

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER

BOOK II

CHAPTER XIX

FAREWELL TO MANHATTAN

The darkness of night had fallen over Manhattan, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of the surviving flowers and of the orchards. The pursuit which had been hot upon Evelyn's tracks, had somewhat slackened. There had been a second inquisitorial visit to the house of Madam Van Cortlandt, which had naturally proved futile, and also to the dwelling of Polly, who then for the first time learned with grief and dismay the charges that had been made against her life-long friend and the danger in which she stood. The plan conceived by Captain Prosser Williams and the malignant brood whom he had stirred up to the proper degree of evangelical wrath, was to allow the furor to die and, while waiting and watching, to have apparently become convinced of the hopelessness of the pursuit. They were of opinion that the said tenacious Papiet, Mistress de Lacey, was no doubt concealed in an unsuspected place, to which, through some act of imprudence on the part of herself or others, she might be traced.

Happily for the success of Ferrers' plans, Prosser Williams had confided to the officers of the law, and to others interested in the search, his conviction, amounting almost to certainty, that the fugitive would attempt to leave the city by water. For, judging from the usual practice of Greatbatch that the girl's father had gone by brigantine to the Barbadoes, it seemed certain that Evelyn would make an effort to rejoin him there. Orders were given, therefore, that the strictest watch should be kept on the Water Gate and the wharf, especially on all vessels sailing for southern ports. Hence it chanced that but slight attention was paid to the Boston Post Road or the Eastern Post, which stretched off into the country from the Bloomingdale Road.

As was the custom for ladies when travelling, Evelyn de Lacey wore a black velvet riding-mask over her face, which concealed her identity from the casual observer. As previously arranged, she was attended by her negro maid and Jumbo. All those not engaged in the search would therefore be perfectly satisfied with the appearance of the party. With her heart full of a desolating grief at all she was leaving behind her, though buoyed up with the hope of shortly rejoining her beloved father, Evelyn rode at an ordinary pace, so as not to attract attention, until they came to the inn at Livingston Street, just a mile's distance from the City Hall, where travellers often stopped to take a glass of wine. Here the travellers intended to deflect from the main road and seek a by-path into the country. But it was necessary to exercise some caution, since their movements might be watched from the inn windows. Alighting, while the two women waited breathlessly in the shelter of a clump of trees, Jumbo surveyed the premises, and brought back word that the tavern was empty save for two gentlemen, whose identity was known to him.

Thus, encouraged, Evelyn rode slowly by, her eyes resting sadly upon that familiar place which she had so often regarded indifferently. It seemed to her now like the last link between her and the chill desolation. There was a blazing fire on the hearth and the lights, but as it were in the darkness. The two men of whom Jumbo had spoken, and whose identity presently became known likewise to Evelyn, advanced toward the door conversing in a light and merry fashion. With a leaping of the heart and an emotion that brought tears to her eyes, Mistress de Lacey recognized Captain Ferrers and Pieter Schuyler. The search was therefore for her father, and the expression of their faces all that they would have said had they dared to speak or appear conscious of the horsewoman's identity. For a single instant, reckless as the act might be, Evelyn removed her mask, and both men saw the expression of that lovely face, pale but full of resolve and with a smile which each one felt to be reward sufficient for all his devotion. Each turned to the other and drew a deep breath, as the figure upon the horse, lightly touching the animal with the whip, sped out of sight, striking off from the Boston road into a by-path which Jumbo had indicated.

Upon Evelyn's soul fell a weight of depression as the inn faded from her view. As with her two attendants she plunged into the surrounding darkness, it seemed to the girl as if her heart would break. But she strove to raise her spirits and reanimate her courage by the thought of the joyful meeting with her father, and the hope that a future might dawn when a return to Manhattan and to the familiar scenes and people of her youth might be possible. Further than that in anticipation she dared not go. Whatever might be the sentiments which Captain Ferrers entertained towards her, and which had just been told again, more eloquently than in words, by that brief glance at the inn door, it

were folly to suppose that she could permit him to brave the Governor's displeasure and incur the penalty perhaps of high treason by allying herself with an outlaw. No, she told herself; it far more likely occurred would be the return of Lord Bellmont to England, taking Captain Ferrers with him, long before she should see Manhattan again. And her heart ached with a poignant pain that she could not have thought possible a short time before, when she had gone with Polly—her dear, warm-hearted Polly—to see the passing of the gubernatorial procession.

She told herself that henceforward she must set herself to the task of promoting by every means in her power the well being of a father whom she loved with the intensity peculiar to her nature, and which was all the deeper for the reserve and self-repression she practised. Her care must be to keep their whereabouts another through her mind and were hostile, or who might be indiscreet in Manhattan, and particularly from Captain Prosser Williams, who she knew would continue to pursue her with all the resources of his malice. New England was no safer in point of fact than New York, except that there they would be more obscure. For Lord Bellmont ruled paramount there, and was there better liked than he had ever been by the Dutch. But, since Maryland was no longer accessible to Catholics, Gerald de Lacey was without a safe refuge, and had chosen Salem because he had been recommended to go thither by a friend, who had in fact placed a dwelling at his disposal.

As Evelyn rode along through the darkness, all these reflections chased about through her mind and the conviction grew upon her that their only resource lay in complete obscurity. She did not quite realize how difficult it would be for such a father and such a daughter to remain unnoticed. She was, however, fully in accord with her advisers, who had sent her a detailed letter of instructions, in believing that it would be better for her to send her maid back to New York, and that she herself should reach her destination. For it would assuredly attract attention were she to have a black servant in that new habitation where her own identity was to be lost.

It was very late when the travellers, weary and exhausted, pulled up at the quaint and substantial residence where they were to be received for the night. Mistress Schuyler extended the most gracious hospitality, asking not a single question concerning their plans and convincing Evelyn at once of her reliability. Her supper was in readiness for them, after which they sought almost immediately the rest of which they were so much in need. Scarcely had the dawn whitened the landscape than they were up and away again on that journey, which it was vitally necessary should be accomplished in the shortest possible time. After various pauses for rest and refreshment at places suggested by Mistress Schuyler, they finally put up at a little hostelry on the outskirts of Boston Town, whence Evelyn was to take the stage to Salem, and where Jumbo was to remain until he could dispose of two of the horses, retaining the third for his return journey to Manhattan. Evelyn parted with real regret from the faithful lad, who was associated with some of her happiest hours. It was the breaking of another link with the past. She pressed into his hand a piece of gold with her cordial thanks, and bade him above all things maintain that secrecy which was so necessary. Elsa was to remain in Boston for a day or two until she was rested, and was then to return to her native city by the stage-coach. Evelyn knew that Elsa would be very loath to part with her, but she saw the necessity of exciting no remark and furnishing no clue to those who might institute inquiries or even follow in pursuit. A message was sent from Boston an hour or two in advance of her arrival, since the shock might be too severe for her father, and so he was waiting to clasp to his heart with an emotion too deep for words that idolized daughter who was thenceforth to be the companion of his exile.

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

EVELYN'S NEW HOME

A dreary road, darkened by the gloomiest trees of the forest, led into Salem by way of the turnpike road from Boston. This passed through a gap in the hilly ridge, with the frowning pile of Norman's Rocks to the north. These hills attained a bad eminence during the witchcraft frenzy. For it was upon the bare and bleak ledge at the top of the cliff that twenty innocents had swung on ghastly gibbets, a testimony to high heaven of truly diabolical malice blended with ignorance and credulity.

A little beyond the turnpike road, in a sheltered spot secure from general observation, stood a wooden house of two stories with a garret. It was surrounded by a plot of ground in which grass grew luxuriantly, but not so much as a daisy or other wild flower showed its head. Over it two trees, an elm and a willow, cast shadows that were funereal and added to the general gloom. It was in this secluded dwelling, lent to him through the kindness of a friend and one-time comrade of his soldiering days, that Mr. de Lacey found a place of refuge. There he was joined by Evelyn when she fled from persecution and from the malice of her enemies in New York.

Salem itself presented certain natural beauties. Trees of many

sorts, some of them a relic of primeval woods, gave their luxuriant shade to the streets. The rivers—North and South, Forest and Bass—lent a beauty of their own to the scene. In secluded spots upon their surface, near the green wooded shore, white and sweet-smelling water lilies floated upon the surface, in contrast to their ugly and rank-smelling yellow caricatures which also gathered there. Salem could boast of many handsome dwellings, mostly with lawns or flower-beds before them, where the Endicotts, Hutchisons, Sewalls, Porters, Putnams, Leas, Houltons and the rest had their abodes almost since the beginning of that old Bay Colony, which was second only to Plymouth in antiquity. To Evelyn the whole atmosphere was one of gloom, and in striking contrast to the pleasant social life of the Dutch colonial town she had lately quitted. There everybody knew everybody else, and the young people had an almost unbroken round of wholesome pleasures and amusements, which in no wise interfered with the useful domestic lives of the women and their proficiency in household arts. Here, amongst these sour, sanctimonious folk, she was afraid to display that natural gaiety which since recent events alternated in her with moods of almost tragic sadness. For true to the Celtic character, hers was a dual nature of mirth and sadness, all too readily influenced by her surroundings. The Puritan gloom oppressed her, and moreover she had to put aside her pretty gowns, her elaborate scarfs and silken hoods in which, as she owned to herself, she had formerly taken an almost inordinate pleasure. But now it was necessary to conform to the ways of the town and array herself with the sombre simplicity of the women thereabouts. Any departure from the prevailing fashion of the place would have been fraught with considerable danger. Curiously enough, however, the simplicity did but enhance her charm, and the deepening of the melancholy which at times appeared in her lovely eyes would have made her more deeply attractive to those over whom she had exercised so powerful a fascination, and whom she had left behind in her beloved Manhattan. Her father had likewise donned the high, pointed hat and the long, skirted coat, and the two often laughed to see themselves thus transformed into Puritans. Evelyn missed her garden, for not a flower would grow in the stony soil surrounding their present abode. She sorely missed the cottage, with its views of the bay and river, and the gay and pleasant household of the Van Cortlandts, where she had spent so much of her time. She missed her dear, warm-hearted Polly, dearest of all her girl friends; she missed the loyal devotion of Pieter Schuyler and the motherly kindness of Madam Van Cortlandt, but most of all, and in far deeper and subtler fashion, she missed that other who had so lately come into her life and had carried before him all lesser affections. Although she was neither demonstrative nor impressionable by nature, the tidal wave of real love, which had thus swept her from her moorings, was all the stronger because of the obstacles by which its path was obstructed. She knew it seemed utterly improbable that she should ever marry Egbert Ferrers. For besides the difficulties which arose from his position in the Household of the Governor and through the jealous vigilance of Captain Prosser Williams, who would at once take measures to ruin them both, there was the personal question of religion. She herself, as a professor of the Catholic faith, was virtually proscribed, and was in actual danger of imprisonment or even severer penalties because of her work amongst the savages. But, even had the late decree remained a dead letter, she would never have wavered in her resolution to marry none other than a Catholic. To her mind, indeed, the very severity of the persecution made it essential that husband and wife should be united in doctrine and in practice.

During that dreary time when scarcely a word of news reached them from Manhattan, the father and daughter found in each other's companionship their solace for the surrounding gloom, and the tie between them became more close and tender than ever. Mr. de Lacey had the additional consolation of a few books which he had been able to bring with him and of some others which he had found on the bookshelves of his present residence. Evelyn, on the other hand, found her days filled up by a variety of occupations, the chief of which was the household work. For her only assistant was a young Puritan girl, whose name of Joy was a misnomer. The latter had, however, a certain taste for cooking and for housework, which Evelyn set herself to train and develop. She taught her to make some of those delectable dishes which she herself had learned in the Van Cortlandt household. Evelyn's proficiency in all household activities, and particularly those which pertained to the culinary department, not only of this Abigail herself, but also of the neighbors. They were astonished that so young a girl should be a past mistress of domestic science, which with them, after their cold and cheerless fashion, was almost a religion. On the other hand, they resented deeply the isolation in which the young girl held herself from the solemn and uninteresting social affairs in which they delighted. Without being able to

explain it, they felt Evelyn's superiority, and it enraged them. The reluctant admiration, which in the minds of many gave place to envy, sowed the seeds of malice, which was destined later to bear bitter fruit. Apart from the galling fact of her beauty, it annoyed them to find her superior in knitting, sewing, weaving and in such accomplishments as dyeing and extracting virtues, medicinal and otherwise, from plants.

Closely adjoining the house was a road, darkened by the trees of a forest. To Evelyn this seemed inconceivably dreary. As she told her father, it always reminded her of that forest wherein the Tuscan poet had lost himself, and where wild beasts or other evil things might be lurking. It differed as widely as possible—or such, at least, is the force of imagination—from those friendly woods skirting the dear, old town of Manhattan, where the people had an almost unbroken round of wholesome pleasures and amusements, which in no wise interfered with the useful domestic lives of the women and their proficiency in household arts. Here, amongst these sour, sanctimonious folk, she was afraid to display that natural gaiety which since recent events alternated in her with moods of almost tragic sadness. For true to the Celtic character, hers was a dual nature of mirth and sadness, all too readily influenced by her surroundings. The Puritan gloom oppressed her, and moreover she had to put aside her pretty gowns, her elaborate scarfs and silken hoods in which, as she owned to herself, she had formerly taken an almost inordinate pleasure. But now it was necessary to conform to the ways of the town and array herself with the sombre simplicity of the women thereabouts. Any departure from the prevailing fashion of the place would have been fraught with considerable danger. Curiously enough, however, the simplicity did but enhance her charm, and the deepening of the melancholy which at times appeared in her lovely eyes would have made her more deeply attractive to those over whom she had exercised so powerful a fascination, and whom she had left behind in her beloved Manhattan. Her father had likewise donned the high, pointed hat and the long, skirted coat, and the two often laughed to see themselves thus transformed into Puritans. Evelyn missed her garden, for not a flower would grow in the stony soil surrounding their present abode. She sorely missed the cottage, with its views of the bay and river, and the gay and pleasant household of the Van Cortlandts, where she had spent so much of her time. She missed her dear, warm-hearted Polly, dearest of all her girl friends; she missed the loyal devotion of Pieter Schuyler and the motherly kindness of Madam Van Cortlandt, but most of all, and in far deeper and subtler fashion, she missed that other who had so lately come into her life and had carried before him all lesser affections. Although she was neither demonstrative nor impressionable by nature, the tidal wave of real love, which had thus swept her from her moorings, was all the stronger because of the obstacles by which its path was obstructed. She knew it seemed utterly improbable that she should ever marry Egbert Ferrers. For besides the difficulties which arose from his position in the Household of the Governor and through the jealous vigilance of Captain Prosser Williams, who would at once take measures to ruin them both, there was the personal question of religion. She herself, as a professor of the Catholic faith, was virtually proscribed, and was in actual danger of imprisonment or even severer penalties because of her work amongst the savages. But, even had the late decree remained a dead letter, she would never have wavered in her resolution to marry none other than a Catholic. To her mind, indeed, the very severity of the persecution made it essential that husband and wife should be united in doctrine and in practice.

As the years passed on Katie had time for nothing but a funny little curio she kept by a sunny little window he had put something that took away Katie's breath entirely. This was a small carved ivory crucifix priced at \$10, and it wasn't half as pretty as the one Katie had at home, and that her aunt by marriage, Aunt Gretchen Stone had fetched to America forty years before from Bavaria. She was really Pat's aunt, but he hadn't liked her and while she had given the crucifix to Katie to vex Pat, yet Katie had always held the sacred carving as a family relic and something to be proud of, and venerated.

You must really pardon Katie. Remember how long she had needed a new hat. And didn't St. Paul himself command that women should keep their heads covered? A dozen words with the shop-keeper did the work. Katie flew homeward as if wings grew on her feet.

"I've got to run back just a minute, Mrs. Smith," she called to her tired neighbor. "It's a very important piece of business. But you can take that nice dish of preserves home to John. It'll help that much with your supper, and Pat'll not be missin' it."

Mrs. Smith acquiesced grudgingly. Katie had been gone nearly four hours now, and the twins were a handful at best, and the whole half

TO BE CONTINUED

A JUDAS TREE TWIG

Katie wanted an Easter bonnet so avidly that she was ashamed of herself. In the light of feminine custom Katie's desire was merely normal. During the lapse of the ten years since Katie and Pat Mulcahey had walked out of St. Bride's with Father Henry's conjugal blessing fresh upon them, Katie had been blessed with six babies and one new hat. Pat purchased this last the day their third child and only son, had been born.

"After two disappointments with a Nora and a Molly, sure it's a boy at last!" the head of the house of Mulcahey exulted and betook himself to the Misses Garrity's millinery shop where he spent his week's pay for a French creation, as bright as the June morning about them.

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up coquettishly on the left side of the right side and then worn plain again for a change, in the fearsome fight Katie made to keep her best foot foremost and to hide from her friends Pat's miseria in point of his wife's wardrobe.

It was useless to try to shame him into generosity, too, or to coax him into playing fairly goodfather. At the first hint of such campaigning on Katie's part, Pat would fling at his wife his invariable retort: "Aw, now, go on, go on! I're always talkin'. Do ye forget? Who, now, who bought ye the big white hat with the feather? The white hat with the pink roses and all the blue plush? And the plume near as long as your arm? Who bought you the hat now I say?"

Abashed at this vehemence, Katie would retire to the kitchen and go after the poor old hat once again.

But here this Easter tide, the hat seemed to have joined the pixies' union.

Of all the stubborn things that ever were, that hat was the worst. Katie was desperate. Her wrath and shame increased as she remembered that only last pay-day Pat had left the most of his envelope, and he was getting twenty dollars now—over at Finnegan's. No wonder Mrs. Finnegan Henry's three girls had now hats every month! No wonder the twins were needing shoes!

Now all that Lent Katie had been making Missions wherever she heard a parish was having one. She had done this, too, faithfully in spite of the babies that by now numbered six. But grievous as it is to narrate, much of poor Katie's zeal arose from the hope that perhaps if she prayed hard enough the Lord might point out a way for her to get a new hat. She had it on her conscience, did Katie, that such prayers were too worldly to bring any answer, and yet—as is the case with women, Katie hoped. And wasn't Ann Smith praying for a husband? What was the difference, Katie asked herself.

Once or twice she wanted to go and ask Father Henry about it, but she had known him since she was a little girl—ever before she had gone to work in the factory where she had met Pat and married him after a whirlwind wooing. Katie had had plenty of late in those days.

Instinct warned Katie that Father Henry wasn't the sort of person whose mind could focus on feminine finery. Katie had an idea that if she braced up her courage to speak about the hat to Father Henry that he would be very apt to say: "You've no hat, my child? Well, then wear a sunbonnet, or a handkerchief, or a little shawl. Over in Italy my dear old grandmother always wore a kerchief. She said it kept her ears warm and her hair from flying about." Now on this Good Friday afternoon Katie hurried home from the three hours' devotion with rebellion sweeping her soul. She ran, almost, for the neighbor who was watching the children had to be home and have her own supper ready by five, and Katie had promised to repay the service in kind, the following week.

But every window bloomed with Easter hats in most seductive shapes and colors. Katie simply had to stop. One hat in particular took her fancy. It was small, of a soft straw without any brim, fitting closely to the head, with a wreath of small black silk roses and daisies all about the crown. The price tag read "\$5.00."

In one glance Katie figured how she could make over that hat for at least five years of two seasons each, and it would be such a grand thing on one's head on a windy day. Katie had had such comfort in her hat that winter when she had ripped the brim loose from the crown and worn it as a turban covered with black velvet. It had set quite fetchingly upon Katie's honest red curls.

But five dollars. It would have been easier for Katie to reach the moon. Pat carried the pocketbook; he said women weren't to be trusted with change, and Katie was no modernist. She was just an old-fashioned wife and mother.

With tears in her eyes, Katie turned from the window and looked back at the grim brick walls of St. Bride's just across the street. If only her prayer could be answered! And then Katie gasped.

Next door to the hat shop was a curio store kept by a funny little window he had put something that took away Katie's breath entirely. This was a small carved ivory crucifix priced at \$10, and it wasn't half as pretty as the one Katie had at home, and that her aunt by marriage, Aunt Gretchen Stone had fetched to America forty years before from Bavaria. She was really Pat's aunt, but he hadn't liked her and while she had given the crucifix to Katie to vex Pat, yet Katie had always held the sacred carving as a family relic and something to be proud of, and venerated.

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Mrs. Smith acquiesced grudgingly. Katie had been gone nearly four hours now, and the twins were a handful at best, and the whole half

dozen had been on the rampage for a good hour. Mrs. Smith suspected, too, that Katie had a bee in her bonnet, but even the sharp eyes of this shrewd next door neighbor failed to catch Katie's quick snatch of the crucifix from the frontroom book case, and hurried crowding of the lovely bit of art into her shabby hand-bag.

Every step of the way, Katie ran, as if she were summoning a doctor. She frightened the curio dealer out of his wits. All he could make out of Katie's incoherencies was so slightly that somehow he got the idea that a loan shark was going to take the babies' cradle unless instantly Katie gave him \$5! Having a bit of a heart the curio man stretched his usual cautious limit. He paid his customer \$5 for absolute ownership of the crucifix, instead of the \$5 he had asked.

Of course, Katie couldn't stop then to buy the hat. Mrs. Smith's rights had to be conserved. But Katie didn't care. It would be easy enough to slip away after supper, when Pat snoozed with his feet on the fender of the bed, and her done dawned upon her. It made her quite dizzy at the moment, and Katie almost fainted.

Katie fed the twins and put them to bed, and raked down the fire, and cleaned up the three older girls and Pat, Jr. She laid the table, got the coffee boiling, arranged to keep the cod fish balls hot in the frying pan, before the enormity of what she had done dawned upon her. It made her quite dizzy at the moment, and Katie almost fainted.

There, she, Katie Mulcahey, had gone and sold the family's best crucifix, on Good Friday, to a Jew for the price of an Easter bonnet. What would the saints in Heaven think of her? And what right had she to insult our Blessed Lord by praying to Him to ponder to her worldly vanity. What difference did a hat make anyhow so long as it covered you?

Katie had to sit down with her fork in her hand to think. The coffee boiled over and Nora cried for her supper. The clock showed Pat would be late. Katie fixed something for the youngsters to eat, and told Molly, the biggest girl, to put the smaller ones to bed.

"Stay up and give your father his supper, it's in the oven," she bade Molly. "Don't let in any one but Mrs. Smith or me or your Dad. Mind, now! If himself wants to know where I am tell him the oatmeal is out, and I'm gone to the grocery."

She never a glance at the blooming shop window, Katie went back to the antiquarian's. St. Bride's bells were ringing for the evening service.

"I want to buy it back," Katie whispered throwing the money on the counter. "My crucifix, I want to buy it back."

The Jew shook his head. "An hour ago," he said. "I sold it and mine too. A lady coming from your church across the way. She bought it and mine, too. I had a good bargain on yours. She paid me \$30; she had never seen so wonderful a one she said this side of Munich. She will give the two of them to her pastors for Easter gifts."

Katie shrieked. "It's a Judas, I am," she sobbed, "a regular, regular cheap Judas."

The curio man was a little deaf. Some of Katie's syllables were dropped as she sobbed. The curio man thought she was calling him names. But he was not a bad sort after all, and the crucifix had been very beautiful and it was a great loss to any one, and then, too, Katie was young and pretty in spite of all, and her glorious hair shone out in the dim lights of the shop like in gold the curio man made one of his life's passions. The little tight curls were like doubletons, he thought, and it was a pity the lady could not coin them. Still he couldn't have her making a fuss like that, she might drive away trade. Gently he pushed her to the door. At the threshold he pressed another bill into her hand.

"Take it do," he urged. "There is another \$2, and that makes \$10 in all. This is a sad feast day for your Church. Maybe you pray better with a fatter purse than you have had. That's all right—I know how one likes to polish up a prayer with a little gift to the poor—I know, I give much to my own religion. I too, can pray."

He shut the door, and snapped the bolt. Outcast and penitent, Katie, poor soul, did as most outcasts do. She sought the church. St. Bride's had never failed to welcome her.

But tonight the church was crowded to its door jambs. There was no room inside.

Katie felt her punishment was just. "I'm a small-sized Judas," she kept mumbling. "A small-sized Judas."

In the vestibule St. Bride's maintained still the little booth where they had sold the mission goods. Some mission brothers from the far-off tropical islands had had the sale in charge. Katie stopped a minute and eyed nervously with the rosaries, the shell holy water fonts, and a few views of the far-off missions. The crucifixes she avoided. Through the nail-studded doors of bazaar, she could hear faint echoes of the devotions within.

"These pictures, here, they may interest you?" The bronzed friar behind the counter spoke kindly to Katie. From her shabby clothing he had little idea that she would care to buy, and yet the tragedy in her face moved him to speak to the woman in some faintly diverting fashion. "See, here—this is our school—this little thatched hut—and this woman here

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The Safest Matches in the World
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Eddy's Silent 500's

SAFEST, because they are impregnated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the Match is extinguished.
 CHEAPEST, because there are more perfect matches to the sized box than in any other box on the market.
 WAR TIME ECONOMY and your own good sense will urge the necessity of buying none but

Eddy's Matches

Dangerous Antiseptics and Germicides Are Unnecessary

A dependable antiseptic has come to be considered a necessity in most homes. Especially is this true since Absorbine, Jr., has had such a wide introduction, because this liniment is not only a powerful antiseptic and germicide, but it is absolutely safe to use and to have around the house. It is not poisonous and it cannot do harm even if the children do get hold of it. That is a big point to consider.

Absorbine, Jr., is concentrated and is therefore economical. It retains its germicidal properties even diluted one part Absorbine, Jr., to 100 parts water, and its antiseptic properties, one part Absorbine, Jr., to 200 parts of water.

The antiseptic and germicidal properties have been repeatedly tested and proven in many prominent chemical laboratories. Detailed laboratory reports mailed upon request.

Absorbine, Jr., combines safety with efficiency. \$1.25 a bottle of most drug-gists or postpaid.

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