TWO

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A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XXVIII. EASTWARD, HO!

little Jeannie in consecrated ground,

'But, Philip, my dear husband,

Though he had not forgotten his

and to the study of his pastor. "Lucy," he said, as he entered the promise, Dr. Hartland had not con-fided to Rosina his plans for her, we will go." The voice, the manner, lest there should be some failure. Her grandfather, by the loss of his every thing, was so strange that Mrs. Benton arose hastily, and went to him. "Yes, I am ready to go," he second wife, was left with only the companionship and comfort of the little blind boy who had been comadded, allowing her to lead him to a mitted to him as a precious loan; seat; "the agony of bringing my proud heart to be willing is over seat ; and the Doctor designed, if it were possible, to bring back Mrs. Benton andad her exiled husband to the home of her youth, for the sake of Rosine, why should you put such force upon who could then spend a part of each year in her two homes; as to perthe effort to speak without emotion. mitting her to join them in Ingle-wood, he had not for a moment We are not obliged to go ; we have a pleasant, happy home here, you and I-." She hesitated, she could harbored the idea. This removal was a pet plan and proposal of Ned's, not advance with truth ; her heart had even gone so far as to did long for her father and children. sound Mr. Hawthorne himself as to "Yer, Lucy, we are very happy here," he replied ; "more of earthly the feasibility of the plan, when he happiness than I ought ever to have had gone to Hawthorndean with Rosine to attend the funeral of the thought could last. I will say that wife. It was a mere suggestion on it has been almost like a death. his part; the old gentleman had struggle to think of giving it up, but received it at first as an impossibil-I have done it. Father Sheridan has helped me," he added ; " without ity ; neither he nor Philip Benton could endure a meeting, much less him I do not think I could ever have each other's constant presence; but brought myself to the step, even for your sake, but he says it is plainly Dr. Hartland saw that the thought was fixed, and the delight of the God's will. I have laid the whole grandfather over Rosine's presence, gave him great hope. After his matter before him from the beginning, like a map, and he has not return to the city he made known the proposition to his father, with decided without deep thought and earnest prayer. O, Lucy, can earth strict injunctions of secrecy, lest false hopes might be raised in his afford any comfort like the help of a judicious, pious director ? I went to im at once after the first day and daughter's mind. The Colonel was. of course, highly delighted ; he had night of anguish-I have troubled een suffering since his son had told him days and nights since-he has him that Rosine was yearning for probed the matter to the very founher parents, and any suggestion that dation, and this is his decision." "And this all for me, Philip?" prevented a separation from her he hailed with joy, and proposed at once to write to his friend Benton, well said the wife, overcome with thought of the terrible sacrifice he knowing that coming from him it was making. would have more influence than from any other source. The letter was written after an

blow to my terrible pride, which we interview with Mrs. Benton's father, can never be sure is conquered, till it can bear to meet those whom I in which the Colonel descanted at large on the great change there was have wronged.' " O, Philip," she exclaimed, clasp-ing his hand in hers, "it would be so in his friend Philip, the entire disappearance of the hauteur and pride that had marked his early days. blessed to die among our own ! Mr. Hawthorne was moved by the He did not reply ; he could not meet Colonel's arguments; the prospect the matter as yet, with any desire, it of his dear daughter's presence by was a too fearful rending of the veil his lonely hearthstone enabled him, that hid him from the world. With after a little struggle, to say to the the energy and determination of his Colonel that he would receive them character, he saw that the longer both with a hearty welcome. Equipthe matter was deferred the harder ped with this invitation, Colonel Hartland felt as if he was invincible, would be the end, and like a true man he went to work at once on the and forthwith the following letter necessary preparations for their was dispatched from Hawthorndean, removal before the winter. addressed to Mrs. Benton

"Hawthorndean, October, 18-. " My Dear Lucy :

they had made in the wilderness had I am in your old home, and I many dear and precious associations. but particularly her regard for Dr. write to you at this time, instead of Nelson and the Leighton family, Philip, for I am reminded more forcibly of you than of him in this fine with more than all, her affection for old country mansion. Ned gave me Father Sheridan, who had been such so bad an account of your father's a heaven-sent friend, made her leav loneliness, that I ran up to see what ing Inglewood, even with the pros-I could do for him. I found him pect of a home at Hawthorndean, a great trial; but Dr. Nelson had been much prostrated with grief and very led to aspirations for the priesthood, lonely, and I am authorized from him to give to you and Philip a hearty welcome back to your old and was soon to make his preparations for the holy work at a Semi home; he will receive you both with nary of the Sulpicians: she had open arms and a father's blessing. helped him in finding his vocation, Tell Philip for me, that I know all he and their friendship was cemented will say, but nothing ought to pre- by the most enduring tie.

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

the Colonel that, pleasant and dear as the proposition was to her heart, it was impossible—that day he came to her in the quiet autumn twilight. She knew from whence he came when she saw him ride into the yard; it was the eve of All-Saints, and he

the better."

took his place.

the

sign;

fort,

Not altogether, dear," he replied :

let us hope it is to be the final

There were trials in parting, even

to Mrs. Benton; the home which

seemed like the overflowing of waters

Ned declared, in any letters from

thought that she was again to be

near her mother, laying plans without number with Aleck and the

Rosine's plans were the only matters

into which he entered with any

heal, and mental anxiety was sap-

ful care-taking love with her.

it was the eve of All-Saints, and he sum of them rapies than of of high been to the new grave of his little Jeannie in consecrated ground, and to the study of his pastor. "Lucy," he said, as he entered the little inner-room which was her tarnal brile all the time. I thought Rosine and Aleck lingered among sanctum. "I have come to tell you— we'd got clear of the whole scrape those beloved hills long after their we'd got clear of the whole scrape on um when we came here; deary me, if that's what they call the march of civilizashun, the less on't here the belowed hills long after their tops were covered with white snow-wreaths. The blind Willie had taken a sudden fancy to Captain Hartland, and was his companion night and

the better." The poor man having relieved himself, stuffed a new quid into his mouth and went to work. Mrs. Benton talked to him of the expected tenant at Inglewood, but Rice bim declared he never wished to know the never wished to know the never wished to know talked to him of the expected tenant at Inglewood, but Rice tenant a yourself ?" her voice trembled with him, for the truth was, he no sconer countries ; in short, made himself so made friends with one new comer necessary to the boy, that word bsfore he was gone, and another about returning to the city grieved him to the heart. Letter after letter Rosine was almost wild with had come from the Colonel and the

> long pent in by restraint ; apparently if Rosine was not forthcoming. It to us, instead of God ?" she forgot Marion and her misde-meanor; took but little interest, nal love of Mrs. Benton to part abroad, and was absorbed in the one hoped that immediate arrangements would be made for Rosine's final of her faith.

restoration to her own family ; but here she found her husband Doctor, all associated with dear invincible. Hawthorndean. As to Aleck, Colonel Ha His word had passed to Colonel Hartland, and he could not recall what was given when in the depths of adversity, now that what the world would call more prosper-

interest; his health was utterly broken down, his wound refused to ous days were in store for them There had been very little said of Marion during Rosine's sojourn ping the very foundations of his life ; through his lawyer he had settled at Hawthordean, except in the quiet of mother's chamber ; there they had an annuity upon his wife, which could be withdrawn at his pleasure, mingled their griefs for the daughter but his heart was evidently ill at and sister so loved, and it seemed ease. Laura had again found refuge so lost. The Doctor was as good with Sister Agnes in the new House, as his word ; when many weeks that, Phoenix-like, had risen on the went by, still Rosine and Aleck did ashes of the older establishment. not arrive, he suddenly started in The Captain heard of her removal pursuit of the wanderers. Mr. Benton was a little startled by the from his mother, but he made no warm greeting of Rosine and the the time was coming, he plainly foresaw, when he should be Doctor, and the tight hold he kept obliged to resign on half-pay; perof his prize all the evening, and haps something might be given him his persistent determination to see Sunny Nook with Rosine in winter by the government, in consideration of his wound received in fighting his dress; but his wife reassured him, for into her loving ear the confiding country's battles. In his father's house he had always a home, but daughter had poured all her griefs, not the least of which was th his life, ere he had reached thirty dis. years, was growing wearlsome to tress Marion's suggestions with re-him. He clung to Rosine for comspect to Dr. Hartland had caused as did every member of the her.

Edward Hartland looked anxious family, and he was delegated to accompany her to Hawthorndean, to and careworn, he seemed to forget, greet her parents on their arrival after the first moment, his light. there. It had been a matter of a hearted converse, and to have become reticent to every one but little contention in the Colonel's Rosine. In the morning came the ramble through Paradise, which household, which of the three representatives of the male sex should have this honor, but a patient on he had promised himself. There was but little depth of snow on the the borders of the grave settled the ground, and in Sunny Nook the warm sunlight had melted the little question with Dr. Hartland, and government business pressed upon that had fallen; the clematis and the Colonel ; thus, much to the discomfort of the two left behind, the grave-vine were stripped and bare, Captain was the escort. It was the tall elms leafless, but among the beautiful to behold the tenderness dense growth of pine and hemlock that had sprung up between these the blue-jay and snow-bird found a two; a deferential, respectful, gentle warm covert, and a retreat even affection on his part, and a thought. in the severest storms. When they found themselves alone in the She was the only one upon whom he shelter, the Doctor drew the thick ever smiled with one of those sunny, bright smiles, out of his clear blue wrapper closer around Rosine, and said, "There Rosita, I have you alone eye, that had given him such attracat last : I could not tell you what I have to tell, in any place but tion in his early youth ; now those beart glimpses were very rare, and given in return for her loving assidu-done a miserable foolish thing since given in return for her loving assidu-ity for his comfort. you left town-but I must tell you."

letter remained unanswered ; when staid ni a week, and came home you are a'l I have ; my days can ing from his bosom the locket am earning heaven with my stump. Rosine remembered so well, "en- And he laughed as if constant pain remember her to were a pleasantry. For some moments the two looked that juncture," Father Hamilton brothers, and forget her."

at these beloved faces in silence, said with another teasing smile. till he spoke in a husky voice : him his sister's ever-shifting but

Dear Earnest, you were made enthusiastic admirations were an of 'that precious porcelain of human unfailing source of amusement. clay that breaks with the first fall, I through years the mobile about twelve years ago, so inner he told me when I questioned him. He never complaine," Mrs. Burke weight must bear.' I suppose their was nothing, indeed she told me said, after a pause, still ignoring her there was nothing, so hard to part with as this ; but she is going where brother's sceptical attitude. 'the world forgetting by the world forgot,' she is to have nothing of her woman say: 'It's aisy making saints.'' Father Hamilton remarked own, to be a servant, a slave !" He spoke bitterly. dryly; and having grown weary

treating

"Don't be bitter against her. Ned." the praises of a man in whom he had pleaded Rosine, laying her hand no particular interest, he began to on his arm ; "she is certainly suffer- describe to his sister certain ing, perhaps even more than you, tions which were being made in the but she is called, she thinks, to a church and parish house; and higher life; a life that, if you put Bernard, his leg and his sanctity yourself out of the question, you can were forgotten even by Mrs. certainly look at with comfort. Think of the good she will do, of the was called to St. Francis' Hospital to prayers she will offer for you ; think administer the Last Sacraments to a of Sister Agnes; her self-denying man who had been found on the Rosine was almost with with had come from the consist and the of our region, and interaction she beard of the Doctor, urging their return, and life, the care and protection she street in a dying condition. As he removal of her parents; her joy threatening on the Doctor's part is giving to so many. Ah, Ned, is it passed through a long ward, he noticed a thin, dark skinned nurse,

who was very tenderly soothing a fever patient. When he returned The doctor did not reply; his nal love of Mrs. Benton to part heart was too sore to argue, and the same nurse was giving a dose of with her daughter again; she had he loved Rosine to well to wish, it he medicine to an old man in the last medicine to an old man in the last could, to shake the slightest outpost bed. The nurse chanced to look up just as Father Hamilton passed him TO BE CONTINUED

THE MAN WHO CUT

THE GRASS

Father Hamilton leaned back in his chair, not paying strict attention to his sister's talk. In fact, his thoughts, like his eyes, wandered from the peonies that grew close to the veranda to some lilac bushes in full bloom : from them to the thin. lame, poorly-clad man who was cutting the grass; and to one of his small nephews perched high in a small nephews portion way of his tree, well out of the way of his other volunteers on this floor, week.' turned again to his sister, he tried to repress the smile on his lips and the He was wondering whether he would mischievous gleam which had come into his eyes.

Mrs. Barke saw only that her was unusually busy brother was more serious than usual. and thought the moment an opportune one to mention something she had been longing to tell him, but which it was not easy to intrude upon his habitual good humor. Allowing her crocheting to fall to her knee, she looked straight into his face.

"John," she said impressively, but in a very low tone,--" John, do you see the man who is cutting the the necessary arrangements. grass ?

"I do." Father Hamilton admitted and, laughing a little, he added Well, Philomene, who and what is he? A French count in disguise, or a leader among the bolsheviki? He and his simple kindness. looks the second part, if rags are the

badge of the fraternity." "You may laugh as much as you like, but he is unusual," Mrg. Eurke insisted in an aggrieved tone.

'So was your last house maid-so very unusual that you were poorer. if not wiser, for her sudden, entirely unexpected departure," Father Hamilton teased. Mrg. Burke has been mistaken in judging him to be in a tractable mood.

"Oh, well," she admitted reluct-antly, "I am willing to confess that watching him curiously. To his amazement, when Bernard knelt he I was mistaken about Marie-but only just at first! Barnard's case is kissed the prelate's ring and afterward his slender fingers; and before he could rise His Lordship laid both different. He wouldn't steal a penny. Why, the reason I decided to

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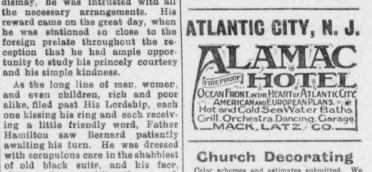
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JOHN H. MCELDERRY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC CONVEYANCER Tel HERALD BLDG. ROOM 24 and, to his amazement, the priest GUELPH, ONT. recognized his sister's servant Bernard. As soon as he reached the ARCHITECTS corridor, he turned esgerly to the WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association ARCHITECTS Bixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambee LONDON, ONT. DENTISTS DR. BRUCE E. EAID Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sta. Phene Defit FUNERAL DIRECTORS John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST. Th Leading Undertakers & Embalmer Open Night and Day tell his sister and bear with her self-Telephone-House 373 Factory 543 congratulations. As it happened, he throughoat the following week, and did not once see her or think of Bernard. A dis tinguished European prelate was to spend a few hours in the city, and E.C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR there was to be Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Open Day and Night Cathedral, followed by a reception 389 Burwell St. Phone 3971 open to the public, in the Bishop's parlors; and, to Father Hamilton's dismay, he was intrusted with all His reward came on the great day, when ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. he was stationed so close to the



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Sister who was showing him the way. "Who is that man-that nurse, Bernard, we call him. His last name is peculiar. I have forgotten "Ob, no! He is a volunteer nurse, but very skilful and very kind to the patients. He is always on duty from ten at night until five in the morn ing, every other day. We have two but they come only two nights each Father Hamilton said no more

the restoration of his wife to her father, and the sooner it is accomplished the better; it would also give you back Willie, and bring you near our beloved Rosine, who would wait till after the Christmas has won all our hearts, and grows more lovely each day.

'Let Philip consider it well. I know there will be trials in this step; will there not be also counter the sake of her friend, for Marion's will there not be also counter the sake of her friend, for Marion's faithless course had made no enmity of which I flatter myself is the occasional glimpse you will get of Leighton never cared to see Athlacca your old tried friend,

ALEX. HARTLAND."

It is perhaps unnecessary to say, that Mrs. Benton's heart throbbed violently when she read this letter. once more to a hope that awaking had well nigh died out of her patient months, though scarcely in her teens, soul. Her husband noticed the superscription, and said, with a quiet smile of satisfaction, "Ab, Lucy, the Colonel finds me but a poor correspondent, and turns to you.

Often in the solitude of her own room she had shed many tears for her dear parent, left in his advanced age without child or companion ; now there were no tears, but the letter frightened her by the excess of joy that leapt up from her heart,

as she thought of going back to the dear old home. She did not give he saw the row of boxes packed and the letter to Mr. Benton until she marked, "this beats the Dutch; saw an anxious look gathering on his face; he had observed by the truck to haul, let's see-one, two, variations of her countenance that three, four. I can't count a hundred, it contained intelligence of importance, and as she looked at him without speaking, still holding the letter, he put out his hand, and took I'll be She watched the shadows gather it. on his brow as he read, and settle into a decided frown as he folded the letter, and went out of her presence without a word. She felt that her hope must give way to disappointment—that what she wished could never be-and with one struggle she gave up the wish, determined that her life should still be one continual sacrifice. Weeks passed, and the subject was not named between them ; indeed, her husband seemed to withdraw himself from

her, as if she had been in some way a party to his dishonor. At length when the time grew long, and the her to cum and get religion ; she as the head of my house. Lucy and

Perchance he saw and felt the She had been obliged to consent very reluctantly to Sobriety's mar-riage; finding her determined, she sympathy She had for him, whose soul had such a scar." They reached Hawthorndean to holidays, when she would be sixteen ; all this, however, could be arranged

with Mrs. Leighton, who would take between the two families. Horati the reception of her father. again, and in the spring was to

remove his mother's residence to the capital of the state, which for the future was to be his home. Dr. Nelson's sister, Philomena, had been his little housekeeper for some November hills of her native town. and Mrs. Benton's proposition to precious home enclosures, strangers, take her east for her education was in the land where she had dwelt, most gladly accepted by the brother. As the day approached when Mr. and treasures, and filled her with un-

seemed all at once to become ubiqui-Through the days of their tous. preparation, Mrs. Bonton met him everywhere, always with his mouth every familiar object. He nearly life, as a Sister of Charity; she filled ready to help.

"Waal, I vow," he exclaimed, as but I've got a brother as can ; deary me," he said, looking at Mrs. Benton what mischief these gals make bound this movin has to do with that right pretty gal.

Mrs. Benton assured him that Miss Marion had nothing whatever to do Mr. Hawthorne was unable to rise even to meet his beloved daughter, with their departure. He shock his head doubtingly. "Waal, sho's clearin out Athlacca any way-here's Leighton can't stand it, and mothers natrally foller than sons ; then she's spilts the Doctor for all useful doins, and so they'll make a priest on him ; and finally her poor pap and mam must pull up stakes and foller ; waal,

women do make a tarnal site of bother. Now here's my Lindy Ann's been down to Orow Orik to hear this seventh day feller; her aunt sent for her for an and stablish yourself

"What is it ?" she inquired, struck by the distress in his voice, which he is and his evidently frail health," was in vain tried to make playful.

"The Commodore is dead, and I have been to see Dora.'

Rosine did not speak ; she knew find the grandfather prostrate with the spirit with which she had to the infirmities of age, and as Rosine deal too well to trust any words; soon discovered, borne down with she felt that all was over forever beanxiety about the coming meeting. With womanly tact, and the soft lady-like ways of her mother, she sought her love and been refused. 'Dear Ned." was all she could say. did much to emooth the path for sorrow and tenderness mingling in

her tones. The hour came at length when "Yes, Rosine, she called me that,

Philip Benton and his wife had left and more ; she assured me that she Dr. the railroad station, and were on loved me better than any earthly their way across the bleak and bare thing, but that there was a barrier between us-you know what it is, Rosa. I do not blame her, she Ab, those dear old stone walls, those has shown me her whole heart, she has hid nothing from me they came to her like long lost all those long years, her scorching, scathing trials. Rosine, she has Mrs. Benton were to take leave of spoken joy. Her husband could not been a martyr all her days, and Inglewood, the faithful "Old Cap" sympathize with her here; she knew now when I would shelter her in that to him this hour was of untold these arms, she will not take the sorrow, and she hid her joy, as happiness offered to her; she seeks every familiar object. He nearly life, as a Sister of Charity; she with tobacco, and his hand broke down as they came suddenly begged me not to think of her except

upon the entrance to a quist, grassy as one dead to the world, but I lane, ending in a dense wood, where vowed on my knees, that till she had many years ago he had breathed into her ear words of love. She did not hope. agitation, but quietly let her hand slip into his, reassuring him and her distress with my vehemence, strengthening him by her touch. Never till that evening had Rosine felt her father's tears on her cheek. never had he so clasped her to his heart, and looked down into her doubt if his is a more complete eyes with such inexpressible emotion.

and Philip Benton, who had nerved himself for this moment, waited only to embrace his children, when he sunk on his knees by the couch of the old man, exclaiming, "I have wronged you, sir, deeply wronged

wronged you, sir, deeply wrongen you, by the past; can you forgive me for Lucy's sake?" "Rise, my son," replied the trem-bling voice of the father; "I judged non harshly-come back to me, come "Not as Miss Greenweod; she

that he goes to Mass every morning, winter and summer. Mrs. White

told me so, and I've seen him myself on First Fridays. He has been work-ing here for six weeks, and I have watched him closely; and, John, I've decided-quite fully decided-that he tween him and Dora, that he had again is a gentleman and a saint!" Her the distinguished guest, and his last words were as impressive as she could make them.

Father Hamilton tried to be as

laughed, though quietly. O Philomena, you are so gullible !" he teased.

Mrs. Burke was neither offended nor shaken in her opinion.

'To begin with, Bernard's voice is low and his manner respectful. uses excellent English, although his accent may not be exactly like our

own. Then, one day when Mr. Burke threw aside his London Tablet, Bernard chanced to see it, and asked if he might have it."

He needed the paper to light his fire or to cover his shelves," Father Hamilton suggested.

Mrs. Burke paid no heed to this frivolity.

"I have proved that he's a gentleman," she said placidly. "As to his being a saint: in the first place, I am taken her last vows. I should still She begged and pleaded with paying him less than the worthless fellow whom we had last summer, and the lawn is in perfect condition and the garden is going to be lovely. and I shall never see her again. ] He always does his duty, and Fathe am alone in the world, a poor shattered bark ; mine has stranded Callahan says that is the surest mark of holiness. But that is not all. on higher rocks than Aleck's, but I One afternoon, when he finished cutting the grass, I noticed that he wreck." He rested his head on her shoulder, and she felt his strong was very white, and limped more than usual-the lawn is so large that it takes two or three hours to frame shiver and shake under the struggle. Rosine wanted to speak, to tell him how wounded her own clip it. I asked him if he was very tired, and he smiled and said, 'Not heart was for him, but tears told that toe tired.' Then I asked if his leg better than words. It was not in Dr. Hartland's nature to display

series of questions, I learned that he leg rubs the stump. I felt so sorry would not wish me to say a word. leaves this week for Emmetsburg. She gave me this," he added, draw-

hands on Bernard's thip, bent shoulderg. and the two looked straight into each other's eyes. The prelate helped him to his feet, and Bernard moved op. Not a word had passed between them, and those who were awaiting their turn noticed only that the lame man was a little slow. Half an hour afterward Father Hamilton happened to be alone with

always pale, was whiter than usual

Father Hamilton found himself

curiosity emboldened him to say, as deferentially as he could : Your Lordship, I thought that serious as she was; but, failing, he during the reception you recognized a poor fellow in whom I am inter-ested. Bernard they call him-a

one-legged man with a white face and very black hair."

"You know him!" the other ex-claimed, eagerly.

'I know him slightly. What can you tell me of him How does he live, how does he fare?

"I know only that he does out door work for my sister three after-noons in the week, for twenty dollars a month, and that he nurses at night

in a charity ward in one of our big hospitals-nursesgratuitiously. And I know too, that he goes daily to

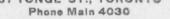
Mass."

The bishop's mobile face was study of conflicting emotions.

Bernard is my brother," he said. As a boy he was as other boys, only more mischievous, if possible He loved fine clothes and fine horses, was an expert swimmer and rower but not at all pious. It was a sermon on the words, 'Go sell all sermon on the words, thou hast,' that changed him. Our father and mother were dead then, and he had his portion. He gave it away, and gave away friends

kindred, too. A year later he was hurt in Londen in saving a child from a swiftly going automebile. That was twelve years ago, and I knew no more until I saw him today. Not pained when he stoed or walked for a long time. 'Well, yes, it does, he shining eyes.'' The speaker paused a long time. Well, yes, it does,' he shining eyes." The speaker paused admitted ; and at last after a whole before he continued, in a changed tone ; "You understand that you are not to suffers constantly where the wooden mention this to any ene? Bernard

fer him that teaus came inte my eyes and he said gratefully: 'Why, Mrs. Burke, there's nothing to regret. I





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