

The good little creature went and fetched a black bottle of an ancient cast, covered with dust and cobwebs. These I was anxious to shake aside; and indeed I thought that the wine would be better for me to press her a little. Ruth, however, would not hear a single word in that purport; and seeing that she knew more about it, I left her to manage the rest of the matter. This was very fine indeed, to-wit, a sparkling, rosy liquor, dancing with little flames of light, and scented like new violets. With this I was so pleased and gay, and Ruth so glad to see me gay, that we quite forgot how the time went; and though my fair cousin would not be persuaded to take a second glass herself, she kept on filling mine so fast that it was never empty, though I did my best to keep it so.

"What is a little drop like this to a man of your size and strength, Cousin Ridd?" she said, with the same sparkling brush with rose, which made her look very beautiful. "I have heard you say that your head is so thick—or rather so clear, you ought to say—that no liquor ever moves it."

"That is right enough," I answered; "what a witch you must be, dear Ruth, to have remembered that now?"

"Oh, I remember every word I have ever heard you say, Cousin Ridd, because your voice is so deep, you know, and you talk so little. Now it is useless to say 'no.' These bottles hold all very good things. Dear grandfather will not come home, I fear, until long after you are gone. What will Aunt Ridd think of me, I am sure? You are all so dreadfully hospitable. Now not another 'no,' Cousin Ridd. We must have another bottle."

"Well, must is must," I answered, with a certain resignation. "I cannot bear bad manners, dear; and how old are you next birthday?"

"Eighteen, dear John," said Ruth, coming over with the empty bottles and a glass of wine. "You are all so dreadfully hospitable. Now not another 'no,' Cousin Ridd. We must have another bottle."

"Do you remember how we danced that night?" she asked, with the same opening it, "and how you were afraid of me first, because I looked so tall dear?"

"Yes, and so very bright, Cousin Ridd. I thought that you were all so dreadfully hospitable. Now not another 'no,' Cousin Ridd. We must have another bottle."

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our house (if her grandfather could part with it, as discovered, before I left, that she must not think of doing so. Perhaps she was right in deciding thus; at any rate, it had now become impossible for me to press her. And yet I now desired tenfold that she should consent to come, thinking that Lorna herself would work the speediest cure of her passing whim.

For some time I persuaded myself, and upon looking back I can not charge myself with any misconduct toward the little maiden. I had never sought her company, I had never trifled with her (at least until that very day), and being so engrossed with my own love, I had scarcely ever thought of her. And the maiden would never have thought of me, except as a clumsy yokel, but for my mother's and sister's meddling, and their wily suggestions. I believe they had told the little soul that I was deeply in love with her, although they both stoutly denied it. But who can place trust in a woman's word, when it comes to a question of match-making.

But suddenly, as that thought came to my puzzled brain, another followed. There was something that would set things straight for the present and afford a little margin for the surer footing. In a moment the impotent leather-covered book had assumed the proportions of the purse of Fortunio. There were dozens and dozens of visits with no check after them. Her father had not intended to send them out, but if she did, and the reluctant bills were safely paid, who could be anything but glad about it?

Once decided, she wrote rapidly in her large, firm hand, so different from her father's. The table was soon littered with bills she wrote, "Please remit." When the rural postman arrived she had a load for him. And then she waited.

The waiting was not long. That evening there came a timid, hesitating knock on the door where a peremptory summons so often sounded. Margaret threw it wide. For a moment she did not know the woman who stood before her, a shawl thrown over her head. But she knew the voice.

"It's Mrs. Halloran, Miss Margaret, my dear. I've brought the money. Tell me, is it sick the doctor's?"

"Why, no, Father is quite well, but—"

"Is your mother worse, then?"

"No, answered Margaret. "What made you think so?"

"Won't you tell me what's wrong, my dear?" persisted the woman, when it came, the bill marked "Please remit." My Dannie read it to me. Says I, 'He's in trouble, the little doctor.' And here's the money, Miss Margaret, thirty-five dollars. It leaves five over, but Dannie'll soon raise that, an I'll run up with it. If 'er thirty-five hundred, the begrudge it for what 'e's done for me."

She undid the knots in an old bandanna handkerchief, and brought to light the pieces of shining gold and silver, scented and marked by her work-worn hands, appealed to Margaret. She spoke impulsively, putting the gold back in the old handkerchief. "I'll run up with it, if 'er thirty-five hundred, the begrudge it for what 'e's done for me."

"Crown" Iron Fences

Change than wood—more substantial than iron. They are made of the best material and are finished with a special process. They are the most durable and most beautiful of all fences. They are made of the best material and are finished with a special process. They are the most durable and most beautiful of all fences.

D.V.P. THE FORCE MAN

He does your force man's work. He does your force man's work. He does your force man's work. He does your force man's work. He does your force man's work.

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GALT, ONTARIO. WENNING-DUNN BROS. GALT "CLASSIK" CEILINGS

to come. It would be difficult to explain to her father, to feel his disappointment in her. She drove to the station to meet him. All she saw was a pale, thin man, with a long, thin nose, and a pair of eyes that looked as if they had been rubbed out. He was not the man she had seen in the picture. He was not the man she had seen in the picture.

And then it was out. Blunderingly, stammering, sparing not herself, making no excuses, Margaret told her tale, hardly daring to meet her father's eyes. He did not speak for a moment. When he did, it was very tenderly. "My little girl!" he said, as he stroked her hand and held it. The words, the tone, assured a perfect understanding.

And then, in a voice that had helped with many a burden grievous to the home, the father talked and the height of a calling that could reach to the depths came to Margaret; the beauty of his life thrilled her to the soul. She was her father's own daughter. Henceforth and forever there would be something to sweeten the little sacrifices of every-day life. Ida Alexander in the Youth's Companion.

THE MAN FROM KERRY

A TRUE STORY

A long time ago a young Irishman of the County Kerry enlisted in the English army, and was sent with the regiment to the Crimea war. He was a hot-headed fellow, warm-hearted, devoted to his country; in fact, wildly enthusiastic over Ireland was even mentioned, and brave to a fault.

On one occasion at a game of cards a party of privates, of whom he was one, were put into irons for the night, and when morning came Cormac and his comrades were dismissed with the stern reprimand and military obedience demanded when army rules were broken.

After their punishment they were sent to their barracks, but first they were ordered to see the doctor. Cormac foolishly refused, and for this second misdemeanor was flogged for contempt.

He did not utter a word, but took his medicine like a man. When he was released he went back to his company burning with indignation and shame and a bitter heart, determined to leave the army forever as soon as his time was up. This he did, returning to Ireland, and although he loved his native soil, the memory of what he had endured in that that he set out for America, the deep of the free, as soon as he could get together the money for his passage.

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the speaker struck home to the sick man's heart.

"One of your countrymen" he echoed. "Why, are you an Irish woman, Sister?"

The Sister gave a gasp, not far from your mother's home, where you were born," said the nun.

A strange, moist light shone in the sick man's eyes. He grasped the nun's hand and held it, while his face worked convulsively.

"God help me, Sister!" said Mr. C., "as of faith under the cross of years." "No one will ever say I refused a Kerry woman anything she asked me."

"Then," said the Sister, seizing the moment when nature had grown "grace." "The Sister gave a gasp, not far from your mother's home, where you were born," said the nun.

"Oh, Father, do you think God will forgive a poor sinner who has not bent his knee for thirty years?"

"Indeed He will, my son. There shall be joy in heaven for every one who has said more than fifty-nine times just were singing God's praises when you return to your Father's house."

It was a case of God's infinite patience and love, and a positive answer to prayer and the happy accident of the good nun mentioning the Irish home of the Church for the dying.

He was a completely changed man, a true penitent, and received the sacrament with edifying devotion. He died in a few days, peaceful and resigned, his good Sister who had been so truly his friend reading the beautiful prayers of the Church for the dying.

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY

For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 25 lbs. of lye. Useful for five hundred purposes.

POULTRY

Barred Plymouth Rocks

Best five dollar barred Plymouth Rock chickens in Canada. Hatched in two weeks. You can improve your stock by buying one of these fine dollars on deposit with the Hatchery to guarantee satisfaction to all customers. Jan. 1st, 1910.

Buff Orpingtons Leading in Egg Laying Contest

In the Great Egg Laying Contest now being held in England, the Buff Orpingtons are not only the best but the most prolific. This report, just issued, was by December, more convincing of the truth of the Buff Orpington is the greatest water layer. Let the Buff Orpington be your choice. Hatched in two weeks. You can improve your stock by buying one of these fine dollars on deposit with the Hatchery to guarantee satisfaction to all customers. Jan. 1st, 1910.

This reply recalls to the Morning Star the experience of a certain New Orleans Catholic writer on one of the big city dailies, who was once sent to report the most solemn feast of the Jewish Church. "The Feast of the Atonement." It was the reporter's first experience in a Jewish synagogue. Returning to the office, the city editor, a Protestant, said: "Well, how did you feel in a Jewish temple? Don't you think that you are now a heretic?"

And the Catholic, who had been impressed very much by the same of entering the Jewish synagogue as an observer mentioned Hebrew had been on entering a Catholic Church, answered earnestly: "No, indeed. I was never before more convinced of the truth of the Holy Catholic Church. I had been taught that the old Jewish law prefigured the new, and to-day I have had the absolute presentation, as exemplified in the solemn services that I have witnessed. There is only one true Church and that is the Holy Catholic Church."

IS IT WORTH IT?

As a rule, we have little sympathy with the man who complains that the Catholic Church is too costly. The building and maintaining Catholic churches and schools is too great a burden for the average congregation. Churches and schools are necessary for the preservation of the faith in the rising generation. Of the two, the school is the more necessary.

In the average congregation, Catholics are in a minority. They are surrounded by non-Catholic neighbors who, for the most part, have no religion at all. The ideals that prevail generally are not Catholic ideals. The customs that prevail around us are not founded upon Catholic truths. Divorce, the substitution of mere respectability for morality, religious indifference, the worship of wealth—these are the dangers that surround us. How shall we guard against them? The Church is necessary, but a sermon once a week is a poor antidote for the poison that is absorbed during the rest of the week. If we would hold the future and keep the faith in the coming generations, we must have a man who values his Catholic faith very cheaply who objects to the financial burden that the support of these schools imposes.

But on the other hand, we do not believe it wise to overburden parishioners with debt in order to have splendid churches. The church is the house of God and it should be in some way worthy of Him who dwells there. But there are degrees of excellence. The more splendid the church, the more the poor are tempted to envy. The more the poor are tempted to envy, the more the Church is degraded. We are still in the "brick and mortar" period of the Church in this country. But it should not be all brick and mortar. The building up of the spiritual is of more importance than the building of splendid churches. We have no sympathy with the man who complains that our Catholic people are too parsimonious in the matter of Church support. With a few exceptions, they are generous in accordance with their means. What they need is encouragement not fault-finding.

Just now the burden of priest and people is not a light one. It is hard to say which of them feels it most. We need to have a realization of what religion is and how to live by it. The Church is trying to do for the children who will be the men and women of the future as well as for the men and women of to-day. We must have a man who values his Catholic faith very cheaply who objects to the financial burden that the support of these schools imposes.

Faith and Science

"How is it, Monsieur Pasteur?" (a friend) "show me it that with all your deep studies you still remain so staunch a believer?"

Monsieur Pasteur eyed his questioner closely and alluding to the simple faith of the Breton peasants, especially of the women, he replied: "My dear friend, it is just because of my studies that I believe like a Breton peasant, yes, I've come to doubt that if I had studied more deeply I would believe like a Breton peasant's wife."

It is only the proud and superficial who seem to see opposition between a faith and science; they have only the "little knowledge" which is a dangerous thing. It is the simple and the humble to whom God reveals Himself and His secrets of nature and of grace.

A good word is one that does some good; it may be a word of teaching, a word of warning, a word of sympathy, a word of comfort or a word of fraternal rebuke; but always a word of truth, of justice and of love. Speak one such word at least once every day.

The noble love of Jesus impelth us to do good things, and excreth us to do evil things, that which is the more perfect.—Thomas a Kempis.

HEAVY DRINKER CURED

SAMARIA CURED HIM AND HE HEALS OTHERS

A man who has been released from the awful cravings of drink, and whose life is now a life of peace and joy, shows the spirit of true brotherhood and philanthropy. Read his letter:

"I will please send me your book on drink, and circulars relating to your 'valued' remedy for the drink habit. I want to have there a free or trial course to cure through drink. You will remember that I have taken your remedy and I find it all right. I never think of taking or using strong drink in any way, as all desire for it has left me. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful remedy. You may see my name in the 'Lily' paper, Bigden, Ontario."

Samaria Prescription is tasteless and odorless, and dissolves instantly in tea or coffee, or can be mixed with food. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge. It removes the craving for drink, builds up the system and restores the nerves. Drink becomes distasteful and even nauseous. Drink is a disease, not a crime. One drink of whiskey always invites another. The inflamed nerves and stomach create a craving that must be created by some other remedy or removed by scientific treatment like Samaria Prescription. Samaria Prescription has been in regular and successful use by Physicians and Hospitals for over ten years.

Dr. C. writes: "I have been cured of my habit of drinking, and I am now a free man. I have been cured of my habit of drinking, and I am now a free man. I have been cured of my habit of drinking, and I am now a free man."

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