CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUS CHAPTER XXX

Mr. Davidson and Hal talked far into the night, and the conclusion arrived at from their conversation sent the elder man to Virginia early on the following morning. He found her alone, and notwithstanding the anguish that was racking her heart, m and silent, setting up the barries of her fine pride against the approach of even a friend. Impulsive to rash ness, his tropical nursed nature made it always difficult for him to deal with Kentuckians, who hide their deeper feelings, true natures, behind light, smiling gayety, or cold,

still pride.
"I do not believe, Miss Castleton, he began, after an exchange of greet that I ever told you that your ther and I were fast friends?

You never did," she said, with gentle reproach in her voice. ' "Because no occasion presented itself, perhaps," he replied; "per-haps, because I wanted you to feel that I am your friend for your own sake first. I ask you now to look upon me as a man your father trusted, called his friend," he went on quickly, his voice growing tremulous, "and believe that what I ask you to do he

would not disapprove."
Under the questioning of her now troubled eyes, he continued, hurried.

'' Of the conditions that you are building around your life, Colonel Powell, of course, knows nothing. Your unexpressed wish has been divined. He knows that he is to be saved from a death that is not the fortunes of war, but the working of hate and revenge. He believes that this is, in some way, due to you. He wishes to see you, to thank you, and to bid you farewell."

Colonel Powell wishes to see ms?" exclaimed Virginia, and he caught a tone in her voice that puzzled him. It might be an expression of deep joy or great fear.
"He is determined to see you!"

went on Mr. Davidson, his impetuosity beginning to evince itself. will see you if he has to come here before leaving. We are surrounded by spies and traitors, and while Howard Dallas is powerful, he is not omnipotent. Once let Mrs. Powell get a hint of what we intend doing, she will raise such a hue and cry that Burbridge, to quiet her, will be forced to send an armed guard to the jail, or turn out a regiment in pur suit of the prisoner, if he has escaped. You can prevent his running this great risk by accompanying me to the prison this afternoon. Mr. Dallas will not refuse us the permission when he understands that nothing can turn Clay Powell from his determination to see you before leaving Georgetown. We have gone too far to lose all now.

'Are you certain you are counsel ling what my father would sanction, if he were here?" she asked slowly, looking into his syes.
"Under the circumstances, yes!

he cried; a thousand times, yes!' She turned and rang for her

Send for Mr. Dallas," she said, as Chloe appeared. Half an hour later Howard Dallas was hurrying up the steps, for never before had Virginia Castleton sent a messenger for him and he knew not how to interpret her action. As he entered the room and saw Mr. Davidson, his brow darkened. Virginia bowed distantly to the man whose bride she was to be before the morrow should be as old recognized his presence by a cool greeting. If the three had not been o absorbed in their own affairs, they would have noticed that a large black hand was drawing back the portieres that heavily curtained the doorway. Virginia looked across the room to Mr. Davidson, who began curtly, for he feared his passionate nature would break from his control and make him fling himself on the man who was now Virginia Castleton's master, and crush the life out of those cruelly smiling, level-lidded

'I am the bearer of a message from Colonel Powell to Miss Castle ton. who has referred me to you Colonel Powell wishes to see Miss Castleton to bid her farewell. He Castleton to bid her sarewell. He will see her. So I deem it better for not hesitate to call my servants and big safer for all, that she should bid them thrust you from this house, him, safer for all, that she should him in his cell, rather than have him come here."

Dallas's glance travelled over the speaker's face and made note of the scorn and detestation written thereon: then passed to Virginia, who stood opposite, one white hand resting on the carved back of a chair.

"Do you think this necessary? Do you think it advisable?" he asked, his voice and face softening somewhat, and because of this change she felt a fear of him, whom before she

only despised.
"If I did not, would I have sent for you?" she asked haughtily. Instant-

ly he underwent a change.
"You then wish me to give you permission to visit Clay Powell in his prison ?"

I do."

Suppose I refuse ?" But you will not refuse !" cried Mr. Davidson, stepping between him and Virginia, his eyes blazing, his "For were you to dare to do it, this day would not be an hour older before Mrs. Powell would know that you intend betraying her, and that instead of Clay Powell, as she supposes, another Confederate sol-dier shall bite the dust at her gate to morrow. By God! I don't know

that I shall permit you to go any fur-ther with your damnable scheme, for no man's life is worth the price you are asking for it!'

"Did you not quit your star-gazing a little too soon, Mr. Davidson?" questioned Dallas, his fine, cruel smile accompanying the words. For an instant his hearers face showed surprise, but in the next he was saying, as he advanced a step, eyes and voice threatening :

"Repeat that question, if you dare Howard Dallas, and you will not be here to morrow to receive Clay Powell's ransom!"

Dallas drew back, pallor showing under the smooth skin, a strange fear in his heart, as he remembered his father brought home dead from s duel. Mr. Davidson noted the duel. Mr. Davidson

"I have many duties claiming my time. Will you write out the order

With no other word, Dallas obeye and silently handed the paper to Mr.
Davidson, who went to where Virginia stood, saying:
"I shall call again this afternoon."

Then, as he bent over her hand, he added in a whisper: "Remember you are dealing with a villain in yonder man. Listen to my words and obey them as you would your father's could he rise from the grave to warn you. Do not, under any circumstance, under any pressure under any threat, under any promise marry him until Clay Powell's note, telling you that he is safe in Frankfort, is in your hands ; nay, not until your eyes have read the words and your mind is fully convinced they are no forgery." Then with a bow

to Dallas, he left the room. When they were alone, the young man raised his eyes from the con-templation of the table to the woman standing by the chair, her face and attitude haughtily demanding why he should thus linger in her presence. He was not quite certain of her. He could not grasp the full meaning of that still, immovable scorn. interview he had had with her, the day following her return to George town in answer to his letter; and in

his better moments, remembrance of

Dallas into a blush. But those

moments were rare, of swift passage One had come that morning as he had turned to her with his first question, and her reception of it had awakened all the pitilessness of his nature, which had not been modified by his after passage at arms with Mr. Davidson. He thought as he looked at her that he would give much to wring one expression of the pain in her soul from those curved lips, catch one signal of her pride's defeat from that still, cold face. He hardly knew how to attack her, she

he watched her, he suddenly recalled the night of the fets at Mrs. Powell's when she had refused to walk alone with him to the little summer retreat. She was alone with him now, willing or unwilling, as she would be henceforth when he wished; and she would hear him now, but not as she would have heard him then. rose and deliberately crossed the room to where she stood, and though

was so unlike other women; but as

she never moved a hair's breadth, he telt her mad desire for flight, and it made him smile.
"My Virginia," he began slowly, to

give the words all their dread mean ing, "you hate me so thoroughly I could love you for it. A woman's hate is almost as intoxicating as her love—when she is ours. You will not let me touch your hand to day. will kiss your lips, my proud one without your permission, to mor-"But this is not to-morrow!" she

life more dreaded than a thousand years of His severest punishment. And if He should deem me worthy of thus receiving His mercy, you shall not think, looking on my dead face, that living I bore one insulting word from you. This I have to say to you. As your wife, you may insult me. I shall then be powerless to prevent it. I would scorn to attempt to prevent it, for no one, not my mother if she were living, shall know that Virginia Castleton was an unwilling bride. But I am yet mistress of my-self. While I am, I shall not permit you even to stand in my presence, much less offer me insult. Now go!" she finished, pointing toward the door, "and immediately, or I shall even though you are coming back to it to morrow to claim me for your

The smile left his eyes and mouth, and with an expression on his face that would have struck dead the heart of a woman cast in a less courageous mold, he turned to find he grinning Mandy barring his

way.
"What are you doing here, you eaves-dropping slave ?" he cried

"I'se not a slave, I want yoh to membah, Mistah Dallas! I'se a free pusson, an' jus' as good as yoh is. Yoh didn't ust to 'ject to my eavesdroppin' w'en I wuz a slave at Cahdome, nur attah you 'duced me to run away from ole Marse wif ma blue-gum niggah, w'en de eavesdrappin' wuz on Miss 'Ginia. Some-times, Mistah Dallas, de kuite we spen's a heap of time a-makin' sharp is jus' de one dat cuts oub han'.

"Get out of here!" he cried, "or-"Yoh's gwian to say you'll put me out?" No, sah; yoh can't do it, an' landy don't do nuffin now, she don't want to; an' she don't want to git out of here tell she's had huh say." He had not the authority to enforce his command, nor would he

leave her here. She knew things he would not have Virginia Castleton hear for half his fortune. He could only appeal to the one who had the mbarrassment of the situation.

"Miss Castleton, will you order this negro from your house?

"She is your visitor, not mine," returned Virginia. "You should be able to deal with your accomplices without assistance from others. She glanced, as she spoke, from his angry face to the negro's grinning one, and for once in his life, Dallas found himself openly defeated, and he knew not which to fear more, what the white lady thought or the black woman knew.

"Come out into the hall, or to my office," he said, attempting to reach the door; but Mandy again interposed her ungainly bulk, saying:
"No. sah! I yain't gwian to stan'

in hallways talkin' to w'ite folkses any more. I'se gwain to see 'em in dah pahlas, like dah ekils."

Dallas closed his teeth to keep back the curses, because of Virginia's presence; and after a silence, Mandy

"I'se got a leetle business wif yoh, Mistah Dallas. Yoh see, I jus' hap pened to be in dis 'cinity w'en Mistah Davi'son come. Now, w'en yoh see Mistah Davi'son a comin' 'roun' dis early in de mawnin' yoh can be mighty nigh sut'n somet'in gwian on. So I jus' slipped in de back way. Nobody seen me, foh niggabs yain't keerful of dah mistah's place no more sence dey's got freedom. I know dis place, foh yoh' membah I ust to come here pretty often to spy on Miss 'Ginia an' de res' of de ladies, a foh yoh sent 'em to prison. I listened 'hind de curtain to w'at Mistah Davi'. son said 'bout Mistah Powell gwian to be let out of jail to night an' his wantin' to see Miss 'Ginia; as he ought to, foh dah yaint no pusson one more toh 'im dan Miss 'Ginia."

not endure those last jeering words from negro lips. "If you dare mention that lady's name again," he muttered between his teeth, "I will—" and his eyes and bloodless face finished the sentence. Mandy grew suddenly subdued. that interview shamed Howard

The blood of the white man could

"Den w'en yoh come," she continued, "I seen yoh write de cdah for Mistah Davi'son; an' den I jus' waited 'cause I didn't want to 'rupt voh conversation," and the grin that over spread her face made it almost dia olical. 'Now if ole Mis' Powell hear of dis, she'll break up yoh game. Mistah Davi'son said so. An' I know an' kin tell hub," she finished.

"Will you come to my office?" h asked, in a voice he strove to make

' No, sah, I won't. Yoh'll talk wif me here, or I'll talk wif ole Mis Powell! Dat's all I got to say." "How much do you want to keep

your infernal tongue still?" asked, baside himself. "Two hun'red dollahs," she replied

coolly.
"You're a fool!" he sneered.

'Yoh's de one'll be de fule, w'en ole Mis' Powell sen's along de Linkum men an' dey make Mistah Powell fas' in his cage!" she remarked, with a laugh. Howard Dallas chancing to turn his eyes toward Virginia, caught the smile that lighted her face and under it he felt all the humiliation of the proceeding pouring over him like a torrent; and because she had seen him thus disputing and bargaining with a negro, he swore in his heart that if Mandy had demanded his plantation for her silence, he would give it to her sooner than permit that now flercely hated woman to escape his vengeance, as she would do unless Clay Powell went free. He opened said. "God's night lies between. In it He may send me release from a money for the negress, but she

laughed, and said ; "Dis here chile yain't gwian to take yoh ole papah dollahs. Yoh got to pay me in gold." And Howard pay me in gold." And Howard Dallas went to the table and wrote her out a check. As he laid down his pen, he said :
"If you tell Mrs. Powell I will have

you hanged."
"I swah foh God, I won't tell ole Mis' Powell," cried Mandy, and with a low bow and a grin she departed and Howard Dallas followed her.

Mandy went to the bank, and then with her gold, returned home, where her worthless husband awaited her She unfolded her bandana handker chief and related how cleverly she had come into possession of the gold; but instead of according her the expected praise, her listener up braided her because she had not de manded a larger amount. "Ole Mis' would give yoh twice dat much," he added, as he showed his bluish gums.

'Yoh ought to tell huh, too." 'I swahed to Mistah Dallas dat I wouldn't," said Mandy the virtuous, an' Mis' Love ust to tell us w'en we swahed to do anyt'ing we mus' do it. "Mis' Love ust tell you a good many othan t'ings dat you don't

in'," he sneered. "Dat's so ! an' if I'd a minded hub I wouldn't be livin, wit no ole pizen niggah!" she cried, flinging a convenient piece of stove-wood at his head, but which he missed by a quick

"I'se not 'flectia' on yoh, Mandy! he said in conciliatory tones. "Dah yain't nobody clevaher dan yoh. But my ole mammy'd be awful mad if she'd hear dat yoh tole dat to Marse Dallas 'stead of ole Mis.'

'Den yoh'd bettah run ovah an' tell huh or she might put de 'hoodoo' on us." said Mandy, with a grin; adding, "Let's see how much gol' yoh'll bring back, Mistah Bluegum!" On reaching the Park the negro found his mother in a state of exultation that was like the insanity of

mammy?" he cried. "But I know he promised to come up to the house. somet'ing dat yoh'd give yoh face, dat He promised so readily that I said makes everybody skeerd of yoh, to hear. Oh-h, don't I know somet'ing "'Now, my son, can I depend on good! An' ole Mis' would giv huh head to know it, too. Oh-h!"

For a long time he tantalized her with hints of his wonderful secret until she began to get angry, when her face took on an expression that would have made nearly every negro for miles around quail; but her son only grinned and said :
"Yoh's not so glad now, mammy, is

yoh?" "Yoh's mad, an' yoh'll be maddah a-foh I tell you w'at I

She bounded toward him, and it seemed that the inherited savagery of innumerable generations of wild men tearing through her would make her rend him; but he sat unnoved, only saying : "I can bite, yoh know !"

She recoiled, and then began to make mysterious passages through the air with her hands. At this he laughed and said :
"I yain't afterd of yoh 'hoodoo,'

mammy. Yoh said yoh 'hoodooed' ole Marse Powell an' speereted 'way all his money; but it wuz dat win yoh ust to give 'im. Den he'd give ole Mis' his money; an' yoh'd take it an' hide it up de chimbley. Den w'en we wuz all leavin' Willow-wild, w'en ole Marse wuz dead, yoh an' Misses went an'egot de money an' brung it ovah here. Den you said yoh 'hcodooed' Mistah Walter Powell an' specreted his wife away, an' you know yoh put groun' glass in huh biskits w'en yoh went down to nuss ruh. An' yoh t'ink nobody don't know dis, an' yoh say dat yoh can 'hoodoo' everybody, an' make all de niggahs skeerd of yoh. But Chlos Todd, she know w'at yoh done, an' so's Aunt Charity, an' so's Mandy an' lots of folk an' cullohed people An' sometime, emammy, dey's gwian to tell w'at dey know. Den dey won't have yoh whipped or make ole more : but dev'll carry yoh off to jail an' hang yoh like dey does wicket w'ite men. Oh, mammy, dah yain't anybody w'at can save yoh den. An' w'en yoh's cead, de good Lawd'll say, You's be'n a bad niggah! Go down to hell fish !"

As this recital of his mother's crimes and the future punishment reserved for them was delivered, Mrs. Powell came to the door and was held there horror stricken. When, at last, he ceased, her sharp voice filled the silence by crying :

Tremblingly the aged negress made reply, and then Mrs. Powell demanded from the man his secret. 'How much'll yoh give me foh it,

he asked. Missus ?' What is it worth to me?" she replied.

"It's worf fouh hun'red dollahs," he answered. Tell me this," she commanded :

"where did you hear it and whom does it concern?" 'Mandy beerd it dis mawning' tween Miss 'Ginia, Mistah Dallas, an'

Mistah Davi'son; an' it's 'bous Mistah Clay Powell," said he. "I will give you fifty dollars," she said, and there was a look on her face which mads the ex-slave realize that the white woman was still his mistress. So he told her of Howard Dallas's carefully laid plan for the liberation of Clay Powell and the marriage with Virginia which was to When he had finished, she

said : "I want you to take a message to the Union commander at Lexington. When you return I will pay you your money. I will make it seventy five dollars instead of fifty, if the soldiers get here in time to prevent the escape of the prisoner.'

Ten minutes later the negro, mounted on one of the fleetest horses in the Park stables, was galloping to Lexington with Mrs. Powell's to General Burbridge, in which, after laying bare Howard Dallae's treason. able plot, she commanded that immediate steps should be taken by the general to prevent its execution, else she would carry the matter to Wash ngton and have him court martialed. The uncourtly officer swore a the officiousness of his once useful friend and ally, but as he dared not disregard her orders, a regiment was despatched to Georgetown immedi ately. The soldiers reached their destination at 6 o'clock. The hour set for Clay Powell's escape was 10.

TO BE CONTINUED

POOR LITTLE JOE!

A True Story by Mercedes, in St. Xavier's Journal Not many months ago, a kindly friend, a priest of many years, told this pathetic story to a little crowd who surrounded him, as he sat on the long porch at St. Xavier's, look ing out on the old trees of the grove and the green lawns that bordered the carriage way. We will give the story in his own words. It will certainly go to the hearts of all who read it. He said :

read It. He said:
"One day as I was passing along
the streets of New York in the Italian
quarter I met a very small, bright
lad whose clive skin and black, curly hair, together with his sparkling eyes, proclaimed at once his nation ality. He was apparently about nine or ten, but his precocity was evident; and a certain shrewdness in the expression of his mouth showed that already he was making

his way in life as a bread winner.

He had a kit for blacking boots under his arm and the way he pulled off his cap showed he recognized the Roman collar. His frank fearless smile attracted me, and I put my arm around his shoulder and began

half doubtfully :

you ?' 'Father,' he said, 'I always keep my word; that's the only good thing I do, but it's business to keep your

"I smiled, and as I went my way I thought how uncanny and premature the answer was for such a little chap. All day he was on my mind, however I grew absolutely anxious as 5 o'clock drew near. I was even at the door of the church when the town clock struck. Before the last stroke of 5 echoed on the air, my little Italian turned the corner and doffing his cap bounded up the steps. I shook hands with him heartily and led him into the church which empty. We sat down in the last pew and I began to instruct him for confession. There was not a shadow of hesitancy or human respect in the lad's make up; he had led a hard life. He fairly startled me by his knowledge of wickedness, but his honest accusation was so sincere, his him the horrible wickednesss of sir which he did not seem before to realize, that I gave him absolution and persuaded him to come again and prepare for his First Communion. He told me a pitiful tale of his life and when he finally promised to come, I knew he meant to do better. He came regularly, and after a time made his First Holy Communion. I persuaded him to this one belief, that God loved him tenderly and would always keep His arms around

would always seep good.

"After his first Communion he vanished; and although I sent scouts in every direction he could not be found. I was in distress, for the lad had gone to my heart. I never saw a boy of nine so sharp and clever, yet so docile and so truthful. No matter what he did, it was out, on a moment's question. His falls were due to his environment, and I was casting about to get him better quarters, if I could only find him. At last I met him squarely, one day in the street. He did not hang his head or run away, but off with his cap and looked me honestly in the

eyes. He spoke first : "Father, I've been bad and I was ashamed to come back!"
"He was so small for his age that

his head scarcely reached my elbow, but I put my arm around him. We'll fix that, son,' I said. along with me, and you can tell me all about yourself.'

'It's a bad tale, Father,' said this little philosopher, 'but I've tried my best and had to give up. No feller can be good where I live!"

"We walked on to the rectory and my heart ached for the lad. He was in a maelstrom of sin. Morality, decency, honesty were mocked at in his surroundings, and he was honestly grieved about it. He was natural good and tried to do right and I knew he told the truth. I talked to him and he was very willing to go to confession and promised to go Communion next day. He stayed a long time in the church before the altar of the Sacred Heart; his face had a beautiful expression when he said 'Good by,' and I resolved that not another day should pase without my making an effort to rescue him from his surroundings. After he had gone about a square I saw from the

window that he was bounding back. 'Father,' he said, 'I'm an honest boy, and I never lie; I want to tell you that I am going to run away from home. I can't keep from com there and l mitting sins, when I'm won't go back. I won't go home again. I want the Sacred Heart to believe in me. You said It loved me. I'll get alo fellers, and I won't commit any more

sins.' "He looked very small as he stood there, his cap in his hand, his dark

"'But. son,' I said, 'you must not You are too small and run off. young to look out for yourself; I want you to go home, and I place you in the hands of God. Go home with my blessing.

'If you say that, father, and place me in God's hands with your bless-ing, it's a go—it has to be right; only I feel now as if I'd rather die than commit another sin.

"And he went whistling down the

street.
"I looked for him at Mass next saddened me, for he bad promised, and he never broke his word. "I went around and inquired for

him without avail. A week passed on, another, and the boy did not appear. I was really troubled about him. I started out to look for him and happened to meet a chum of his in the street. The boy seemed un-willing to speak to ms. I had to hold him,—until I said I was looking for Joe.

'You won't find him,' said the

youngster briefly.
"'Why?' said I.
"'He's dead!' was the reply.
"'Dead?' I exclaimed. 'D
When did he die?' 'Dead ? 'Oh, he's dead two weeks ago!

He died that afternoon he was at confession. He was telling me about it when he died. He said he was bound to be good now, and wanted to run off, but you said he must go home. God would take care

"And to my shocked and grisved questions, I found out that little Joe had met this boy who ran an elevator in some store. They were in the cage together, and Joe was telling of before a judge, guilty of crimes for

"Yoh's mighty glad, yain't yoh, a chat with him. Before I left him his visit to me, when the elevator ammy?" he cried. "But I know he promised to come up to the house. gave a lurch.—then a crash came. the cable snapped and both were hurled out. He was not seriously hurt, but Joe was dead.

God took the little fellow Home He had heard his resolution never more to offend Him, and in His tender mercy gave him the only road to live in His grace. Perhaps this was little Joe's prayer when I watched him kneeling so long that afternoon, before the altar of the Sacred Heart, to die rather than offend Him. And yet he obeyed me, -he went home to God !"

"THE TIE THAT BINDS"

The peace and quiet of the little country town seemed doubly invit-ing after two years in a bustling, roar ing city, and as he read again his friend's cordial letter, Will Benson smiled, though his eyes were misty.

no word from his former chum. He contrition so real when I showed and Tom Dalton had been inseparable during all their school days, even after they had found their respective places out in the work a day world. friendship until the day-a dark and bitter one it was-when nounced his determination to join remembered the look of horror that had darkened Tom's face.

"You are going to enter the Roman Church?" he cried, as if unable to believe his ears. "Why, you are "No, old Friend," Will answered

quietly. Instead of being mad, I feel as if I were only now safely same."

Tom had argued bitterly, but all to no avail. Then, as a last resort, he threatened to end all intimacy between them. Will bore the blow

calmly. I am so sorry," he said gently. "I hoped that you would learn in time to love this faith as I do, but I see you are not ready yet. I have searched many years for the one true religion-and there can be but oneand having found it, I can never let it go. Perhaps some day you, too, will be drawn into the Great Shep-herd's fold. Until then all that I can

do is to pray."
Tom turned angrily away, and without a word passed out of the room, and out of Will Benson's life. That had been two years ago, and

no line had passed between them. Tom stayed in eleepy, mossy Knowl ton-doing fairly well as a physician. according to vague reports floated in-and Will, busy in the intricacies of law kept his hidden. Once or twice he attempted to renew the old tie, but Tom never responded. Then this letter, with its pressing invitation, and all, its vein of love running through it. Will turned it over and over musingly. Of course, he would go. But he wondered what had come over

A few days later he swung off of the train as eager as a boy, onto the platform of Knowlton's tiny station. Almost at the same moment a hand grasped his, and turning he looked straight into Tom's eyes. One glance and the barrier between them melter away. Arm in arm they strolled down the familiar village streets, talking as freely as if they had never parted, and many old settlers smiled as they saw them pass. Will fell supremely happy, though the cause Will felt of their reunion was still unknown Not till they had finished supper in Tom's cozy bachelor quarters, and had drawn their chairs before the fire, feeling thoughtful and subdued in its mellow light, was the tender subject broached. Tom took the plunge with characteristic sudden-

Will, has your religion been the all in all ' to you that you expected eyes fixed on my face. This time he was bound to do right.

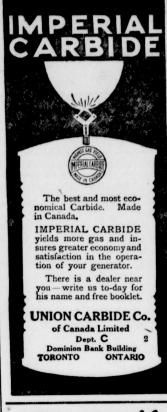
For a moment, Will scarce knew what to say. Had Tom called him here simply to open up the old wound? Surely the answer he must give would displease him. Just a noment's pause, then he said brave

'Tom, my dear old friend, perhaps my answer will hurt you, but I can say simply that which is true. I have missed you, God alone knows how much, but my faith has grown stronger day by day. I never knew "I looked for him at Mass next how all sufficient God could be until morning for I wanted to give him his breakfast. He was not there. It troubled me, but I found in the Church an answer for every question, solace in prayer for every wound. My life has not been easy, nor is it very prosperous. But somehow I have been able to meet each day as it came, and often to give a struggling brother a little help. How you have prospered I do not know, but from appearance, I feel that my prayers for your worldly welfare have been answered.'

Tom looked up-the old quizzical smile on his face. And you still have hopes of draw

ing me into the Catholic faith.

"I have never ceased to pray that you would one day see its beauty for yourself," Will answered. "Tom, as I take up case after case going through the law, I see more plainly the clouds of misery and doubt that shuts Heaven from our eyes. I see husbands and wives, who have sworn before God to love and care for each other all through life, standing before a roomful of themselves, and using every trifle as an excuse to break their bond—sever-



Perhaps Your KIDNEYS

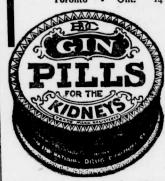
are out of order. Make the doctor's test. Examine your urine. It should be a light straw color—if it is highly colored, reddish or deep orange—if the odor is strong or urusual—if "brick dust" or mucus is present, look to the kidneys. They are out of order. Get GIN PILLS at once, and take

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