THE SURGEON'S VACATION

The great surgeon had come down to farion for rest and forgetfulness. He had meaut to go where there was neither pain nor sorrow, if such an Eden existed and he had come to Marion. For one pain nor sorrow, if such an Eden existed, and he had come to Marion. For one thing, it was not on a railroad; for an-other, its diminutive size precluded the idea that the clanking chains of business life were about it. It was just a lazy little hamlet—a church, a general store, a score of straggling white houses with green blinds, and that was cut

Here the surgeon meant to bury him-Here the surger inclusion of our weeks outing. le could have gone to Europe as the mest of a millionaire had he said the word. He knew he needed Marion instead

The great surgeon had been sadly ver-worked. All through the summer The great surgeon had been sadly over worked. All through the summer months he had promised himself that he would stop and rest. It was late in September before he finally started. He felt that his iron nerves were giving way and one September morning he noticed that the marvellous steadiness of his good right hand was impaired. He knew then that he had enough. He went away with all the precau-tions of a defaulter. He left no address. He desired no mail, no teles grams, to follow him. For a month he

grams, to follow him. For a month he meant to drop his professional existence. He picked out his destination at haphaz-ard from the big map on his office wall. ard from the big map on his office wall. He was influenced, as has been said, by the fact that the little village was off the line of travel. He bought first icket for a point beyond the railway town

was Marion's nearest connection that was Marion's nearest connection and then doubled back. "And now," he said, as he alighted, value in hand, from the mail stage that brought him over. "here's an end to the surgeon's shop. For a month I'm some body else, somebody who knows no more of strugging with human aliments than he does of throttling Thracian gladia-tor."

tors." He hadn't even brought a profes-

He name teven orought a protes-sional card with him. A haif hour later he was comfortably lodged in the upper front room of the Widow Gilette's cozy cottage, with a wonderful view of smillig hillsides and tinted woods and blue and white sky from its extremult clean windows. from its extremely clean windows. He had told the widow that his nam

was Thomas Brown and that he was a was Thomas Brown and that he was a worn out travelling man who had come to Marion for rest and quiet. Where was he from ? From Braceville, and he named the railway town to which he had purchased his ticket when he ran away from the big city. "Much sickness in Braceville?" in-quired the widow.

"Much sickness in Braceville?" in-quired the widow. "In surgeon shuddered. "I don't know," he said shortly, and taking his hat, went out for a stroll. As he passed down the maple bowered highway beyond the row of houses, kick-ing the red and gold drifts of leaves as he faintly remembered doing when he was a boy in that faraway lowa village, he noticed a lame man approaching. he noticed a lame man approaching The man walked with a crutch, one of his legs being bent stifly at the knee. He s a cheery faced old man in a faded with brass buttons. "Mornin,' squire," he said, with true

"Mornin, squire," he said, with true rurs a fability. "A fine morning," said the great surgeon, resolutely looking away from the stiffened knee. "Not from my rheumatism's point of view," chuckled the old man. "Rheumatism, ch?" said the surgeon. "I thought it might have been a gun-shot wound. The lame man had halted, and the surgeon feit that he was called upon to say something. "No, sir," said the lame man, with much emphasis. "I went thro' th' war

much emphasis. auch emphasis. "I went thro' th' war without a scratch. Got into seventeen pitched battles an came out ag'in sound as a dollar. Uncle Sam don't owe me nothin'. No sir, mornin," and he

nothin'. No sir, mornin," and he sturdily plodded along. The surgeon smiled at the old man's vehemence. Then, as he looked back at his pain cramped figure, he sighed. Somehow the sunshine didn't seem quite o bright. He walked long enough to win a good

He walked long enough to win a good appetite, however, and when he returned to the widow's cottage found an appetiz ing cold lancheon awaiting him, with a trim little rosy checked lass to serve it. The widow bustled in presently with voluble excuses for her absence. She had run over to Ezra Pathen's, her right hand neighbors, to carry a glass of quince jelly to young Joe Patchen, just back from the Philippines. "Poor boy," said the widow; "he's nothing but parched skin an' aching bones. Got one o' those swamp fevers fastened on him, an' if he puils through the winter it'll be a blessed wonder. The surgeon pushed back his pfate. His appetite had suddenly failed. He-went up to his cozy bedroom and dropped into a big cushoned rocker. "The man's a fool who thinks he can

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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and messenders hur don been refused, he ground and tere and the through the barred windows and re-membered how once a little bird had perched on those steel bars and warbled its song, and how that hight he stole a crust of bread in the dining room, hid it carefully beneath his shirt, and the fol-lowing der cantionaly put it on the role. lowing day cautiously put it on the win-dowsill. The bird came again that day and There day is der à square, leafing of the stands of the stands of the stands. The square, leafing of the stands stand. The square, leafing of the stands stand. The square, leafing of the stands stand. The square, leafing of the square, lea Weaker the

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"The man's a fool who thinks he can run away from human suffering, he muttered biterly. Then the tidy bed, with its immacu-

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late coverings, wood his tired bones, and a minute or two later he was enjoy-ing the first afternoon nap he had taken for many years.

He awoke toward dusk feeling rather "I will try," she simply answered.

He awoke toward dusk feeling rather ashamed of his long sleep. And yet only a few hours later he found he was quite ready for the all night nap. He was sleeping soundly at eight o'clock when the widow called him. He arose with a start glancing first at his watch and then at himself in the bureau glass. He looked ten years younger. "Sleep is knitting up the ravelled sleeve of care for yon all right old fellow," he said. "I will try," she simply answered. Three days later a square, leather covered box of considerable size was brought over on the stage from the nearest railway station. The surgeon sat up late that night examining and

ou preached about ; won't bray ?" you help me

weaker grew No 1333 as

Ballyhooly, May 2, 1845. Very Rev. Father,-It's with much pleasure I have to announce to you that liam a loyal member of your Society, now nearly six years. And during that time I not only kept from any kind of spirituous liquors, but in one of the visits your very rev. person paid one of my neighboring villages, I renewed my pledge against any of the other stuffs that frequently saw teetotallers make use of, such as soda, peppermint, ginger ale, cordial, lemonade, &a, and all such things. I entirely avoided them, one and all. I happened last winter, through excessive labour, to get a very heavy fit of sickness, which both em-ancipated and debilitated me very an oppor man in my sphere of life could

awout mixed matrix "is overcome by "Imitation of Christ," "is overcome by habit," in the sense that vicions habit is overcome by its contrary habit of virtue. Against such there is no law. The new habit in its formation trains the powers of a man to the practice of virtue, and resenes him from the bondage of sin.

dom of God. It is, however, indefen-sibly and ntterly immoral to cure one vice by introducing another. Man's capacity for indulgence, having limita-tions, admits but one ruling passion at a time. Prescinding from morality, vices may be set one against thoother in a contest for this mastery. The principle has its lawiul higher application in the forma-tion of character. "Habit," says the "Initation of Christ," "is overcome by habit." in the sance that widen better.