REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XLV-CONTINUED

More than half of the lights that burned in the gorgeous bedchamber were extinguished, and in many places the fallen candlesticks and the singed and burned appearance of the curtains and tapestry hangings gave evidence of the violence that the lights were said to have suffered at her hands. In addition, a costly mirror lay smashed to fragments and the heavy candelabra lying amidst the ruins bore testimony as to how the havoc had been accom-Everything in the room be tokened a struggle; chairs were lying overturned, and the draping of the bed hung in torn strips or rested in masses on the obinson himself presented a sorry His face was bleeding, the som of his shirt torn and also blood stained, while one of the sleeves of his coat hung in tatters

He was in such a state of excite ment that his voice could not steady itself for an instant as he shouted to the servants and some of the guests who were crowding the doorway to leave the apartment. Mrs. Robinson was extended on a lounge, and firmly held there by two of the male Blood was also upon her dress, the torn and disordered condition of which bore little likeness to its elegance of an hour before. Her hair swept in one wavy, tangled him,) he said to himself: mass about her shoulders, and her eyes and cheeks were blazing with all the dreadful fire of violent insanity. She was, indeed, as the servants had expressed it, "stark, staring mad," and now, as her strug- ing the whirlwind." gles to free herself from the strong, people are said to do when life is going out with some violent gasp.

Miss Burchill sickened a little at the scene in which she found herself, and she could not help recoiling Robinson when he approached her, but he was too excited to notice

"I sent for you," he said hurriedly thinking you might be able to to something to calm her until do something the doctors git here. I've sent for two on 'em, and I reckon they'll say she'd better be sent to an asylum, but I ain't going to let her go from The Castle. Eh, Chester?" looking with strange eagerness into the face of his brother-law. "What do you think? She's my wife, and I ought to keep her here. eh?"

Wiley shook his head: "If she's going to be violently insane for the rest of her life, I doubt your ability to manage her." Oh, I'll manage her, now I know

what she is," he answered, with something like his customary grin, which, with the blood stains on his face and his general appearance, made him hideously repulsive.

"My! how she sprang at me and fought! The first thing I thing I know'd when I brought her up here and she got out of that fainting fit, she had the lights hurled about and the mirror over there smashed; and then she sprang at me and shirt bosom with her a flaming, and felt that she was getting the strength of a wild beast

I jist had to summon the house."

He seemed to forget in his excitement that among his listeners were the two servants who still held

his mad bride.

"Speak to her, Miss Burchill,"
said Robinson; "maybe the sound

of your voice'll recall her."
Mildred went to the Mildred went to the struggling woman and knelt by her side, calling her name gently; for an instant, at the sound of the voice, the struggle ceased, and the wild eyes fixed themselves on the speaker's face, but that was all. There was no resumed, and the fearful shriek again rang out.

with her-Miss Balk-may be able to do something. Have you sent for No: I never thought of her.

I'll send for her now."
He did so, and just then the

doctors were announced.

Their decision was that Mrs. Robinson should be sent as soon as possible to a lunatic asylum, and they at once secured her so that she reached him as he was going out for could not do harm to herself or a stroll in the bright afternoon, -and could not do harm to herself or to others. They pronounced the case a hopeless one of exceptional violence, the result apparently of a dreadful shock, and they question. But, oddly enough, the him now. But, oddly enough, the the names of Gerald and Mildred, violence, the testing appearance of the state of the stat tioned to ascertain what shock she could have sustained; but Robinson denied that she had received any shock, at least to his knowledge; neither did he announce to the somewhat puzzled physicians his intention of making The Castle her. somewhat puzzled physicians his intention of making The Castle her asylum. He reserved that announcement until he should have the best medical advice from Boston, which advice he intended to summon the love with which he once loved her; the shock caused by her deception; the same rand the deeper love. medical advice from Boston, which advice he intended to summon the next morning. He was not concerned about the suspicions that must arise regarding his hasty marriage. Helen was his wife, and the most rigid the love with which he once loved her; the shock caused by her deception; the calmer and the deeper love tion; the calmer and the deeper love which had caught him in its toils; which had caught him in its toils; and now proved to be entirely innotent sustained also in the disappointment sustained also in that; the bitterness that seemed to

her dress was only that which came from its contact with the blood she had drawn from him. Of what the whole village would say of him when the story, with its dread letter and read it—read it wice, he drew those with the story with its dread letter and read it—read it wice, the story with its dread letter and then he lifted his servants' lips, should be known, he cared little. It could scarcely say worse things than it already had said, and so long as he had secured his aim in making Helen his wife. mad though she was now, he was

satisfied. A little later, an answer was received from Miss Back,-an answer which was quite characteristic of that lady's caustic and eccentric disposition. Since Mrs. Phillips had chosen to become the wife of Mr. Robinson to Mr. Robinson Miss Balk surrended all charge of or interest in Mrs. Phillips. Sane, or mad, Mrs. Phillips was now Mrs. Robinson, and as such Miss balk no longer knew her, — an answer which made Robia on, his brother in law, and Mildred look at each other; but they made no remark, probably because they did not know what to say.

Lights shone all that night in The Castle; every room seemed to be illuminated, for neither guests nor servants could sleep. Rodney was perhaps the only one to whom slumber came, for, after seeing the patient (Robinson on the conclusion of the octors' visit, having sent for

"By Jove! if retribution is not well meted to Mrs. Philips! She is well meted to Mrs. Philips! She is paying compound interest for all her infernal treachery and deception. She sowed the wind and she is reap-

The opinion of the skilled physiuntied grasp upon her were more cians from Boston was much the and more ineffectual, she shrieked as same as that of their brothers of lower professional rank; and to Mr. Robinson's announcement of keeping 'Clear the room!" commanded his wife in The Castle they offered Robinson, with stern authority, no objection when they found that he though his voice was hoarse and intended to have the same care taken though his voice was hoarse and intended to have the same care taken trembling; and then, as Mildred and of her as there would be in the Wiley entered, he went himself and slammed the door in the faces of those who persisted in gratifying ices would be permanently engaged, and a part of the house was to be exclusively assigned to the patient. Then Mr. Robinson turned his attention to his brother in law and Rodney. Rodney had delayed his journey to New York in order to know the result of the visit of the Boston physicians, and now he, accompanied by Wiley, was ready to set forth.

"I want one thing settled before you go," said Robinson. "I want you to promise, Chester, that you won't go away from The Castle, you nor Mildred. I want you now more than ever since she's"—pointing to the part of the house where Helen raved -"that way. Will you promise?" And without waiting for an answer, as he saw a doubtful expression cross Rodney's face, he continued, "You can make it all right with Gerald jist the same; tell him to come here. He'll come quick enough now, I reckon. Will you promise,

Wiley could promise for himself but he hesitated to promise for his niece; so then and there, the factory owner brooking no delay, Miss Bur chill was sent for. She looked pained when told of the object of her summons, for since the preceding night a longer residence in The Castle had become utterly repugnant to her. It seemed to contain so much that was repulsive and bideous and then she sprang at me and clawed my face with her nails hold that poor mad creature, the very atmosphere of the place had teeth, and if it weren't that the things got afire I'd have managed her objections in her face before she without any help. But Methusala! spoke; and Robinson, with that when I seen the way things was manner which she had once before experienced, entreated her to remain. Her uncle also was extremely posed to agree to the proposal, and even Rodney said:

"I think it is the best plan, Miss

Burchill." Thus adjured she did consent, and she withdrew to acquaint Cora, while her uncle and the lawyer departed for the train, and Robinson went to his raving wife.

CHAPTER XLVI

Amid all the legal business which but that was all. There was no recognition, and the struggles were resumed, and the fearful shrick write a lengthy letter to Thurston. n rang out.

How his pen flew over the paper, detailing every iota of the strange events which had taken place, - Mrs Phillips' dreadful retribution; Miss Burchill's noble self-sacrifice; Robinson's own desire to have Gerald know all that had happened; and lastly, an entreaty to the young man to return

immediately.

That letter reached Gerald in

him when the story, with its dread-letter and read it—read to with the details, made even more dreadful by the customary exaggerations of servants' lips, should be known, he cared little. It could scarcely thing he ought to do in reparation thing he ought to do in reparation for his distrust of Providence, who so truly had cared for and guided him through the mazes of trouble he

had traversed. His answer to Rodney was penned with as much celerity as that gentle man had written, and then he proceeded to write to Miss Burchill; but it was no brief letter which he wrote. His admiration of and love for her, now returned and increased tenfold, impelled him to pour out his whole soul, and so it was the history of his own heart which he inscribed. early boyhood, when his first great great was the loss of his mother; his life afterwards passed in a Southern city with his father, a proud man and one of ungovernable temper when it was arroused.

Perhaps to no one did the manifold strange tidings come with such a revelation as to the Hogans. Mrs. Hogan cried from very joy.

"Sure I knew, Dick," she said, looking up into her husband's face with that sympassion of critics. concealed nothing, going back to his early boyhood, when his first great

was the owns, of several slives, and one day," the letter con-tinued, "I came accidentally upon him in a fit of uncontrollable rage with a slave, a man of fifty years or more. His rage took the form of personal violence to the trembling culprit, and as I saw the riding whip in my father's hand descend in repeated heavy blows I could not endure it. I sprang upon my father, wrested the whip from him, and bade the slave begone. He never forgave
me. I had wounded his pride so silently in his wife's charitable severely by thus, in his own eyes, degrading him, that every impulse of his stern and haughty nature was instance.

The recently made bride was dying. The recently made bride was dying. Insanity's fire was too violent for her property strong frame, and it conaroused into implacable anger against

'He bade me also begone, and I, too, cut to the quick by his unreasonable wrath, took him at his word. I relented at the very last when death part, and I, also, was too proud, and had done nothing that required pardon, and I thought the first overtures should come from him.

"His lawyer, Mr. Rodney, was my warmest friend, and he used every proud to make the first advances, and at length, in a fit of anger that Rod-ney should persist in his efforts for He did so, and it was under that name that Miss Brower met him. Perhaps I have been to blame in not telling Miss Brower during her engagement to me all that I bave now frankly told you. But I told her father, and he sympathizing with my reluctance to speak oftener than was absolutely necessary of a subject so painful to me, and sympathizing also with a hope of which I could not divest entirely favored my wish to say nothing to Helen. Had she known, it might have pervented some un-

gentle charity he did not say more of of Miss Brower's relations with himself, but he went on at once into another subject,—a second manly the partially opened mouth came one offer of his heart and hand to Miss distinctly uttered word "Gerald!" Burchill, and then he ended by stat- and the soul of the speaker had gone ing the probable time of his departure forth forever. for New York.

days which must clapse before it would reach her hand, and then he pictured her surprise, and he hoped of all ardent lovers, he teared to might not be so—her delight, when cry? None might know, it was one she should read the contents. He of those secrets which rest alone she should read the contents. He had purposely fixed the date of his departure a little later than was necessary, in order to give her ample the main hall by Thurston. He

His fears would have been quite dispelled could he have seen her when at leng h his letter reached her, and she had read its contents more than once. She sank to her knees in gratitude and pressed it to her lips amid the happiest tears she

had ever shed. But all her joys for which she was so devoutly thankful were tempered and saddened by the constant thought of that poor raving creature in another part of the house. She visited her voluntarily every day; Helen, beyond a momentary fixing of And yet among her insoherent and meaningless utterances were often the names of Gerald and Mildred, sometimes shrieked in a way to make any listener shudder, and at such times Miss Borchill was glad control to get out of sight and sound the cement gravel hides the sound of the cement gravel hides the sound enough to get out of sight and sound

of the unhappy woman. All Eastbury had enough to gossig about for weeks; — Robinson's sud-den and unexpected marriage to the widow, and her ensuing insanity;

investigation would not be able to gainsay that fact, nor could it prove that he had laid any violent hands upon her; he certainly had not, save in self defence, and the blood upon her dress was only that which came from its contact with the blood she had drawn from him. Of what the whole village would say of the whole village would say of the whole village that from any other the whole village would say of the wealthiest and how York; Cora Horton his daughter, and he himself the best husband in the whole world!"

More to distract himself from his from any other thoughts than from any other the whole village would say of the wealthiest and how York; Cora Horton his daughter, and he himself the best husband in the whole world!"

More to distract himself from his own confession to have been the whole village would say of the wealthiest and how York; Cora Horton his daughter, and he himself the best husband in the whole world!"

More to distract himself from his own confession to have been the whole village would say of the shoulders, whose character with the blood she had drawn from him. Of what the whole village would say of the suburbs of the village that no to the suburbs of the whole world!"

More to distract himself from his own confession to have been the whole village would say of the whole village would say of the whole village would say of the whole village in some current of air now always falling, fill the but always falling, fi from his own confession to have been a forger and a murderer; and lastly, Barbara Balk continuing to live as frailty; but there should need no Barbara Balk continuing to live as she had done in the little house so parable where we may see the human long occupied by Mrs. Phillips, and never manifesting the slightest interest in her late companion, for some-set in her late companion, for somehow the message which she had returned, when informed of Helen's sudden marriage and subsequent madness, had gotten abroad. Surely here was material enough to meet the surely sure here was material enough to supply every breakfast, dinner, and tea table of the good Eastbury folks with fading lives, and we love to let gossip for a long, long time. And it did. Not another topic could find before they slip away entirely from the country of place for discussion, nor would it be listened to with any degree of

such interesting people.

Perhaps to no one did the mani-

interest while The Castle contained

with that expression of artless confidence which always touched him in spite of himself, "that we couldn't be deceived in Miss Burchill's character. She was too kind and gentle always to do anything that would be wrong and the report of her going to marry Robinson must have been a

Eastbury gossip, while it had learned much, had not learned the truth about Miss Burchill's engagement to the factory owner.

not over strong frame, and it con-sumed her daily, until she now lay too weak even to struggle, so that her bonds could be removed with safety, and she might be permitted to pant left him, and we never met again. I away her life unrestrained except by have some reason to believe that he the kind watchfulness of those who attended her. But little remained of was upon him; but through the years which succeeded our unhappy parting I could learn nothing that the doctors demanding it,—and her parting I could learn nothing that the doctors demanding it,—and her would indicate a softening upon his blooming complexion had given place to a ghastly pallor, while her eyes, considered myself too much injured though retaining their beauty of to sue for forgiveness. To my mind form, had lost the exquisite softness which had been their chief charm, and her forehead, drawn almost constantly by her contortions into unsightly wrinkles, had grown at last to warmest friend, and he used every effort to effect a reconciliation; but both of us father and son, were too to form great hollows, made her look years older. Robinson, whether from affection or a sense of remorse, was me, ne transferred all his legal business from Rodney to Lawyer Miller. Shortly after a relative died and left him a vast fortune on condition that he would legally change his name from Thurston to hers,—Phillips of life she gave was her continu heavy breathing. Her eyes were fixed on some point directly in front of her, nor would the touch of a finger upon her eyelash cause her even to wink. Her sight seemed to have vanished. Mildred and Cora were by her bedside and both were silently crying. There was something so inexpressibly sad in this poor soul going forth to the dread taken to my father's heart, and then would be time enough to tell her, entirely favored my wish to any didred, on her kness heart," closer to the damp, pallid face, and breathed more fervent prayers for the passing soul. There was a move-ment of the hitherto still form, a happy circumstances."

In deference to Mildred's own

Had a last momentary gleam of Immediately that the letter was reason been vouchsafed to her, in dispatched he began counting the days which must elapse before it would reach her hand, and then he that name, or was it the desire of her soul for him whom she had so cruelly wronged, forcing itself up to emit at though, with the unreasonableness of all ardent lovers, he feared it the lastits yearning and heartbroken

Mildred came forth from the death chamber, and descended to be met in time to receive the letter and be prepared to meet him. had expected, and, his impatience brooking no delay, he had taken the first train to Boston and thence to Eastbury. Catching her to him impulsively, he drew her into the

Surprise and joy, together with the sad emotions which still somewhat influenced her, kept her silent, though her looks gave him all the welcome he wished. Noticing the traces of tears on her cheeks, he asked, in some alarm, the cause.

TO BE CONTINUED

FALLING LEAVES

are they that the noise of our feet on the cement gravel hides the sound of their falling; but we stand for a few moments, and watch and listen, and the air is filled with a dry and gentle rustle as one by one they break the slender bond which attaches them to the tree; and flutter softly to the ground. We look up toward the blue sky, and see them, golden and red and brown, hovering about us like wavering butterflies, hesitating, turn-

daily din of the city. It has come in our way within the last few years to see and know many of these our world. They are so gentle, so aloof, so quiet and aimless, that they tempt one aside for a time from the eager hurry of younger life into the Autumn which awaits us all -Catholic Columbian

ST. JOSEPH ATONES

Florence Gilmore in Rosary Magaz

No chair car had been attached to the train and Miss Monrose felt indig-nant at every one connected with the railroads, from Mr. McAdoo to brake-men and firemen and porters, as she made her way down the aisle of an already well filled sleeper, fearing that she would find no seat and be obliged to go into one of the dirty, crowded, uncomfortable day coaches. At last, however, to her intense relief she spied a seat with only one occu-pant, a sweet-faced old lady who

years old, and, incredible as it may seem, was proud of the fact and in the behit of advertising it.

The woman who had made room for her laughed softly and sweetly, and answered in a gentle but rather side of the story. Perhaps that girl stereotyped way. After Miss Monrose loved your John—John Price, did you was seated the two chatted for several say?—as well as you did. minutes, Miss Monrose commenting wrathfully on the inconveniences to were subjecting a patriotic public, and the other woman repeating her remarks in a diluted form; and a was indeed a strange one. little later, their attention attracted by a frail looking woman on the opposite side of the car, they talked sym pathetically of her efforts to quiet a cross, half-sick baby. Silence fell between them after that, and neither eing inclined, ordinarily, to make chance acquaintances, in all probability no more would have passed between them if, half an hour later, Miss Monrose had not seen her comfingers.

Miss Monrose's expressive face was a study as she watched the progress show that she was wide awake and of her new friend's prayers. She not at all sleepy. could hardly wait until the last Hail
Mary had been whispered and the
Cincinnatti, and in the rush and conbeads put away, to say, with a whimsical mixture of humor, argumenta-tiveness, and wistfulness, "Pardon me if I am too outspoken—I don't mean to be rude—but incessant pray- chauffeur an address on Grandin ing to the Virgin and the saints is one pray to God? Do you think that He found it, Miss Monrosa quickly alighted and going to the door, asked it would be far more sensible to go directly to Him, and more straight. directly to Him, and more straight-forward! If I had a child who wanted something from me, and he sent messengers to intercede for him instead of coming to me himself, he would

never, never get anything!"

The other woman laughed. She was not angry but greatly amused after her own staid fashion, and she imagine why the idea first came to was attracted by Miss Monrose's me, for I have had few Catholic are not quite just in your comparison.
The cases are not exactly parellel,"

and thousands! Now, did any one tized? It you will examine me,

"Oh, yes, it was!" the woman con-tradicted. "I was—it may sound foolish to say so now, when I am old and wrinkled and prosaic, but I was in love with a young man, deeply in love with him, and he—well, he loved two of us! I was afraid he liked her better than me; I was almost certain that he did; and many a time since our marriage Mr. Price has joked about it all and admitted that he did not know at the time whether he was in love with me or this other She lived in Cincinnati; she John had been children together. She was rich, and beautiful, and witty -you see, I knew all about her-and was not very rich, and not at all beautiful, and had never said a witty thing in my life. She was a great belle and had acores of suitors—and I loved John Price, so I begged St Joseph to get him for me"—here Mrs. Price laughed merrily—"I bribed him with flowers for his altar, and the promise of money for the poor and visits to the sick, and I was careful to remind him many times every day that John's Cincinnati girl was not a Catholic. I assured him again and again that my heart would break if -if-And at last my dear old saint must have believed me. One summer day, a bright, sunshiny day—well, I can't tell you everything, but it really was quite by accident that John proposed to me. And we have lived happily ever since. It was all St. Joseph's doing. It really was."

Mrs. Price was smiling happily. "Thank you! My life was hanging in the balance!" Miss Monrose and more erect, more and more stern-faced as she listened. "St. Joseph had far better have been attending to his own business in heart-named to his own business heart-named to his own business heart-named to heart-named to his own business heart-named to hear exciamed as fervently as a servent and a meant every word. "A three-and-a-half-hour ride in a day-car would certainly have proved fatal to a woman of my uncertain temper—and of_my age." Miss Monrose was nearly sixty "But I asked his help; she had n

devotion to him; she never thought of him," Mrs. Price argued. "He should not have acted in the matter when he had heard only one

having had other suitors, neither you nor St. Joseph knew whether she which war and Government control liked them or not. I'm on her side! And then they both laughed, sudwas indeed a strange one.
"St. Joseph makes no mistakes; I

am certain of that," Mrs. Price said contentedly, breaking a little pause.
"I think less of him than I di before you told me!" Miss Monrose retorted, still looking at the matter from the point of view of the other

girl. Very few words passed between them after that. Miss Monrose showed plainly that she had no more panion take beads from the pocket of to say. The argument was finished; her coat and begin to slip them and she had won it. She sank into a slowly, one by one, between her reverie, and Mrs. Price's head soon began to nod-ncd-and between the nods she was kept busy trying to

not at all sleepy.

At four o'clock the train reached fusion of the journey's end Miss Mon-rose and Mrs. Price bade each other a cordial but hurried farewell. Miss chauffeur an address on Grandin Road. He had almost reached the part to the virgin and the saints is one part of your Catholic religion that I don't approve of. I can truthfully say that it is the only thing that I dislike about your Church. Why not pray to God? Do you think that He can't hear you? Or desen't wish to?

For many years, Father," "I have thought—thought seriously—of becoming a Catholic. I can't was attracted by Miss Monrose's me, for I have had few Catholic blunt yet courteous manner. "You friends and my parents were bigoted Methodists, but come it did, and although I have done my best, I have The cases are not exactly parellel,"
she began, intending to explain at
length the Church's teaching regarding the invocation of the saints. But
Miss Monrose had no intention of
submitting to a poorly disguised
sermon preached to a congregation
of one. the idea of praying to the Blessed Vir-'It's not that I am prejudiced gin and to the saints. But on the train against the 'Blessed Virgin,' as you catholics call her," she hastily interrupted. "I am willing to admit that she was far, far better than the rest is plain that God approves, so I have of us, and I know as well as you do that she was truly the Mother of God.
But St. Joseph—and St. Patrick—and
St. Anthony—and St. Francis Xavier
—and St. Rita—and so on, by tens
and the rest is plain that God approves, so I have no more to say against it. I surpose you'll say that I should long ago have accepted the teaching of the Church simply because it is her teaching.
But I didn't. When may I be bapand thousands! Now did any one tired? If you will avaning me, you among them all ever obtain for you will find that I know as much, the favor you asked? No doubt you ogy as half a dozen bishops—as much, have prayed to most of the thousands or more!" She laughed to hide the again and again, and what good did it emotion that would come to the sur ever do you? I'm not stupid or face in spite of her efforts to conceal unreasonable, and I can see no reason it under a brusque exterior.

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