

# Love's Message

Yes, it's only a bit of mimosas, my dear, all dry and withered, and with its pretty yellow bells fast crumbling to dust, but without that bit of mimosas my different my life would have been a Will I tell you about it? Yes, for I may be a help to you perhaps and make you think twice before writing that letter we spoke of, and no, no, really, don't be afraid. I'm not going all over the old arguments again. I will just tell you my story, and say no more.

It was ten years ago that I first went to the south of France and saw the mimosas growing. I shall never forget that white I live to be a hundred. It was not only that it was my first winter abroad, and so strange, wonderfully different from those in dear, dull old England, though that alone—But no, it was the cause. I then was my first married life, and I was to learn the lesson well, and I will, I was an old pupil. I was staying with Aunt Marian, and as she was something of an invalid and we didn't greatly care for the people in the hotel, I was a good deal thrown on my own resources. So I rambled about the old town and the country, and revelled in the sunshine and the glowing wealth of colour—blue sky and blue sea, and crimson roses and golden mimosas. There was colour everywhere, and the olive-skinned, dark-eyed, and I felt its charm, and brightened their own dress with rich, vivid dashes of orange or red—a dash or a scarf that gave the finishing touch to the brilliant picture.

Light-hearted, good-tempered souls they seemed, those children of the sunny South, with a ready smile for me if ever our eyes chanced to meet, and a pleasant, cautious reply if ever I happened to ask them a question. But, pleasantly courteous though they might be, the people were rarely altogether intelligible to me, for their Southern patois was a very different thing from my schoolgirl French, and on conversation—albeit asked out with much eloquent gesticulation—was usually somewhat unsatisfactory as a means of communication. But how kindly I always think of that incomprehensible patois; but for it I might never have known Cyril a chance meeting in the dusty French road, and as she glances, and we should have passed on our way, never in all probability, to be better acquainted, or even to see each other again. On such seeming trifles does our whole after life often depend.

But that morning, luckily, the woman whom I addressed was even more incomprehensible than usual. She talked volubly, but I wasn't bit the wiser; she explained with vehemence, and I grew more perplexed than wiser.

Then—she came up.

She turned to him impudently, claiming the help of "cet Monsieur Anglata." And he stood there, in the white dust of the road, listening patiently; while I looked at him, and thought how handsome he was.

"You wish to see the old Colosseum, she tells me," he said, and his voice was as pleasant as his face. "It is not far from here, but there are one or two things to take, perhaps you had better let me show you the way. I am just going there myself."

It was so pleasantly and simply said that I did not hesitate to accept his guidance, and in another moment we were walking down the dusty road side by side.

Our acquaintance ripened rapidly as we paced the dusty covered way that led to the best preserved part of the ruins. I tried to picture to myself the scene in those old Roman days, when eager crowds thronged into the great space, capable of containing upwards of nine thousand spectators, and the now silent scene rang with the clamour of many voices; but it was all a no purpose. The past was past, and I could not bring it back even in imagination to that sunny morning. After all, the past was enough, and my self-appointed guide interested me more than all those crowds of long ago.

What did we talk about? Ah, that I cannot tell you—nothing of any moment, you may be sure, and yet it was most interesting to us; but, indeed, I cannot remember with any distinctness, so many later memories crowd upon my mind, blurring the recollection of that first morning. Still I seem to see it through a sort of golden haze. No, I cannot tell you what we said, but never until then had the sky been so blue, or the earth so beautiful; or so it seems to me now, looking back through that haze of after-memories.

He was staying not far from our hotel, and of course we met again. Aunt Marian liked him, and found they had mutual acquaintances, and it soon became an understood thing that he should come in every morning to learn what our plans for the day were, or, rather, to help us make them. We drove and walked together, and my aunt forgot her invalidism—it was more than half imaginary—in the thousand and one small interests and excitements he brought into her quiet life.

And I? Ah, Rosalie, I loved him! I loved him from the first moment I ever looked into his frank brown eyes, and I could not love him more with each day that flew swiftly past. Yes, that winter was indeed a wonderful one for me.

I have said that we did not greatly care for the people in our hotel; to tell the truth there were one or two among

them whom I disliked, but though I did not like them, in one case at least the dislike was not reciprocal. Mr. Tollard was a man in the prime of life, and many people thought him both handsome and attractive. He was a successful man, as is evidenced by his own way in everything. So that when he was good on high to cast a favourable eye upon me, he naturally expected some small show of gratitude, or at least, of pleased application, on my part. But he looked in vain. I did not love him, and I did not stoop to flatter him, and he being before all things a man of the world, presently ceased to offer attentions which were so manifestly unwelcome. I thought he would come to me, but he did not, and I had myself mistaken.

So the happy weeks fly by, and the end comes.

It came suddenly, and I was most entirely unprepared for it.

Cyril was ordered to replenish his regiment.

The wild hill tribes were up, and a sudden east wind had burst through the mountain passes on our distant Indian front. I was sweeping all before it, and his regiment was to march to the front on the 15th. An hour after receiving the telegram he was on his way to India.

But he found five hundred miles first to say good-bye to me, and to tell me something that I knew already, though it had never yet been put into words.

Dear Cyril? My Cyril? Oh, well, might I call him so, for had he not given me the right?—

He gave me something else, too, a bit of mimosas.

We were standing in the golden shadow of the mimosas trees, and he hurriedly gathered a spray, broke off half of it, and thrust it into my hand.

"Keep it, darling, for my sake," he said. "On the very day that I start to rejoin you I will send you the rest as a token."

Then—he left me. Months passed, and I brought never a word nor a line from him.

I had thought he would have written, though, indeed, he had never said so, I had taken it for granted, as we had necessarily taken much for granted in those brief moments of farewell, so full alike of joy and of pain—there were many things to be said that we could not possibly think of just then—that he would surely write to me as soon as he had leisure, I could not write to him, and I had a hundred questions to ask, and I had a hundred things to say after him that I had not thought to utter till it was too late. Daily, hourly, I looked for his letter, and looked in vain. The slow days grew to weeks, and still no word from the far Indian frontier broke the cruel silence. He was gone, and nothing but the fast withering bit of mimosas remained to me of all the happy past.

Aunt Marian, meantime—albeit till I knew nothing of my hopes and fears. My secret had at first seemed too precious a thing to be lightly spoken of, and I had waited for a few days before telling her of it, thinking that when Cyril's first letter came I would give her my confidence.

But the letter did not come, and I said nothing; what, indeed, was there to be said?

And yet, Rosalie, I did not doubt him, never for a single moment. Only—I did not understand; an overwhelming feeling of depression crept over me, a foreboding of some great disaster.

Then, one day, I saw his name in the paper. "Captain Cyril White" was reported "missing."

Do not ask me to tell you of the time that followed; of the feverish haste with which each day I glanced down the columns of the paper for further news of him; of the constantly-recurring disappointment, of the horrible doubt and black despair. No wonder that a week or two of this sickening anxiety, following on all that had gone before, resulted in a dangerous illness, when I lay for days unconscious of anything—while Aunt Marian wept and wrung her hands over me, and two trained nurses divided the honours of watching by my bedside.

At length the fever left me, and I crept slowly back to life, and to the painful realization of all that I had lost.

And yet—he might still be alive; a prisoner, perhaps, ill and alone, at the mercy of the wild tribesmen who had fought so desperately in their mountain fastnesses. Such things have been and might well be again; who could tell what his fate had been—yes, or what his fate might yet be? And I—what could I, a mere girl, do to aid him? Oh, Rosalie! I shuddered in the impotence of my own weakness as I lay there! The bright sunshine seemed to mock me in my trouble, my tent-dimmed eyes ached, when I looked at sea and sky, so brightly blue, so pitilessly beautiful. They were full of triumphant joy of life, but for me—oh, I longed to creep away into the darkness and be at rest!

Still I grew stronger slowly; and in the springtime, when the roses held high revel all over the land, and the air was heavy with overwhelming sweetness, Aunt Marian brought me home—home to the little house in West Kensington, and all the daily anxieties and worries that made life so hard for my widowed mother, with her too numerous family of boys and girls—of whom I was the eldest.

But life appeared to be somewhat easier for her than formerly, and it was not long before I knew the reason.

No, I had not been in the house an hour before my rejoicing family combined to tell me the praises of my friend—as he had presumed to call himself—that kind Mr. Tollard!

When he left the South he came to me, and he told me how you were going on, and how kind and thoughtful of you. And since then he has been about as much as I can get, and I have not been able to keep him well informed better than you could do, and as nothing could be more troubling than his letter and satisfaction from the news was good. Oh, poor dear Lottie, you are indeed a patient!

Fortunate mother!

Yes, my dear, to have won the love of such a good kind man. Oh, I can see it all! I am not blind, and nothing could have made me so happy as that!

And I had come home to rest!

I have told you before how poor we were in those old days. Rosalie—poor even than you are now, so you will not wonder that my position grew more difficult with each year, but passed. I had had to do so much for my floundering employment—really remunerative employment—for the girls, helping the boys to make a start in life, arranging matters with one or two of my mother's most pressing creditors—she was no woman of business, poor mother! and all her efforts had not enabled her to keep clear of debt.

I was now a burden to her, for my health was not yet sufficiently re-established for me to resume the position, which ill-fall though it was, had still been a small help to the family finances.

No, I could do nothing, nothing—but the one thing they all looked for me to do, and against which my whole nature revolted. No, I could not marry Mr. Tollard. That, too, was impossible, even more impossible than all that.

He behaved well to me at that time, and with a consideration that my own family did not always show. But then—

—they know nothing about Cyril I rejoin you not to speak about him even to my mother and though Aunt Marian may have suspected something of the truth—indeed, she must have learned much while watching me during my illness, and listening to my rambling talk—I knew she would not reveal my secret, or so much as ask for a confidence I had not voluntarily given her. Thus I bore my trouble in silence, and only hoped Mr. Tollard might presently grow weary of us, and leave me to go on my lonely way in peace.

Ah, Rosalie, I little knew the man of his impetuous petulance!

Day when I was feeling even sadder and more depressed than usual I chanced, for a wonder, to be alone in the house, but for the one small servant, and could therefore, for once, relax the effort I constantly made to appear cheerful, and as though nothing particular were the matter.

Thus Mr. Tollard found me, and the one glance at my face, and the sound of my voice, and the words that he heard, and the opportunity, he thought, had come.

"Lottie," he cried, "don't send me away! Give me the right to comfort you!"

There was real sympathy in his face and voice; in his way this man cared for me, and I knew it. Had he not proved it over and over again? No, no! He would not let me go; better let him say what he had to say and have done with it.

But when he asked me to be his wife I could keep silence no longer. I must put an end to this once and for all.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, "I shall never marry, never, until he—Captain White—comes back. I am engaged to him."

He started and looked at me earnestly.

"Is it possible that you don't know that you haven't heard?"

"He was reported 'missing,' I know, but—"

"He is dead, Lottie! I have simple proof of it."

"Cyril dead!"

The floor seemed to rock beneath my feet. I put out my hand to steady myself, and he caught it, and held it fast; but I snatched it away, and sat down. At that moment I shrank instinctively from him.

"It was while you were ill," he went on, speaking hurriedly. "It was in all the papers. Sur, your aunt must have seen it."

"She never told me. She cannot have known—Are you quite sure?"

"I have the paragraph here in my pocketbook." He took out a slip of newspaper, and gave it to me. There I read as in a dream how the body of Captain White, the officer who had been reported "missing," had been found and brought into camp. There was no longer any possibility of doubt. He was dead—Cyril was dead.

"You are convinced?" Mr. Tollard asked at length, as I still stood there staring at the paper with wide unseeing eyes. "You need no further proof?"

His words seemed to come from a long way off. I heard them, but they had no meaning for me, any more than had the strange eagerness with which he spoke. I scarcely noticed it afterwards.

Then all grew dark around me, and I fell at his feet in a dead faint. That was my only reply to his question.

A month later he was engaged to me. He knew that I did not love him; that I only consented to marry him for my mother's sake, and because he had promised to be a true son to her, a good brother to her other children. Thus alone could I help her.

We were to be married almost immediately. Mr. Tollard had waited long for me, a month's engagement, he said, would be long enough; the consideration he had hitherto shown me had now given place to a strange impatience.

It was the eve of the wedding day, and he had come in as usual to spend an hour with us, and to make some final arrangements for the morrow. Aunt Marian was there, too; not much to his satisfaction—he had not wished her to be asked to the wedding, but on that point my mother was obstinate.

The loud knock of the postman brought my younger brothers and sisters heter-skelter into the hall, letters and parcels had been numerous of late, and in their opinion, especially interesting.

"Here are over so many for you, Lottie," they cried, rushing back in a body. "And one of them is from abroad. Mind you don't tear the stamp."

"From abroad?" I took it in silence. The writing was strange to me; my hands trembled so that I could hardly open the letter.

A blank sheet of paper, and in it—a bit of mimosas!

I sprang to my feet. "He is alive! alive!" I cried. "Aunt Marian—mother—he is alive! He is coming back to me!"

"My child! Who is alive? What do you mean?"

"Cyril! Aunt Marian knows! He—"

"Alive? Nonsense!" Mr. Tollard's voice broke roughly in; He strode forward, his face white with passion. "Captain White is dead, Lottie—you know it."

"He is alive; he has sent me this bit of mimosas as a token that he is coming back to me."

"He is dead, I tell you, dead, and you will marry me to-morrow."

"I cannot marry you now. I shall never marry you. He is coming back to me. You know I was engaged to him first."

"What is all this about? Who is coming back?"

"Cyril, mother Aunt Marian—"

"The girl is mad!" Mr. Tollard exclaimed. "I myself saw the man's death in the paper. I showed it to her."

"And did you also show her the contradiction that was published the next day—for I thank you saw that, too?"

Aunt Marian spoke with a very singular emphasis, as Mr. Tollard's face grew livid as he heard her.

## MEDICAL

# Science Startled.

### THE NEW INGREDIENT IN

## RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE

Cures Rheumatism, Kidney and Skin Diseases

4000 Canadians testify to its Merits. Physicians use it daily in their practice. Clergymen of all denominations endorse it. The general public swear by it.

King's Daughters, Hamilton, say: "No hesitation in recommending it. Know it has cured a terrible case of Gonorrhoea, and other cases of Rheumatism."

Rev. Thos. Goughgan, St. Peter's Mission, Hamilton: "From persons interviewed I received the same hearty testimony of pain removed and health restored. Twenty five people."

Rev. Eugene Groulx, Archbishop's Palace, Ottawa: "My ivoullous cases affected in Rheumatic and Skin Diseases, which came directly to my notice. Twenty-six people."

Patrick Rider, London, Ont.: "Had Rheumatism thirty-six years but 'Kootenay Cure' drove it all out of my system."

Mrs. Maggie McMartin, Radenhurst St., Toronto: "Left side completely paralysed. 'Kootenay Cure' and nothing else, restored my health."

HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST.

The longer you wait the worse you become, but as long as you have waited we can cure you. Just think, 4000 people cured in Canada alone. Copy of above testimonials and others (sworn to) sent free on application. There is no substitute for "Kootenay Cure" which contains the NEW INGREDIENT, and if your druggist does not sell it send direct to

### THE S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., Limited, HAMILTON, ONT.

PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE; 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00

"KOOTENAY PILLS" which contain the New Ingredient, are a sure cure for Headache, Biliousness and Constipation. Insist upon Kootenay Pills. Price 25c, mailed to any address.

It was the eve of the wedding day, and he had come in as usual to spend an hour with us, and to make some final arrangements for the morrow. Aunt Marian was there, too; not much to his satisfaction—he had not wished her to be asked to the wedding, but on that point my mother was obstinate.

The loud knock of the postman brought my younger brothers and sisters heter-skelter into the hall, letters and parcels had been numerous of late, and in their opinion, especially interesting.

"Here are over so many for you, Lottie," they cried, rushing back in a body. "And one of them is from abroad. Mind you don't tear the stamp."

"From abroad?" I took it in silence. The writing was strange to me; my hands trembled so that I could hardly open the letter.

A blank sheet of paper, and in it—a bit of mimosas!

I sprang to my feet. "He is alive! alive!" I cried. "Aunt Marian—mother—he is alive! He is coming back to me!"

"My child! Who is alive? What do you mean?"

"Cyril! Aunt Marian knows! He—"

"Alive? Nonsense!" Mr. Tollard's voice broke roughly in; He strode forward, his face white with passion. "Captain White is dead, Lottie—you know it."

"He is alive; he has sent me this bit of mimosas as a token that he is coming back to me."

"He is dead, I tell you, dead, and you will marry me to-morrow."

"I cannot marry you now. I shall never marry you. He is coming back to me. You know I was engaged to him first."

"What is all this about? Who is coming back?"

"Cyril, mother Aunt Marian—"

"The girl is mad!" Mr. Tollard exclaimed. "I myself saw the man's death in the paper. I showed it to her."

"And did you also show her the contradiction that was published the next day—for I thank you saw that, too?"

Aunt Marian spoke with a very singular emphasis, as Mr. Tollard's face grew livid as he heard her.

## Dr. A. W. CHASE

COMES TO THE AID OF

### Catarrh

### Sufferers

SUCCESS in life is almost impossible for a man with bad breath. Nobody wants to do business with him. Nobody wants to associate with him. He is handicapped everywhere. Offensive breath comes from Catarrh of the throat, Catarrh of the Stomach, sometimes of the lungs, sometimes of the head, nose, and throat. It is from Catarrh somewhere, and Catarrh is another name for indigestion.

Many men understand this, and make every effort to cure it, but it is beyond the reach of ordinary practice.

No self-respecting man can ignore Catarrh. If he has it in any form he makes constant effort to be rid of it.

There is something about the manner of life and the climate of Canada that seems to breed diseases of the mucous membrane. Medical science ordinarily doesn't try to cure Catarrh; it "relieves" it; but Dr. Chase has been curing Catarrh for over thirty years, and his name is blessed by thousands who have shaken off the grasp of this insidious disease.

Sold by all dealers, price 25 cents per box, blower free.

"Welcome, little stranger," as the man said when he found half-a-sovereign in the lining of an old waistcoat.

His Explanation.—"John, what makes you stay down town so late at night?" inquired an angry wife of her husband.

"They're talkin' war down town and urge that I tell my experience in the last war as sort of pointers." "But in your sleep you say 'I'm in.' What does that mean?" "Why, you know, if they'd ask me if I'd go to war again, of course I'd say that, wouldn't I, darling?" "Yes, dear, and then sometimes you say 'It's up to you,' asking questions of my company."

"That's when I'm going down the line. But what do you mean when you say 'It's open'?" "Do I say it loud?" "Yes, a little bit exclamatory." "Well, that's when the engagement opens up."

"And if you keep talking about the 'reds' and 'whites,' what's that?" "Oh, bless you, that's the colors of the flag." Well, don't go to war, will you, John?" "Unless my country demands it, then." The explanation appeared to be satisfactory.

WE WANT YOUR WORK

Latest Style of ye Printers' Art

And we are going to have it if GOOD WORK and LOW PRICES will do the business

## PROGRESSIVE PRINTERS

OF EVERYTHING NOTHING TOO SMALL TOO LARGE

No such Printery in ye West and no such types since ye discoverie of printing, as ye Printerman now has \*

### The Catholic Register

JOB DEPARTMENT

40 LOMBARD ST. TORONTO

TELEPHONE 489