

"I am," said Tom.

"Never could stand lawyers," she went on; "a nasty, deceitful lot of serpents."

"Indeed they are," said Tom, "loathly, crawling creatures." He shook his head solemnly.

Being unable to put the case more strongly, Aunt Jane found herself unexpectedly with nothing to say. So she turned, with pity in her voice, to Lucy.

"My dear, I wonder you allow your cook to stay in the house."

"Do you suggest a shed at the bottom of the garden for her?" said Tom, gently interrupting. He had decided to assume the offensive.

She ignored him. "This soup," she said, "is disgraceful."

Lucy apologized humbly. So did Tom.

"Take away Miss Wilkins' soup," he said to the servant, and it went before Aunt Jane had time to clutch the plate. It was long before anything else was said by anybody, but Tom seemed to be enjoying his dinner. Indeed, the two ladies were disgusted at the brazen impudence of the fellow. Lucy longed for the end of this ghastly meal, and yet feared what was to follow. At last the servant left, and Aunt Jane coughed significantly. Tom looked up. Lucy said, timidly, "Let us go."

"No," said Aunt Jane; "the time has come."

"Has it?" asked Tom, cracking a nut.

"Your conscience," said Aunt Jane, "must tell you that you owe an explanation to your wife."

"Must it?" asked Tom, checking a smile.

"Don't lose your temper, sir," said Aunt Jane. She always began an argument like that—it seldom failed. "Lucy, tell him what you know."

"I—I—hadn't we better go into the drawing-room?" stammered Lucy.

"No! I will protect you." She turned fiercely upon Tom. "You have letters in a drawer in your study which is locked. Don't deny it!"

"I won't," said Tom. "It's probably true."

"By your brutal conduct you thought you had cowed this poor child's spirit so that she would make no enquiries."

"How did you guess?" said Tom.

"But I have come, sir!"

"I can't deny it," he said.

"And I shall remain and protect my helpless niece for ever, if necessary."

"She warned me that something of the kind might happen," he said, helping himself to a banana.

"Are you going to show me those letters?"

"Certainly not; they are private."

Aunt Jane tried to wither him with contempt, but was so unsuccessful that she felt that, unless she retreated in haste, she would lose her temper herself.

"Come!" she said. "Leave him to his conscience."

As they swept out Tom said to his wife, "Are you a party to this silly nonsense?" but she did not deign to answer. It was all beyond doubt, now, on his own confession.

Tom smoked a cigarette. He hadn't a notion what the row was about, but there would obviously be no peace till Aunt Jane went. So he changed his plan of attack and strolled into the drawing-room. The two were on the sofa. Aunt Jane's arm was round Lucy's waist. They looked ferociously at him, turned away, shuddered, and were silent. He sat down on an easy chair, and took up a book. For five minutes nothing was heard but indignant breathing. Suddenly he remarked: "I saw the doctor again to-day." There was no reply. Aunt Jane clasped Lucy tightly. He went on: "I asked him what he thought."

Still a silence. You could hear their shoulders shrugged.

"He said it was a little hard to explain the green spots, but the pink and yellow ones were either scarlet fever or something in-it is and were quite well known in the profession."

Aunt Jane had released her hold on Lucy and was looking at him with open mouth. He went on casually: "I asked, was it infectious. He said you can't tell until

somebody has caught it from you."

Aunt Jane was standing up.

"But, he says, in case there should be any danger, I had better avoid the company of all but near relatives of myself or my wife."

Lucy hurried up to him with alarm on her face. Aunt Jane backed toward the door.

"Dear aunt," he said, advancing with outstretched hand, "you're not going yet, surely?"

She gave a little scream and jumped away. In a moment she was out of the room.

Lucy turned to him with concern. "Is it serious, dear?" she asked.

"Just you see that Aunt Jane gets comfortably out of the house."

Lucy understood, and the spell vanished. Aunt Jane was upstairs, hurriedly putting on her hat and coat, and muttering aloud.

"I'll take a room at the hotel till to-morrow. Send in my box. No, I'm afraid I can't wait—I shall be late as it is. Thank you for a pleasant evening. Write and tell me how he is getting on, and don't forget to disinfect the letter. Why didn't you tell me this before you invited me? The incompetence of some doctors!—and sprinkle it all over the carpets. Good-by." She scurried down the stairs. Tom was in the hall to say good-by. She dodged around him and out of the door as if twenty microbes were snapping at her heels.

The deserted couple sighed with relief. Lucy put her head on Tom's shoulder.

"I am so glad she's gone, dear. I think she's a witch; she seemed to get hold of my mind, somehow."

"Let's go and look at the guilty letters," he said.

"No, I don't want to see."

"Well, they are only what you wrote to me before we married."

So she brought what he wrote to her, and he brought what she wrote to him, and they exchanged bundles and sat at opposite sides of the table, and he knocked on the table and shot across to her the first in date, and she shot across to him her reply to it; and he read it and shot across the next, and so on all through the list, and when they came to the things which meant kisses . . .

This is a good parlor game for two.—The Sketch.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CALGARY.

The contract for the works necessary to the completion of the two towers of St. Mary's church has been awarded to J. C. McNeil, the contractor, for the sum of about four thousand dollars. The works are to be commenced at once, and completed by the first of August. When completed, the towers will add very much to the appearance of the building. They will run about 23 feet above the present masonry work and be surmounted each by a cross about ten feet high, making the total elevation from the present works about 35 feet.

The structures will be of wood, covered with corrugated galvanized iron, and in each tower there will be two compartments, one above the other, to receive the chime of bells. There will be three bells in one tower and two in the other. Above the compartments, there the structures will terminate in a dome on each tower, to be covered with copper. On the top of these will be two crosses covered with gilt.—Calgary Herald.

A MATTER OF HABIT.

The old schoolmaster was deeply affected. His scholars, noticing the dilapidated appearance of his chair, had presented him with a new one for Christmas.

"My dear boys," said the kindly old pedagogue with tears in his eyes, "I can never hope to tell you how you have made me feel by this token of your love for me. All I can do is to thank you for the sacrifices you have made of your little purses for the sake of my comfort. If you have found me severe at times, I trust you realize that it has always been for your own good. I hope to always have your full confidence, as you have ever had mine."

As the old schoolmaster prepared to sit down in his new chair he unconsciously ran his hand over the seat in search of bent pins.

Persons and Facts

A representative of the Catholic Times on making enquiries at Shoreditch learns that the Rev. Mr. Evans, until recently rector of St. Michael's Anglican church there, has been received into the Church. The ceremony took place about three weeks ago in Florence, where Mr. Evans also received the Sacrament of Confirmation. Ninety-three persons who were formerly members of St. Michael's congregation have already been received at St. Mary's, Moorfields, and the number under instructions is daily increasing.

The Earl of Fingall, one of the four Earls who accompanied the Duke of Norfolk on the recent pilgrimage to Rome, was born there. His father was born in Naples, and his grandfather in Geneva. Lord Fingall, who enjoys an Irish earldom and a barony of the United Kingdom, is the premier Catholic baron of Ireland as the Duke of Norfolk is of England.

We feel that a generous support will be given to the sacred concert in aid of St. Joseph's Orphanage on Tuesday, May 12. This is, as all know, a most deserving institution, in which the Grey Nuns are doing wonders of economical charity, and its needs are all the greater just now owing to the loss sustained in the fire of March 26. The programme for the concert includes several choruses by the choir, and several representatives of our best local talent have kindly consented to assist.

Father Ganss, who is himself a musical composer of high merit, contributes to the Ave Maria of April 25 an extended notice of Edward Elgar, the now famous English Catholic composer, who electrified the best German critics by his marvellous orchestral representation of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." Father Ganss's article is a revelation of the beauties of "the greatest contribution to the musical literature of England since Handel wrote his 'Messiah' in 1742 and Mendelssohn produced his 'Elijah' in 1846." Father Ganss has evidently approached his subject with a deep and wide knowledge of musical technicalities, of which he gives happy glimpses to the ordinary, unskilled reader. Incidentally he also reveals his own fine literary taste, as when he says of Newman's great work: "Probably few if any modern poems could be found so packed with dramatic possibilities, so charged with pathetic sentiment, ranging over the whole gamut of emotional expression, and affording the widest and deepest scope for musical utterances as the Cardinal's beautiful work. Dantesque in its spiritual conception, Miltonian in its cadenced diction, Tennysonian in its lyric wealth, a veritable cyclorama of all the sacred, solemn incidents attending the supreme moment of man's earthly sojourn—his deathbed—its opportunities were bewilderingly enticing, but at the same time full of stupendous difficulties,—difficulties that would yield only to a mastermind." That these difficulties, although triumphantly surmounted by the composer, still face the performer of Elgar's oratorio, is attested by a remark which Mr. Chas. A. E. Harris, the organizer of the musical festivals now delighting Canadians everywhere and Winnipeggers in particular. When, on the occasion of his first visit here, we asked him if he intended to give any selections from Elgar's Dream of Gerontius, he replied with a laugh, "O, dear no; we couldn't attempt anything so difficult as that."

The truth about Philippine outrages is at last reaching the general public. Catholic papers here, for more than two years, affirmed these atrocities, but hitherto the U.S. government has tried to hush them up; now, however, General Miles's report shows shocking cruelties on the part of American officers and soldiers, natives flogged to death or butchered in bunches, priests put through the water torture, and all this excused by the perpetrators on the score of un-

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usual conditions. General Miles is going to change this horrible state of affairs; but what about reparation and punishment for these military brutes?

Last Saturday a special meeting of the University Council was held to express sympathy with Rev. Dr. Hart and Mrs. Hart in their sad bereavement by the recent death of their daughter, Ethel, who was one of the most distinguished graduates of the University, and highly esteemed by all her friends. The resolution of condolence was moved by Rev. Dr. Sparling, and seconded by Rev. Father Drummond and Rev. Dean Matheson. Miss Hart, whose health had been failing for some months past, was married April 15, at Redlands, California, to the Rev. James S. Scott, of Brantford, Ont.

WHICH IS GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE?

Andrew Carnegie is reported to have said that some years ago he wanted to cross a mountain in Pennsylvania and a youngster offered to take him over for 50 cents. Mr. Carnegie thought the price was too great, but, after long argument, paid it, "not because the trip was worth it," as the story goes, "but because I had to get on the other side of the mountain." Mr. Carnegie adds: "I predicted that the boy would some day make a fortune, and he has. His name was Charles M. Schwab."

That reminds me of a story. Years ago a young man owned the only woodyard in a prairie town out west. He had a goodly store on hand when heavy snows came and blocked the roads. For weeks no wood could be hauled to the town, yet the young man went on selling at his regular price of \$2.75 a cord. A friend said to him that he could get five dollars as easily, because the people must have wood. The young man said he knew it, but that he was making a fair living profit. So he continued to sell his wood at the same old price. Everybody predicted that he would always be poor, and he is. God bless him! Never mind his name; you wouldn't know it if you heard it; but it is a synonym of human love and tender sympathy throughout all that prairie country.—Ex.

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