# THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

### SOME UNBIDDEN GUESTS

a delivery wagon up on the curb and bumped a horse.s nose to get be-tween a brougham and a truck. We hands on Bedwell's shoulders, I turnwere leaving a trail of maledictions ed him around until both of us were in our wake that must have made si- facing the mob. tuations for our pursuers. We were

isn't it?"

happily passed on to fresh triumphs. the car, bristling up. By a clever bit of manoeuvring 1

got a lamp from a runabout and a section of rear hub from a blundering touring car.

'Oh, this is perfectly delicious !" I heard the girl at my side gasp. "My work was a little ragged with

that runabout," I said, but the tech-nique I had displayed with the touring car rather pleased me.

"Stop there!" a voice, and a very large, vulgar sort of voice, associated with blue-coats and handcuffs, came bustling through the darkness.

'That was a policeman!'' came breathlessly from my left shoulder. Then came the thud of hoofs, and a glimpse over my shoulder revealed a mounted officer about a length behind our pursuers.

"Now," I said, not daring to take my eyes off the road, "I suppose you realize that things are rapidly ap-proaching a crisis. The police sta-tion is po place for Miss Pauline Revere. If you don't say stop, we'll ride joyously over the remains of the Boston metropolitan police. I want orders, that's all."

Immediately I saw I had blundered. she said, reaching for the 'Yes," "Stop immediately by all switch. means. I should have thought that this might compromise you.

I caught the hand-and held it for a moment.

'That wasn't quite fair," I said. "I didn't quite deserve that, I think. Anyway, I can't think of anything but a rapid fire gun or an excavation that can stop us now."

dence was my ally once again.

stinct that tells the experienced dri- ward; I drink to the destiny that ver when a bicycle "cop" is on the caught me up in desolation and set totally blind from a cataract on trail. I soon recognized two of me down in deep content; I drink to her left eye, could see perfectly af-them in the yelping pack behind us. the sweet spirit of the adventurer her-That wasn't all. Unattached bicy- self." clists, morbidly curious automobilsidewalks and in the street, were this was not to be the end .- The Pilswarming, shouting, gesticulating af- grim. ter us. 'How far now?'' gasped the girl, looking back.

### rington to her sister's wedding. Miss Codrington had brought me to Bedwell's wedding.

(Continued from page 6.) they would. I took the coat but-tons off a pompous old gentleman, who ignored my squawker. We chased is a pompous old gentleman, but himself together. "Though I can't say I care so much for the rest

"Outraged citizens, maimed pedes-"Yes, it is a darling of a machine, sent Mr. Arthur Smythe Bedwell

who, were he not a happy groom, I Taking corners on two wheels has should unhesitatingly designate as its compensations, particularly if the most reckless driver and irrespon-one always does it so that the con-ten's of the ar always slide one's pursued him twenty miles. The young ten's of the ar always slide one's pursued him twenty miles. The young parts were in attendance at the im-

ten's of the ar always slide one's pursued him twenty miles. The young parts were in attendance at the im-way. We got another dog and a lady with me had pursued him an-other twenty. She did it to be pre-it knew that we were in for an af-fair with that rag-peddler as soon as I sighted him. He was such a soon as I sighted him. He was such a soon as I sighted him. He was such a tress in a broken car. I stole this curate of St. Ann's Church, Sommerlistless, dreamy driver. May be great gentleman's Grenier car; I violated ville, Mass., a suburb located about dreams of cornering the world's out- the speed ordinance; I caused a run- three miles from the city of Boston, dreams of cornering the world's out-put of furnace-ashes were filling his Yiddish brain. The unyielding sur-face of the hood gave the horse a tickling caress on the fifth rib. The by the British. Lam willing to not dedicated to the mother of the Blesstickling caress on the fifth rib. The horse snorted as he hadn't snorted for years. Then he selected a roomy-looking suburban saloon, modestly called "The Palace," I recall, and started for solace and sympathy in a brisk, decisive way. Then we un-barpeity nassed on to fresh triumphs.

"I didn't have room," I answered. "I won't make a complaint," he said defiantly.

"My business ain't chasin' elopin' couples," said a Hiberian voice from tations wrought through the intera bicycle near by.

we four were left on the sidewalk. "Now," I said, turning to Miss Codrington, "I suppose I may say good-night. Our little adventure is surely at an end."

"Perhaps Arthur will introduce us now," she said. Arthur did.

"I prefer to know him as Paul Revere," she said.

"Paul," I said, "will be very glad to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Bedwell and Pauline Revere at a rather belated wedding supper at the Touraine.

"Done!" said Bedwell, speaking for his family.

. .

It had been a very jolly little sup-per. We had drunk to the bride. We had teased the groom. We were about to go. I felt again that wisp of hair that had blown across my face; the sweet, wild odor of the woods; the touch of her fingers when she had lighted my cigarette; the look in her eyes when she stood there forlorn, with the wrench in her hand and the smudge on her nose.

"I drink," I said, looking at the "Have you time to smoke?" after a known always-"I drink to a romance long pause. And I knew that confi- in dull twentieth-century surroundings; I drink to an experience of thril-It is nothing in the world but in- ling moments and an undeserved re-

# **OVER A DOZEN MARVELLOUS** MIRACLES

## At the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre

Over a dozen marvellous miracles were wrought during divine service in the Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupre on Wednesday, July 26th, and no less than six pilgrims from the vicisparking wonderfully, though, and trians, and members of the Metropo- nity of Boston, Mass., who arrived when I remarked this, the girl said: litan Police Force, permit me to pre- there on Monday, shared in the wonthere on Monday, shared in the wonderful manifestation of God's bountiful goodness. The occasion was the

the miracles were performed.

Rev. Father Saunders, who is deeply impressed over his experience, said he had the pleasure and privilege of witnessing the phenomenal manifesbicycle near by. "There ain't no bridal chamber in cessions of Ste. Anne, and he never could or would forget the wonder. my station house," said the mount-ed officer, turning away. one by one they melted away until ve four were left on the sidewalk. "Now," I said, turning to Miss red in his own party, as follows:

Frank O'Neil, who keeps a small cigar store at Cambridgeport, and well known to every resident in the city of Cambridge, Mass., for some years suffered with hip disease and could only walk with difficulty by the aid of two crutches. He took the trip to Ste. Anne's, and devoutly made the triduum presided over by Rev. Father Daly, C.SS.R., connected with Ste. Anne's church. He approached the altar rail, received the Blessed Sacrament, and then stood up and walked back to his pew with only one crutch, leaving the other behind. He was cured.

Miss Annie A. Reynolds, who resides at Revere, Mass., also near Boston, has been the victim of a deformed hand for years, and after she partook of the Sacrament, she also left the rail cured.

Mrs. O'Reilly, a member of St. Joseph's Church, Union avenue, Somerville, who suffered from a bad knee that caused her pain and precluded her from walking, was cured. head and face that it seemed I had the journey on account of distance This lady was advised not to make and fatigue, but she persisted and her courage and faith were rewarded. Miss Edna Stoddart, of Melrose, Highland, Mass, who was almost





About four squares to the church' I said. "And we are going to win out, too."

"Then," said the girl rather falter-ingly, "that will be the end of the adventure—won't it?" of British Saints," (April 22, 1905), throws light on the often vexed ques-tion of relics and the seeming multi-

"Yes," I said, dodging a gaping couple. "You go to the wedding-I go to jail. That will be the end, and strange custom of dismembering the tion of all," said Father Saunders, a good deal of an anti-climax, isn't

ride down policemen and 'borrow' machines as you have done. That is, there aren't many men that I know, and-

your name- in the sunlight?"

dodged a touring-car, moored at the arcades . stop at the curb.

'It's his car," cried the girl delightedly.

'And there're lights in the chapel," I said.

'We are in time!"

The pack was baying after us across he square. Events piled upon the events. I saw we were at the highest point in the drama.

'Quick!" I said. "Run into the chapel! You'll find them, and get away from the rabble."

'But you?" she said, white to her the temples, and making no movement to "What are you going to do?" "Merely make the needed explana-

tion," I said, essaying a light and breezy tone. "I'll stay here," she said firmly.

was about to move her bodily. The pack of pursuits was upon us. Suddenly a dust-laden figure appeared behind me.

"That's the man. Yes, and that's my auto," he exclaimed. "I saw him Worham when I went into the hotel. He's stolen my machine. Officer, arrest him."

"Didn't you get my card?" retorted, as calmly as possible. "Well, what if I did?" said he. "What's all the drivel about 'urgent necessity' mean?"

Just then the door of the chapel The motley audience swung open. involuntarily faced the light. Down the steps came a man and a girl. The man was Bedwell, looking supremely happy and, for Bedwell, strangely subdued. Hanging on his arm was a very beautiful girl. "Oh, Evelyn!" cried the girl who

was hanging on my arm.

Permit me, gentlemen," said I, facing the crowd, "to introduce my urgent necessity!"

Bedwell stopped ten feet from us, looking much as I once saw a man look who had walked into an erupt- from cholera and kindred summer ing fire-hose. He gaped from the girl complaints, who might have been savto me.

of the nondescript mob.

She blushed, a thing I had not seen who has been a martyr to violent ists, men and boys running on the her do before. It was true, then -- headaches for years, was also cured.

## An Explanation About Relics

. . . is of bronze, but the

hand is of silver, as well as the en-

riched base of the arm. Mr. Wall

demy, .

less

localities."

father.

with jest and sneer.

SLEPT ON HIS WATCH.

'Why do you think so?" asked his

and had never seen a sailor.

must be awful small men.

to sleep on his watch."

rican ear experts, including profes-sors of Tufts University and Cor-The London Athenaeum in its reney Hospital, walked away from the view of J. Charles Wall's "Shrines communion rail perfectly cured. Miss Mamie T. Griffin, a well known milliner of Chicopee, Mass., who was tion of relics and the seeming multi- partially blind, was also among the

bodies of saints was the making of "was the cure wrought upon a boy shrines or reliquaries that took the named Harry Doyle, aged six years, "But need it, be the end?" she said, form of that member of the body a whose place of residence is No. 9 turning squarely around. "There piece of which was enclosed, such as Clifford avenue, Rochester, N.Y. This aren't many men in the world who the head, arm, foot or hand. The lad, who was accompanied by friends, construction of such reliquaries gave was so deformed with his disease scope for the exercise of the highest that he had almost to be carried to art of the goldsmith and jeweler. the altar rail to receive Holy Com-When it took the form of a head it munion, and one of those who as-"Do you mean," I said shouting in was usually called a chef. The Brit- sisted was Mrs. Peter Kelly, belongher ear, for the din behind us was ish Museum has an early example ing to our pilgrimage from Charles-waxing deafening. "Do you mean (eleventh century) of the head of St. town, Mass. This boy as soon as he that you care to prolong this adven- Eustace, which is here figured. This received the Blessed Sacrament and ture-after to-night-to permit me to instance is of wood, overlaid with sil- raised his head from his act of adoknow you under my own name and ver, partly gild; round the head is a ration, stood up and, casting his two fillet set with stones and paste, crutches on the floor of the church, We turned the corner. Beyond the among them being two antique walked away unaided, with his face lights of the square I made out a gems. The neck rises from a square radiant with divine pleasure. This faint glow through the stained-glass plinth, the sides of which have small case, like all the others, was witwindows of St. Andrew's Chapel. I silver effigies of the apostles beneath nessed by the multitude that throng-. . The early shrine or ed the church, and every person was very Chapel steps, and came to a case of St. Lachtin's arm, of beau- deeply affected with the wondrous tiful engraved native workmanship, in sight .- Quebec Telegraph. the museum of the Royal Irian Aca-

What is a Friend?

aptly remarks that it is this descrip-This is the prize definition selected tion of reliquary that has led from by a London newspaper from a list time to time to undeserved charges of fraud, made by those who were ig-norant of or wilfully misrepresented the usual nature of such shrines. submitted to it: The person who comes in when

whole world has gove out. Thus 'a head of St. Eustache' or 'an arm of St. Lachtin' did not of neces-The following are some of the best definitions submitted:

sity imply that the whole head or A bank of credit on which we can whole arm was enclosed in such draw supplies of confidence, counsel, a reliquary, but merely-as was well sympathy, help and love.

known and understood by the faith-ful-that a fragment of bone from One who considers my needs, before my deservings.

The triple alliance of the three that particular part of the saint's was therein enclosed. Doubt- great powers, love, sympathy and there were cases of fraud in re- help. body was therein enclosed. Doubt-

lics; but, when the truth is known One who understands our silence. A jewel whose lustre the strong about these member reliquaries, it becomes obvious that there is no acids of poverty and misfortune need for cynical surprise at a saint cannot dim.

One who smiles on our fortunes, possessing several heads in different frowns ca our faults, sympathizes with our sorrows, weeps at our be-The above piece of very valuable reavements, and is a safe fortress information from a Protestant source

at all times of trouble. like the Athenaeum should be care-One who, when gaining the top of fully absorbed in the memory of the

the ladder, won't forget you if you Catholic reader, as most useful in reremain at the bottom. plying to the questions of non-Catho-All insurance against misanthrowhether put in good faith or

An earthly minister of heavenly

A friend is like ivy-the greater the ruin the closer he clings. One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you. The same to-day, the same to-morrow, either in prosperity, adversity,

or sorrow. "Because," answered Harry, "I One truer to me than I am to read in the paper about one who went myself.

A Liniment for the Logger - Log-Very many persons die annually gers lead a life which expose them o me. The thrilling intensity of the mo- If attacked do not delay in getting in river work, where wet and cold ment seemed to hold every member a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dy- combined are of daily experience, f the nondescript mob. The picture was broken rudely. The sentery Cordial, the medicine that coughs and colds and muscular pains never fails to effect a cure. Those cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Ecsisters fell into each others arms. And then a great rosy light broke upon me. I had brought Miss Cod-and disease.

TARD DIMETTE . PROPI

For full particulars apply to the agent P. HYNES, as above.

py. happiness. Little Harry lived in the country "Papa," he said one day, "sailors

