

the way to a better ad-  
the burden Fate assigns,  
must be. He would have  
in this present instance  
or wisdom, but he had too  
for the sacredness of a  
s to strip them of their  
and make light of them  
down-up wise. He would  
edness only at his son's  
hen he would wrap them  
mantle of his love—then,  
then. Meanwhile, by a  
ect ways, he sought to  
for the little lad to  
wist his perplexity, and  
old aloof, not only spiri-  
tually.

his part, realized speed-  
ness of the old times  
that was not to be the  
of this particular visit,  
on, when he was more  
himself, he might linger  
side—now he dared not!  
most glad to share that  
with the others; and  
t those long delightful  
ch he had dreamed for  
it only the thought of  
eauty that whirled him  
and made him an  
was tormented by the  
that in some way he might  
t. He had boasted that  
e had ever held his word  
dread that now encon-  
as that, by some chance  
the willingness of the name  
Come what come might,  
to Deacon's hideous  
oath was given to them  
ative. So the little lad,  
notions of honor, argued,  
it out his battles unaided,  
mist of misunderstanding  
soft, impenetrable curtain  
t and himself.

ght matter, but a pebble  
ill lane one as surely as  
and matters do not have  
import to give rise to mis-  
and consequent heartaches,  
e and tangible may be  
e with ease, when one is  
act, and leave a pleasant  
aration behind, but those  
things—too small almost  
which yet send their  
very depths of one's being  
inivincible.

reserve in this respect was  
pricking in Will Shakes-  
It implied more—much  
ere withholding of his  
Whatever he had hitherto  
ght had always been re-  
the crucible of the man's  
d been purified of all dross  
which, to the boy's think-  
d divine. But here was a  
e, for some reason, was not  
with. What did the little  
to come from himself,  
outsider, who, for the time  
earer than his father.

pearance, with a touch of jeal-  
east, cast about him to dis-  
rusted his place. There was  
availing. There was no  
near, seemingly, nor  
ght from the child's ador-  
as patent to all as the  
eaves. It even appeared  
eased in volume, if that  
it possessed a new qual-  
ity, half of sorrow. There  
easting, pathetic look in  
hazel eyes as they were  
e father's face—a dumb,  
ing that found its counter-  
glance at times—which  
point as the keen thrust of  
have done. The frequent  
which fell upon the merry  
he will bursts of extrava-  
succeeded them, were  
to confirm the man's first  
lad's illness. And that  
which had made the precat-  
so insistent to him,  
again and again.

he brief home stay. There  
easiness besides—gay  
latives and friends, walks  
a tail of loving, thronging  
delicious dreamings in the  
v. When the hush of night  
up over the peaceful land,  
the tranquil river, with

the children again—the little lad near-  
est of all leaning against his shoulder,  
and no thought of estrangement between  
their happy hearts.

It was a busy season, too, and one full of  
deep satisfaction to gentle Will Shakes-  
peare, whose thrift and industry had  
been mainly instrumental in bringing  
about its material success. There  
was much talk between the elders of  
the application which had just gone up  
to the Herald's College for a grant of  
coat-armour, whereby John Shakespeare,  
then a yeoman, might attain the recog-  
nized position of a gentleman, and so  
enable his son, and his son's son after  
him, to take their places among the  
prudent of the country-side.

The only man, steeped in the pathetic  
silence of age, grew carolous once more.  
The possibility of this honor coming at  
the end of a career wherein he had  
known much of the adverse turnings of  
Fortune's wheel let loose the flood-gates  
of his speech, and he lived over the  
days when he had enjoyed high places  
in the town's gift, and had made his  
first application to the Herald's for  
arms, a proceeding which his haughty  
neighbor at Charleotte had ceased to  
beget one side. To no one did he open  
his heart more unreservedly than to his  
eldest son, who listened by the hour to  
the accounts of the sights the old man  
had seen, nor sought to belittle them by  
the wisdom of his own experience. He  
was not without a feeling of pride him-  
self at the realization of what was no  
mere empty honor to him—the making  
fairer of the name he loved!

It was at this time, too, that he took  
the whole family into his confidence, and  
told them in part of his dream of buying  
the "Great House" in Chapel Lane, and  
how, now that it was possible for him to  
accomplish his desire, he had already  
taken steps toward the purchase. A  
little cloud, for one moment, overspread  
Miss Mary Shakespeare's brow;  
then her soft tones mingled in the gen-  
eral chorus of surprise and joy. She  
was proud and thankful and—yes, happy  
—even while the knowledge of what her  
own loss would be pressed heavily upon  
her.

"The 'Great House' is not so far  
away," she said, musingly, when the  
others had done speaking, and uncon-  
sciously she lifted the veil from her  
thoughts.  
"Not, 'Great House' to thee, sweet  
mother," Will Shakespeare cried, hastily;  
"I'll not have it so. 'Tis but another  
home, and so, what's the use of it, where  
the doors will be ever wide for thee  
and thine, and no guest more honored  
than thou—nay, not even a queen, an  
she could stay beneath my poor roof."  
Hannet jumped up from a settle,  
where he had been lounging by his  
father, and ran over to where the old  
woman sat, with her tender eyes smiling  
bravely at them all. He put his cheek  
against hers, in the pretty way he had.  
"Dear Grandma," he said, "it's truly  
hard by; Chapel Lane is but a step  
away. Now, in good sooth, I mislike  
the name of 'Great House,' too, except  
to say it over to the boys, and then it  
hath a fair sound—a monstrous fair  
sound. But 'twill not be dearer than this  
old place; no new place could be that,  
could it, father?"

"Nay, little lad, not dearer, and thou  
hast given it to me, a liker to my  
fancy. An my dealings with Master  
Underhill will not through—'and I  
trow they will not—I'll call the house 'New  
Place,' e'en as thou hast said, so that it  
will remember me o' this old house and  
all the happy days I've known herein.  
And now, I do bethink me, Sir Hugh so  
called it before ever we were born, and  
belike for the same reason—thinking o'  
his former home—"

"Well said, Will," said his father  
interposed, "and 'New Place' is a good  
phrase, but methinks 'Great House' is  
still the better, and it hath been called  
thus always within my memory. I'd not  
meddle with the town's titles as I were  
thy shoes. How now, wife, is not Will-  
iam Shakespeare, o' Great House, Strat-  
ford, in the County o' Warwick, Gentle-  
man, a marvellous fine mouthful? 'Tis  
excellent, if faith, very singular good."  
But Will Shakespeare only laughed  
for answer, and his glance sought out  
his mother's face, while a swift look of  
understanding passed between the two,  
and then the woman knew that the little  
lad's words would stand for all time.

#### TO BE CONTINUED.

#### THE RELIEF FORCE.

Across Waterloo Bridge the wind was  
strong and bitter, and the Colonel must  
hold his battered old hat on his head.  
There was the dark river, the last refuge  
of the waste of life, hurrying on its way.  
But not that. Little Marie waited  
his return, perhaps crying in her loneli-  
ness and pain. The Colonel raised his  
dim eyes to the dark, gray sky in a  
mute appeal. A man crossing the road  
hurriedly struck against him and sent  
him reeling against the stone parapet of  
the bridge. The Colonel's hat fell off.  
The man was a robust figure and was  
well dressed.

"I beg your pardon," he said heartily,  
"I am afraid it was entirely my fault."  
Then he uttered an exclamation and,  
drawing himself up, raised his hand to  
his hat. "Colonel Marden," he said re-  
spectfully.

The Colonel recovered his hat and  
peered at the stranger through the  
gathering gloom.

"You don't know me, Colonel?"

"My eyesight fails me a little. No,  
I don't know you."

"Webb, sir, George Webb. Captain  
Singleton's troop."

"Ah, I remember you. Very glad to  
see you, Webb. I hope you are doing  
well," said the Colonel kindly.

Webb looked at his old C. O. with a  
pitying eye. He could read the marks  
of famine in the old man's face. He  
knew why the shabby frock coat was so  
closely buttoned up. "Yes, sir," he re-  
plied; "I am doing very well indeed,  
thank you, and on the impulse of the  
moment he held out his hand."

A faint smile flickered over the Colo-  
nel's worn face. "You are an honest  
man, Webb," he said. "You know what  
they say about me. Can you take my  
hand?"

"Take it, Colonel? God bless you,  
sir, I'm only too honored," and he gave  
the Colonel's hand a grip that hurt.

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"No man of the old regiment that I ever  
met thought it was your fault, sir. An  
officer is no match for those city sharks.  
Your mistake, sir, in having any truck  
with them. Take my arm, sir, if you  
don't mind. I see you're tired. My  
way shall be yours."

"Thank you, Webb. I live close by,  
in a street just off the road. I'm a little  
dizzy and faint. Liver troubling me  
again; the old complaint. Very glad I  
met you. I think they were rather hard  
upon me. The men knew me better.  
Webb, the men knew me better."

Webb was silent, pondering many  
things. He was a bluff, good hearted  
man, sadly lacking the polish of high  
society, but he was dreadfully afraid of  
hurting the Colonel's feelings. It was  
evident the poor old man was starving,  
yet how was it possible to help him?

They turned into the narrow, miser-  
able street where the Colonel lived.  
"No, 6, Webb," said the Colonel.  
"The other side, not far up. My eye-  
sight is bad in the falling light."

"Right, sir, No. 6. Here it is."

"Thank you. I am at home now. I  
wish you good-afternoon, Webb, and all  
good fortune."

Webb lingered at the door. "All  
alone, sir?" he asked.  
"No, no, not alone, my little grand-  
daughter lives with me."  
"I don't wish to intrude, sir, but I  
should very much like to see her. I  
remember Mrs. Marsden, and Miss Sybil,  
too. I should like to see Miss Sybil's  
child."

"You would?"  
"Yes, sir. I am very fond of children.  
I have half a dozen of my own."

The price of the patriotic soldier was  
high even now. Colonel Marden had  
been born and brought up under a sys-  
tem of caste almost as rigid as the castes  
of India. There was a gulf between him  
and the man who had served as a trooper  
in his regiment. But for that, he  
wavered.

"Let me, Colonel. It would give me  
great pleasure to see her."

"You are a good fellow, Webb. I am  
afraid you don't understand. I am not  
receiving visitors just now. My arrange-  
ments, you know—" He hesitated and  
stammered.

"It's a liberty, I know, sir; but you  
won't refuse an old soldier. You used to  
say you owed me something for what I  
did at Omdurman."

"Ah, I remember. Not sure I don't  
owe you my life, Webb. You ought to

have had the V. C., but there were  
others. Come up stairs; you'll have to  
mount a good way."

They ascended the dark, rickety stair-  
case of the old house. On the third  
landing the Colonel took out a key and  
opened the door. It was almost dark in  
the little room.

"Marie," the Colonel called.  
No answer.

"Marie!" he uttered the name again  
with a strange note of terror in his voice  
and bent over the child's cot.

"Yes, grandpa," said a feeble little  
voice. "I've been asleep and dreaming  
of roast beef. Oh, I'm so dreadfully  
hungry! What have you brought,  
grandpa?"

"I have brought some one to see you,  
Marie," said the Colonel hoarsely; "a  
brave soldier who was with me in India  
and Egypt. Look up. Come in, Webb,  
and close the door."

Webb came in bareheaded. It was al-  
most dark, but quite light enough for  
him to read the story of the room.

"How are you, miss?" he said, ap-  
proaching the cot. "I am very glad to  
see you. I remember your mother, and  
a beautiful young lady she was." He  
took the little hand in his and kissed it.

"What is your name? I didn't quite  
hear," asked Marie.

"George Webb, miss."

"I am pleased to meet you, Webb,"  
said the little lady.

Webb lifted her up and carried her  
to the window. "Why, you'll be a rare  
beauty one of these days miss; just like  
Miss Sybil," he said.

Marie laughed up at him and pulled  
his moustache. "Do you belong to the  
relieving force, Webb?" she asked.

"And have you got through with sup-  
plies? We can't hold out any longer."

"Yes, miss," he said huskily. "I be-  
long to the relieving force." He was  
very glad the room was dark. He laid  
the child gently in her cot again, then  
turned to the Colonel. "Colonel Mar-  
den," he said in a low voice, "God knows  
I don't wish to offend you; if I do, per-  
haps you'll forgive me for the sake of old  
times. I ask you if you will so far honor  
me and my wife as to come home with  
me now. I shall be very proud to show  
you my house. I live in the Chaplain  
road; the car will take you up there in  
a few minutes. I know it's a liberty,  
but—"

The bonds of caste were broken. The  
patriotic soldier and the lowly-born  
man of business could not see each  
other's faces distinctly. They stood  
there and clasped hands in silence.  
The Colonel put on his old hat again and  
walked to the window.

"Come along, miss," said Webb cheer-  
ily. "Get up and put on your things.  
You and your grandpa are coming to  
my house. It's getting near our tea  
time, and you shall have a grand time  
with my little girls. The siege is over,  
the relief column has come up and the  
enemy is in full retreat."—John Cleland  
in Cassell's Journal.

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the relief column has come up and the  
enemy is in full retreat."—John Cleland  
in Cassell's Journal.

#### A FEW REASONS WHY.

As I was riding north on a Hudson  
River train lat-ly, admiring the beauty  
of the autumn foliage, an old gentleman  
of seventy-seven took the vacant seat  
next to me in the car. He became very  
communicative and quite chatty  
without having noticed that I was a  
Catholic clergyman. When he dis-  
covered what I was, I told him pleas-  
antly I supposed he would go away and  
seek another seat. "No, not now,"  
said he; "I will not do that now," but  
there was a time when I would; but as  
I know you priests now I have gotten  
over many of my prejudices against you  
and your religion. When I was young  
I thought that the Catholic Church  
could not last fifty years in the free air  
of this country, but I was mistaken.  
"You forget," I said, "that among the  
greatest lovers of liberty in the world  
have been and are Catholics." "Are

you young people sticking to the  
Church and supporting it?" he queried.

"Decidedly!" I replied. "Among the  
best of our Church people are young  
Americans. They fill our churches and  
receive the sacraments." "Well," said  
he sadly, "I am sorry to say that is not  
my experience with my people. I have  
been over forty years pastor of a Con-  
gregational Church about a hundred  
miles from here, and my congregation  
has been rapidly dwindling away. The  
old folks went to church and paid their  
pew rent; the young ones stay at home  
and give nothing." His hair was white,  
his face thin and worn and he looked  
disappointed and worried. "Now,"  
said he, how do you manage to hold  
your people?" "Well," said I, "I shall  
tell you if you will not be offended." "I  
shall not be offended to hear the  
truth," he replied. "Then," said I,  
"you have lost your people by giving up  
three important things: and we hold  
the living things; and we hold  
three things or divine institutions.  
Firstly, you have given up the Pope, so  
that you have no one to decide with cer-  
tainty your disputes. Hence you dis-  
unite and scatter when you please. We  
keep together because the Pope, whom  
we consider the Vicar of Christ, quells  
rebellion and heals dissensions in our  
Church. Secondly, you have given up  
the 'Mass,' and consequently your  
religion is only a dry prayer, a hymn  
that is often neither poetry nor good  
music, and a sermon, sometimes bad,  
sometimes middling, and seldom good.  
We cling to the 'Mass' as the very  
soul of religion. It is our great sacri-  
fice. Jesus Christ is really offered in  
It, and sacramentally offers Himself to  
us as our spiritual food. The Real  
Presence makes our churches temples  
of the living God; and if you visit  
them even when Mass is not being  
said, in the evening for instance, you  
will find our people absorbed in adora-  
tion of the Living God, hidden behind  
the tabernacle on our altars. Our  
churches are always alive, for Jesus  
Christ is alive in them. Thus believe  
all our people." "Yes," said he, "I

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NELLIE ARNOLD, Bkpr. & Steno., Brass Works, Wallaceburg, Ont.  
HELLIS VAN SLUYS, Steno., Jno. Raab Chair Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
E. C. BUCHANAN, Reporter, Planet, Chatham, Ont.  
ETHEL WINCHESTER, Bkpr., Maple Cafe, South Bend, Ind.  
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REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., President.

In spite of my efforts and my love,  
for God knows that I loved him,  
I was the only one cast by the waves  
upon the beach. I am alone—do you  
understand, Father?—I am alone in the  
world and in tears. My wife and six chil-  
dren went down, in the waters, the sea  
devoured them. I need to be strong,  
Father, to live alone! I have come three  
hundred miles to get strength from you,  
Will you give it to me—tomorrow at Mass?

He communicated the next morning  
from the hand of the Bishop and  
after a prayer in which courageous  
and consoling tears flowed abundantly,  
he arose, Adieu!" he said to the  
Bishop. "I possess Him who makes  
the strong. Yes, I can now live alone.  
Adieu!" They embraced for the first  
and last time, the tears of the Bishop  
still flowing, but those of the heroic  
savage dried. Strong and generous to  
support his loneliness, he got into his  
little boat and pushed off from the shore.

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can not hold of and put them to any test  
you like in your own home as long as you  
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Then after you have become absolutely and  
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**JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN**

by showing them around to your neighbors  
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ful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in  
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If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-  
wearer (no children need apply) and want to  
do me this favor, write me at once and just  
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