

### The Right Man

(Editorial: Woman's Home Journal)

I read one of your stories last evening, Miss Deland, and I am sure you are glad to hear that you are not the only one who writes, "Do you write?" he asked. "What is the story in, please?"

"I don't know. Where did you see it, Mr. Jameson?"

"In the last Pacific Monthly," "Oh, that one!" said Miss Deland. "I didn't know it was out yet."

"This is a good enough story of its kind," said Jameson, bluntly, "but I haven't much opinion of the kind. What I want to see you write is a love story."

"I dare say it would amuse you immensely," "But why have you never tried it?" persisted Jameson.

"I will tell you. It is because I have never been able to imagine a man making love or proposing in a way that would not disgust or antipathize or forfeit the respect of any woman with a grain of sense."

Gates laughed. "You are a pretty severe," said Jameson. "It hits me about as much as you do."

"I'm very sorry, but I can't take it back. I haven't a doubt that you inspired one or all of the sentiments I have indicated. Mrs. Jameson must have overcome them by a tremendous effort of the will. Many sensible women do."

"And if the right man came along who would overcome them also, Miss Deland?"

"Never! As soon as he began to show signs of possessing the brain to would cease to be the right man for me."

"Perhaps and perhaps not. We shall see."

"And in the meantime, my dear Mr. Jameson, will you be so kind as to go away. Otherwise I shall never get to the end of this pile of manuscript, even with Mr. Gates to help me."

"There's nothing would please me more," retorted Jameson, good-naturedly, and he took himself off to his own desk.

At intervals during the afternoon and on the way home, Gates mused over what Miss Deland had said about love-making, and imagined different ways of doing it.

"I believe it is more than half right," he concluded, as he went upstairs to his room after supper.

He had bought a copy of the Pacific Monthly, that he might see her story, and when he had read it he laid aside the magazine and set to thinking of the writer.

"Perhaps I have not been quite just to her," he soliloquized. "This little story shows that there is more in her than I thought. There's a tender human interest in it, and a hint of deep religious feeling. I wish she would try to be a little more feminine. Somehow it irritates me, her independent manner, the severely plain way in which she dresses, in spite of the fact that she always looks as if she had just stepped out of a magazine and that way of speaking that comes so near being proper. It isn't exactly masculine, but neither is it feminine. I don't like her, and yet there is something about her that attracts me."

It was two or three weeks after this, in the latter part of February, that Gates forgot to speak to Miss Deland about some small but important detail that had to do with her work the next day. He was not to be at the office in the morning, so could not repair the omission then. At first he thought of sending her a note, then decided to call around and tell her.

He had never before been inside the large apartment house in which she lived on one of the upper flats.

"Come up," she called through the speaking tube, when he had given his name.

"So Gates went up. He gave a perceptible start when he had been shown into the pleasantest of sitting-rooms and confronted Miss Deland. She seemed a different person in a dress of soft grey, ornamented by ribbon bows, a film of white lace about the neck, with a pink flower or two that did not do violence to a natural vivacity.

"She saw his look of surprise and laughed. "Perhaps I ought to be introduced," she said. "The Weekly Recorder of office I am Miss Deland, reader of manuscripts—a mere business woman. Here I am myself. I like to keep the two personalities distinctly separate."

"I am happy to meet Miss Deland herself," said Gates, with a smile and a low bow.

Then he was presented to Mrs. Deland, who looked very like her daughter, only that she was smaller, more delicate, and, of course, older. Gates felt drawn to her at once, and they fell into an easy conversation, somewhat to his amazement, for he usually found talking difficult.

Miss Deland listened, but said little. She was crocheting lace, and Gates marvelled at the swift play of her fingers, and found an aesthetic delight in the pictures she made as she sat at work. He had always thought her plain till now.

Although it was so pleasant that nearly an hour had passed before Gates recollected that he had come on a mere business errand and rose to go.

He was in such a brown study that he went half a mile beyond his lodgings. When he entered his room at last and lit the gas, he glanced about him discontentedly. Everything seemed dingy and uncomfortable, and he had the first twinges of homesickness that he had had since he came to the city.

"When does the transformation take place, Miss Deland?" he asked, a few days later, as they came out of the office and walked along together.

"What transformation?" "Why, yours—from the row woman to the old-fashioned one."

"Oh, that depends upon circumstances. Usually not till I get home, but in winter and on other nights when I have to work late I'm afraid I take since the minute I leave the Recorder building I am a broadfoot coward. You don't know how glad I am of your company this horrid dark evening."

"The pleasure is mine." "Oh, don't feel obliged to make pretty speeches. I don't like them," she rejoined, with a trace of annoyance. "I meant what I said. I was getting quite nervous before you moved up this way."

"I had a sort of feeling once or twice in the winter that I was followed by some one. Very foolish, I suppose, but it frightens me now when I think of it."

"I don't wonder you are contemptuous," she said. "I did not mean the contempt for you. Would it make you any easier to know that it was a friend that was following you?" he asked, hesitatingly.

Miss Deland gave him a sharp glance. "Was it? It couldn't have been you, Mr. Gates?"

"I did follow you all those dark nights you speak of," he admitted, "but I never meant you to know it."

"Way did you do it, please?" "Because it didn't seem safe for you to go alone, and I fancied that if I offered to go with you you wouldn't let me."

Miss Deland was silent. "You are not offended?" he asked, when they had reached her door.

"Of course not," she returned, indignantly. "I've been trying to think how I could express my appreciation."

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted Gates. "God-night," he called back, over his shoulder.

"Mr. Gates, I want to ask you a question," Miss Deland said, when next they walked home together.

"I'm glad to hear it," "When you first came to work on the Recorder, five months ago, and for a long time afterward, didn't you disappear of me very strongly?"

"Did you notice as you came along this morning, Miss Deland, that the maples on that little square yonder were in blossom?"

Miss Deland laughed. "I am answered," she said. Then she became grave, and she disliked and disapproved of me, and yet you went over so far out of your way, night after night, sometimes when you were very tired, to see that I came to no harm on my way home?"

"The hand organs are out, too—another sign that spring is upon us." "Mr. Gates, why did you change your boarding-place?" she demanded, as a sudden thought came to her.

"For several reasons," he answered, a little stiffly. "I spoke without thinking. I beg your pardon."

"Granted." After his first call on the Delands, Gates contrived excuses for repeating it. He always came away early, though he would have liked to stay late, and he never went oftener than once a week, though he would have liked to go every evening.

In his thoughts he now acknowledged that he liked Miss Deland—that he liked her very much. This liking he called friendship.

He continued to call it friendship until a new man named McClintock came to work in the office and began paying Miss Deland many little attentions, which she seemed to find acceptable. Then Gates came to a better understanding of himself.

It was summer now. Gates had taken more work upon himself, and always outstayed Miss Deland at the office. One day, however, he planned his work, so they should leave together. "It seems quite like old times, doesn't it?" she said.

4,000 People  
Rheumatism  
Lame Back,  
Gout,  
Neuralgia  
Cured by  
Eczema,  
Salt Rheum,  
Skin Eruptions,  
Long Standing Sores

Kootenay Cure  
Bright's Disease,  
Kidney Complaints, All  
Stomach  
Troubles.

PRICE  
45¢ per bottle,  
\$1.00 per  
dozen, or direct  
The S. S. Ryckman  
Med. Co., Limited,  
Hamilton, Ont.  
Book of 500 tests  
sent free by any address.



If it alone, the admirable  
...her will win a  
...from indignity  
...the world is full  
...of instances  
...where men  
...have done this  
...but never in  
...a virtuously  
...accomplished  
...by a weak and  
...unhealthy man  
...ill-health nor  
...only weakens  
...but also makes  
...functional but  
...every mental  
...moral quality.  
If a man will  
...and reason  
...moment  
...does not  
...cause of impure  
...blood, or its far-reaching  
...effects. When a man's digestion is  
...disordered, his liver sluggish, his bowels  
...inactive, his blood impure, and his  
...food elements, and the sluggish liver  
...and bowels supply in their place, the foulest  
...of the body. Some bacteria in the  
...When it is full of foul poisons, it  
...and deposits them in every organ and  
...the body. Some bacteria in the  
...flush tissue, the brain cells and the  
...are all fed upon bad poisonous food.  
...of health is bound to result. The  
...man's weakness in every fibre of his body.  
...He is weakened physically, mentally and  
...morally. He suffers from indigestion,  
...distress in stomach after meals, giddiness  
...and drowsiness, loss of appetite and sleep  
...and fits of melancholy. He has a morose  
...morning, and dullness throughout the day  
...and lassitude and an indisposition to  
...work. He is a victim of nervous prostration,  
...rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease.  
...Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is  
...the best of all human medicines for  
...ambitious, hard working men and women.  
...It is the great blood purifier and health  
...builder. It makes the blood pure, healthy,  
...and the digestion and assimilation perfect,  
...the liver active, the blood pure and rich,  
...the brain active, the brain cells healthy,  
...and the digestion and assimilation perfect.  
...Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be  
...sold for all medicine dealers.

"Yes," he answered, absently. Then, abruptly: "Do you remember, Miss Deland, something you once said to Jameson about proposals and love-making?" He looked straight before him as he spoke, angry with himself that he could not keep the restraint out of his tone, and the colour from coming to his face. She gave him a quick glance, and then looked away. "I remember," she said. "You were the business woman when you made those remarks. I have often wondered if you yourself held the same opinion."

"Oh, yes. The business woman and I disagree on some things, but that is not one of them."  
"I don't think you ought to feel that way," he exclaimed, irritably.  
"Why, of course, I oughtn't. It is a perfectly abominable way to feel. But how can I help it?"  
"You do not believe in marriage, then?"  
"Why, certainly I do. I think a happy marriage is the most beautiful thing in this world. It improves people so much. I knew several who were simply unendurable while single, but after a year or two of married life they had become charming men and women, whom it was a pleasure to be with. It is a humanitarian person."

"But yet no man could show he wished to marry you without exciting your disgust, turning you against him, and entering his refusal?"  
"Exactly."  
"It is fortunate that all women do not feel that way."  
"Isn't it?"  
"Miss Deland, have you a heart?"  
"I don't know. I have asked myself that question. There's one thing that makes me think perhaps I have; I love my mother."

"Yes, that is true," Gates admitted. "I have often been touched by it. I had no right to say you were heartless."  
Then he sighed, and neither spoke again till they parted.

In the office next day, McClintock, having a little leisure on his hands, caught a large yellow cat that frequented the building, and, tying pieces of paper to his feet, set him on the floor near Miss Deland's desk.

The cat walked slowly down the room, lifting each leg high, and skipping it at every step, and snarling querulously as he progressed. Nearly everyone in the office was convulsed with laughter at the ludicrousness of it.

Miss Deland laughed with the rest at first, then ran and caught up the cat, which had gone as far as Gates' chair, and pulled off the papers, pretending indignation. "Mr. McClintock, you are an inhuman wretch!" she exclaimed.

Gates, who had not even smiled, and in whose mind the conversation of the night before was still ranking, yielded to a sudden impulse.

"You had better take the contract to 'improve and humanize him,'" he said, significantly, in a savage undertone.

Miss Deland looked at him, and the colour rushed to her face.

"Thank you for your very kind advice, Mr. Gates," she answered, laughingly. "I will take it into consideration."

She put down the cat and went to her place with her head in the air, while Gates bit his lips, and would have given half his salary for a year to recall what he had said.

After this there was a decided coolness between Miss Deland and Gates.

So the fall passed and winter came. McClintock's attention to Miss Deland had become so marked by this time that they were master of comment to every one in the office, and not a few out of it.

She seemed to have found your  
...the man, by dint of  
...her will win a  
...from indignity  
...the world is full  
...of instances  
...where men  
...have done this  
...but never in  
...a virtuously  
...accomplished  
...by a weak and  
...unhealthy man  
...ill-health nor  
...only weakens  
...but also makes  
...functional but  
...every mental  
...moral quality.  
If a man will  
...and reason  
...moment  
...does not  
...cause of impure  
...blood, or its far-reaching  
...effects. When a man's digestion is  
...disordered, his liver sluggish, his bowels  
...inactive, his blood impure, and his  
...food elements, and the sluggish liver  
...and bowels supply in their place, the foulest  
...of the body. Some bacteria in the  
...When it is full of foul poisons, it  
...and deposits them in every organ and  
...the body. Some bacteria in the  
...flush tissue, the brain cells and the  
...are all fed upon bad poisonous food.  
...of health is bound to result. The  
...man's weakness in every fibre of his body.  
...He is weakened physically, mentally and  
...morally. He suffers from indigestion,  
...distress in stomach after meals, giddiness  
...and drowsiness, loss of appetite and sleep  
...and fits of melancholy. He has a morose  
...morning, and dullness throughout the day  
...and lassitude and an indisposition to  
...work. He is a victim of nervous prostration,  
...rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease.  
...Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is  
...the best of all human medicines for  
...ambitious, hard working men and women.  
...It is the great blood purifier and health  
...builder. It makes the blood pure, healthy,  
...and the digestion and assimilation perfect,  
...the liver active, the blood pure and rich,  
...the brain active, the brain cells healthy,  
...and the digestion and assimilation perfect.  
...Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be  
...sold for all medicine dealers.

...the man, by dint of  
...her will win a  
...from indignity  
...the world is full  
...of instances  
...where men  
...have done this  
...but never in  
...a virtuously  
...accomplished  
...by a weak and  
...unhealthy man  
...ill-health nor  
...only weakens  
...but also makes  
...functional but  
...every mental  
...moral quality.  
If a man will  
...and reason  
...moment  
...does not  
...cause of impure  
...blood, or its far-reaching  
...effects. When a man's digestion is  
...disordered, his liver sluggish, his bowels  
...inactive, his blood impure, and his  
...food elements, and the sluggish liver  
...and bowels supply in their place, the foulest  
...of the body. Some bacteria in the  
...When it is full of foul poisons, it  
...and deposits them in every organ and  
...the body. Some bacteria in the  
...flush tissue, the brain cells and the  
...are all fed upon bad poisonous food.  
...of health is bound to result. The  
...man's weakness in every fibre of his body.  
...He is weakened physically, mentally and  
...morally. He suffers from indigestion,  
...distress in stomach after meals, giddiness  
...and drowsiness, loss of appetite and sleep  
...and fits of melancholy. He has a morose  
...morning, and dullness throughout the day  
...and lassitude and an indisposition to  
...work. He is a victim of nervous prostration,  
...rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease.  
...Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is  
...the best of all human medicines for  
...ambitious, hard working men and women.  
...It is the great blood purifier and health  
...builder. It makes the blood pure, healthy,  
...and the digestion and assimilation perfect,  
...the liver active, the blood pure and rich,  
...the brain active, the brain cells healthy,  
...and the digestion and assimilation perfect.  
...Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be  
...sold for all medicine dealers.

...the man, by dint of  
...her will win a  
...from indignity  
...the world is full  
...of instances  
...where men  
...have done this  
...but never in  
...a virtuously  
...accomplished  
...by a weak and  
...unhealthy man  
...ill-health nor  
...only weakens  
...but also makes  
...functional but  
...every mental  
...moral quality.  
If a man will  
...and reason  
...moment  
...does not  
...cause of impure  
...blood, or its far-reaching  
...effects. When a man's digestion is  
...disordered, his liver sluggish, his bowels  
...inactive, his blood impure, and his  
...food elements, and the sluggish liver  
...and bowels supply in their place, the foulest  
...of the body. Some bacteria in the  
...When it is full of foul poisons, it  
...and deposits them in every organ and  
...the body. Some bacteria in the  
...flush tissue, the brain cells and the  
...are all fed upon bad poisonous food.  
...of health is bound to result. The  
...man's weakness in every fibre of his body.  
...He is weakened physically, mentally and  
...morally. He suffers from indigestion,  
...distress in stomach after meals, giddiness  
...and drowsiness, loss of appetite and sleep  
...and fits of melancholy. He has a morose  
...morning, and dullness throughout the day  
...and lassitude and an indisposition to  
...work. He is a victim of nervous prostration,  
...rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease.  
...Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is  
...the best of all human medicines for  
...ambitious, hard working men and women.  
...It is the great blood purifier and health  
...builder. It makes the blood pure, healthy,  
...and the digestion and assimilation perfect,  
...the liver active, the blood pure and rich,  
...the brain active, the brain cells healthy,  
...and the digestion and assimilation perfect.  
...Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be  
...sold for all medicine dealers.

...the man, by dint of  
...her will win a  
...from indignity  
...the world is full  
...of instances  
...where men  
...have done this  
...but never in  
...a virtuously  
...accomplished  
...by a weak and  
...unhealthy man  
...ill-health nor  
...only weakens  
...but also makes  
...functional but  
...every mental  
...moral quality.  
If a man will  
...and reason  
...moment  
...does not  
...cause of impure  
...blood, or its far-reaching  
...effects. When a man's digestion is  
...disordered, his liver sluggish, his bowels  
...inactive, his blood impure, and his  
...food elements, and the sluggish liver  
...and bowels supply in their place, the foulest  
...of the body. Some bacteria in the  
...When it is full of foul poisons, it  
...and deposits them in every organ and  
...the body. Some bacteria in the  
...flush tissue, the brain cells and the  
...are all fed upon bad poisonous food.  
...of health is bound to result. The  
...man's weakness in every fibre of his body.  
...He is weakened physically, mentally and  
...morally. He suffers from indigestion,  
...distress in stomach after meals, giddiness  
...and drowsiness, loss of appetite and sleep  
...and fits of melancholy. He has a morose  
...morning, and dullness throughout the day  
...and lassitude and an indisposition to  
...work. He is a victim of nervous prostration,  
...rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease.  
...Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is  
...the best of all human medicines for  
...ambitious, hard working men and women.  
...It is the great blood purifier and health  
...builder. It makes the blood pure, healthy,  
...and the digestion and assimilation perfect,  
...the liver active, the blood pure and rich,  
...the brain active, the brain cells healthy,  
...and the digestion and assimilation perfect.  
...Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be  
...sold for all medicine dealers.

## Fast Becoming

As indispensable as your Daily Bread.

# "SALADA"

### CYLON TEA

Its wonderful success is due to its marvellous quality.

Lead packets only. 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c. By all Grocers.

In the company of McClintock, was leaving the office.

"In going out they passed near Gates. Miss Deland, however, did not so much as glance in his direction. She carried herself proudly, her eyes were bright, her cheeks tinged with colour, her lips smiling.

Gates held his hand against his face. There was a tight feeling in his throat, a smarting sensation in his eyes.

Some one touched him on the arm. He started angrily and looked around. It was McClintock, who had thrust an envelope into his hand. "Miss Deland asked me to come away and give you this," and hurried away.

Gates' face grew hot. How like an ordinary woman to send her refusal by the hand of his rival and so enhance his bitterness!

He hid it in his hand, and looked at the address for a full minute. Then setting his lips together, he slowly unfolded the envelope and unfolded the letter.

It was very brief. "My Dear Mr. Gates— Your article on engagement rings is accepted. Very truly yours."

### TRUMPH OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN FRANCE

A Boston despatch from Paris says: "In view of the increasing popularity of the local schools and the consequent attendance at schools maintained by the State, at L'aurand, Socialist, to-day introduced a motion in the Chamber, prohibiting religious congregations and members of the irregular clergy from taking part in educational work. He asked for his proposal amid violent protests from the Left.

M. de Cassagne and several other deputies vigorously expostulated against what they described as an attack on the liberty of the subject.

M. Millerand, Socialist said that

### Dr. A. W. CHASE

COMES TO THE AID OF

## Catarrh ——— Sufferers

SUCCESS in life is almost impossible for a man with bad breath. Nobody wants to do business with him. Nobody wants to associate with him. He is handicapped everywhere. Often the breath comes from Catarrh; sometimes from Catarrh of the Stomach, sometimes of the Lungs, sometimes of the Head, nose, and throat. It is found Catarrh somewhere, and Catarrh is another name for unpleasantness.

Many men understand this, and make every effort to cure it, but it is beyond the reach of ordinary practice.

No self-respecting man can ignore Catarrh. If he has it in any form he makes constant effort to get rid of it.

There is something about the manner of life and the climate of Canada that seems to breed disease of the mucous membrane. Medical science ordinarily does not try to cure Catarrh; it "relieves" it; but Dr. Chase has been curing Catarrh for over thirty years, and his name is blessed by thousands who have shaken off the grasp of this insidious disease.

Sold by all dealers, price 25 cents per box, blister free.

**FREE EARN**  
A WATCH OR RIFLE  
We want Agents all over Canada to introduce our WhiteLight Wick, the only wick that is perfectly odorless, that never crosses, and that never gives a smudge when light.

These wicks have been on the market less than two years, but have already done well. To each agent selling two dozen wicks at ten cents each, we give a handsome men's Watch, with Chain and Charm, or for set price of \$2.00 we will send you a fine rifle or a 12 gauge shotgun. Write at once and we will send you the watch chain or rifle or shotgun. All agents are asked to give the WhiteLight Wick to all their friends. Write at once and we will send you the watch chain or rifle or shotgun. All agents are asked to give the WhiteLight Wick to all their friends.

THE WHITE LIGHT WICK CO., TORONTO, ONT.

**WE WANT YOUR WORK**

And we are going to have it if

**GOOD WORK AND LOW PRICES** will do the business

Latest Styles of your Printers' Art

PUBLISHERS OF  
**The Catholic Register**

**PROGRESSIVE PRINTERS** "EVERYTHING NOT TOO SMALL NOTHING TOO LARGE"

No such Printery in ye West and no such Types since ye discoverie of printing, as ye Printerman now has \*

**The Catholic Register**  
**JOB DEPARTMENT**  
40 LOMBARD ST. TORONTO