

QUIETLY—Established 1866; incorporated 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alameda Monday of the month last Wed. Rev. Director P.P. President, 1st Vice-President, 2nd Vice-President, W. Durack; Secretary, T. P. J. Curran.

A. B. S. O. the second Sunday in St. Patrick's street, at 8.30 of Management all on the first month, at 8. Rev. Jas. Kil. J. P. Gunning; Donnell, 412 St.

RILEY, J. P. Curran.

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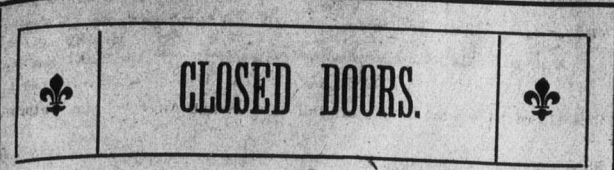
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"Yes, it seems that it is better so, Alicia, since you wish it. Any arrangement you suggest will be quite proper." She had not said that she wished it, but, lawyer-like, he had calmly put the burden upon her and had taken her father's suggestion as a request. In pride there was nothing to be done but to make her way as best she could to the door and being very careful to close it quietly after her, to stumble dazedly on her own room.

Pride, after all, is not much help in one's own room. She knew that she had closed more than the door of that room. She had closed the door of her life, that had been. And he, in the bloodless, polite way in which he had accepted the situation, had quietly locked her out of that life, for all. His hint at an arrangement, meaning money, had been little less than an insult, for he knew full well that she neither needed nor wanted his money.

Even locked doors, though, will not always stay shut. Properly, she should be putting her new house in order, pushing her thoughts ahead to the new life that must be lived somehow. Instead, the door of the old was creaking open, and the man and the girl, that had been, were drifting together through her thoughts, down the way they had come. There was first a vision of the night at the press association, six years before, when she had seen him first, a tall, impressive figure of a man, pressing and fairly throwing his views, hurrying them rough-pointed upon his hearers, and driving them before the logic of his argument. She, a nameless atom in this sea of men and women whose brains forced the thoughts of their city, had been attracted and swept along by the glowing personality of the man. She had responded cleverly, later, to a toast of her college, and he had asked to be presented. From this beginning she was tracing now their work together through months of precious, helpful work, in which the power and mastery of his mind had given her new visions of life, and in a few months had enabled her to do work which years could not have accomplished. Success came with a promise of which she had never dreamed. Then, in its very bloom, it had turned to nothing in her eyes, for the power of this man had taken a new direction, and she found herself whirling from the ways of her life into a love for him that carried away with it every thought and aim of her old self and seemed to create her a new soul, fashioned purely to love him. Everything else had come in just such a drift of dreams as this she was having now. His wooing, impulsive and boyish enough to be fascinating, but so strong and new, sure as to be almost fearful. Their marriage, too, in the retrospect, seemed a drift of tides of emotion, above the surface of which she had risen for only fleeting glimpses of reality. The months that had followed had served still more to break down every vestige of the woman that had been, to cut her away from every standard and landmark by which she had led her life, to drive from her mind every finger-post pointing to such things as career and work, and to resolve her, in the crucible of emotions, into the very primal elements of womanhood. Yet even then there had been times, she knew, when the ghost of all that she had prayed and worked for in the past, independence, freedom, fame, applause, too, maybe, rose up in haughty jeer at her surrender of her best to this man. But that had been only for moments, and even now, in the wreck, she knew that he had been worth them all to her and more.

When the mystery of motherhood had come, enfolding her life and soul in its grip, the ghosts, laid securely by the exorcism of baby fingers clutching at her hair, had walked no more. The little Alicia had been left her just long enough to toddle through the house and to babble "mamma," to learn to hug the big, grave man who was "daddy," to grow herself as a reality into the hearts of these two. She had gone away then, it was a neat little mound in Mount Olivet from which the mother had turned away, half praying that she might leave her reason there with her heart.

In those other months that she had followed he had been kind, trying to spare her things, to make her forget. But she did not wish to forget. For if she did, what else was there to remember? Everything which she had ever recognized as belonging to her had been thrown into this love of hers, and now, when she was asked to forget this it was to ask her to forget her very life. He had been kind—that had perhaps hurt her more than all, that he could be kind; that he could come back to their home and go quietly into the routine of work, that he would take up the ordinary interests of life and pass this as an accident which was the sum of her life. She had passed her days in numb, silent grief, sitting in the little nursery, listening to the spirit-voice of her little ones; her nights in fitful dreams, from which she would be awakened by the clutching of little fingers in her ears. He had thrown himself, body and soul, too, as it seemed, into work. She had seen him one day in court, when she had been obliged to wait for him, one moment, watchful, keen, but steady as the walls, the next, crushing, powerful, bearing down upon the commission at whom he was arguing as though he would sweep from them every conviction that they

sition, and take upon herself that loneliest of all phases of life, the way of a separated wife. Maybe, she had thought, there might be some hope in speaking, maybe something of the boyish love of this man for her might come back to him, and it would yet be well. But, no, for he had listened without a word and with no helping softness as she had stumbled on from position one to another, until it had come to seem even to herself that it was she alone who wished to be released from her life. Then he had accepted the situation with a quiet dignity, which put her own fevered, hurried words in the wrong at once. Not one accent of hurt or regret had he shown. If he had even shown pleasure or relief, it would have been something, for then she would have known that she was right. He had merely assumed that she wanted to be free to live her own life, and had acquiesced without showing his own feeling, putting the weight of it upon her.

In any case, the definite step was taken, and, obviously, there was nothing to be done but to go on, with what plans she might, piecing together such fragments of life as seemed to be left. But plans would not come, for materials were lacking, and the soul of the builder was torn and swept in the rush and swirl of broken hopes and the cinders of burnt dreams. Stunned, now and then through the night, by the rustling of papers or the tramp of a man in the room across the hall, he was working calmly after the incident. She might pass from his life, even as her baby had passed, and he would turn to his work.

The morning brought the same man and woman to face each other across the breakfast table; he urbane and kindly, but lined and a little pallid, as she thought, watching him—she wondered if he had not suffered a little. There were the same commonplaces to be observed before the shrewd eyes of the servants, the same forced turn of observations, and show of the interest to be kept up, though one's heart might break unheeded while pouring the coffee. She realized this morning, looking at the strong, immobile face opposite, that never in their days had she so absolutely loved this man as she did this morning. Yet he would let her treasure out of his life without a detaining look. And if she should not go to him now and say that she would not go, he would make her welcome to stay in the same tone of action, indifference, heartlessness, what you would, that was driving her to wish to hate him, while the love of her whole heart welled up and beat around this tower of a man.

Now he was gone, with a simple "good by" on his lips, as on any other morning of these three years, down to his work in the city. She was free now to think. At first it seemed that she cared for nothing but to go away quietly with what money she had of her own—fortunately it would be plenty—and live for herself and with the memory of her little one for company. But her knowledge of herself told her that she could never live out a life of that kind. What she must have, work that would be strong enough and would put demands upon her mind and strength and would take her out of herself. Curiously enough, the old longings for a name and a position in the world of work, for fame in its measure, things long ago buried in her soul, were the last solutions of

Put the Blood in Condition By the Restorative Blood Forming Properties of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is weakness that causes most of our sufferings—weakness of the heart, weakness of the liver, kidneys and bowels. The result is feelings of languor and depression, and impaired action of the vital organs, headachess, indigestion, spells of dizziness and weakness, sleeplessness, irritability, and a general rundown condition of the system. Put the blood in good condition by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and you have a foundation for health to build on. Weakness and disease will give way to new strength and vigor, and languor and discouragement will yield to new hope and happiness. Mr. Fergus Conn, Lily Oak, Ont., writes:—"As a result of the severe winter and an attack of la grippe, I was all run down this spring. I soon improved very much by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. My appetite is better than it has been for years, and though sixty years of age I am able to do a man's work on the farm following a team. I believe that I owe my good health to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food." Mrs. George Beattie, Carr's Brook, Colchester Co., N.S., writes:—"Last spring I was very much run down, felt tired all the time, and did not seem to have life or energy enough to do my work. Three boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food did me a world of good and made work a pleasure to me. I have not had occasion to use any medicine since, and have recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to all my friends. "We always keep Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house to be used for constipation, pains in the back and stomach troubles." By means of good blood only can nature make weak people strong, and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the most powerful blood-forming elements known to medical science. Every dose is bound to be of some benefit to you; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

her problem to come to her. When they did come, however, they showed her, as it seemed, a way through her maze. She could take a few months of Tuscan, maybe, would serve to drug her mind into comparative order, and then she could come back and settle somewhere in the East and begin her work. She had had literary associations in New York, and enough of a name in the old days to make a beginning easy. Now, though, with sudden reversion, she saw that she could not make any use of these. She would not take back the name of her girlhood, and she was too tenderly sensitive of the name she now bore to bring attention to it in the way of notoriety. She must put away every vestige of her identity and make a new name, which should have the old. It would not be easy, this beginning, as she knew, to win success over against another name; but it could be done. The friends, too, of the old life must be forgotten entirely in order that her dropping from the present life might be as noiseless as possible.

They were dining that evening at the Posters, a quiet party, the men, with the exception of Professor Jordan, all men of John's world; forceful, contained men, every one of some note. Unconsciously she was measuring him against them in the easy talk or the occasional deeper word of a basic truth that cropped out, and easily in his simplicity and strength he overtopped them all so completely that her pride in him sang to her heartache. From light to serious, and on again the talk ranged, she rising as best she could to vein of it, until, by some quirk of the blind thing that heads people's tongues, it came to a discussion of the arranging of broken homes. Once she had heard John, in kind, ness to her as she knew, catch the ball and turn the talk in a new direction, but Jordan had perversely brought it back. "The two should each by every means," he was saying now, "get as far from each other as possible. Leaving divorce, of course, out of the question, they should for peace of mind, cut from their paths everything which would suggest the other." But—the hostess, looking down from the vantage of twenty years of unclouded marriage, felt called to defend her ideals—"you are wrong in presuming that they would wish to be rid of the thought of each other. That isn't true at all. Instead, even though they must admit the impossibility of living together, they would still be each to the other the dearest memory of their souls; neither would wish to be relieved of the thought of the other." "That just runs with my theory," the professor was now full tilt on one of his hobbies—"that is just it. Their memories and ideals of each other will be, through the shining years, the dearest things in their lives. Therefore, these should be left intact, and should not be marred and ruined by any concrete association or tie whatever. They should never again cross each other's path, for, as we know, it is by contact that ideals are broken, and ideals will be all that they will have. I would argue that they should, for the sake of never being brought near each other, obtain a legal separation. Kibbrian, you agree with me, I'm sure. It's the only common sense way."

If Alicia, listening with her heart choking her, expected any revelation or expression of personal view from John, she was disappointed. Impassive, as if the question could have no possible interest to him personally, he shelved it, and the whole subject, by— "You seem to forget the personal equation. It would depend altogether on the wishes of one or both of the parties interested." Again, as though she herself had made the question to him, he placed it upon the head of the one of the parties who should suggest the idea. There was no inkling of his own wish in the matter, any more than there had been of a real answer to Jordan's question. The talk had furnished her now with a new phase of her question. It had seemed simple that they should live apart, each going to the work that must take the place of the rest of things for them. But now, riding home in silence beside John, this new idea had its obsession for her. Maybe Jordan was right. Might it not be better that there should never be any embarrassing ties between them? She knew too thoroughly that, once apart, there would never be any possibility of their coming together again, so maybe they had better arrange things in such a way that nothing ever come up to force them to meet again. Maybe he would wish it. And while these things were turning her mind to every opening, under it all there was running the consciousness of her love for this silent man beside her, tingling through every nerve of her body. If only she might suggest to him! If only he would show the least sign that he wanted her or that he cared whether she went or stayed!

She could not gather courage, tonight to open this question to him, and she knew the suggestion would never come from him, no matter how much he might wish the result. His attitude of calmly agreeing to every proposal from her, assuming that it was her desire, left every initiative to her. Yet he must see that this very stand of his was just the one to drive her from one ground to another. It must be that he saw this, and was deliberately taking this stand to force her onward. It was

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not like John to do that, and to seem to lay everything to her, but what else could it mean? Anyway she would not say anything to him until the next night; that would be her last night in her home; she would be leaving the day following for New York.

The morning of what was to be their last day together brought no change in him. He went away with the same kind word, a little subdued, perhaps, on his lips. She had not told him of her immediate departure, leaving everything to the last interview of this evening. Her packing was merely the gathering of a few treasures, for which, in her rather detached life, she had come to care—a matter of a few hours. The door of the room which had been locked on the memory of the little Alicia she would not open. Everything that had belonged to the life of theirs in common, or at least should have been, she would leave as gently as might be, out from the midst of it. He would not care, of course, if she should take the keepsakes of her little room, but she would not do so. She would not tear up or seem to disturb the sacred memories of the dead years as they lay about the home. Her baby's little shoes, she thought, she would like to have, but no, she would leave them all. Not that it would matter to him, but merely to leave untouched the life of the past.

Their dinner was the same subdued effort at the usual that so many others had been. From it they passed up the stairs together, going to their separate rooms, she to finish packing and to give her final instructions to Sarah, who was to go with her, he to his nightly work. As the evening wore on she was nervous herself to the interview with him, for since he seemed to insist that she should take the initiative, bravely into the matter and leave the outcome to the old chance that seems to rule the end of all human crises. What she could say on the question of legal separation she was not sure. The prejudice they both had against the public profanation of their life, which, though it was a too obvious failure, was still sacred to both; the appearance of scandal which it would have to those outside their own Church, and even to many within it, for the world does not stop for distinctions—everything, in fact, in their training and atmosphere of thought was against it. Yet it might be that he would wish it, and, too, it really did seem that neither could bear to be forced to any relations with the other in the future.

His even "Come in!" in answer to her frightened knock at his door was characteristic of their differing temperaments. "I have come to tell you that I am going away to-morrow, John." It sounded so flat and inadequate to herself that she wondered if she had spoken at all. Kibbrian, for answer, wheeled a chair near to her and offered it gently—"Won't you sit down, Alicia?" "I think I would rather stand, thank you, John. I—I suppose you are not interested as to where I might be going?"

For an instant the soul of John Kibbrian was in his eyes, and her heart would have danced in its joy could she have read the message of that glance; but she was not looking. His answer was what she would have expected: "If you wish to tell me, I shall be pleased to hear." He was making it harder always; she felt herself weakening under the strain and hurried on to the worst. It had better be over. "John, do you remember what Mr. Jordan was saying last evening? Maybe—would it not be better that we should be separated finally—I mean—legally?" There was no more a revelation of his real thought now, in their privacy, than there had been in his answer to Jordan's stray question as he replied: "That is, of course, entirely a question of personal wishes. If you should find it too trying, as you might, to take the necessary steps, I could, perhaps, arrange it myself. You probably could not bear the embarrassment of proceeding yourself. I will do this in time, since you wish it, Alicia." Since she wished it! And she was there praying for one word or look, or even a tone of encouragement, that she might throw herself at his knees and beg and plead with him to keep her, to make her stay with him! Yet it would be foolish and weak, for he would merely quiet her, and humor her, and go on tricking that she had given up at the last moment because she had been a weak coward. She must get from the room as quickly as possible. "That is all, then, I think," she

faltered, retreating.

"Is there anything in the matter of—finances that I can do?"

"No, thank you, John"—she wished he had spared her that—"good night."

"Good night, Alicia. Shall I take you to the—"

But she was gone, and his only answer came in the soft closing of a door across the hall. Alicia had thrown herself at her bedside. The breaking point of her courage had come for one day. Tomorrow must bring its own strength with it. She had not deceived herself at all; she knew that she was, according to all the rules of her own thought and according to what she would have said in the case of another, wrong in leaving her husband and her home. She knew that her place was with him until the end, but the very force of her love for him could not bear the mere tolerance which he seemed to have for her; the plainness of the fact that she was purely a fixture in his life. And the hopelessness of it all in his calm misrepresentation of her motives!

She must have cried herself to sleep, for it seemed hours after when she awoke conscious of being still on her knees. A sound was coming from somewhere in the dead stillness half a breathing, half a sobbing, it seemed, as of a soul in agony. She was awake now—it was surely coming from the little room next to hers. She stole out into the hall, to the closed door—it was open!

There were no lights, but into the tiny room moonbeams were stealing in silver-gray splashes, falling just short of a figure sitting in the half-shadow. Her husband! He whose strength she had all but feared! A figure of a man's broken grief, half-lying with one arm over the rail of baby's bed; and against the white of the little coverlet she could just make out his hand turning over and fondling two little baby shoes!

A little she saw, much she prayed for as she stole across the room to kneel at his side. "John, don't you need me? Won't you let me stay with you?" As one stirring from the toils of despair, he turned, and his arms folded about the clinging woman. "My darling! God knows how I need you—need you every moment of my life. But how can I keep you when—when it is hard for you to stay?"

"Oh!" she breathed, snuggling for very comfort, "if I could only have known that you cared! I thought you would be relieved to have me go."

"Licia," he said, and this boyish gladness of his voice was the sweetest music she had ever heard, "where was it you were going?" "To Florence first, I think." "Let me go with you, dear; and we'll try all over again." "Not all over again, John, for we'll never again have to learn the lesson of this night." The same thought came to both, and by an instinct they knelt at baby's crib, looking at the little shoes lying there, and learning of the ways of love and life and death. Rising, they passed out and down the hall—neither had thought to close the door—Richard Amerle, in the New World.

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