw the sor-rive in his face.
"Would I have asked you to leave our work merely for that?" he

prise in his lace.

"Would I have asked you to leave your work merely for that?" he said.

For a moment he paused, for a moment she hesitated, wondering what reason she could give for having concealed her dismissal from Blackley's from him. Then he spoke with sudden directness.

"I will be plain," he said. "I have come this morning to ask you to be my wife. I am not speaking without thought, Mabel; will you accept my offer, will you give me something more than friendship? Will you give me love?"

He spoke earnestly, and it was easy to see that his love was real.

But, even as he spoke, he saw before him, instead of the radiant, happy girl he had known, a girl in whom the fire of life seemed to have died.

"Archia" she said. "there is

have died.

"Archie," she said, "there is "Archie," she said, "there is a long distance—isn't there?—between friendship and love. We have been good friends. Don't ask anything more from me. Oh, don't take it like that, Archie. You will see afterwards that it is best".—His face had grown suddenly old.

terwards that it is best"—
His face had gnown suddenly old.
"You say we have been good friends," he said. "Surely, sometimes, in your thoughts, we have been something more. Come here into the light, where I can see your face, and swear to me that you have never thought of me as enything more than a friend. Then—I will go." will go."
In his voice there was doubt. He

caught her hand and sought to lead her to the window. But she broke

her by the window. But she broke away "from him.
"Sit down," she said, "I have something to tell you."
She sat down in one of the low which chairs. He remained standing in the window. Speaking quickly, in short, disjointed sentences, she told him of her dismissal from Blackley's, of her poverty, which she had concealed from him because she feared that he might think stee sought his help, because she could not tolerate the thought of such help. She told him the bare truth. He heard her out. Then he came and said down in the chair at her side.

"Mabel, I have known you "Mattel, I have known you for more than a year," he began. "I love you, honestly and sincerely, with all my strength. What does it matter to me whether you have lost your post at Blackley's or not."

The thought of Mabel Greenwood's mind was still one of self-sacrifice. Ought she not to save Cayley from himself?

Essays and Lectures, by Canon Sheehan Longmans, Green & Co. Those who have a Sheehan corner in their book-case will be pleased to make place for a very substantial new volume of literary treats from the same pen. This collection has not, of course, the easy hapnazed sand stars," though it is easily recognized as an earlier dutput of the same mind. The former suggests the old "parish priest" and the latter might be the wording of the "New Curate." It is the first collection of essays by Canon Sheehan, and represents some of his literary work from 1880 to 1960. The seven lectures were delivered during the same period before Catholic societies in treiand.

In lectures and essays we have the firm the power, the beauty, the power and and beneficial.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE APURE SOAP

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

pleasure of mental culture. "There is no taste or passion—for it might well be called a passion—so powerful as the taste for literature. It is so exalted, so refining, so free from objections that it may be indulged in a twill; and it has pleasures—and fascinations that are second—only to those that are enjoyed by students of the fine arts." "Even to those whose faith would lift them to more exalted regions, this—minor worship of intellect may be not only attractive but useful. For there is some gain, unquestionably, in findattractive but useful. For there is some gain, unquestionably, in finding amidst the ever-increasing grossness into which the materialism of our century is descending, a renaissance of that idealism which has made in every generation poets and philosophers, and which, if vague and indeterminate, contains at least

naissance of that idealism which has made in every generation poets and philosophers, and which, if vague and indeterminate, contains at least no doctrine incompatible with human dignity and admits of no pursuits whose utility would suppose degradation."

The essays entitled Emerson, German Universities, and In a Dublin Art Gallery, and the lectures on Certain Elements of Character and Our Personal and Social Responsibilities, might be considered the best of the volume, but after all it is "every man for himself" in such a choice. To those who have read Luke Delmege, My New Curate, etc., there is no need to add that anything from Camon Sheeban's pen is good reading from every point of view. His wish that his "solitary voice, echoing over dark and turbulent seas, be a voice of strength and encouragement," is one that savors of every probability of realization. Any one who enjoys a good essay on a good subject should own the book, for it belongs to the number of books which may be read and re-read and referred to at any time without exhausting their treasures.

ylla and Charybdis, or The Old Theology and the New. By the Rev. George Tyrrell, Author of "Lex Credendi." Crown Svo., "Lex Credendi." Crown 8vo., price 5s. net. Longmans, Green

This is a series of essays (mostly This is a series of essays (mostly reprints) in which the writer tries to reconcile the sacrosanct character of revelation and dogma on which the old theology was built with the full scientific and philosophical liberty ty claimed by the new theology; to rescape the fatal consequences of petrifaction on the one hand and those of wholesale disintegration on the software to determine the nature and mutual relations of Revelation, Dogman any by dery to Revelation and Dogman any possibility of that development

The thought of Maid Generous and Supposed the time had come when had possed, the time had come when had possed the time had come to take any offer of homest work that were made to ber. Before her had not to save Cayley from him to the Arteries

Put New Blood Into the Arteries

And the Feeling of Weakness and Faigue Will give Way.

To Health and Vigor

To Health and Vigor

At this time of year rothing is one of the second the cayley's love was competent to the hunting the complete the could be seen that were made to the hunting the complete the could be seen to such a second to the hunting the complete the could be seen to the cayley's love was competent to the hunting the complete the could be seen to the cayley's love was competent to the hunting the could be seen to t

The Catholic Summer School.

First and Second Week at Cliff Heavn.

The sixteenth session of the Carlolic Sümmer School opened auspiciously on Monday evening. July I, with the first lecture of the session delivered by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LLD, the president of the School, on the First French Republic. Previous to his lecture, Fetcher Smith declared the School open in a brief speech, in which he enumerated the advantages of the Summer School and the work done by it in the past fifteen years.

Many new buildings and additions have been added to the School this year. The post office has been enlarged to twice its original size, and there has been quite an addition made to the library.

There was a larger attendance on the grounds during the first two weeks of the session than in previous years, which augurs well for the Summer School this season.

The lectures of the first weeks were the two given by Rev. Dr. Smith on the First, Second and Third French Republics, which bore on the present condition of the Church in France, and two song recitals 'y Frank T. Molony, of New York. The morning lectures started with the first of the interesting series of five on "Problems of Astronomy," by Prof. Denis O'Sullivan, of Philadiphia. The evenings of the second week, Section E, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science made its headquarters at Cliff Harven. Chief among the members was Dr. Alfrid C. Lane, State Aeologist of Michigan, vice-president of the Association, who delivered an address in the Auditorium on Saturday evening, July 6, on "The Early Surroundings of Life." Profs. Emerson, of Amherst, Ries, of Cornell, Woodworth of Harvard and Cetshing of Western Reserve were among the many disulnguished geologists present.

of Western Reserve were among the many distinguished geologists present.

On Sunday evening the usual reception was given to the lecturers of the coming week. The principal speaklys were Rev. Dr. Smith, the president Mr. Charles Murray, secretary; Messrs. Francis Keenan and Joseph H. Fargis, of New York. An excellent programme was rendered by Messrs. James Brady, the well-known Irish ballad singer; Camille W. Zeckwer and Howard Greene.

At the solemn high Mass on Sunday, Rev. James D. Canarie was the celebrant, with Rev. Wm. F. Toohig as deacon and Rev. H. M. Brock. S.J., as sub-deacon. The music of the Mass was rendered by Miss Frances Keenan, soprano; Mr. James. Brady, tenor, and Mr. Merrill F. Greene, basso. Mr. Zeckwer, of Philadelphia, presided at the organ. A powerful sermon on the Gospel of the day was preached by the 'president, Dr. Smith.