

an unworthy thought
m come to her?"
ould?" There could
the lad's sincerity,
certainly had none at
love of God means,"
ie rather than offend
unworthy thought, by
is love for you. To
suffer any one to do
is love. That is what
for you. You will
ally means."
hood, mon père?" It
that the call of duty
his most soul when he
Demers' study, he had
's letter, asking him
This time, the call not
ve was immeasurably
nger, and all his sense
ment was opposed
against it, against him,
Gagnon had just told
come from God!
to God?" was the
word with that given
guine Demers. "No
rom him will come be-
the lad He has chosen
must be His choice, not

office said, he felt that he had laid bare
his most soul, yet thanked God that
Pierre, had been wholly unable to read
what was written there. The way he
had pointed out was that, by which he
had come, not that he, any more than
Pierre, deemed himself one of God's
chosen on that account but rather as
one wholly unworthy of so great a favor.
The lad's cross was the one he had
borne these many years, the lad's coming
self-renunciation—for that it would
surely come, he had no doubt at all—he
had made, once for all, as to speak
reverently, in a very Gethsemane an
agony not tellable in words. He knew.
That beyond question was the reason
why he had spoken as he had done,
spoken as one who knows, and why to
Pierre, not even guessing at the truth,
he had seemed to speak in such a
Christly fashion.
"Unlawful love?" he whispered to
himself over and over again, and yet
again, how can my love be unlawful or
his if it lead him and me to God?
Then added reverently, "Lord, Thou
knowest." Truly when Pierre's time of
trial came, as come it must, he would
have none on earth so fit as Father
Gagnon to counsel, comfort and advise
—because he knew.
Meanwhile the time of waiting which
had seemed so empty, yet so full of
danger took on another aspect for
Pierre. After his talk with Mon-
sieur le Curé, it was he now saw a
training rather than a waiting time, a
time of preparation that lay before him,
a time, a place—or so it seemed to him
—whereof the very quiet was as a sanc-
tuary wherein his soul might learn to
know itself—and God. That was a
lesson he began to realize very hard to
learn, the lesson of the carpenter's
shop at Nazareth, impossible, perhaps,
certainly immeasurably more difficult,
amid the stress and turmoil of so vast
an enterprise as his dream must neces-
sarily prove to be, should it ever be-
come a reality.
TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRAINED NURSE'S CHOICE.

"That you, Miss Meade? Just come
in?" The manager's voice over the house
telephone was tinged by relief. Dr.
Stagg had said: "It must be Miss Meade."
"You're wanted immediately: automobile
accident; all dead but one; he's Dr.
Stagg's patient."
"Very good. What's the address?"
Ruth Meade, no matter how brief her
sentences, never gave the impression of
being curt. Her tone was too rich and
sweet not to please. Young, efficient,
good to look at, the girl's voice was
only one of the many gifts which made
her the favorite nurse at the registry.
She wrote the address of Dr. Stagg's
patient upon a convenient pad, as the
manager repeated.
"Thank you, good-bye."
With the quick noiseless manner her
training had accomplished, Ruth made
some changes in the suit case she had
fetched to her room ten minutes earlier.
"I expected to go home over Sunday,"
she reflected, a trace of doubt flitting
across her tranquil face, distracting its
peace into an angry mackerel of the fore-
head, a stiffening and thinning of the full
young lips. "Oh, well—I'll drift with
the current. Duty can't be ignored.
Eface yourself and your difficulties,
Ruth; it's high sanctity and common
sense, both." She snapped the valise shut
with whimsical energy, and picked up
her hat and gloves.
Half an hour later, Ruth stood beside
an improvised operating table in a very
rich man's house. Dr. Stagg, greeting
her by a fraction of a nod, still had mental
leisure sufficient to think, as many
times before, that Ruth was a white-
unformed incarnation of quiet, unosten-
tation capability. He candidly re-
verenced nurses who worked hard and
talked little.
"Just in time, Miss Meade. Dr. Bell
will take the narcosis. It's trepan-
ning."
They worked rapidly, almost in abso-
lute silence. There is something eerie
about approaching a man's brain with
material instruments, even of twen-
tieth century manufacture. The pa-
tient was not a young or old.
He was a large man, probably handsome,
although the disfigured head and the
face, partially concealed by the ether-
come, gave Ruth little definite idea of
feature or contour. She instinctively
fancied the countenance fine looking.
Then by force of habit she put all curi-
osity, all imagination, everything ex-
cept the alert attention to her duty, out of
her mind.
He was back in the carved and cano-
pied bed, desperately weak and ghastly
looking, presenting no indication of
triumphant reaction. The surgeons
were conversing in low tones, out in the
injured man's study.
"I have made him as comfortable as I
could," thought Ruth, arranging bowls
of solution upon a table. "But I'm afraid
nothing will help him. His pulse and
respiration are both alarming." She
turned in a quick, overpowering sym-
pathy and regarded the man lying on
immense linen, his head in clean white
bandages, science attendant with all its
marvellous might, but the individual evi-
dently forever beyond the power of com-
fort luxury or knowledge to permanently
assist him. The calm, indefatigable nurse
was a bit over-wrought; there had been
trials and struggles in her own life of late.
Two paths stretched out before her and
her heart quailed before the moment when
she must declare her choice. Mr. Brew-
ster, a few hours before unknown to her,
was getting upon Ruth's nerves.
"Where's his wife?" she peevishly in-
quired of herself. "No doubt in Rome
or Paris, as most husbands and wives
are when I am called to nurse their
honorable consorts in wealth like this.
Why isn't she here? He's dying, I'm
positive. Poor chap! I wonder if that's
his picture—taken years ago—?" She
was meditatively studying a photograph
upon a cabinet when Dr. Stagg beckoned
her from the door. Ruth went in her
quick, silent fashion to join the two
surgeons.
"Mr. Brewster's condition is extreme-
ly critical. He may never come out
of the ether. Do you think I'd better
send for a second nurse to go on at
seven?" Dr. Stagg knew what Ruth's
answer would be.

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Ruth dutifully nodded, biting her lips
meanwhile. She wished irritably that
physicians would be strictly sincere
with their nurses at least. Why the
farce of holding out hope when none
existed?
It was shortly before the calm, beauti-
ful dawn that Mr. Brewster unexpectedly
stirred and opened his eyes. Ruth
smiled hopefully into the wide, bright
eyes gazing wildly at her.
"You feel better?" she said softly.
"I don't know, gasped the man distract-
edly. "I can't move. What was it?
Where am I?"
Pompey leaned forward eager, happy,
agonized in one second. Pluto, at the
sound of Mr. Brewster's voice, crawled
out from the cramped quarters in which
he had been crouching and pressed his
huge head desperately against his
master's limp, bloodless hand lying at
the edge of the bed.
"Don't worry," said Ruth, soothingly.
"You must rest quietly."
"But what happened to me?" Mr.
Brewster persisted in a pitifully weak
tone. "I wasn't sick. My God, I know,"
he cried suddenly, and he struggled so
to sit up that Ruth laid her arm firmly
across his chest.
"Don't Mr. Brewster! You were in
an automobile collision and Dr. Stagg
operated upon you. Everything will be
all right." She mixed something hastily
in a tumbler. "I am glad you have come
out of the ether so well. Drink this."
Instantly Pompey was at her assist-
ance, taking the tube and glass from
her when she would have set them
down.
"Ah, you, Pompey," breathed Mr.
Brewster, but his strength had ex-
hausted itself, and directly he drooped.
"He ain't gwine die?" begged Pompey
faintly tearfully.
"I hope not."
Pluto licked the cold white hand.
Ruth watched and counted the quick,
noisy respiration. As the morning sun-
shine stole in between the drawn cur-
tains, Mr. Brewster again returned to
full consciousness, but then his breath-
ing became very, very slow, like long,
drawn-out heart broken sighs. He be-
gan to talk in phrases quickly uttered,
but broken because of the choking
presently coming upon him.
"You're my nurse? I remember all.
It was a straight—clear road—the
branches—of the elms—meeting over-
head. For a while—it seemed to me—
I was twenty—instead of fifty-five. I
was traveling—along a straight, clear
road—on a day—exactly as beautiful.
I saw heaven—through the blue sky—at
the end of—that straight, clear road.
No obstacle intervened—no evil men-
aced me on the way to God—waiting
for me—at the end. I was twenty—and
I meant to be a priest."
Ruth involuntarily started and, im-
pelled by a peculiar curiosity, her gaze
left for a second the vivid features of
her patient. In the lightning-swift
glance she sent around the apartment
she caught sight of a dim ivory crucifix
lump upon the wall, beneath a copy of the
Sistine Madonna. It bore a new and
unexpected significance. Mr. Brew-
ster's eyes had closed. Ruth hesitated.
Should she rouse him, should she ques-
tion? A wave of uncertainty, of miser-
able confusion somehow involved in her
own fate, swept over the girl.
"The beauty of that day—" he
spoke more faintly after the pause, and
Ruth bent her head to catch the gasped-
out words. "Its unselfish aspirations,
and its peace—returned to me—after
thirty-five years—of paganism. My
God, I am dying—I left the straight,
clear road. But it came back—for an
instant. I was crazed—with the wonder
of it. We sped through the golden
way. Every trembling leaf—whispered
—of high things to me. Faster, faster.

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PRINCIPALS

At the horizon—was the glory—of Para-
dise. The speed was blinding—but the
way was safe. Then came darkness—
forgetfulness—and now this agony."
He sank more heavily into the pillow
while Ruth wrote frantically upon her
card. In a moment he made a supreme
effort and raised himself to sit upright
without support.
"My God," cried he in a tone pierc-
ingly distinct, "only once more! Give
me—Thy unworthy servant—the
straight, clear road!"
Blinded by tears Ruth pushed Pom-
pey with the hurriedly-written message
upon her card out of the room. But she
knew, as she slipped to her knees beside
the shrinking Pluto, that the priest,
like herself, could only pray for the de-
parted soul.
Before she took the rest of which she
had great need, Ruth despatched her
letter to the suitor waiting in the coun-
try for her decision. The straight,
clear road was vividly plain to her now,
the alluring mirage of the side-paths
having been dispersed by the brightness
of a truer vision. The chagrined lover
led, in calm irrevocable terms, that
not even to marry the man she loved,
would Ruth Meade barter her faith—
Helen Beekman in The Messenger of
the Sacred Heart.

There is much contained in the above
for all who teach. A priest once thought
of using the term "an ostentatious
man" in his sermon. Meeting the jan-
itor, he asked: "James, what kind of a
man do you think an ostentatious man
is?" An ostentatious man? Well, I
think that an ostentatious man is a jolly
good fellow." The priest came to the
conclusion that he would use a differ-
ent phrase.

A young priest in teaching a First
Communion class used the expression:
"The Holy Eucharist is an epitome of
God's goodness." The old pastor whis-
pered to him: "The children will hardly
understand that word epitome." "Well,
children," he explained, "epitome is
synonymous with synopsis."

We know that while such examples
are rare, they are not unknown.—Catho-
lic Universe.

NUN-LIKE MODJESKA.

At the gates, her long taper hands
stretched to touch the eternal latch,
stands a personality the like of which the
stage has never mourned and is not
likely to again, for on the face of the
deep tolls the passing of Helen Mod-
jeska, a creature so pious, gracious,
loved and brilliant that she leaves a
perfect vacuum where her noble char-
acter, her superb art, her delightful
social elat and wonderful history
heaped up treasures that her prodigal
generosity might throw them to the
winds of affectionate celebrity, says Amy
Leslie in a beautiful tribute to the great
Catholic actress. Something of the
saint always clung to the very atmos-
phere about Modjeska. Her face a
cameo of deep, impenetrable glory, her
slender elegance, her preserved youth
and arch humor, her marvelous cultiva-
tion and absolutely amazing book learn-
ing, as well as her experiences, made
her a brilliant woman of the world, a
fascinating companion and a complete
encyclopedia of events, chronicles, let-
ters, art, sculpture and music. But the
saintliness was apart from this astonish-
ing admixture of scholarly attributes,
elegant accomplishments and world-
liness of knowledge and understanding.

I can see her now as she used to like
her rest in a simple bed with curtains,
a little table white, all white (Modjeska
and white seemed inseparable), a small
candle, a book of prayer, a rosary and
nothing not even the indispensable Po-
lish cigarette every Russian woman re-
gards as necessary to comfort—marred
the saintliness of this simple tableau.
And lying there with that effulgent look
of tenderness and pleasure that poetic
melancholy which lingers upon the eyes
and lips of so many of the gifted chil-
dren of Poland, I have listened to Mod-
jeska talk softly and wondered whether
angels were not about listening too. Her
purity, her beauty of soul, her glorious
temperament and stunning mentality
could have made her the crowned lady
of attractions without her gentle hol-
iness but even when she was merriest—
and she was a great wit, a mischief and
undermost among her own—Modjeska
held her little nun's cloud of exclusiv-
ness and chastity, which was the most
potent thing in her whole composition.
Just as she met her social advantages
with unsullied heart, so she lit her astral
lamp of perfectly flawless art with holy
fires. Her gifts were manifold and
sumptuous. She wrote beautifully and
must leave to posterity some rare un-
published volumes which may be sent
into the light after a while. She painted
exquisitely—not in the drawing-room

A regiment of soldiers were recently
drawn up one Sunday for church parade,
but the church was being repaired and
could hold only half of them.
"Sergeant major," shouted the colonel,
"tell all the men who don't want to go
to church to fall out on the reserve
flank."
Of course a large number quickly and
gladly availed themselves of the privi-
lege.
"Now, sergeant major," said the
colonel, "dismiss all the men who did
not fall out and march the others to
church—they need it most."

IN NATIVE ELEMENT.
The fiancée of a Louisville girl has
been spending the winter in Florida in
connection with his father's business in-
terests in that quarter.
"Marie," said the girl to a friend the
other day, "Walter has just sent me the
dearest little alligator from Florida."
"Dear me!" rejoined Marie, with
affected enthusiasm. "And how shall
you keep him?"
"I'm not quite certain," was the re-
ply, "but I've put him in Florida water
till I can hear further from Walter."
Harper's Weekly.

A BETTER PLACE.
Mark Twain says: Once when I was
going out to visit some friends I told
George, my negro servant, to lock the
house and put the key under a certain
stone near the steps. He agreed to do
so. It was late at night when I returned.
I went to the stone under which the key
was supposed to have been hidden. It
was gone. I hunted around for about
fifteen minutes, but still no key. Finally
I went to George's house—he roamed
outside—and rapped vigorously upon
the door. A black head, which I had no
difficulty in recognizing as George's,
popped out of an upstairs window.
"Where did you put that key, you
young rascal?" I roared.
"Oh, massa," answered George, "I
found a better place for it!"

A HINT FOR PREACHERS.
An old lady once said to a famous pas-
tor: "Doctor, what is the first duty of
a pastor to his flock?" He replied:
"To feed the sheep, madame." "Then,
doctor," she said, "he ought not to put
the hay so high that the sheep cannot
get at it."

manner of many well-educated ladies
of distinction, but with a big fine individ-
ual brush, sometimes pliantly graceful
and fairly like, sometimes witty and full
of stories and street. She was my
friend. So rare and genuine a friend, so
beautiful a teacher and exalted an idol
that nobody in the world can take her
place.—New World.

PROTESTANT UNITY.

The dream of unity holds a strange
fascination for the Protestant mind.
The fascination is the greater in pro-
portion to the disintegration every-
where visible among those who at the
time of the great revolt against the
Church of Rome in the sixteenth
century set up private judgment as the
ultimate court of appeal in matters per-
taining to faith and dogma. Last week
at a meeting called by Presbyterians in
New York City for the purpose of cele-
brating the one hundredth anniversary
of their church's independence even of
other Presbyterian churches, the
speeches were practically all expressive
of the hope that the time was not far
distant when there would be a celebra-
tion of the inter-dependence, the unity,
not only of all Presbyterian churches,
but of the Protestant churches of the
United States. One of the most
eloquent in voicing this hope was a
reverend Episcopal minister who had
succeeded from the Presbyterian Church
ten years ago, no doubt conscientiously
persuaded that there was no room for a
man of his heterodox or orthodox views
among the followers of Calvin. "As
would think that the reverend speaker
would be ready to further the movement
he so earnestly prayed for by express-
ing regret for his conversion and beg-
ging to be re-admitted in the church
he had abandoned. Clearly ten years
have not witnessed any noted approach
in doctrine between the two sects. "As
we know a little more," said another
reverend minister, "the better we under-
stand, and the nearer we come to unity."
Is that true in the light of facts? Be-
tween Episcopalians alone, with increase
of knowledge—for we cannot in charity
suppose that ignorance is becoming
more dense—divisions are if anything
increasing and the lines of separation
more strictly drawn. In England the
Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, in a
recent charge to his clergy on the sub-
ject of "Eucharist" (sic) approves the
policy of introducing a white vestment
in the commemoration of the Lord's
Supper. But The Churchman, the
American organ of the Episcopalians,
says that, if white were adopted, "many
High Churchmen would find it hard to
sacrifice colored vestments, while many
Evangelicals would have to abandon
their opposition to any kind of Euchar-
istic vestments."

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feeling, and our sweetest memories, like
birds, build nests in their branches.

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