

"THE LOVE OF CHLORIS"

Legally they were both Elizabeth Wetherell, but to the large circle of their relatives they were Lizzie Wetherell and Lizzie's daughter, while to the girls of Ambrazon College they were Betty Wetherell of '0 and Betty's mother. Lizzie Wetherell had pretty brown hair just touched with gray, and brown eyes that crinkled when she laughed. A tidy little body she had, usually clad in brown tailored suit, and plump, capable hands. She could keep a house with marvelous nicety. She could plan and make the daintiest gowns. She could tell the funniest stories. For occupation she took three girl students to board in her cozy, old-fashioned house in Brownlow street. And with all her heart she admired her daughter Betty. Betty Wetherell had pretty brown hair, just touched with red, and brown eyes that were grave and earnest. A simple young body she had, clad in pretty gowns of her mother's planning, and slim, restless hands. She could write themes that won commendation even from her English instructors. She could plan novels and plays that in time she meant to write. For occupation she was a student at Ambrazon College. And being a well-bred girl, she was tolerant of her mother, and rarely showed how frivolous she thought her mind and how trifling her pursuits. The graduate student, who dug at Gothic roots in the third-story chamber of the house in Brownlow street, held that Betty's worst fault was youth. In time, no doubt, that would amend itself. But meanwhile it was not always a pleasure to watch Betty with her mother. In her little girlhood Betty had thought that there was no one in the world so clever as her mother. She had liked to hear about the days when her mother had been young, and like her, had written stories and planned great works for the future, and had even begun to have things printed in the papers. Still, on her marriage she had laid aside all thought of a career. But as Betty grew older and more critical, and found that her mother preferred Scott to Stevenson and Milton to Browning, and clung to Macaulay as a trustworthy historian, she began to feel that her mother, however worthy as a housekeeper, was sadly deficient as a scholar, and, no doubt, childish as a writer. So more and more Betty told her aspirations and read her stories to her own little coterie of college friends, and less and less to her mother. And Lizzie Wetherell went on keeping her house spick and span, but she did not tell so many droll stories. And sometimes, when she had spoken, she glanced at clever Betty as if she almost expected to be snubbed for her frivolity. At such times the graduate student longed to take Betty by the shoulders and bump that pretty, foolish little head of hers against the nearest wall. Of course, feeling her mother's lack of true appreciation of her work and aims, Betty did not confide in her when she decided, at the beginning of her junior year, to compete for the five-hundred-dollar prize that Eversham's Magazine was offering for the best short story submitted before December 1. Instead, she consulted her friends and classmates, and with their aid, picked out the manuscript that she meant to submit. It was a theme that her instructor had declared quite perfect in its literary form, and she felt it no extravagance to have it neatly typewritten. How pretty her own words looked seen for the first time in clear, printed letters! When Betty carried the manuscript home, in the frosty November twilight, she had only one left among her friends who had not heard the story. She would so much have liked to read it aloud from the typewritten manuscript! So thinking Betty entered the house and there, in the living-room, she saw her mother sitting. The lamp was lighted, and in the open grate the fire was kindled. At her mother's elbow, on her desk, were the pad on which the day's menus were written, and a couple of cook-books. On her mother's lap were a darning-basket and Betty's silk stockings. And on the table was a silver dish of crystallized ginger, a sweet of which Betty was fond. After the cold outdoors, the living-room looked warm and cozy, and Betty wanted a hearer for her story. So, contrary to custom, she went in to the living-room, instead of passing

on to her own chamber, which was also her study. She sat down in the deep chair by the hearth, and for an instant she had half a mind to tell her mother all about the Eversham's prize offer. But then, as she looked at her pretty manuscript, she felt so sure of its success that she thought it better to wait and astonish her mother when she had actually won the prize. So for the present she told her only that she had there a typewritten copy of one of her newest stories. "Perhaps you would like to hear it," Betty ended graciously. "It is called 'For Love of Chloris.' What are you smiling at, mother?" "I didn't mean to, dear," said Lizzie Wetherell, meekly. "It just fitted across my mind. Such a stately old name! I haven't heard it in years. Then it was a queer old woman, Nancy Towle, down on the Maine coast, who had a heifer she called Chloris. Poor old Nancy!" In a voice that was injured merely to think that her heroine should have affinity with a heifer, Betty began her reading. Soon she had lost the sense of injury in the joy of hearing her own sentences. It was an eighteenth-century tale that she had written, in the fashion of the hour. The heroine wore red heels. The hero prefaced every sentence with "Egad!" or, "I faith!" All the characters were great gentlefolk. The plot was an ingenious compound of love and villainy, and piteously, direfully tragic in its outcome. Betty's voice fairly quavered over the concluding lines. Lizzie Wetherell's face, as she listened, was lovely in its tenderness. Oh, how foolish she had been to feel hurt at Betty's slights, any more than she had resented it when Betty, a tiny baby, had tugged at her mother's hair! How young she was this tall Betty! Love and life! What did she know of either, this child with her red-heeled puppets and her tags of borrowed phrases? Betty looked up. She saw the tender mist in her mother's eyes, but she saw, too, behind the mist, a little twinkle. Suddenly she felt young—and angry. "You don't like it!" she flashed. "I wish you would say what you don't like." "I know so little of eighteenth-century manners," apologized Lizzie Wetherell. "Put—are you quite sure a woman would behave like your Chloris?" Betty rose majestically. "I knew you wouldn't understand," she said, and swept out of the room. That night at dinner Betty was not rude, but deadly civil to her mother. It was one of the times when the graduate student particularly ached to lay hands on her. So unbecomingly supercilious was Betty, that at last, like the trodden worm, Lizzie Wetherell turned. She remembered that in the days long ago she, too, had been a girl writer, with ambitions like Betty's. She remembered that all her life she had remained famous in her own circle as a teller of good stories. She remembered that she still could write letters that were a delight to her friends. "Why, even to-day I believe that I—poor, stupid I!—could write a story as good as 'For Love of Chloris!'" concluded Lizzie Wetherell. So much did she think of this last slight that Betty had put upon her that when she took up the pad that evening to make out the next day's menus, she wrote, almost before she realized what she did, the title that was running in her head—"For Love of Chloris." As she looked at the words, she began to fuse the fragments of the story that had come to her since she had heard the name—the true story of Nancy Towle and her heifer Chloris. Bit by bit she shaped it in her mind, and then, with a little smile that was half-ashamed but very resolute, she bent above the pad and set to writing. By the time that she had finished, the clock was striking ten, and a few moments later the graduate student came downstairs. She always came at that hour, pausing in her long evening's work, and made a little supper of fruit and crackers by the bright fire, and listened to the tales that Lizzie Wetherell no longer ventured to tell at the table. Indeed, Lizzie Wetherell and the graduate student were good friends, and knowing that, Lizzie Wetherell took courage. "Will you let me read you something?" she asked. And then she read aloud her "For Love of Chloris." It was only the story of a crochety old woman and the dumb creature that she loved, and there were tears in it, and laughter, and wholesome sea air, and at the last a gleam of watery sunshine. When the reading was done, the graduate student sat for a moment silent. "That's good," she said, at last. "It's true and human. What do you mean to do with it?" Lizzie Wetherell was as pleased as a girl. Of late she had not been praised for anything but housekeeping. "Do with it?" she repeated. "Why, maybe I'll send it to Cousin Hattie. She'll remember old Nancy, and she likes my scribbling." "More than your cousin would like that story," said the graduate student. "Why don't you try for the prize that Eversham's is offering?" Lizzie Wetherell had not heard of the prize, for Eversham's was one of the new magazines that she, a staunch conservative, never dreamed of buying. But now she heard all about it, and she consented to the graduate student's entering "For Love of Chloris" in the competition, although she protested honestly, she was sure nothing would come of it. So the graduate student carried the manuscript to her room, and on her way passed Betty's door. "Little prig!" mused the graduate student. "With a mother so plucky and sweet-hearted and clever—oh, so much more clever than ever the child will be! And she dares to patronize her! I wish Mrs. Wetherell might win that prize. It would be a lesson to the girl, and she ought to learn it—before it's too late!" The graduate student choked. Over her own mother's grave the snows of the third winter now were drifting. In her own room the graduate student struck off a fair copy of the manuscript upon her typewriter. And the next morning, on her way to college, she posted a long envelope at the box at the corner of Brownlow street, just as Betty, in the corridor

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at Ambrazon, was trusting her precious story to the mail.

About the middle of the morning Betty had a doubt that worried her.

"Did I stamp the envelope that I enclosed for the return of the manuscript? If I didn't, they'll never send it back. I've lost it unless Eversham's takes it. And it's quite possible that they won't."

Then Betty settled down to anxious waiting, and under the same roof each unknown to the other, the graduate student, too, was waiting.

But Lizzie Wetherell, who should have been much concerned for the fate of her "For Love of Chloris," was so troubled at Betty's unexplained preoccupation that she almost forgot about her story.

Soon Lizzie Wetherell had a fresh loss to grieve for, for the graduate student was called home. Almost at a day's notice she left college and her own work to take charge of a stricken house and two newly orphaned nieces, and Lizzie Wetherell, who had come to depend on her companionship, especially at the hour of the little supper, missed her cruelly.

But Betty scarcely heeded the going of the graduate student. She felt that she was no favorite of hers. Besides, she was now giving all her interest to the outcome of Eversham's competition. Every time that she heard the postman's ring she would herself go flying to the door.

On such an errand she had run away, one gray December afternoon, and she was longer about it than usual. Then her voice rang jubilant through the house, and she ran into the living-room, just as she had used to run to her mother.

"The prize!" she cried. "I've won Eversham's prize! 'For Love of Chloris,' by Elizabeth Wetherell, is to come out in the March number. I didn't tell you at the time. I wanted to surprise you. But I sent a story to Eversham's—the one I read to you—and they've taken it. And they've taken it. And they're sending me the check. Five hundred dollars! Think of it, mother!"

When she thought of it, Lizzie Wetherell thought it the most natural and beautiful thing that could have happened. If she remembered her own poor little story that the graduate student had so praised, it was only to be glad that she had never told Betty that she, too, had entered the contest. And she rejoiced wholeheartedly in Betty's triumph, not only for Betty's sake, but for her own. For it seemed to her that in this eager girl, who wanted her sympathy and her praise, she had at last her own daughter-friend again.

But all too quickly Betty was once more her recent self. She must go tell her mates about her success, she said, with the implication that in them alone could she find true appreciation. And as she turned away, with a laugh that was more ill-natured than she guessed:

"You see, mother, Eversham's thought my 'Lady Chloris' was truer to life than the one you wrote."

Of the weeks that followed not much need be said. If Betty had been defensive in her patronage of her mother, when she was merely an earnest student, she was fairly intolerable now that she was a successful author and a wage-earner. Five hundred dollars at one stroke! It was more than her mother could clear by months of labor. So she patronized her stupid mother, till the graduate student had been there, would surely have lost the last of her patience and shaken her.

The marked copy of Eversham's came one February afternoon, along with some letters for Mrs. Wetherell. Betty, who had just come in from college, tore the wrappings from the magazine. "For Love of Chloris," by Elizabeth Wetherell," she read the title. She read the name of the famous artist who had done the illustrations. Then she turned to look at her story in its glorious dress.

If after life Betty could laugh, remembering the dismay with which she saw, instead of the ill-page picture of her dainty Lady Chloris, a garbled old woman, leading a spotted heifer. But at the moment she did not laugh.

"Mother," she said, in a dry voice, "look here! It's my title. It's my name. And I've received the check. But it's not my story. I can't understand!"

Then she saw that her mother's face was startled and that she was holding out to her a newly opened letter, written in the graduate student's hand. Betty read the opening sentences:

"Am I not a true prophet, dear Mrs. Wetherell? I've only just had time, so busy these sad weeks have been, to glance at the magazines again. And I see, in the current number of Eversham's, that your story, 'For Love of Chloris,' has won the prize, as it deserved to do. Congratulations and—"

Betty dropped the letter. She grew aware that her mother was speaking. "I wrote the story," Lizzie Wetherell was saying. "And the graduate student persuaded me to send it to Eversham's."

"She did it on purpose!" Betty's voice rang harsh. "She always disliked me. She—"

"Betty," her mother interposed, "you must be fair! We did not know that you were entering the contest."

"I know! I know!" cried Betty. "She's not to blame to meddle like

that! You're not to blame to take my title—and not to tell me! I'm to blame for it all, perhaps, because I didn't stamp that envelope—because they threw my story into the waste-basket instead of sending it back—because I didn't know it was rejected! I'm to blame that I thought I'd won the prize—that I've told everybody—that I've made a fool of myself—"

She stopped, terrified at the sight of her mother's stricken face. She could not speak sanely yet, but at least she could be silent. She snatched up her coat and ran out of the house.

All that afternoon Betty Wetherell walked. Clear to the reservoir she tramped, and out beyond to the railway tracks and the brickyards and the great waste fields. Through frozen mud and snow she tramped till the sun had sunk redly, and by that time she had tramped the demon down. Something of the youth of which the graduate student had complained Betty lost in that hour of her bitter humiliation. But in its place she gained her first real knowledge of herself.

So in the early evening Betty came home, white and chilled and weary, but mistress of herself as she had never been in her short life. She went straight to her mother's fire-side.

"Dear," she said, frankly and humbly, "I'm sorry. Please forgive me for what I said—and for other things."

"It was my fault," said Betty's mother, with her arms about her. "I ought to have told you that I was trying for the prize."

"Served me right!" choked Betty. "I ought to have told you. I was the one who began having secrets."

"And I had no right to take the title of your precious story," Lizzie Wetherell went on, contritely. "It was yours. It wasn't fair of me."

"Fair?" cried Betty. "O mother, don't! It wasn't fair of me to seize it. At Elizabeth Wetherell's letter, as if there were only one of that name in this house, as if there were only one with brains enough to write a story! And all the time—"

But she did not say it. In the hope that perhaps she had not mistrusted, she spared her mother the pain of hearing how in her heart she had thought slightly of her.

"I'll put that money to your account in the bank to-morrow," said Betty. "And I'll tell the girls, and I'll write to the aunts and uncles, and let them know that it was you, and not I, who was so clever."

"Betty, need you?" urged Lizzie Wetherell.

Then, wisely, she was silent. For she saw that Betty must in her own way work out her atonement.

So Lizzie Wetherell made no comment, although her heart was aching for her girl, when Betty came downstairs that night at the hour when the graduate student used to come, with a handful of letters. "All written, mother dear," said Betty. "I've told all the relatives just whom they should be proud of. And the graduate student—"

"Lizzie Wetherell gave a start.

"Yes," said Betty, "I've written to her. And, mother, won't you read me your 'For Love of Chloris?'"

She gave a sudden, shameless laugh that made her eyes crinkle like her mother's.

"I've been selfish, haven't I?" she said. "And a prig, which is worse. But after this we'll be chums again, won't we, mother? And about the letter to the graduate student, you needn't worry. I wrote to thank her."—Beulah Marie Dix in the Youth's Companion.

BOOK NOTES

"The Athenaeum" of August 29th passes a very friendly criticism on the St. Nicholas Series and concludes by saying that there is much to please and nothing to offend. This from a Protestant paper is a very high testimonial.

The series (only fifteen volumes are announced) is nearing completion and the latest three volumes issued are equal in excellence to their predecessors.

"Vittorino da Feltré, A Prince of Teachers," by a Sister of Notre Dame, is the life of a saintly layman who, though a teacher, exercised the great virtues in a remarkable degree. Born in Italy in 1378, the son of a notary, his earliest learning was towards knowledge, and in spite of obstacles he persevered in the acquisition of it, till in his eighteenth year, he becomes a student at the University of Padua. Life in those centres of learning was very different from what one is accustomed to imagine. Rowdiness and all sorts of license prevailed and Vittorino was rather disillusioned. However, he settled down and by his good example did much to check the current evils. He remained there for twenty years, becoming expert in the various branches of knowledge, and gaining the title of Doctor of Arts.

Apart from his great condition he was loved for his simplicity and piety, and with much regret did Padua part with him when he left to teach at Venice. This absence was not for long. A plague broke out in that city, and the school was dissolved. Returning to his loved Padua, he was offered the highest distinction in the Chair of Rhetoric, which, after much prayer and deliberation, he accepted. Students flocked to hear him, but with their increase general abuse and misbehaviour increased too, until he leaves Padua once again never to return.

The rest of his life is associated with the great Gonzaga family, into which he entered as a tutor. Here

he was able to carry out his ideals of teaching, Mens sana, etc. Luxury and indulgence were not a fit atmosphere for intellectual and moral training, and the organization of the school, the "Joyous House of Mantua," as it was called, was left entirely to Vittorino. His methods were successful, and he gave the world men and women of culture and sanctity—the greatest ornaments of their age. An eminently pleasing biography, interesting in every way, especially to those who have to do with the young. For education means more than is generally supposed. S. R. knows how to use his brush and has given us some striking pictures.

"The Holy Blissful Martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury," by R. H. Benson, needs little comment. The life of St. Thomas and the principle in defence of which he laid down his life are known to all of us. As then so now. The State is ever attempting to encroach on the rights of the Church; we have seen it in France, it is working elsewhere. In the 12th century St. Thomas led where others hesitated, and championed the cause of Religion and sacrificed his life. Father Benson writes an able introduction touching on this subject of erastianism: "But Catholics believe that Christ's kingdom is not of this world, and therefore cannot possibly, in matters of her own constitution, be subject to secular control. They can no more, in things of ecclesiastical government, consent to the substitution of appeals to a Privy Council, or any secular court, for appeals to the Holy Father, than they can consent to the supplanting of the Apostles' Creed by the syllabus of the London County Council."

Apart from the noble cause for which this great Archbishop died, there are traits of character that win our admiration, and chiefly of these, thoroughness. Age quod agis was the principle on which St. Thomas worked. As king's courtier he performed thoroughly the duties proper to that state; as Archbishop he safeguarded the interests of the Church usque ad mortem.

Mr. Chevalier Tayler is responsible for the illustrations, which are of a high order, though we question the detail in the death scene.

Father Garrold, S.J., prefaces his contribution to the Series with the

remark: "It is as a story-teller, and in no sense as a hagiographer, that the author wishes to present his work." The volume takes its title from the first of the three stories, "The Man's Hands," which is a touching little tale of the great Jesuit, Father Southwell. It tells how little dumb Peter, son of one of the Tower officials, found the dungeon of the martyr, and how he was miraculously cured. Pathetic and very descriptively told it reveals a beautiful side of a very beautiful character. "The White Road" is a story of Spain and of one of the many Jesuit missionaries who sailed these seas to convert the heathen. Stephen Zuraire is the hero and we read of his wonderful vocation and its end. The main episode is fictitious, for history is silent on the fate of Blessed Stephen, and as the writer says, "When history fails, we cannot think that we offend if, like children, we make believe."

The last story, "The King's Visit," will be specially appreciated by boys, who are at school and who know a little Latin. To such we direct our remarks. Formerly, of course, the only schools were monasteries, and this tale describes the visit of the young King Henry VI, to the Abbey of Edmundsbury, where he spent Christmas, 1433. And what a fuss there was! What preparations to receive His Majesty with grandest hospitality. The choir, too, was busy, and that grand hymn, the Adeste, was to be sung; each little choir boy expected the honor, but really it was between Brother Roger and Brother Stephen. And when the choice fell on Stephen, Roger felt it bitterly. His anger and hatred knew no bounds; when the bells were ringing on Christmas Eve and sending their message across the snow-mantled country, Roger persuaded Stephen to clamber up the bellry stairs to see the large bells, and—But you must read the story for yourself, and don't miss the moral!

"How I Became a Catholic" is a statement of the religious difficulties of Dr. George J. Bull, who, after testing the various "religions," finally was received into the Catholic Church in 1892. Many, no doubt, outside the Church are afflicted with doubts and difficulties, and go hither and thither seeking relief, trying everything from Anglicanism to Ethics, but the true Church, which an early prejudice, fostered by lies and calumny, represents as a superstitious and dangerous institution. Dr. Bull's words are of great value and should be very helpful to non-Catholics, who, willing to "seek," shall surely "find." An uno disce omnes. This pamphlet is recently published by C. T. S.

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