

suddenly. I knew you were happy here among your friends. I hoped to see you married, and a number of my friends would have been glad to have had you for a son-in-law. I had thought, Philip, that Madelyn Bentley showed a preference for you and believed that you liked Madelyn, too."

A pained expression crossed the face of Philip Ellsworth as he heard the name of Madelyn Bentley, and he stiffened slightly. He hesitated before answering. The subject was a painful one to discuss and he preferred to have it remain buried in the recesses of his mind. However, he knew it was useless to avoid the issue—Mrs. Livingston would eventually pry the secret from its hiding place.

"Aunt Mabel, I had intended to keep everyone in ignorance of my real reason for leaving the United States, and would have kept it a secret unless you insisted that I tell you. It is always a painful thought to me and a sore spot in my heart."

Philip rubbed his hands together, bent his knuckles back until they snapped, and crossed his legs clapping his hands over his knees. These little acts were, obviously, an indication of his extreme nervousness.

"My boy, it will relieve you to tell me about it and you can trust me to keep your secret. There is always a solution for human problems—perhaps I can offer you one for your problem."

"Dear Aunt Mabel, there is no question of trust involved. You have always had an optimistic view of life and I should like you to keep that while you live. Do not, I beg you, let what I say alter your views."

"Philip, I have lived many years longer than you and have seen many changes in social life. These conditions did not surprise me. But that has no direct bearing on your story, which I am most anxious to hear."

"It is true that I cared for Madelyn—perhaps more than anyone supposed. She was the girl of my dreams. I believed Madelyn was the type of woman my dear mother would have chosen for my wife. I did not care much for society, but to please Madelyn, I attended numerous affairs, some of which, I regret to say, were a scandal to womanhood. At one of these affairs, I overheard a conversation between a young subdeb and Madelyn. I left the dance floor to have a smoke and stepped onto the balcony. Hidden by the tall palm plants, I was unseen. From this position, I reluctantly listened to the conversation. There was no possible escape for me unless I were to make my presence known to the girls, who, no doubt, thought they were alone. I thought I had misunderstood the trend of their talk but, listening still further, I was assured that what I have heard was no mere fancy. The conversation touched on matrimony, which is, to my mind, a most delicate topic, too sacred to be lightly talked about. The subdeb was in love with a young man but compelled to keep the affair a secret. They had entered into a compact concerning their future marriage that, should their love become cold, they were both free to obtain a divorce, even at the expense of sacrificing each other's reputation. Madelyn expressed an opinion that she believed the idea a splendid one and stated further that she thought the couple who had more than two children was decidedly old-fashioned and behind the times. This was a bitter disappointment and yet I would not blame Madelyn or judge her too harshly until I had further proof that her ideas were not idle words."

Pausing, long enough to emit a sigh, Philip drew his fingers through his wavy hair then throwing his head back proceeded with his story. "Sometime later, I met a lady for whom I had always a great esteem. She insisted on my having tea with her. As my time was limited, I suggested going to a select tea room in the vicinity. While seated at the table, my attention was attracted to a group of five ladies in animated conversation, and my companion directed my notice to three of the group who were friends of mine. As you will imagine, Madelyn was one of them. The topic of conversation was the arrival of a noted lecturer from abroad. This personage intended introducing to society a plan, which, if it were carried out, would eventually eliminate poverty. This, famous, or I should say infamous, ultra modernist was paid a fabulous price by a society woman to deliver one of his lectures before a group of the smart set. From snatches of their conversation, I learned that the subject to be discussed was Birth Control. I could listen to no more. Excusing myself, I left my companion and dashed out into the street. I wanted to get away where I could breathe pure air and I lost no time in getting reservations on the first ocean liner."

"My dear boy, the world is moving so fast that we are going back to Paganism, Mormonism, and not a high form of such but the lowest imaginable. I wonder, sometimes, why God tolerates it! Perhaps, in His own good time, He will show why He is so tolerant. But, Philip, do not permit a small circle of human beings to turn your thoughts against the world in general. There are many, good, kind, and generous souls living today whose actions are guided by the laws of God."

"Yes, I suppose that is true. I am going to try to find the pure

gold beneath the rust, and I feel sure if I probe deep enough I will find it aplenty."

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a young woman of medium height, with a wealth of chestnut hair, falling in waves over a well rounded head. Her eyes were large and of deep blue, her long lashes forming a lacey frame around them, while her small perfectly shaped lips glowed a healthy red. She wore a tailored serge dress with dainty white collar and cuffs. She approached Mrs. Livingston.

"I beg your pardon for intruding. There is a gentleman on the wire, Mrs. Livingston, who wishes to speak to you personally."

At the sound of her voice, Philip started perceptibly but stiffened slightly when her eyes met his. Mrs. Livingston noticed the movement and addressed Philip.

"I want you to meet my secretary, Miss Long, Mr. Ellsworth."

Philip arose and bowed, stating he was delighted to meet her. Miss Long acknowledged the introduction and, excusing herself, left the room.

When Mrs. Livingston returned, she found Philip in a deep study. He was searching his mind for some recollection of a former meeting with Miss Long. Her face haunted him. She reminded him of a rose garden and climbing trellises. Her eyes suggested clear blue skies and mirror-like lakes. She held her head high and walked as a Queen. There was an air of independence about her, too; topped off with the charm of sweet simplicity, she might fit in the humblest cottage or grace the castle of a king. Truly she appeared to be a person of initiative and clear perception of thought, not one who ran after and adopted every new idea.

"Philip, I thought I saw a sign of recognition in your face when I introduced you to Miss Long."

"Aunt Mabel, I am trying to think where I saw her before. There is a fancy in my sub-conscious mind that I saw her face somewhere but I cannot seem to remember where or when."

"Miss Long's father was a power in Wall Street a few years ago. Of course you were abroad and do not recall reading of a certain few rich men, whose fortunes were wiped out through a plan to corner the market. Miss Long had completed her academic course and was traveling abroad. Her friends mercifully kept the news of her loss of fortune from her, but, on the death of her father three months later, she had to be told. Miss Long is a thoroughly independent woman and refused several offers of marriage, as well as offers of a home. She took a business course, and I consider myself fortunate to have secured her services for I find her to be a very capable person."

After a heart-to-heart talk with Mrs. Livingston, Philip felt buoyed up in spirit and left with a light heart. He promised to keep her informed as to his plans, and phone her immediately he intended doing anything really rash again.

A few days later, Philip met his old friend, Father Warren, whose face beamed joyfully as he clasped Philip's hand. For some time he anticipated a friendly chat with Philip and taking advantage of the opportunity, invited him to call at the rectory that evening.

Father Warren was reorganizing the St. Vincent De Paul Society and wanted Philip, particularly, to become interested in it. A meeting was called and the officers outlined their plans for the coming season. Doctor Kennedy, a former officer, gave a brief description of some of his visits among the poor, and brought vividly before Philip's mind the great necessity for a society of that kind. He succeeded in arousing interest and before leaving, Philip asked permission to accompany him on his next visit.

Doctor Kennedy was as well known to the poor as to the rich. His list of charity patients greatly exceeded that of his charge clients, and his unselfishness earned for him the title of Big Heart. As the children clambered for his pieces of candy and fruit, they called him by the name most familiar and dear to him, and as a reward received some of the desired sweets.

On his first trip with Doctor Kennedy, Philip was awe struck at the sight of the half-starved, under-nourished and partly clothed little ones who clung to the aprons of their mothers as they beheld him, a perfect stranger, in their midst. Doctor Kennedy's presence, however, comforted them, and they drew closer to him as usual to receive the doctor's proffered sweets. Philip was greatly impressed with the gentleness of Doctor Kennedy, and thought he saw something Christ-like in his manner toward the sick whom he attended.

A very serious hospital case prevented Doctor Kennedy from accompanying Philip on the next trip and he persuaded him to make it alone. Philip was confident he remembered the five-story brownstone tenement he had been in, but when he reached the house in question, he hesitated as he had forgotten on which floor the sick man lived. He remembered a stained glass window, but as he climbed the stairs he found at least five such hall windows. Had he knocked on the first door in question, he would have received the desired information and directions, but Philip was not sufficiently familiar with the habits of the poor to know that a bond of sympathy ex-

isted between them and the first sign of trouble or sickness in their midst brought many sympathetic hearts and meager purses to the rescue.

He was now at the fourth flight and boldly knocked at the first door in sight. The knob was turned and there in the doorway stood Miss Long, her sweet smile a welcome, and her soft voice a balm to Philip's now jagged nerves. She invited him to have a seat for a few minutes while she stilled the noisy voices of four little ones gathered about a plain oak table on which four steaming bowls of bread and milk were standing. After she had quieted the children and they were busy draining the last drop of milk in their bowls, she invited him to sit over and have a cup of tea. He accepted gratefully and musingly watched the children gathered in a corner in whispered conversation. "Discussing me, probably," he thought aloud.

Miss Long laughed, a sweet, musical laugh. "Children are shy of strangers and a trifle suspicious."

"It is most generous of you to take pity on a thirsty soul and give me what I consider the first real cup of tea I have had since mother died."

Miss Long blushed a deep crimson. "I am glad you like it."

She escorted him to the door of his patient and leaving him, returned to Mrs. Livingston's home. Grace Long was not a sentimentalist, and discouraged any previous attempts on the part of her admirers to sentiment or emotion, yet that evening there was a very pleasant yet annoying palpitating in the region of her heart. Yes, she thought, he is really fine looking and so courteous. It is impossible. I cannot believe I could be in love, and with him. I must drive the thought away. The incident was pleasant and I shall remember it always, but nothing further will develop.

Philip's return home was filled with pleasant fancies, and the building of tiny air castles. Always in the midst of his dreams, a pleasant face appeared, wrapt in sunny smiles. What a pleasant picture, he thought, if I were a painter, I would sketch from memory that little scene and then have the gracious lady pose for it. Four laughing, shining faces, noses buried in their bowls of bread and milk, and topping it off, the Angel of the Slums, sleeves rolled up, white apron on and a tea kettle pouring out a delicious brew of what grandmother called: "the nearest thing to the heart." Absorbed in his day dreams, he walked on air and would have continued his walk into oblivion had not a blue coated officer called him to earth just in time to miss a heavy truck which came dashing along.

Philip's meeting with Grace was the beginning of a deep friendship which soon blossomed into love. Father Warren smiled knowingly when he beheld Grace kneeling in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament and then approaching the Shrine of St. Joseph and lighting a candle. He was a very wise priest and kept his counsel even when Philip pressed weekly stipends for Masses into his hand mentioning that he wanted them said for a "special intention," for he watched with interest the friendship grow and become deeper day by day, and felt that he would soon be requested to "tie the knot."

June made her bow amidst a bower of roses. The sun shined brightly, and the robins filled the trees with their merry chirp and song, as two honeymooners wended their way westward, their hearts alone equalling the sweet song of the birds.

"Philip, when we return, will you permit me to continue my work for God's poor?" Wistfully, Grace gazed into the adoring eyes of her husband, and placing her head on his shoulder, heard him whisper. "Yes, dear, we will devote our lives and our money to His little ones, those that God shall send us, and others as well."—Agnes Con-suela Collier in The Sentinel.

#### THE MONTH OF OUR LADY

The month of May—of bud and bloom and blossom—is especially dedicated to our Lady.

The Blessed Virgin stands revealed in the Catholic consciousness as the one perfect type of regenerate humanity—perfect, that is to say, in all the conditions of her earthly existence. She began her earthly life at the point of spiritual perfection where others arrive only after an earthly probation. From the first moment of her existence she was uncheckered by the slightest inclination to evil.

Her heart was true to the Highest, even as she walked amidst the lesser things, and not even a momentary hesitation marred the splendid dedication of herself to the God she knew and loved.

It is good for human nature—ever doubtful of itself, ever skeptical of its own possible achievements in the way of grace—that this figure of the Immaculate Virgin Mother should be set to beckon us onward in the Christian life.

In Bethlehem in joy she became the Mother of the Redeemer. On Calvary in sorrow she became the Mother of the Redeemed. And what a Mother! Is it any wonder the sad and the sorrowful and the sick and the suffering hasten to Mary! She has suffered sorrow's

every pang and can compassionate them all.

All hail thou Queen of May! To thee we look up from this vale of tears, we, who are sinful, to thee who art sinless. From thy height thou shalt be to us comfort and hope. Therefore do we turn to thee, that in the brightness of thy glory may be led to the throne of Him Who is thy Saviour and our Saviour, thy Christ and our God.—The Missionary.

#### FADS AND FANCIES

There are fashions in thought as well as in clothes. The ever-changing fads and fancies that sweep over the modern world must be attributed to the innate desire of man for change. Impatience with things as they are, and hope for a better order to get the multitude of theories of life and action that fill the latest books and the popular magazines with mutterings against the long accepted postulates of religion and morality. It is rarely that one picks up one of the so-called higher class magazines nowadays without being confronted with some startling theory in religion or morality that is as amazing in its boldness as it is shallow in its logic.

Indeed some of the periodicals that once were eagerly read by serious students for the thoughtful articles they contained are now filled with the ordinary claptrap that we used to look for in the sensational papers. The new morality like the new freedom, rapidly degenerated into now license. For instance, when students of history, like Chesterton in England and Dr. Walsh in this country, praised the Middle Ages and held up to modern eyes a sane ideal of civilization, there immediately arose a counter school of historians engaged in the destructive task of muck raking the Middle Ages.

What they hoped to gain by playing fast and loose with history is incomprehensible to the ordinary mind. For no sooner were their fallacies disproved and their misrepresentations exposed than readers who had been beguiled by their showy diction and smooth sayings, turned with revulsion from such unjust historical methods and learned from their experience to prize more highly the much maligned Middle Ages.

The same curious phenomenon is seen in the field of psychology, of biology, and of religion. What has become of M. Coue, who was heralded a year ago as a new discoverer of the laws of mental healing? Many people will be asking a few years from now the same question about psycho analysis, that is claiming such unwarranted followings of so-called educated people. Evolution discredited years ago by the thoughtful is now paraded as an established fact. Scorn and derision, and the epithet old fashioned are hurled at the head of him who ventures to object to the assumptions of the evolutionists. And modernists in religion revamping an ancient heresy nowadays pool-pool the very idea of anything being true in religion until they came upon the scene.

To be in style is not always to show the best taste in dress. And to be modern in thought is not always to be true. To accept unreservedly the vague unproved theories in morality and religion that are floating about through the pages of current magazines is generally to convict oneself either of mental deficiency or moral laxity, possibly of both.

Not to be the first by whom the new are tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside is a very good rule to follow in thought as well as in clothes. The loose principles popularized by the writers of cheap popular fiction and the pseudo-scientific fads that are smeared over the pages of serious books and magazines can do us no good, but may do us much harm. They contain a grain of truth in a mountain of error. They appeal to us with their modernity, their newness, their up-to-dateness. But what is true in them is not new and what is new is not true.

Bearing in mind the moral weakness and intellectual confusion of the age, it cannot be doubted that many souls will be harmed from the wild speculations of today. Yet we have the satisfaction of being sure that these speculations as far as they are erroneous or misunderstood will be corrected in the future. In the meantime Cardinal Newman's advice to every seeker for knowledge in scientific research is appropriate. "What I would urge upon every one," he once wrote, "is a great and firm belief in the sovereignty of truth. Error may flourish for a time, but Truth will prevail in the end. The only effect of error ultimately is to promote truth. Theories, speculations, hypotheses are started; perhaps they are to die, still not before they have suggested ideas better than themselves. These better ideas are taken up, and if they do not lead to truth, nevertheless they lead to what is still nearer to truth than themselves; and thus knowledge on the whole makes progress."—The Pilot.

Slander is a poison which extinguishes charity, both in the slanderer and in those who listen to it. Without evil there could be no virtue, without hardship endurance cannot exist, nor patience without annoyance, nor meekness without provocation.

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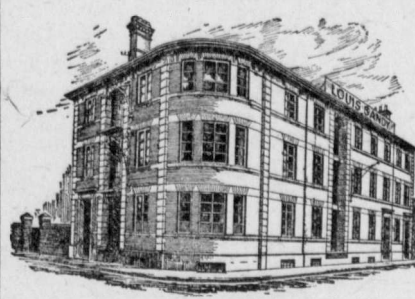
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