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TWO

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON CHAPTER I.

SPECULATION

In the year of our Lord one thou-sand eight hundred and forty —, at the hour of one, post meridian; the season November; the air chilled with the first stinging breach of winter; in the place where mer-chants then did congregate, commoncalled "Change," two gentlemen infronted one another in the thick est of the crowd; the elder a man fast verging towards his three-score years and ten, with scarce a trace of age except in his silvered hair; his form erect as in youth, with a step firm and somewhat stately. The signet of sorrow, present sorrow, was on his brow, mingled with the whe off its brow, mingred which the indignation and wounded pride which flashed from his dark eyes, and spoke in his compressed lips, as he shook hands gloomily with his friend. A few silver threads mingled with the dark locks of the younger man, but they were only here and there among the brown curls that had tained their brightness, although their owner had seen the snows of more than fifty winters.

His bearing was soldierly, and the insignia on his shoulders marked him as a colonel in the United States service. His countenance was by nature sunny, as one might see by in the merry twinkle of his gray eyes, gained the ascendency, as drawing the arm of his gained the ascendency, as grawing the arm of his friend within his, they crossed the thorough-fare, making their way rapid-ly out of the busy mart. "I have come from the bank," he said as soon as they had left the crowd: " we have done the best we can "we have done the best we can for him. Benten will be allowed to go without further proceedings, ugh there are two strong voices against it; Cemmodore Greenwood, who has lost a pretty large sum, and has not a spark of generosity in him, be specially opposed and would to any act of mercy I might propose ; and my cousin, Tom Stapleton, who has no ties, and has spent twenty years of his life doing nothing, and has a plenty left, we need not waste our sympathy on him. The bank will not be able to pay fifty cents on the dollar. The old Commodore shook his fist in my face and vowed revenge ; however, let it turn as it vill. Philip Benton shall not come into the clutches of the law. He shall go to South America, Australia,

or some far off place first." "He has branded his family with infamy," interrupted the elder gen tleman, striking the pavement with his heavy cane. "I trust he will his heavy cane. "I trust he go where I shall never see him."

Are you going up to the house ?" inquired the other, as if unwilling to enter on the merits of the case. Come and dine with us ; will you ' The questions followed each other

without a pause for a reply. It came however, after a moment. "Yes, I shall see Lucy again, and urge her to come home with me; a divorce can be obtained without much publicity. Thank you, I shall town before dinner. Good morning."

Divorce !" said the officer, under Hartland, the military gentleman whom we have already introduced to his breath, after his companion had left him. "Never! it would be the destruction of both of them."

destruction of both of them. The elderly gentleman did not slackenhis hurried pacetill he paused in a part of the city distant from business, before an elegant mansion - Square. The blinds were THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Yes, I ventured to come to you

I knew that your own sorrows would

not so overwhelm you that you would forget our dear House, and the

orphans, that miss you so much."

And the small woman went on in a voice like the low murmur of

nothing left that I can call my own,

have always been my Lady Bounti

ful; it is but fair others should take

their turn. You must not have that

pleasure all the time," said the sister,

playfully patting the hand she held,

and looking through the tears in

those happy brown eyes, like the sun peeping through an April cloud.

Mrs. Benton, changing the subject.

There is a matter upon which I can

ask advice of no one but you-not

wish to leave one of the girls to com

with his grandfather for a while.

This comes upon you severely,

This comes

Lucy; I will try to help you in your

an ege when most they need

cheerlessly than my first grief.'

"It is your mother's heart, bur-

dened at a time when you were not

of another faith.

fort their grandfather ?"

heart as you can. I want to which of my daughters I must le

wanted to see you today," said

said Mrs. Benton, with a deep sigh

if it

assures you of an earnest, whole- Mrs. Benton, and took both her hands it. I wish we could all die, or take mamma to some desert island, souled welcome. I have none but you; your children shall be my chil-dren; educated, trained as you please.

unworthy of you-"

band, give up one who has proved so

and—" Marion came near and drew her Marion came has and under the former of the second will be out of hearing of little Willie, who was gazing with astenished eyes into Harold's excited face. "Harold's excited face. I will this day settle a sum upon you and your children, sufficient for your support, if you will come to your Hawthorndean, your early home, with all its tender associations, shall be yours, if you will leave your hus-boad effort on the heat your has

you know we are very poor, very poor indeed? I heard the man who came about the furniture say

"Please don't, father," said Mrs. we were not worth a cent. Every thing must be sold, and we are Benton, with a shudder; "do not tempt me to be unfaithful to the Mamma told Rosa and me this morning; she had a line from papa vows made before God and man. You were the first to teach me my duty ; you would not entice me from the today, and he wants her to leave one of us with Colonel Hartland to be his path where you taught me to walk ?" "But, my child, consider your duties to your little ones." daughter; you know he has been papa's best friend, and but for him

mething more dreadful might have "I have, I have," she replied earnestly. "A path will be opened for them in the wilderness. It cannot happened. But you wouldn't leave mamma -in disgrace, too! O, Marion, how could you or Rosine think of such a be right for me, for the sake of their future in this life, to forsake one to

future in this life, to forsars one to whom I have promised to keep till death; they and their mother must follow the fortunes of their father. Let me tell you," she added, seeing him about to urge the matter upon her, "I have had a line from Dulin to day. Colonel Hartland, our thing ?' 'Of course I should not wish to leave mamma," replied the sister, coloring slightly," but you know if papa wishes it, it must be done, and it would be less care for papa, we

Philip to day. Colonel Hartland, our noble friend, has offered him a home shall be so poor." "I don't care for poverty, Marion," said the boy, blushing crimson; "poverty isn't disgrace. I must give up college, and all that, of course, on a farm of his in Illinois, and we are to meet Philip as soon as arrangements can be made. The Colonel has often begged of him one of his out I'm thankful we are going off. don't care how far, if we could only get away from it; to have it flang at daughters, and now it is my hus-band's wish that I leave either me that papa is —. O, Marion ! and he threw himself in a paroxysm Marion or Rosine with him.' Mrs. Benton forced herself to com-municate this intelligence to her of shame on the couch which occu

pled the window. "Go away, Willie," said the sister ather, but toward the close of the sentence, her voice became unsteady, and though no tears followed, she in a sharp voice, as the curly head peeped through the curtains, "we was seized with a violent attack of trembling, and some moments passed sfore she could recover herself.

father.

peeped through the curvalus, we don't want you here." "Let him come," said his brother, drawing the child towards him. "Such a big boy cry!" said Willie, carefully wiping Harold's eyes. At this moment sister Rosine expected with a summons from their appeared with a summons from their

other

requirement of my husband more than any he ever made." It will be necessary here to bring "And yet, Lucy, you are my all forward what has perhaps been anticipated by the reader-the cause And yet, hudy, you are my an , bat you leave me in my declining years, taking away all my precious grandchildren except one, whom you place with comparative strangers." of the sudden sorrow that had overwhelmed in one moment a household that had dwelt for years

this is too much !"

My poor Lucy !" exclaimed her

Yes, I own, I rebel against this

enclosing her in his arms,

Mrs. Benton looked imploringly into the face of her parent. "What can I do, and do right? I know, dear in peace and quiet, enjoying all the comforts and luxuries of life. Philip Benton, the father, had stood father," she exclaimed, a bright flush kindling her pallid cheek for a for a long term of years in a position of eminence as president of a large banking establishment. He had ever noment, and passing away like a shadow, "you shall have dear little borne a spotless reputation. "He is too proud to be other than honest," Willie, your namesake, for a while at least. I will take the responsibility said by friend and foe. In an of leaving him with you, only ask evil hour, when gambling in stocks was rife, Philip Benton made hasts ing," she said, pressing his hand nervously, "that, as far as you can prevent, while he is with you, no word or deed shall prejudice him to be rich, berrowed money of the institution for speculation secretly, but with no doubt the sincere pur against his father, or against the pose of refunding. A sudden revulfaith of his mother. Brighter days sion in the money market not only may restore us all to you, dear

ruined him pecuniarily, but held him before the world—that world who had deemed him so honest—as a I pray that it father." she added. may be so, if it be the will of God, but I must follow my husband. swindler, a man who had wilfelly Mr. Hawthorne, finding his persua defrauded widows and orphans. The sions useless, thanked his daughter world is never pleased to be mistaken in the opinion she forms of any man, for this promised visit from Willie, assuring her that during the period of separation the child should hold and the tongue of reproach, in this case, was sharper than a two-edged in reverence the faith of his mother, and the memory of his father ; and sword. The voices loudest against Benton were those who had been guilty of the same crime, but had the

then he sought to soothe his suffering child, but his irritation against the offending husband betrayed itself in every sentence. Mr. Hawthorne was himself an honest, upright man : Benton like a shock of probably a temptation to swerve from strict integrity had never mental paralysis, and but for his ntimate and dear friend, Colonel crossed his path ; he could not sym pathize with one who had been tempted and fallen. He had no pity, our readers, he would have remained, with stolid indifference, where justice was out of patience, incensed with Mr. Benton, and though glad to

yould have claimed him for the penrescue him from imprisonment, he would have claimed nim for the per-itentiary. By the exertions of his friend, early and late, the law was evaded the matter compromised with the creditors, and Benton sent to the the creditors, and Benton sent to the the creditors and Benton sent to the trembling alive to the disgrace of MOLLY MISTLETOE

"Buy a sprig of mistletoe! Little sprig o' mistletoe ! Ten cents buys a sprig of mistletoe !" It was Christmas Eve, and Billy O'Brien, vendor of mistletce. defying the impesing footman, boldly sang his wares before the entrance to the

a voice like the low murner of a distant stream, giving Mrs. Benton the sweet comforts of their mutual faith, and the last intelligence from the House of the Infant Jesus, of which she was Sister Superior, win-ning her thoughts for a time from her own grief and bringing a glasm Copley Plaza. Perhaps a bit of the Christm spirit and the consciousness that his pockets bulged with generous tips, prompted the big footman to disre her own grief, and bringing a gleam gard the irregularity of the small her own grief, and bringing a gleam of light for her for the future, in the memory of how much she had been enabled to do for the poor unfortu nates who crowded the streets of the boy's procedure. Billy had had a long day; a suc-

cessful one, since three times had he replenished his stock. But Billy,

blue eyed, blue nosed, blue ingered, was illy clad to withstand the biting east winds that capered and coquet ted across Copley Square. With the lust of Christmas gold upon him. city. "Our House is to have another our nouse is to have another wing, and this week we have have had a legacy which will help us to many things for our dear orphans," pro-ceeded the Sister, as she found the attention of her friend gained; " we had a strong cell this memory si had risen to such heights of Billy enthusiasm as to scorn a noonday sandwich, and four o'clock found him attention of her friend gained; "we had a strong call this morning—six little orphans of one family, the eldest only fit for the nursery; some sandwich, and four before reach that him nearly frozen. The one warm thing about Billy was his heart; with visions of a "regler Christmas" for his juniors at home, he blew icity on of our good ladies sent me clothes for them at once, and-" " My means are cut off. I have

his frozen fingers which stiffly clutched the mistletoe and as stiffly caressed the magic coins in "O yes, dear, you have prayers ; ab, pocket. It was at this juncture, when the if it wasn't for prayer, our alms would do but little good; besides, you

Boston east wind was at its wicked vorst, and an almost congealed Billy with fast numbing lips stoically besought customers, that a taxicab drew up to the curb, the stalwart footman impressively threw open the door and Molly, the bewitching alighted.

Molly, Most Lovely, a picture of youth and beauty, wealth and we framed in the softest of furs. nd warmth And behind Molly came her maid, her arms full of white-wrapped Christmas mysteries tied with the conventional red ribbon.

even Father Roberts; he is sympa "Buy a sprig o' mistletoe! Little sprig o' mistletoe!" chanted Billy thetic and kind, but it seems to me he could not understand a mother's O'Brien. daughters I must leave

'Mistletoe !' exclaimed Molly. behind when I ge ?" "Then you will go to your hus-band? I am so glad," replied the sister. "I knew you would; you will have God's blessing for it, and you The very thing I want! I'll take, and she beamed upon Billy, "as much as I can carry. I think about twenty. five sprige-that will be one for each of my packages." Billy's frozen fingers dispensed

the required amount and Molly's descended to the depleted depths of a No, sister, I shall leave Willie gold purse. feel that he will be well cared for there; but my husband requires me

gold purse. "A five-dollar gold piece; the last of my heard!" she laughed as she dropped it into Billy's blue palm. to leave one of my elder daughters with Colonel Hartland; he has no Keep it for luck!" she added. Why," she exclaimed, "your hands daughter, and has often seriously begged one from us, and now we are under such vast obligations to him," bare! Bare!" She looked at Billy's small, peaked face. "You poor little icicle! Clotilda," she said to -she paused, and the bright flush passed again over her face, and her her maid, " look at him ; half-starved, voice almost failed her as she added, half-dressed !" She turned to bowing her head in agony, "he has proved himself a true friend in our How much have you left to sell ?" Billy displayed about fifty sprigs. "Business'll be better, Miss, comin sorest need, and this is all we have to give him in return."

on evenin' 'Give them to me. I'll sell then for you, honey. Clotilds, take him up to our suite. Order a hot meal

decision, if this must be." "It must," replied Mrs. Benton served to him there at once." Billy's eyes beamed gratitude-his lips were damb. Timidly he followed 'I must give up one of my girls, at mother's care, to one almost a stranger, who will claim her as a Molly's maid into the sacred precincts of the Copley-Plaza. For a few minutes Molly stood with mother, and worse than all, to people

her armful of mistletoe, a picture for the passing populace. No one, howme (am I not sinful to say it ?) more ever, stopped to patronize her stock. Suddenly Mølly realized that she must cry her wares as Billy had done. Swallowing gathering symptoms of stage fright Molly began bravely

able to bear any addition, with a new weight, a terrible weight indeed; Buy a sprig of mistletoe ! A little and the choosing between the two is no easy task; but we will talk over sprig of mistletoe !' the matter. Marion is the more robust, and would better bear a western climate."

Instantly from that somewhere whence issue all similar gatherings, appeared the inevitable crowd. Yes, but Rosine's very delicacy What's the price ?" inquired some seems to me a reason why I should keep her with me; then I remember that Resine, though the younger, has the more established principles of

one. Whatever you care to give !" replied Molly.

For ten minutes business boomed The husky Copley-Plaza.

unscalable heights would Aunt Mar ella's respectable eyebrows ascend ? Molly's laugh rippled down the cor ridor to her apartments, where she discovered Billy O'Brien bending blissfully over a steaming assortment of viands. "Boy!" she exclaimed joyously. "Just think, I sold it all! Not a

scrap of your mistletoe is left! I stood there and waved it and called as you had done, and all of Copley Square came up and bought!" "Gee, Miss, then you must of got

"bout five dollars." "Five dollars!" scoffed Molly.

'You eat while I count," and, so say ing, she shook her white fox muff, and the largest quantity of money that Billy had ever seen was precipi billy dashed to the rescue. To

gether they counted the proceeds "Seventy-three dollars!" announced Molly. "Gosh! I guess I'll have ter get

burgler 'nsurance on me goin' home! exclaimed Billy. 'Clotilda will sew all but the silver

into your insidest inside pocket." And to Clotilda: "If Aunt Marcella had only happened into Copley Square, Clotilda, she would have been borne off in an ambulance." Clotilda chuckled respectfully.

"I'm thinkin', Miss, your poor, dear Aunt would have had some fierce

'Now, Boy-not-quite-so-Blue." said Molly, "promise me two things before you leave. First, go and buy your-self an overcoat and some mittens, and, second, don't try to sell any more mittens to night-it's too cold and mistletoe to night-it's too cold and you're too tired. Will you promise ?

Billy crossed his heart. "Hones' ter Gawd, Miss. It's m for one fine coat, an' then I'll lug Ma out shoppin' fer ter kid the kids there's a Santy Claus.'

there's a Santy Claus. "But there is a Santy Claus, Boy, dear!" objected Molly. Billy winked eloquently at Clotilda. "They is at you say so, Miss. An'," as he made his way to the door, "I've

seen some swell dolls ter the Movies.

but take it from me, they ain't no skirt nowhere thet ever wuz in it wid you Molly laughed. Merry Christmas,

Boy ! An'a wollopin' fine one ter you,

Miss-er, Mistletoe !" John Henry Weston, with his tendollar boutenniere radiating its

special brand of Christmas merriment, walked on a private promenade entirely around Cepley Square. The card on which Molly Mistletoe was scribbled sent wireless sweet-nothings to the Weste Department of thrills. In vain Western wrestled with his powers of descrip tion; in vain did he mobilize a troop of the most flattering adjectives in the ranks of the Century, Unabridged. Words-just words, poor, futile, inadequate words. Why, the English language was reduced to two words

-just two, redolent of magic an mystery! Molly Mistletoe! What could be sweeter, tenderer, more car essing than Molly-unless it be

Mistletoe L John Henry Weston's circuit of the sacred square brought him back to the big footman who had kept the crowd in order while Molly Mistletoe

had dispensed her wares. A greenback fluttered into the foct man's band. "Will you be so good as to tell me

if the young lady who sold the mistletoe is a guest of this hotel ?" The footman took John Henry

"She is, sir. She took it off The Catholic Real little kid that was peddlin' it, while she sent him inside to get some grub.

"I suppose," observed the gentle-man of the boutonniere, "that it would be impossible to learn her 87 YONGE ST., TORONTS name.

"It would, sir unless," with Hennessew

DRUGS

PERFUMES .

DECEMBER 27, 1919

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CUT FLOW

down all over the hou was an appearance of desolation and neglect about the steps and sidewalks, contrasting with the well washed pavements of the adjoining desolution. dwellings. He waited but a mo-ment, drew a long breath and accending the steps, he entered where he was no stranger. The stillness of death reigned in the halls and drawing rooms, and his foot on the oaken staircase brought the first sound of life to his ear.

Dear, dear grandpapa," was the sound, and a curly head nestled in his arms, and he felt the little creature sob as he pressed him to his bosom, and heard the whisper, "Papa has gone away off, and mamma is so grieved, and sisters cry so grieved, and sisters cry all the time, and Harold stamps his foot.

"Sad times, my darling," said the grandfather, taking the boy to the nursery, where he found the elder sister resting her head on her arms in weary sadness, while Harold was striding across the floor with the step of a grown man, pouring forth boyish thougate, and chafing like a caged lion. "Where is your mother?" said

the grandfather, his voice fairly broken with the emotion caused by the sight of his grandchildren.

"She is in her own room with sister Rosa," replied the girl, coming for ward and pathing up her lips for dear grandpape's kiss. "My poor Marian," he said, press.

rupted the boy ; but the grandfather ones!" eft the room before he could finish

only ties that could save him the utter ruin. He left his daughter then far West; his wife and five chil-dren were left behind, to follew or to leave him to his fate, as they and their friends should determine. The visit state of the stat

good fortune to refund the maney

borrowed secretly, before the panic. The discovery of his fraud had come

upon Philip

The visit of the grandfather, Mr. Hawthorne, to his daughter, was to urge upon her a plan of his own. He had come from his beautiful countryseat, among the breezy hills of Con-necticut, as soon as he had heard the distressing news, determined to take his daughter and the children to his own home. "Dear Hawthorndean, own home.

the early home of my Lucy," he had said to himself, "what place on earth can be like it to her, and here she can hide her sorrows from the world."

Twice before he had endeavored to open the subject to her, but was checked by the utter prostration that followed this stunning blow. This day he found his daughter calm, but

wearing the lines of unutterable sor-row in her wan face, and hands that clutched each other continually.

'Lucy, my child, listen to me,'' said her father, taking her clasped hands in his. "Let me talk to you of this; the time has come when I must speak."

Yes, father," she replied, looking ap into his face with her tearless eyes, "to day I can bear anything. Philip, thank God, is safe from the

"My poor Marian," he said, press-ing her to his heart, "you must help your mother bear this; it will kill her—" "It is worse than death," inter-rupted the boy; but the grandfather

"Yes, Marion," he added, as the door closed after him," digrace is as great deal werse than death. Dis-great deal werse than death. Dis-tanily: "I wish to renew and urge to his brew lest the tears sheld start; "I hear it everywhere, I see it in every face; all the boys have

of that proud spirit. It was well for her that she had for many years known the only source of rest for the known the only solves of response weary-hearted. It was a happy thing that in this time of her more than widowhood, she could look back to her youth, passed in the Ursuline Convent, Charlestown, where she must be mine no longer." had been placed for education, and where she had found what was far better than any learning—the price-less gift of faith. Her principles had been fixed and confirmed, in that always; the time have come, when some change will restore your child to your arms. Meanwhile all that I can do for her while I am left here, fearful night when a Boston mob disturbed the peaceful inmates of that shelter, and her only sister, a young and delicate girl, had been obliged to fise, like the others of that community, to a place of refuge, the fright and exposure bringing on the disease which caused her death. Nothing could afterward drive Lucy Hawthorne from her position as

Catholic ; she could only look upon dear Edith as a martyr, and the gentle reproaches of her parents, and the scoffs of her early friends, were met alike by fixed determination. She had loved Philip Benton in the days of her childhood, and though he was of no faith, she would not go back from her promise. He had respected the religion of his wife, and all his children had been reared. This home is also laid up in our dear Edith as a martyr, and the the dear child, and I trust it to you

May I come ?'

are firm in her faith, and Minister, the young lady herself Mistletoe stock scared; Molly was having the time of her life. She was almost sorry when she exchanged the last sprig for a tan dolice bill better prepared to meet the changes and chances of life. Marion is am-bitious, and she might forsake the faith, at least she would feel it to be a great drawback to her advancelast sprig for a ten-dollar bill. "Perhaps," ventured the generous ment in worldly society; the world would fill her heart and head to the buyer, as the crowd dispersed, " per-

agreed.

exclusion of better things, were she to be left to herself; therefore Roshaps you would arrange it in my buttonhole.' Molly, stimulated with success was ine, with her sweet comforting ways, too ecstatic to be in anything but a

" Lucy, this parting may not be for melting mood. 'Certainly," she replied with alacalways; the time may come, and it rity. Demurely, skilfully, Molly inserted ten dollars' worth of mistletoe in the

buyer's buttonhole. shall be done most gladly.' finality.

"That will be a happy trought for "One, just one thing more," pleaded he man. "Will-er-will you give me, dear sister ; let her come to you often, you will warn her of danger, the man. "Will-er-will you give me a receipt?" Molly looked at him. No, he wasn't reprove her faults, and keep un-dimmed the memory of her early home, and above all, her mother's offensive; he was just as full of Christmas jovial daring as she. She would never see him again. Why faith ; it is too hard for me to break the intelligence of our separation to

This hope is also laid up in our Tespected the religion of the wind and all his children had been reared in the Church of their mother. A long deep raverie after her father had left her, bringing quiebess and peace to her soul, was broken by a peace to her soul, was broken by a peace to her soul, was broken by a -\$10. Molly smiled incortably, selfed the prefered pencil and on the instant wrote, "Paid-Molly Mististoe." With a parting' twinkle she disap peared into the security of the hotel. The fear that John Henry Weston was close at her keels sent Melly's feat dring in the most procurational pence to her soul, was broken by a share a structure approach and filled gentle tap at the door, followed by, rare light as our approach and filled "May I come ?" recions comforter is the stated, as "May I come?" "May is a come?" while tears at our going pars and withdrewn mest" "It is of them I wish to speak, incov," said her father, encouraged, but a look of relief, again with the joy of meeting, never-almost of jey offlowed, as the embraced the weak of the rest flying in the most unconventional,

few megazines, sat himself in the lobby commanding a complete view of the elevators.

For two exasparating, hopeful hours John Henry Weston waded through a conglemeration of light literature with one eye, and with the other studied to the last detail the exits from the Copley . Plaza elevators.

The wall clock sounded seven. The watcher turned upon it a deflant look. "I shall wait," he said firmly, That is -all !" she observed with until half past seven."

It wanted ten minutes of the hour named when the particular elevator which had added most to John Henry's series of disappointments, moaned itself to a standstill, The door slid open, and, followed by two elderly, distinguished protectors, came Molly Mistletoe.

not? "If you make out the bill," she The scorned magazines dropped unnoticed on the floor. John Henry Weston, with his heart attuned to a agreed. Immediately from the recesses of a morocco case the owner produced a visiting card. He wrote a line on it Mistletoe Caprice, arose, and all unobserved, followed the trio to the visiting cara. He wrote a motor and and handed it to Molly. She read the engraved name-John Henry Weston --and underneath the soribbled words: "To one bunch of Mistletoe taxicab stand.

With great deference Molly's male protector assisted the Ermine Aunt and the smiling, radiant, dazzling Molly Mistletoe into taxicab No. 2323 Molly smiled insorutably, seized the Massachusetts.

23 23 it may be, but I shall not let them skiddo !' observed John Henry, as he entered the machine next in line. "Follow that car ahead," he ordered the chauffeur.

" Right-oh, mister," and the door was slammed.

un-Bestonian manner to the elevator. "What possessed me to do such a

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