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A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON CHAPTER V. CITY LIFE

We will now leave our friends on the prairie a while, and return to Rosine Benton, and her life in town. She was, as Sister Agnes had written, scially with the Colonel himself. who placed her at school in the best institution the city afforded, and intellectual and physical culture. Besides this, she had carte blanche to come to him for money whenever as the best of virtues, that Rosine according telt a sense of guilt if she folded a word." antly, and carried her to places of only heard the name.

They had hurried their late dinner one evening in January, that Colonel Hartland and Rosine might be in whispered among them. season for the opening of the opera.

Mrs. Hartland did not care to co into such a crowd, and the Doctor had come in after his professional labors, bound for a quiet evening at home, while the Lieutenant had shame rising to her cheek as the much interested in seeing the clerks

to hear how you like your

way she has of becoming crimson lesson on the subject of timidity, upon indifferent subjects till they that she was dissolved in tears, and that she was dissolved in tears, and my gallant soldier brother would favorite resort for the young ladies

looking up from his book. Please to attend to your own

affairs, Aleck. I defy you to teach her any thing with your namby-pamby ways. Miss Rosine and I will be fast friends, you will see; she is the shyest piece of human flesh and blood I ever met. Time and experience will mend this matter, it is to be hoped, and we

The blood that warms her tremb-

To fill her cheeks with blushes.' She'll make a charming pretty woman by and by; one would suppose she had been all her life in

"She has been kept very strictly, at home," replied Mrs. Hartland. "Mrs. Benton is very straight-laced in her notions; but by your account I should think you had succeeded in frightening the child pretty thoroughly. Do you believe in govern-

I believe there is no true love or friendship without it," said the Doctor, "especially in the commencement; that's why you see me a bachelor. I never could love a woman unless I stood some hat in awe before her, and I have never seen but one where acquaintance did not wipe off the bloom of love, which is the fear. As to my dear brother here," he added, pointing to the Lieutenant, "he has such a

Speak for yourself, old fellow,' retorted the brother; "I think I saw Miss Marten in your office this afternoon. Perhaps it is immaterial to

to say to her. In your office, Ned ? What business has she, or any other young girl, in your office?"

should say that was a silly question, if my mother hadn't asked it," replied the Doctor. "But we were speaking of Rosine," he added peremptorily closing up the subject she has fine of Miss Marten; intellectual powers; thorough, too, every opportunity for in all she undertakes. I like that, but she's too dreadfully pious. I am willing a woman should be decently religious, but these women, righteous she wanted it. Mrs. Hartland was overmuch, are dreadful bores. I not the woman to allow any thing in don't wish to meddle in that matter ther house not subject to her inspection, and Rosine soon understood that it would be more comfortable that it would be more comfortable off. This growing intimacy with off. This growing intimacy with off. to her perusal. This was a sad trial, Laura Marten will help the matter; but so often did the lady hint and please not to disturb the friendship, speak about openness and candor mother. They must be counterparts, according to one definition of the

Hetter without first submitting it to
Mrs. Hartland. This was a very
unhappy and annoying arrangement,
with Rosine. He had frightened her making her letters to her mother, so essentially, that for weeks she was which should have shown her heart, like a fluttering bird in his presence, merely the outside transcript of her and yet he had mingled so much of feelings and actions, particularly apparent interest in her welfare with formal and cold when treating of her his reprimand, that she reproached inner life. For a long time she herself with ill-nature and ingraticould never write or receive a letter tude, when her heart rebelled at his without a bitter struggle with the severe words. There was that in his quiver in her left hand filled with thought that all true interchange of counsel which strangely confused her mother was cut off. Had she sum moned courage to hint her wishes to between Laura Marten and Rosine, the Colonel, he would at once have but it was easily accounted for, by put an end to this system of surveil the circumstances under which it lighted, showed the hour through the lance, but she was timid and shrink-commenced. Laura was three years night. Doctor Hartland amused himing, and feared to seem complaining, older than Rosine, bold and fearless self much over the gift, wondered in her manners, with noble and gen"if Rosine was expected to lie awake" spite of this great obstacle to her crous impulses, but inordinately fond comfort, Rosino's light hearted, of admiration, and by no means dismade a mistake;" meant to ask her They walked many a square before comfort, Rosine's light hearted, of admiration, and by no means and active nature, after awhile accepted this circumstance of her life, and historic ever hearding school, when Rosine entered Rosine was annoyed by his sarcasm, hearding school, when Rosine entered Rosine was annoyed by his sarcasm, ceased to mourn so bitterly over boarding school, whea Rosine entered Rosine was annoyed by his sarcasm, what she could not help. Her faith a stranger. During recess, a few but delighted with the genuine affecwas left untouched; the family have days after her admission into the tion which she felt prompted the home they passed Doctor Hartland's no special creed, did not meddle school, before she had made any gift. She placed the clock directly with hers, and if she found no help, she acquaintance with her school mates, found no opposition in the practice of her religious duties. Colonel Hartland who had joined in the games which it nightly. Before February, all the words, Laura tapped at the door, and strove to make her time pass pleas. occupied most of the scholars, was leisure of two girls was spent in each gathered near a window where Rosine amusement, of which before she had had seated herself as spectator. ments on the scholar, as she soon learned, when she heard her name ure of Laura's society.

"run away."

been housed for a few days with a undertone met her ear, and the tears and shop boys tumble over their in the library, pouring over her Ger came into her brown eyes; when goods for an exact shade of cloth or man lesson for the next day, visions "I have never had an opportunity, Ned," said the Colonel's lady to her the clouds, Laura Marten's brunette new sister. You know you promised heard. "Bessie Varnum, be quiet when Laura spied a new bright me your opinion in a month, it is Lizzie Conant, stop your affected on the corner of —— Square. now more than two since she came to us."

"I have as yet hardly established a friendly footing with the little one," replied Doctor Hartland, lighting his eight and throwing himself.

"I have as yet hardly established a friendly footing with the little one," replied Doctor Hartland, lighting his eight and throwing himself.

"Elizzie Conant, stop your allected with allected french nonsense. I tell you, girle, it wadame Dorere, Fortune Teller, and a shudder.

"You timid little goose," said she paused before the door, "just oftom Paris, will tell the fortune of colorless face, "you look as if you hadsen as pirit! Has Laura Marten had seen a spirit! Has Laura Marten had seen had seen a spirit! Has Laura Marte "I frightened I advise you to be mum." She then selves!" her terribly the first week of our came to Rosine, and reducing the house together, Laura chatting away some one in the trance state.

I gave her so severe a son on the subject of timidity, at she was dissolved in tears, and y gallant soldier brother would we come to the rescue, but I gave m his quietus."

You were too hard on the young "You were too hard on the young said the Lieutenant."

But today the snow was gather.

House together, Laura chatting away in the low out the cupola. This was a favorite resort for the young ladies on a fair day; the look-out was extensive, commanding a view down the bay and harbor, quite to the open investigate, as well as Rev. Dr. X—

But today the snow was gather.

Sea. But today the snow was gather. have come to the rescue, but I gave on a fair day; the look-out was thing, Ned," said the Lieutenant, sea. But today the snow was gatherwhite mantle. The wind howled and Rosine. the dismal clouds in the distance "Not portended a long storm; the thick falling flakes filled the air, so that Rosine could only distinguish the tall masts of the ships at anchor, and

now and then a glimpse of the angry sea.
"O, how I wish I were a man!" shall be able to speak to my timid exclaimed Laura, as she endeavored to make her companion see a vessel in the distance, striving to enter the port; "I'd like to be out there, dashing over those foaming waves, instead of being mewed up here all my days, to dig and delve into these abominable heathen languages, when if I had only had the good fortune to have been a boy, I might have been cruising with my father on the coast

of Africa.' "Haven't you any brother, or sister?" inquired Rosine. "Not a scion but poor me, and I shall never do anything to distinguish myself, unless I disguise and

offer myself as a middy." Rosing looked at her, with horror depicted in her countenance. "Don't be taken aback," continued Laura, stood a tall dark man with sharp laughing at the consternation of her black eyes filled with cunning. new friend, "I'd go through fire and After much ceremony and hocuswater if I could enlist; but after all, freedom as I am is better than the slavery of the service, and I dare say I should desert the first chance, but I

do want to see the world." "Where is your mother?" said Rosine, gaining confidence by the free and easy manner of her com-

laugh, "You are very lonely," said Rosine me to invite any of the girls I liked."

At that moment the gong resounded through the sea—a terrible sea. through the halls, summoning them is watching a ship—reaching out her to recitations.

"Don't let me hear you Marten' me, you little chickadedee," but she sinks. O, dreadful!" cried said Laura, as they went into the the woman, "she is under the waters; hall together, "unless it be 'High Betty Marten,' after the manner of Dr. Hartland."

Thus the intimacy commenced; vulsively. there was a counterpart to Rosine's timidity in Laura's fearlessness, and have chosen for her daughter, for she had no training, or sense of responsibility, except to her own allpowerful will; but the friendship ripened, and at Christmas came, addressed to Rosine from her "best friend and schoolmate," an elegant transparent clock of small size, which Captain Marten bad brought for his daughter from abroad, and which Rosine had often admired. It not for nothing; they'll break some was beautiful in itself, though perbody's heart one of these days." haps ill judged as a gift to a young girl. The face of the clock was a garnet-colored glass, the figures of golden hue. It was sustained by the right-hand of a female figure, carved from Egyptian marble, representing Dfana, her crescent on her forehead her bow across her shoulder, her arrows, while a hound of exquisite ing Rosine after her. socket for a taper, which, when made me shiver; and that horrid "if Rosine was expected to lie awake and look at it;" thought "Laura had cheek, and felt her trembling arm. opposite her bed, bought a quantity other's society. They walked to for a summons. The Doctor received gether daily, Miss Marten to indulge They were making their eager comments on the scholar, as she soon Rosine for her health and the pleast to get home as quickly as possible.

on for the opening of the opera.

Hartland did not care to go such a crowd, and the Doctor "fripon" — "cheva'ier d'industrie"—

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Hartland did not care to go such a cro and no questions being asked as to ly, telling him they would seek more Rosine felt the mantling blush of their walks, she became at length

elder son, as they adjourned to the face appeared among the knot of their usual round, and were careless- the crooked letters, two large girle, and her authoritative voice was ly sauntering along the broad street, from behind were laid on her cheeks, when Laura spied a new bright sign and her head drawn gently back-

ing his cigar, and throwing himself and yours, Lizzie, by making wine, into a luxurious arm chair with his well—out of any thing but grapes. the touch! Come and see for your. Rosa, look out for that girl, be care-

laughing at the tone of her voice to a whisper, said, becoming crimson "Don't mind those simpletons, they "this is that wonderful woman Ned came back to her cheeks painfully as with blushes at the slightest word; are not half-witted: come with me if one only speaks, she is like a to the observatory." They mounted know how marvellous he thought would read her thoughts. "If you know how marvellous he thought would read her thoughts. "If you startled fawn looking about for her the stairs leading to the top of the mother. I gave her so severe a house together, Laura chatting away some one in the trance state. Come, without asking; if you ask it, I shall

"Not right!" replied Laura : "what need not open your lips while you are there, only go with me, there's a dear," she added coaxingly, "nobody need be the wiser for our going."

friend in an injured tone, "by just going up with me. I don't ask anything more; if not, I must say 'good by,' for see her I must."

Rosine vielded to the superior will. and was led to an apartment where applicants by dozens were waiting

She drew down her veil and kept her eyes on the floor, ashamed of her company. Consulting a fortuneteller! what would her mother think of such a step? and how would Sister Agnes and Father Roberts regard it? At length, after long waiting, they were ushered into the room of the oracle. Madame, in long white robes, pocus mummery, Laura was seated in front of the sallow, indifferent lifeless hand.

Rosine trembled under the eye of the man, who seemed to look her profound reverence for the whole sex, that he will never have any other feeling. There's Captain Marten's daughter, just ready to eat him, shoulder-straps and all, but the poor fellow stands in such awe, he doesn't dare venture near his clay idol, to see if it will bear touching."

The as side to profound reverence for the whole profound reverence for the whole sex, that he will never have any other feeling. There's Captain Marten's daughter, just ready to eat him, shoulder-straps and all, but the poor fellow stands in such awe, he doesn't dare venture near his clay idol, to see if it will bear touching."

The a mighty poor man, but bill day she is the sole bulwark of the maintenance of property. He said day she is the sole bulwark of the mintenance of property. He said day she is the sole bulwark of the mintenance of property. He said day she is the sole bulwark of the mintenance of property. He said day she is the sole bulwark of the mintenance of property. He said day she is the sole bulwark of the mintenance of property. He said day she is the sole bulwark of the mintenance of property. He said dollars for my bay mare and I'm going to sell her and give the money that the work of the maintenance of property. Says he will give me one hundred of prayer is the keynote of Catholic day she is the sole bulwark of the maintenance of property. Says he will give me one hundred of property. The ma mighty poor man, but says he will give me one hundred we see in Russia Bolshevism, but we do not see it in Poland, France, Spain, Ireland or Bavaria. They are the man, who seemed to look ner the man, who is the stolect of property.

The ma mighty poor man, but slid day she is the sole bulwark of the maintenance of property.

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The ma mighty poor man bet

"You are very lonely," said Rosine with real pity, "you must come and see me. Colonel Hartland wished me to invite any of the girls I liked." glass opposite. This girl is dark, very brown, with rosy cheeks, and her which bird she captures."

"A buld, imprudent girl, boys!"
said Mrs Hartland. "I hope you will neither of you have any thing will neither of you have any thing arms to it-a man-of-war ship; she has a bright ring on her left hand-

> let him!" and she screamed con-At this instant the wretched look ing man drew his hand rapidly over the younger girl clung to her friend her face, and quiet returned after a in any emergency. Laura was the short struggle. Rosine could with last companion Mrs. Benton would difficulty restrain her emotions of terror, and even Laura was daunted. She hurriedly slipped a dollar into the man's hand, and was making for the door, when he passed between her and it, saying, "The little Miss will have her's now.

now she rises. O, there is a monster

-a shark! He will have her! don't

Rosine shuddered, and begged Laura to go.
"Don't be chicken hearted," he said; "those great eyes of yours are

"O, she's only a child." exclaimed Laura, who began to be essentially frightened by his familiar manner. Her turn will come by and by he replied, with a coarse smile; it is against our rules to admit even

such as spectators."

Laura hastily handed him another dollar, and rushed down stairs, pull

We have had enough of fortune telling," she said, when they reached the street. "I do declare that woman man! But come, don't look dolorous; I can't take you home till you look a little more like life," the color came back to her companion's face, or the violent throb bing of her heart, which impeded her progress, was quieted. On their way office, and Laura insisted upon calling. Rosine drew back, but before familiarly opened it, without waiting her rather stiffly, rallied Rosine on Even Laura was nonplussed by his Rosine had been carefully guarded behavior. He usually welcomed her short their stay quite unceremonious-

agreeable society. That evening, as Rosine was seated riband, which Laura seldom found. of the dark browed saucy man and They had met one afternoon for the frightful woman mingling with

"I do believe, Rosa," exclaimed her bring you to my office again, it

"But it don't seem right!" pleaded he said, "What do you and Laura find to do every afternoon?"

"I go shopping with her nearly possible harm can come to us? You every day, when we take our walks,"

was the reply.
"Poor, profitless business, Rosa, for young girls! Pity Laura Marten need be the wiser for our going.

Rosine still held back, though
Laura had already led her to the

must not spoil you by gadding. I thought she might do you good by wearing off your blushes, but for boldness like hers, you have neither the air nor the manner. So don't stroll about with her among the clerks and shop boys; it cannot be improving, and is not half as much for your health as a good brisk walk

straight along without stopping."
His counsel would have been even more peremptory and decided, had he known that in their walks Laura often met gentlemen, strangers to Rosine, who would turn and walk with them, thus introducing the sister, for whom he began to feel a brother's affection, into questionable society.

TO BE CONTINUED

CATHOLIC CHURCH THE ONLY TEACHER

looking woman, who lay like one dead, while Laura held her limp Guild in London recently, said that today the Catholic Church is the only organism having a definite teach ing on the subject of property. To-

"Pshaw, Ned! Laura Marten! with something between a sigh and a leck has better taste." with something between a sigh and a leck has better taste." he wears a moustache, also a soldier's instanced the United States. If laugh, coat. The first is bold; the last will Bolshevism has as yet made no it you know. It isn't so much the Bolshevism has as yet made no it you know. It isn't so much the apparent headway in our country it loss of the money; he can make that is because of the iron hand of the Catholic and Roman Church, and her strong influence on the working old man, and he's lost all heart.

man.—Catholic Columbian.

we could fix it some way so be compared.

VALUE RECEIVED

He kept the country store for twenty years. The sign read, "C. P. Johns," but he was "Uncle Charley to everybody. It was the only store at the village cross-roads, and he prospsred in a modest way. After the bad accounts were deducted his profits were small, but he was able to support his family comfortably They had a pretty little cottage with some fruit trees in the lot, kent pigs, a cow, and a horse and buggy. They had enough, and were contented with that and their good name.

Then the old man took his nephe in as a partner. They built an addition to the store and bought a big bill of new goods. It put them in debt quite heavily, but their trade increased and at the end of three years, when the farmers had brought in their wheat, they had enough to pay all their debts and a thousand dollars over.

The nephew took the money, three thousand dollars in all, and went to St, Louis to pay off the debts and buy new goods for the fall and winter

The goods came promptly, but the nephew did not return. He was called South, he wrote. One afternoon a few days later, the old man received a letter from the wholesale house expressing surprise that he had not remitted for the past due account, and stating that unless such remittance was received by the tenth they would draw on him for the full

amount, the new bill included.

The supper bell rang three times before the old man stirred. came down the walk his wife saw there was something the matter and met him in the yard.

"We are ruined," he said, in a life-less tone, handing her the letter. Ob, no, not ruined. raise it, can't you?" she asked hopefully.
"No," he replied listlessly.

"Surely there will be some way

out," she urged. There is no way out," he said hopslessly, as he sank in a rocking chair. He looked very old, and his gentle face was blank weariness. No there was no way out," he repeated, in a monotonous tone. "That money was all I could raise; it was everything I have made in

twenty years." "But surely our neighbors will help us raise it. You have always been good to them," encouraged his wife. trying to cover her own anxiety.

'No," said the old man bitterly, people never lend you money or go on your note because you have been good to them."

The next day he made the only effort that seemed to offer any hope. He went to Adams, the money lender of the community, and offered to

mortgage everything.
"No," said Adams, "your stuff isn't worth it. It isn't in my line, anyway. Get some good men who own land on your note, and I can let you have what you need.

The old man went home, a forlorn figure, bent, gray, hopeless, and sat down to wait dully for the end. They sat in the shade of the black smith shop. It was an informal gathering of farmers, who, on hear-

ing the news, had ridden in to learn the particulars. "Too bad for Uncle Charley: Bald a farmer, digging at the grass beside a farmer, digging at the grass beside they know." they know." "Looks sorter like rain over in "Looks sorter like rain over in "Guess" and Todd. "Guess

"He's been a great help to this

community," said another. "There's never lived a more accommodatin' man," added a third. And then they talked of how they had always distrusted the nephew.

and how soon the old man would be closed up. They wondered what he would do then for a living.

hood who had not spoken.

let Uncle Charley be sold out. What can we do?" asked Jones, Lord to "pray always."

When I came here I didn't have a red cent, and he trusted me for a whole year's living, and never asked me for it, once. I couldn't pay him, but I got ashamed and wouldn't buy any more. Well, the next fall when I took down with the first treek ever-present shield against which the first treek down with took down with the fever there waen't a thing in the house to go on.

I tell you we were in a mighty bad shape, and didn't know what in the tion to evil; if he is to accomplish shape, and didn't know what in the world would become of us, until one evening Mr. Johns came over and brought the doctor. Says he, 'Doctor, I have just thought we'd drop in.' And while the doctor was fixir me up some medicine, he called my wife to one side and says, 'Mrs. Todd, you sand one of the hovs down to the spiritual and practical part of the cannot be said as a says, 'Mrs. Todd, you sand one of the hovs down to the

back in three or four years, but it's just taken all the stuffing out of the we could fix it some way so he could go on with the store and see some pay out, it would be just the boost he needs.'

"Say, don't you suppose that Adams would lend him the money," asked one.

Oh, Adams would loan it to him juick enough, if he can get the securty; but how's he going to get it? asked Willig.

Well. I never went on a note in my life," said Haney, "but I'll be one to go on old man Johns' note for three thousand dollars."

And so said every man there. A note was made out and put in the hands of Haney. The word was quickly passed round and for two cr three days men kept coming in at all hours to sign that note. He lent me fifty dollars when I

was hard up," said one. He helped Teg get through school when I was too poor to help him myself said a father who was now well-to-do.

After working all day many is the time he came over to my house and sat up with me when I was down with the slow fever," said a neighbor.

"Fifteen years ago," remarked a prosperous young man, as he sat down to sign the parer. "I was too worthless to kill. But Uncle Charley called me into the store one day and persuaded me to go to school, got me some books, and sold me clothes on credit. Nobody thought he would ever get a cent for it."

I want to put my name on that note," said a poor widow. "I know it's not worth anything, but I want it there. Nobody knows, Mr. Haney, how kind Uncle Charles has been The winter after Jim died Lizzie went up to the store one day almost barefooted. He pretended to have her help him count some eggs, and then he gave her a pair of shoes.

He's done lots of things like that." He is always so jolly and whole souled you can't help but feel he is interes d in you and wants you to be happy," was another's tribute.

There was but four days of grace. The old man sat crouching in his chair as if shrinking from the coming blow. The whimsical humor, the independence and courage were all gone. He was a poor, helpless old man, down never to rise again.

Two or three farmers came in and sat on the edge of the porch. He tried to be sociable, but made a pitiful failure of it. Others came in and then more until there were two or three dozen seated on the porch The old man knew they had come to sympathize with him, but he could not bring up the subject of his loss. There was an awkward half hour

in which nobody talked of the important matter. At last Haney nudged Todd, and urged him to speak. Todd shifted his position once or twice, got up awkwardly and stood before Johns trying to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. Then he fumbled in his pocket, drew out a paper, held it out to the old man and managed to say :

Maybe it'll help you. The old man tried to speak, but could only call : ' Mary !

His wife came quickly and looked at the paper. Thank 'em. mam. I can't !" said the old man, with a sob in his voice. The tears were running down her face as she turned toward the men.

They were all looking away.
"I can't, either," she said, as she with her arm around his neck, " but

the southwest," said Todd. we'd better be going, boys."

CATHOLIC HABIT OF PRAYER

Nothing bespeaks the practical Catholic so much as the salutary There was one, the poorest and most shiftless man in the neighboreach surprise of danger, in fear, anguish or grief, the well-trained "Something ought to be done, soul, like a confiding child runs to men." He could hardly control his voice. "It'll be a low-down game to turns instinctively to God, and in so doing but follows the maxim of Our

"What can we do?" asked Jones, rather idly.

"I don't know exactly what we can do," continued Todd, "but let me tell you what he's done for me.

"I don't know exactly what we can do," continued Todd, "but let the tell you what he's done for me.

"What can we do?" asked Jones, Lord to "pray always."

Prayer for the Catholic is the tenor of the soul, which from constant use, is kept clean and bright; it is the ever present shield against

send one of the boys down to the gaining works are likewise laid aside store and get what you need, and or forgotten. Catholic life without Jim can pay when he gets well."

No one spoke for some time.
"Now, see here," continued Todd.
"I'm a mighty poor man, but Bill faith.

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