

FRED'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

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CHAPTER XII.

Brightmar in June and Brightmar in November are two different places. To a city child Brightmar in November might seem gloomy and dull on a first arrival, for the terrace is gray and bleak, the gardens are stripped of their blossoms, the arbors and shaded nooks are bare of their rustic seats and tables, and the leaves are scattered over walks and benches. But, within doors all is so warm and cheerful, the great fires are so ruddy and lively, the hall and its gallery echo so with the gay voices and the coming and going of the little feet, that the outside world is forgotten, and no city home, however elegant, is so stately and so spacious as this fine old country home. A few days in it will bring to the surface more pleasures than these, and the child who looks and learns will see beautiful things in winter as well as in summer. The leafless trees show like fine gray lace against the winter skies, and the ruddy light of a winter sunset makes a glorious glow in the woods by which to walk. Then walking and riding are both pleasanter in cool weather than in warm days—that is, before the bitter winds do blow—and things unexpected are always "cropping out." The Brightmar children say so, at any rate.

The summer had passed, the time for lessons had come again, they had all been hard at work for two months and now they had reached another holiday—the first days of November. At Brightmar it had long been the custom to keep as real holidays All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day. Old Mr. Morris had called home his children from far and wide for those days so long as it was possible, but of late Dr. Morris and Mrs. Johnstone had been far away at that season, the eldest son—father of Jeff and Agnes—and the widowed mother of Stanislaus and his brothers were dead, and Miss Sara alone remained. No holiday was thought of, but a reverent keeping of the feasts. The three elders resolved this year to renew the old fashion, and show the children what had been the custom of their childhood. It seemed all the more desirable that they should be together, now that there were so many dear ones missing from earth whom they might hopefully pray for as among the holy souls.

It was Katharine's first experience of cold weather. She had been born in the far south and had never left it, except in the middle of summer, until she came to Brightmar in the spring. She had become accustomed to all Northern weather and ways so far, and had grown so ruddy and tall and plump that she looked as though she had faced many a crisp morning and many a fresh evening frost among the mountains and the woods. Lessons were coming on finely with Miss Althea, and Gretta was finding it rather a struggle to get through the "old lessons" they were now dealing with, for Katharine read as well as she did herself, and was far more attentive to every lesson than Gretta had ever been to anything but poetry. She had caught up to Freddie, and would soon pass him, for Freddie was not ambitious and was satisfied to be quite happy and at peace. He dreaded a scolding, though, and worked tolerably well to escape one, so he was not troublesome. There went quietly on always; Francis had not yet come into the schoolroom for regular lessons—he kept Gertrude company in very short and simple lessons at their mother's side, for Gertrude was too delicate and backward to be counted more than a very little one, although she was nearly seven. She and Johnny were coupled together even oftener than she and Francis, while Freddie who looked her twin, was far beyond her in mental gifts. But the doctors insisted she only needed time and no pressure to restore all she had lost through a long illness two years before.

"What is the matter, my darling?" It was Miss Sara who asked the question and it was to Katharine she spoke. She had noticed the little girl's increasing quiet and shrinking from others for the last day or two, and coming into her room on a bright afternoon, had found her standing, idle and sad, at the window.

"I am only thinking, Aunt Sara. Nothing else."

"But of what? Have you not something to think of all the time, little maid?"

"Yes, always. But not—like—this."

Her voice sank to a whisper, and she pressed her face against the encircling arm Miss Sara had folded round her shoulders with a gentle caress.

"And what is 'this'?" persisted her kind questioner.

"Don't you know, Aunt Sara? To-

morrow will be All Saints' Day. And—the next day—it will be All Souls' Day."

"Well, darling?" "I heard you and Aunt Pen talking yesterday of feasts, and of the flowers and the graves and—the prayers, And—I—I have more to pray for than all the others, and—mine have—only me!"

It was the very saddest little voice Miss Sara had ever heard that spoke the last two words, and at first she could not answer it. She could only hold her little niece in silence for a minute or two.

"Oh, Katharine, little Katharine," she said at last, "what a patient little girl you are to have borne with your careless aunt all this time without a word! Did you think we had forgotten them because we did not speak of them?"

Katharine nodded timidly. "Never, my darling! We would have spoken long ago, but I dreaded it. It is very, very sad to us to have lost them in that way—to have lost all our dear mother's sweet wisdom and goodness without ever knowing her. Every day you have been with us you have taught us more and more of your father and your mother, and have made us feel more and more how much we would have loved her—as much as we loved him, our own dear brother. I have wanted to talk with you about them so often! But I really did not know—forgive me, dear!—how much you remembered, how much you cared."

"Oh, Aunt Sara! I remember everything, and I think, think, all the time—indeed I do! But I must not cry, you know. Mrs. Ramsey said they would be pleased if I was good, and I am good—mostly good! Oh, I do want to be!"

"You are, darling. Our dear Lord and His dear Mother know that you try, that you show to all of us you wish to honor them and glorify Him."

"I do try hard. And I stop many a time to think just what mother told me I must do to be good. She always used to tell me, and then father used to kiss me when I did it."

She hid her face again and Miss Sara felt her tremble. But the pouring out of her grief and loneliness—which she had felt for the first time—was a relief to her little heart, and they had a long, long talk which neither of them ever forgot. After such a beginning it was easy for Miss Sara to ask, and wonderful how clearly Katharine could answer. She must indeed have stopped many times to think over her mother's teachings, and she must have tried—far harder than she ever seemed to be trying—to do as she was taught. They had thought she was "naturally a good child," but Miss Sara saw there had been many a struggle and many a silent victory. It was not all done, either, to please the dear father and mother. There was a child's innocent and reverent trust in God the Father, a child's wisely simple understanding of the story of our Blessed Lord and His dear Mother, a child's looking to the strength of the mighty, a child's turning to the hope of the hopeless, in a child's troubles and perplexities. That talk brought them very near to each other, and gave the little girl a friend in her aunt who had not only loved her for her father's sake and as "a good little thing" who gave no trouble, but as a thinking, earnest little soul, with a mind and heart far in advance of her years.

The feasts were beautiful days indeed. They were kept in the old fashion of the Morris family—not sorrowfully, not solemnly, but mused with a tender reverence for the holy departed and the unknown dead. No lessons, of course, and every one at Mass, and the graves all beautiful with flower and wreath and cross and branch, gathered by the children and shaped by the skillful fingers of the elders. The neighborhood around Brightmar was Catholic—there were but thirteen Protestants in it, the Dutch miller, his wife, and their eleven children—and the customs of the Morris family were only those of the place, except in the greater degree because of the ease with which wealth overcomes any difficulty in the keeping of a holiday.

The week after the two feasts was also without lessons, and it closed with a family party, where more than "the Brightmars"—as Katharine, by a happy thought, had named their own party—were added to the number. Every one they could gather in, who "belonged" to them, or was connected by marriage, they had invited, and all except Stanislaus Donno, who had entered the novitiate at Frederic at midsummer, came during the day or the evening. The only one present who was neither relative nor connection was Mr. Courtney, and

"who ever heard of anything at Brightmar without him?" as Polly commented when some far-off cousin, after vainly trying to trace his pedigree in the Morris line, remarked upon his presence with wonder."

Katharine, of course, attracted no little attention, for all had heard of her, and nearly all had known her father. "And this is Fred's little daughter?" she heard so often that the question seemed to adapt itself to every face turned kindly towards her. In the reminiscences exchanged around her and over her small head she seemed to find a new father—a gay, bright, father she had never seen. It was many years before she learned of the shadow that fell from Brightmar on that sunny nature, and softened it to the exquisite tenderness of the father of her memory.

"I never saw him after he entered the navy," many of them said, and only one—a tall, grave, dark-faced man who had married a cousin—had ever "been South" and visited him in the yard, before Katharine's time.

"He was the right man in the right place," he said. "Never was a nobler fellow, and he had a splendid wife. Splendid and lovely both, in her beauty, and, I fancy, as much in character. It just about a year, since—some one touched his arm with a look at Katharine—since you came to Brightmar, isn't it?"

"Not quite."

But she could not explain, for she knew he meant to say "since they died," and she understood the ready kindness which so quickly changed the sentence to spare her the reference.

"Everybody is good to me, Aunt Sara," she said, when telling her of the occurrence that night. "I think they are very, very good. They always remember I have no father or mother, and they all try to help me forget it, don't they?"

She had been talking it all over, and asking who was this and how that one came to be a cousin, and many little things had come up of the same kind, where consideration had been shown "Fred's little daughter." "Even when they don't call me that and don't love my father, people are good to me. They are better to me than to the others—Jeff, you know, and Agnes and Polly and Stanislaus and his brothers—because I am left all alone. I believe, Aunt Sara," speaking in a lowered, reverent voice, and lifting earnest eyes to the listening face bent over her—"I really do believe Our Lady told Our Lord she was so sorry for me that dreadful time—when I woke up, you know, and was so frightened because there was nobody there—and ever since he has told all the other people to be sorry for me, too. And they are sorry, and that makes them good to me. And I love them, every one."

"My darling, the whole world will be good to you if you go as you began, loving every one, and trying to help every one, and trying not to give any one pain or trouble of any kind. But, like you, I believe. Our Lady told her Son she was sorry for you that day, and that He remembers it, too. He is sorry for those who are lonely and sad Himself, you know. And I believe he is specially sorry for the lonely little children, and remembers how sweet and loving His own Mother was to Him when he was a little child. Depend

SURPRISE SOAP

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A pure hard Soap Last long—lathers freely.

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upon it, there is a very special Providence for the orphans. And, oh, may it always keep Fred's little daughter!"

And thus was answered the question every one was asking just one before: "What is to be done with little Katharine Morris?" How dark to those who asked stretched out the future of the little maid, how sad to every one the lonely lot of the once tenderly cherished child! Kind hearts were moved with sympathy, kind and generous hands were ready to minister to her, the best there was to give was given without stint from the first moment she was found—and yet no one seemed to remember that love more generous, sympathy more tender, care more unceasing, and protection more efficient than any were surely hers. "When they father and thy mother forsake thee," who is it that has promised to "take thee up?" He whose promises never fail. And he well knew what was to be done with the dear little girl whose gifts and talents, whose strong and loving heart he had fashioned for the life that was to fall to her lot.

Innocently, trustfully, patiently—as a child can so often be patient—doing all that she knew of right, and "stopping many times" to remember what she had been taught so that she might do it, Katharine had passed as by an angel guidance through the first year of orphanage. And it left her "in pleasant places" to grow into the sweetest reminder of her lovely, lost mother and her faithful, duty-honoring father. Unspoiled, because unconscious, generous, grateful, asking nothing, yet receiving all she most desired, no tenderly cherished darling of the most anxious parents was ever happier or more beloved than "Fred's little daughter." Miss Sara's prayer for her was surely heard and answered.

THE END.

THE PASSION FOR WEALTH.

It is an observed fact that the more money a man gets the more he wants. Multi-millionaires—who have more than they can spend or use—are usually among the hardest working in the community. In their eagerness to get more they frequently deny themselves the enjoyment of what they have. Men whose interest revenues are greater than their possibilities of expenditure still wear out their lives in as eager a struggle for

gain as if the poor house were looming up before their gaze.

We all ask "Why?" and the usual answer that the desire of possession is a passion which like other passions, grows by what it feeds upon.

That answer is incomplete and unsatisfactory, and in a very philosophical book on "The Theory of the Leisure Class," just published by the Macmillans, Mr. Thorstein Veblen undertakes to furnish a better one.

He says that in all stages of human existence, leisure—or exemption from the necessity of work—is regarded as a distinction. The aristocratic savage devotes himself to war and the chase, proudly leaving work to women, as something degrading and unworthy of him. In a more advanced stage of culture war and the chase still occupy the "upper" or leisure class, while the necessity to work is the accepted badge of inferiority among men. Still later, professional employments and other means of gain not involving work with the hands come to be included in the list of activities proper to men able to afford leisure and therefore belonging to the superior order.

As the age grows more and more industrial and commercial the mere possession of wealth comes to be the test of social superiority, and so the desire of possession grows. Then arises the feeling that the more wealth a man has the higher he stands—that even among men of very great wealth those who have the most are superior to those who have less.

Thus it comes about, Mr. Veblen thinks, that wealth, at first valued as marking its possessor's ability to afford leisure, comes to be itself so great a badge of distinction that men already possessed of it in lavish abundance deny themselves all leisure in their endeavor to get more.

It is certainly an ingenious and interesting pedigree of avarice, although like human pedigrees, its accuracy may be open to doubt and question.—New York World.

AMONG IN DESPAIR.

"My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair of ever obtaining a cure, but finally procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking six bottles of this medicine she was completely cured." John Weeknar, Galt, Ontario.

That distress after eating is prevented by one or two of Hood's Pills. They don't gripe.

Eloquence is the speech of man in his loftiest hour.

MRS. JOSEPHINE WHITE!

How She Cured Herself of Female Weakness—Her Complexion Makes Her Look Ten Years Younger Than She Really Is.

The things that make women look old are weakness and sickness. Ill health robs the face of its beauty and the figure of its charms. When a woman or girl is dragged down by leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness, headache, backache and poor digestion, her ailments show in her face. She "ages" fast. She looks far older than she really is. Nothing makes a woman look young except vigor, strength and health in the distinctly feminine organs. Here lies her youth. Women seem to overlook this fact. They resort to all sorts of powders, paints and cosmetics, but the ravages of disease cannot be covered up. You have got to go down to the roots of the trouble and restore health there.

Mrs. Josephine White, Tower Spring, Lincoln Co., Kan., writes as follows: "I had terrible backache and female weakness, and was so dizzy at times that I had to sit down to prevent myself from falling on the floor. I saw Dr. Coderre's Red Pills advertised, and wrote your physician for advice. Then I used Dr. Coderre's Red Pills faithfully and followed your specialist's advice. I since gained ten pounds, and am perfectly healthy, and my present complexion makes me look ten years younger than I am. My appetite is very good. I sleep well at night, and am ever so thankful to your specialist for giving me such valuable advice. I am pleased to testify in order that all sick women may follow my example and cure themselves." (Signed.)

Mrs. JOSEPHINE WHITE, Tower Spring, Lincoln Co., Kan. You see from Mrs. White's letter



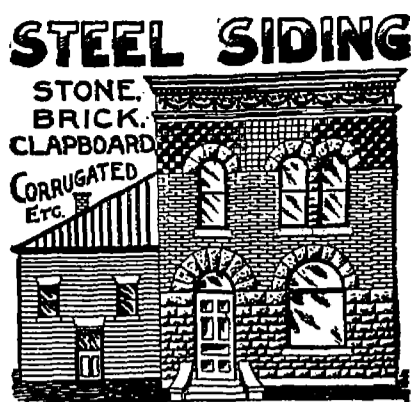
how she cured herself of female weakness, dizziness and backache. You see how she wrote your physician for advice, which was given absolutely free. We never make a charge for consultation, and invite all women to write us when they are sick. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women, if taken according to directions and according to the advice of our celebrated specialist in female diseases, will cure any woman or girl. They will make her complexion fair to look upon, and they will make her figure plump. They will restore her youthful looks—make her

seem to be ten years younger than her actual age.

This is the plain truth. Mrs. White's letter is convincing proof. We have hundreds of testimonials that say the same thing. Better write us today about your case. It won't cost anything for the best advice. Those who wish personal treatment can visit Montreal, and call at our Dispensary, 274 St. Denis street. While you are about it, you might as well send for a free copy of our famous doctor book, entitled "Pale and Weak Women." It is the most valuable publication of the kind ever issued.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women are such a wonderful remedy that dishonest dealers have imitated them. They sometimes offer worthless red pills by the dozen or by the hundred or in 25-cent boxes. Don't take them. Insist upon Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, which are always sold in boxes containing fifty Red Pills for 50 cents. These pills at 50 cents last longer and are easier to take than liquid medicines costing \$7. Besides the low price, they are a certain cure.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are sold by all reliable druggists at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. If you cannot get them in your neighborhood, send the price to us in stamps, by registered letter, money order or express order. We mail them all over the world. There is no duty to pay. We pay all costs of delivery. Address all letters, whether for the Red Pills or for professional advice, to The Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Department, Montreal, Canada.



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Society Meetings.
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Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.
Organized April 1874. Incorporated Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 18 Durost street, first Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President: R. J. O'NEILL. Secretary: M. J. POWER. All communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchey, D. Galt, Jas. McMahon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.
Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2:30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, REV. R. STUBBS, C.S.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITE; Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitt, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.
DIVISION NO. 2.
Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Ontario streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, ANDREW DUNN; Recording Secretary, THOMAS SMITH, 18 Richmond street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and B. Connaught.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3.
Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at Hibernian Hall, No. 242 Notre Dame St., Oshawa. President: J. P. O'Hara; Vice-President, John Hughes; Secretary, Wm. Rawley; Recording Secretary, W. P. Stanton; Treasurer, Marshall John Kennedy; Chairman of Standing Committee, J. P. O'Hara. Hall is open every evening (except regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading news as per on file.

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President, H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Delorimier ave. Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Finn; Treasurer, John Traynor; Sergeant-at-Arms, D. Matheson; Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, J. J. Donovan; J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, J. J. Donovan; J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, J. J. Donovan. A.O.H. Division No. 4 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26
(Organized, 13th November, 1883.)
Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 94 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the second and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m.
Applicants for membership or any other details of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: D. J. McGillivray, President, 156 Manoe street; John M. Kennedy, Treasurer, 32 St. Philip street; Robert Warren, Financial Secretary, 23 Brunswick street; J. J. Walsh, Recording Secretary, 824 Visitation street.

Catholic Order of Foresters
St. Gabriel's Court, 185.
Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laprairie streets.
M. P. MCGOLDRICK, Chief Ranger.
M. J. HEALEY, Rec. Sec'y, 48 Laprairie St.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.
Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger, JAMES F. FUSSELL, Recording Secretary, ALIST. PARKERSON, 197 Ottawa street.

Catholic Benevolent Legion
Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.
Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m. M. SHERA, President. T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 447 Berri Street.

Total Abstinence Societies.
ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.
ESTABLISHED 1841.
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ESTABLISHED 1883.
Rev. Director, REV. FATHER FLYNN, Pres. dnt JOHN KILLFATHER; Secretary, JAS. BRADY, 119 Chateauguay Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfather, T. Rogers and Andrew Outler.

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